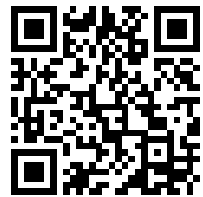


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*The Child and Lion*

GRAHAM'S  
AMERICAN MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

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W. LONGFELLOW, CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, JOSEPH C. NEAL, J. R. LOWELL.  
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PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME XXVII

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM, 98 CHESNUT STREET.

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1845.

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List of  
Charles D. Woodberry,  
Beverly, Mass.

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# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1845.

No. 1.

## MONOLOGUES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

### NO. I.

Once more, back to the life of the Mind!—to the spring and the flash of Thought, and the boundless sweep of the Feelings! In the atmosphere of the world I can no longer get my breath; in its keenest enterprises I live but half my being: but, here, amid the solitudes of the mountains and the sky, I once more feel my soul within me. The glow and might of Nature inspire again that luxury of conscious power, which, in my wild hours of young enthusiasm, once made existence ecstasy, when the brave children of the Soul flew forth, with rush of strength, over Life and Earth, to revel in the wealth of conquest. By sympathy with her sublimeness, my spirit is refreshed and comforted.

For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the only sort of life worth leading, is that intense and fiery life, in which the poorness of our mortality is merged and drowned in the flood of the soul's eternal forces,—that fierce existence, in which the buried latent of our creation-flame is flashed out from the depths of "our nature, to gild and glorify our career— that thronged, all-creative vehemence of feeling which presses the heart into calmness through rapture. Of every pursuit I have made a passion, and never deemed the ear of life worth mounting save when its axle was a-blaze with swiftness. With the black half-vitality of those who dream out the dullness of their years, lacking "sense to be right, and passion to be wrong," I had no sympathy; but wherever there was turmoil and effort, the dash of action, or the daring of the mind, there was something kindred to my thoughts. Born with these impetuous tempers—with a spirit that loved to breathe itself in the chase of the splendid and the great, and in the full stretch and strain of the faculties to taste the relish of the Infinite,—I plunged into society and

the world, equally ready to dally with their softnesses or grapple with their strength. *Vini.* I have lived, indeed. I have wrung from life some of its deapest, dearest treasures,—the pearls of its sweetest pleasantness,—its blazing diamonds of delight. The joy that is in the fresh bold dreams of Power—the purple luxuries of Passion—the glory of the far-gleaming visions of Love—the wild, trancing promises of its pursuit—and the rapturous madness of possession—these I drank largely from Youth's foaming cup. *Sed, hæc prius fuerit.* That cup is now empty. Those interests are exhausted. I have lived *through* them; I have consumed them by partaking. That quick galvanic action which took place when boyhood first plunged into the stream of affairs has ceased. Merely to enjoy what exists around me is no longer sufficiently exciting: I must *make* the life I would partake; and in that stress of soul, which is creation, I must find a refuge from the terrible fatigue of listlessness. So then, the resources of the earth being spent, I come back to dwell amongst the energies of Thought.

This life of ours seems to me to be a kind of desperate encounter between the world, which is Time's eldest champion, and the soul of man, which is the youngest off-spring of Eternity; in which, while the latter seeks to snatch pleasure and knowledge from its mortal enemy, the former strives to paralyze the vigor, to kill the hopes, and to convulse the serenity of its angelic antagonist. To withdraw from the struggle, like Solomon, overwhelmed with exhaustion and despair, or, like Byron, maddened with fierce resentment and flaming with the hate and indignation of a deceived and doped existence, is surely proof of weakness and defeat. I own no such faint and yielding soul. The world and I have met

in conflict : I have gained from it a thousand trophies ; from me it boasts not one. I now fling from me the powerless foe, and calm, confident, and strong, I go forth to glad myself in fields of nobler force. Were

one, as impotent to endure as I am sensitive to feel, memory were to me a staple from which I might spin out the thread of an everlasting sadness. For me, that sun of expectation which lighted life's vapors into magnificence and splendor has sunk below the horizon—and the chilly scene has grown cheerless, gray and desolate. The friends who cheered me once, the companions to whom I was of importance, have disappeared. She—the endlessly beautiful—profuse of charms as prodigal in vows—the girl, *amata nobis, quantum amabitur nulla*—has deserted me ; and that other being—that great and graceful spirit—august with loveliness—the glory and the anguish of my life—whose flame of soul was wont to mix and blaze with mine—has fled from the earth, and left me the legacy of utter solitude. The gilded train of passions, fancies and desires, that once girt my proud and conquering soul, has vanished, and I am indeed alone. But what is this to me ? The stern, wild force of a spirit like mine laughs at calamity like this ; and roused into its native savageness of strength, it hurls away from it the tyranny of the Past, and draws back into the eternity of its own self-born and self-sufficing power. What are the rattling arrows of the storm to one who sits above the clouds ? The mortal of my being I give to agony and dissolution ; but the death of the mortal is the delivery of the immortal. That ethereal energy within me which hath the temper and the touch of everlasting, rises with swan-like beat of wing, and spreading its unmolting plumage to the morning, soars upward, breasting the golden light.

Time has somewhat blanched my cheeks, but not paled the fires of my bosom. My heart hath done battle with the wastefulness of troops of griefs ; but neither the strong assault of the days, nor the crushing uses of our daily existence, nor wrong, nor solitude, nor remorse, have had power to tame the soul which they tortured, or beat back one of the deathless aspirations of my nature. As gayly and as glowingly as ever does my spirit launch forth its eager forces ; my breast still thrills with the exulting sense of conflict and victory. Confidence goeth out with the morning ; and blue-eyed Joy with fair-fronted Peace come smiling to me in the evening. From the failure of the outward, I have learned the vigor of my own being ; and my maturer life realizes what mine youth would not be taught, that Action is the child of Time, but Thought is an inhabitant of Eternity.

It has been said by an eminent French philosopher that there is no glory on earth but the military. Doubtless great memories are connected with the sword, and deep feelings answer to its flash. When we behold the famous conqueror of our own days, going out in the splendid vanity of his power, and all the pageantry of force—moving like the thunder-cloud, to strike like its fire—and listen to the tramp of the host, a sound so ominous and terrible, and to

the pealing music which seems to shatter the heavens, and whirls our feelings for a moment into forces beyond mortality, and gaze on that marvel of discipline wherein manhood itself seems to render homage to intellect, as the suggestions of one understanding operate to mass multitudes together and infuse into them an instinct to serve, to suffer and be slain—the group of horsemen from out whose midst issue the rapid syllables that all apells to oversweep the force of fate—the flying messengers that convey to the kindling mass the electric fires of one glowing will—the keen survey of the field, the quick combination, the advance, the victory, and, in the midst of all this breathless turmoil—the spirit of the hero then reposing in the prophetic calmness of the triumph—the despatch written on the saddle-bow, to fix the destiny of distant nations—the couriers coming and going with intelligence of battles in the north, and with words that shall be the history of the west—when we look with terrified amazement on this scene, truly we feel as if the crowning greatness of our condition were before us.

But, mightier and more majestic yet is the spectacle, when, sublime and still, in mystery of strength, the mind of man proceedeth forth through the void unknown of meditation. Its march is creation, and glory is in its repose. Star-like, advancing to the sound of its own inherent music, the lustre of beauty which swells from its presence, thickens into crystal forms of truth which beam with the brightness of the life forever. With pomp of cloud-like grandeur, the dreams of the passions move on before and waste themselves through the infinite, while the armed hosts of the thoughts, with a spontaneous glitter beyond the sun, plant, on all the pinnacles of time, trophies that tower through the blue vault of eternity. In the purple of the rays that stream from that far-elluigent essence, the trivial things of earth are seen to be symbols of a profound significance, and signatures of wondrous import ; and even the torn vapors that fleet in the train of the fair procession—the morning, when lit by the flame of its coming gleam like banners of celestial texture, stamped with the watchwords of Purity and Hope. When the faculties of man move upon the deep of existence, to gather into stars of Truth the pale, primal light of Nature, or to fashion new worlds of Art and give to their orbits a being among the eternal things of the universe, we behold a witness that our soul is a portion of the Divine Spirit, and that our destiny is co-eternal with His element ; for, to create is an incommunicable attribute of Godhood, and an everlasting progeny cannot be born of the mortal.

To me, here dwelling alone amidst the old ties of nature, thoughts are ever coming and feelings touch me and pass on. In the early morning, I am visited by the winging scouts of the Intellect who report to me distant, the wonderful, the divine ; and, amidst the musings of the darkness, gazing into the soul, the myriad forms of sentiment reveal their beauty by their own phosphoric lustre. These are the spheres these angels of the mind from the univer-

the spirit, and send them forth, incarnated in language, to bear to men the greetings of a brother, and woo for me the love of noble hearts, is necessary to the quiet of a nature that never knew repose but in the tension of the faculties. Not to remit or rest have I come hither, but for loftier toils in larger tracts of effort. Quiet for the undefiled, or gentle peace to them that have never erred: a breast that hath been wrong as mine has been—that, fated quickly to feel, and never to forget, went out into life, and in its youthful fervor filled its depths with pleasure, in whose recesses anguish had its birth-place—whose sad destiny it has been to regret its best feelings, and curse its very virtues as the causes of its ruin—to which misfortune has been for guilt, and the sins of others for a remorse—such a bosom may be silent in its strength, and calm in pride of power; but that austere tranquillity is not rest, and the stillness of that self-mastery is born of the storm. From the mountain-heights of meditation, I look down upon low, earth-born mists that no longer come near me, and I taste a clear, and pure, and wholesome atmosphere; yet, ever and anon, inexplicably forming itself out of sun-light and summer airs, the dark cloud, which is the shade of Nature's offended countenance, gathers around, and the secrets of the Great Fear that awaiteth in the invisible are syllabled in the tones of thunder, or shot forth in the rubric signals of the lightning. Such is the moral mystery of our being! Our very existence seems to be a sin, and life is a perpetual repentance for itself. The blood-waste of youth is joy, and the old age of joy is contrition; unpleasure is the sweet spring-blossom of feeling, and despair is its bitter autumnal berry. It is well! it is well! For as it is the unquiet of the sea which forms the crest that sparkles on its shores, so from the tumult and agony of the spirit is splendor of thought and feeling forth. Grief of heart is the quickening spell of the mind's inspiration; and the ruin of the individual is the glory of the race.

It is the waning-time of night. Let us leave the morbid musings with which we have beguiled the midnight hour, and go forth to look upon the dawn.

No sound, no motion! yet it is the mighty on-coming of the day. All night, no cloud hath been seen; no mist hath dimmed the effulgent ether beneath the glittering stars. All is solitary, still, and our first breathers its snowy foam throughout the air. For, the great ocean of Infinity, whose flood is day, and whose ebb is night, has begun its return; and the bark of the sun-god, who stands to spring upon the heavens, nears upon the waters. The pure bosom of the sky is invaded by the wide invasion of its beauty, and as the presence of the day-prince grows more intense, its blushes deepen from roseate into purple, and as it would faint with excess of feeling, it is quickened with the quick-darting pulses of emotion, and its white breast, made delicately carmine by its wishes, lies, like the bride of the morning, waiting with expectancy.

What thrillingness of wild and solemn rapture the silent heavens flash down upon the soul! The Spirit of Power, that inhabits in the bosom of man, struggles forth to press to itself the Spirit of Beauty, which, unmantling its serene intensity, smiles down upon it from the depths of the blue air; and, as they wrestle in that strong embrace, Joy shouts aloud the honors of the contest. Limitless splendor! Ineffable delight! I ask no immortality but this! In the bliss of moments such as now, I feel that I partake Eternity. In truth, these deeps of spiritual consciousness contain, and are, forever, that unlocal, dateless Heaven, which men, doped by the dazzling images of the tribe and the market into mistaking succession of visible existence for degrees of moral life, have vainly pictured as future and far-distant. The infant day lies in pearly loveliness, cradled between the earth and heaven, while its smiles of light float wreath-like through the air. As I gaze into the unbounded scene, the remote and viewless gates of the Infinite seem to be opened, and the lustrous atmosphere, forth-streaming, rolls over the world a surge of glory which wafts with it the breezy freshness of a celestial bliss; the soul bathing in the stainless waters is made pure with holy strength. The Present and the Distant, the Actual and the Impossible seem to be tumbled together in this tumultuous prodigality of splendor; the softest forms of Memory are revived, and Hope's most golden aspirations are made real; and the faculties, expanded by the swell of passion, seem to pervade and to possess the universe.

I never understood so feelingly as to-day what the Prince of Denmark meant when he said that he was only mad nor' nor'west. If the bold breezes that bail from that quarter rushed on Elsinor as they rush upon this headland where we stand, I do not wonder if they dashed into his soul inspiration, whose stubborn wildness might seem like an insanity in one whose spirit, when the wind was southerly, was sickled over with the paler east of thought, or flushed by sweet affections to a hue no deeper than the rath primrose. As the stimulating influence sweeps stronger and fuller from the windows of the sky, the mind becomes charged with a sensitive intensity of fervor, which would be calm and rational if it might cope with those divine interests which in the earaceness of this moment it blindly apprehends, but which is a drunkenness of the faculties when turned among earthly objects. For my own part, I can withstand the graciousness of nature, and can harden my spirit into a wanton kind of ingratitude when she woos my love with spring airs from the west, or summer breezes of the south, for well she knows that the turbulent and torn heart of her son is mocked more than soothed by such gentleness; but when she condescends to loftier pains of pleasing, and, making the harmonies of strength, and sounding the lower notes of her organ of the winds, pours over the earth the free, wild music of the north, I am stung into a delight that overflows to tears; for with those deep, melancholy tones of might my nature is accordant. To be great, I ask little but north winds and leisure. There is within me a power that would wreak

itself upon creation; but the remorseless, insatiable brood of snake-like cares stiffen out their endless length of necks to suck from the heart of man its strength and inspiration; and the wolf-soul, chained by custom, must moan when it ought to crash through the forest, and must churn between its teeth its foaming rage and slap the air with the scarlet pulses of its restless tongue.

## TO THE DANDELION.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the spring's largesse, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,

Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;

The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:  
Not in mid June the golden- cuirass'd bee  
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravisment

In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue  
That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,

Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from Heaven, which he did bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities  
Which make up half the nobleness of life,

Those cheap delights the wise  
Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;  
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes.  
Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give

The morsel that shall keep alive  
A starving heart, and teach it to behold  
Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

Thy winged seeds, whereof the winds take care,  
Are like the words of poet and of sage

Which through the free heaven fare,  
And, now unheeded, in another age  
Take root, and to the gladdened future bear  
That witness which the present would not heed,

Bringing forth many a thought and deed,  
And, planted safely in the eternal sky,  
Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full  
Than all thy common brethren of the ground,

Wherein, were we not dull,  
Some words of highest wisdom might be found;  
Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull  
Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make  
A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,  
And ope Heaven's portals, which are near us still,  
Yea, nearer ever than the gates of Ill.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

But, let me read thy lesson right or no,  
Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure;

Old I shall never grow  
While thou each year dost come to keep me pure  
With legends of my childhood; ah, we owe  
Well more than half life's holiness to these

Nature's first lowly influences,  
At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst open,  
In dearest days, to welcome peace and hope.

## A SIMILE.

THE dawn is here: the cold, gray light  
Spreads slowly o'er the eastern skies;  
And see, the last star left by night,  
Grows dim, relumes, and twinkling dies!

So fades the soul: in death's dark day  
Reluctant still it lingers here;  
Yet, like the star, it fades away  
Only to light another sphere!

B. F. T.

## THE FOREST ROAD.

BY ALFRED D. STREET.

Old winding roads are frequent in the woods,  
By the surveyor opened years ago,  
When, through the depths, he led his trampling band,  
Startling the crouched deer from the under-brush,  
With shouts and ringing axe-blows. Left again  
To solitude, soon Nature touches in  
Picturesque groves. Hiding here in moss  
The wheel-track, blocking up the vista there  
With bushes, darkening with her soft cool tints  
The notches on the trees, across the path  
Twisting the monarch pine's enormous roots,  
And linking overhead the slanting limbs.  
Now, skirting either side with thickets deep,  
Where, in green gloom, the chequered partridge hides  
Her downy brood, and whence, with trailing wing,  
She limps, to lure away the hunter's foot  
Approaching her low cradle; coming now  
The hollow, stepped by the surveyor's hand  
To pitch their tents at night, with pleasant grass.  
So that the doe, her slim fawn by her side,  
Feeds 'mid the twilight fire-flies; and in rage  
Now hurling some great hemlock o'er the track,  
Splitting its trunk, that, in the frost and rain  
Asunder falls and melts into a strip  
Of ochre dust.

It was a summer's eve,  
Through the dark leaves the low, descending sun  
Glowed like a spot of splendor from the shade  
Of Rembrandt's canvas. In the wildest part  
Of the wild road, where streaks of ruby haze  
Were quivering, suddenly appeared a form  
From the thick woods. His brow was dark and fierce.  
And his keen eye was like a burning coal.  
He bore a rifle, and within his belt  
Glittered a knife. He bent his head aside  
And listened breathlessly. The sunset breeze

Rising and sinking fitfully, like sighs  
Drawn by the forest, and the twittering birds  
Alone were heard. He stooped his ear to earth  
For weeny moments, then he slowly scaled,  
Pausing to listen oft, a prostrate pine  
That lay, a low round wall, along the road,  
Plumed by dense blackberry vines, and crouched below.  
Silence fell sweetly on the sylvan spot.  
The thrasher, which had hushed her mate when steps  
Woke the green solitude, again perched near,  
And warbled her rich vesper: from his roost  
Again the squirrel glided in quick search  
For some old nestling nut, and e'en the fox  
Peered with his sloping snout and elon eye  
From his dark den. The snapping of a twig  
Broke on the air at length, and, treading swift,  
A hunter, with his rifle trailed along,  
Strode by the pine-trunk. As he passed, a shot  
Crashed from the covert. Up the hunter leaped,  
Then headlong fell, with quivering limbs and blood  
Reckoning the earth. The murderer from his lair  
Sprang, with a savage yell and pointed knife,  
And bent above the dying. In his look  
Glared fiend-like hate and gratified revenge.  
He stamped his foot upon him as he writhed  
Like a crushed snake, then spurned him with fierce  
strength  
Over and over, laughed in horrid joy  
At every hollow groan, whilst broken words  
Of wrong and vengeance hissed thro' his clenched teeth,  
Until the wretched victim gasped and died.  
Then dragging, as the panther does his prey,  
The lifeless form, he cast it in a pit,  
Hollowed by nature near the narrow road,  
Filled it with branches, and, with fearful sante,  
Left the wild scene again to its repose.

## THE CHILD AND LUTE.

(ON A PICTURE OF LEUTZE.)

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

BEAUTIFUL boy! has it died away—  
The sound you woke in your childish play?  
With that wild'ring look you may vainly seek  
To know if the golden lute can speak?  
But strike the chords, and the har'ring ear  
A gush of strange, sweet sounds shall hear—  
Music that sweeter than hymns shall rise  
When the first star breaks in the western skies!

Whence does it come? Is a strange, sweet bird,  
Hidden away, in that music heard?  
Do the lull of waters, that lap the shore,  
Come, as in dreams, with a murmured roar?  
Is it not the wail of the pine-trees high,  
That mourn all night to the starless sky?  
Or the laugh of leaves on a summer morn,  
When the dew in the meadow is freshly born?

Hark! does it come as the sultry crown  
Of drowsy bees in an afternoon?  
Is it gaily trilled, as the sportive call  
Of drops at play by a fountain fall?  
Does it now, with a merry carol, swell  
Like the ringing voice of a silver bell?  
Or hark! is that low, subsiding toll  
Like the plaintive voice of a parting soul?

It is none of these—it is softer far—  
It is music sweet as the voice of star.  
Boy! you have walked in your early dreams,  
In a far-off land, by the golden streams—  
You have heard the songs of the magels there,  
And the murmured words of the martyr's prayer—  
They are sounds like these—they are such alone  
That are like the wild lute's wondrous tone!

## GEORGE MOYNER.

BY MRS. ELLET.

The living are the moral monuments.—STURMS.

It is not many years since I passed, for the first time, over that corner of the Dismal Swamp traversed by the railroad from Weldon to Portsmouth. The traveler from the South over the ordinary route, a dreary monotony of pine wastes and oaklands, relieved here and there by a green field, or a flowery prairie, usually arrives at Weldon wearied with his day's journey, and having his humor in no way improved by the most wretched of possible suppers—perchance by lodgings where the antiquity of the dirt induces suspicion that the subsidings of the deluge have been suffered to remain there during the lapse of ages—allows himself to become disgusted into an incapacity for enjoying the hoary wildness of the deserts he has yet to pass. As he approaches Portsmouth, the road runs for several miles through the great swamp, rendered poetical by the beautiful legend of Moore. Can the spirit of poetry embellish this? is perhaps the exclamation of the traveler who looks on the dismal scene around him; forgetting that the strange and wild even in desolation is the best material for poetry. Even the bleached wilderness of pine-land, with its stately solemn groves, has something new and picturesque for an unaccustomed eye; and *here* is no desolation, but a redundancy of vegetable life. In this wildness, defying all cultivation, there is a species of sublimity. Far as the eye can reach, on every side, stretches an immeasurable extent of thick wood, with an impenetrable undergrowth, through crevices of which you may see at intervals the dark, turbid water creeping or soaking its way through masses of tangled weeds, the slimy abode of reptiles, or the hiding-place of the water-fowl. Into this green morass, choked with vegetation, the sunbeams never penetrate; the lizard and snake wind through the mire, and the twanging melodies of frogs alone disturb the silence. Over the quagmire, rank with decay, rise giant trees, twined with thick creepers, and burying the matted brush beneath them in black shadow. Here is a mixture of gloom and beauty, of luxuriance and horror, of life and death. Imagination paints this vast expanse, stretching for thousands on thousands of acres, till it loses itself in the sea. The eye of man has never surveyed all its dismal recesses. Yet, far beyond the ragged thickets loom islands of verdure and beauty; the water-lily decks the dark water with its broad leaves and white flowers, and graceful vines festoon the branches, mingling bright blossoms with their leaves of sombre green. In the centre lies "the lake of the Dismal Swamp"—a

beautiful sheet of water, bordered by trees heavy with gray, hanging moss, that ornament of the southern woods so striking and novel to the northern visiter.

In one of our summer transits northward, we received an accession of passengers in the rail-car at a depot just on the borders of this swamp. I was struck at once by the appearance of the lady who was handed into the car by her companion. She wore a thick, green veil; but there was something indefinable in her air that indicated the highest degree of aristocratic refinement. Her figure was low and slight, so very slight that it gave the idea of fragility or disease; and her gloved hands, I chanced to remark, were almost of fairy smallness. When, after being seated some time, she drew aside her veil, the paleness of her face confirmed the impression of her feeble health. Her complexion was dark, almost to an olive hue, but so delicately clear that the least particle of color could have been traced through the transparent skin as easily as in the fairest blonde. Her features were small and regular; though she could not have been pronounced beautiful, but for the magical effect of her large eyes, black as midnight, and almost preternaturally bright. Altogether she was what would have been termed piquant, rather than pretty; and, as I said before, had about her an air of high-bred delicacy that seemed altogether incompatible with the region where, apparently, she lived. Was it possible that such beings were at home in these rude wastes?

Her companion was a perfect contrast to her. There was the excess of pride and assumption in his manner, with a want of ease, however, and an utter absence of the grace and dignity so remarkable in the lady. There was something repulsive in the harsh lines of his face. It revealed a mind ill-regulated, with a sullenness of temper, which, it was easy to see, prompted to habitual concealment of his thoughts. He was evidently a discontented man, though a wealthy one, as a certain kind of superciliousness peculiar to the purse-proud betokened; and, as I learned afterward accidentally, yet notwithstanding the unfavorable impression produced by his countenance, both that and his stately figure entitled him to be called eminently handsome, according to ordinary judgment. Nature had meant to endow him with distinguished beauty, but something wrought by himself had partially murred her work.

He appeared so much older than the lady, that at first sight I supposed them to be father and daughter,

a few moments, however, convinced me that they stood in a different relation. The anxious, almost continual watchfulness he maintained over her, his uneasiness when she exchanged a word with any of her female fellow travelers, so opposed to the indulgence of a parent, showed that it was his wife whom he wished to prevent from holding any communication with those near her. Was it jealousy—or pride—or an overscrupulous care for her health? Perhaps the last, for he thanked, with elaborate courtesy, a gentleman who closed a window near the lady, where the draught was too great.

Fancy, always most busy in idleness, involuntarily began to sketch a history for this singular pair. He was probably some rich planter; vulgarly bred, but conscious that all deficiencies were more than made up by his possession of money; jealous of the station his wealth had procured him in society, and disposed to exact to the utmost the respect to which he conceived himself thereby entitled. The inordinate value he had set on these distinctions had probably been induced by his knowledge that popular opinion, in primitive countries, too often exalts the rich to a pedestal of honor, and overlooks the claims of intellectual superiority, or the delicate, yet marked distinctions of cultivation and refined manners. He had doubtless sufficient discrimination to recognize, and taste to admire, these traits in the gentler sex; this had been proved in his choice of a wife. Yet he could not bear that her more polished tastes should seek gratification in the companionship of others. With such an ever-present, though incipient, feeling of jealousy, could he love the interesting creature at his side? Perhaps, but it was a selfish love, exacting all, bestowing nothing. And she—that she loved him was evident; for the slender vine leans not with more graceful helplessness on the sturdy tree, than she did on his manly strength and decision of will. With all the nobility of her nature, she looked up to him, and clung to him, and reposed on his firmness, with the innocent trustfulness of childhood. Every thought seemed his; every action was referred to him. She seemed even more anxious for his constant support and protection, than he, that she might not learn to do without it.

Thus did *fancy* depict the characters of the two strangers; weaving, moreover, a tissue of incidents in their past lives, and shadowing out their destiny for the future. Who may presume to judge of human character by outward semblance or demeanor? Not many hours had passed ere a moment's observation caused a revolution in my opinions.

He was standing on the deck of the steamer that conveyed us up Chesapeake Bay, looking out on the waters; his wife stood beside him. Never shall I forget his pale, death-like face, his look of anguish—almost of horror—though seen but for one brief instant. The lady was earnestly endeavoring to soothe him; her hand rested on his arm, and her tearful eyes looked up into his face with a touching expression of sympathy and entreaty. "George—dear George," said her low, sweet voice, "you must strive against this!"

"Is it not," he asked, in a hollow tone, "the fourteenth of May?"

I heard no more of their conversation, but soon saw that he had regained his composure, though his manner was even more haughty and reserved than before, toward all but his wife. I now looked on him as the sufferer, and her as the consoling angel. Yet, it was observable that as he grew calm and strong again, she became abstracted and melancholy.

I had quite forgotten my chance encounter with these strangers, and the impressions to which it gave rise, when, long afterward, it was recalled to my mind by a story related to me by a friend in New York. The circumstances which rendered secrecy proper now exist no longer; and I shall "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," though perhaps in a disjointed and unartistic manner.

In the summer of 18—, a gentleman of fortune, from North Carolina, came, accompanied by his wife, to pass the season at one of the watering-places near New York. I had no difficulty in recognizing, in the description of Mr. George Moyner and his lady, even before I heard their names, the travelers who had formerly interested me. He owned a plantation not very distant from the locality where I had first seen them, and was well known for a man of wealth, though disliked on account of his unsocial and repulsive manners. Both were foreigners; he being an Englishman and his wife French; but they had resided in this country since their marriage.

The haughty reserve of Mr. Moyner kept acquaintances at a distance; but his gentle wife was admired by all. Nevertheless, she was intimate with no one, and seldom appeared in the drawing-room where the company assembled every evening. Her health seemed very feeble, and she walked out whenever the weather would permit, accompanied by her husband.

Among the guests was an elderly French gentleman, a traveler, highly accomplished in manners, and evidently accustomed to the best society, who had been but a few months in this country. He sought opportunities for conversation with Mrs. Moyner, and she seemed delighted to meet one who could speak of her fatherland. Whether her apparent pleasure in the acquaintance alarmed the jealousy of Mr. Moyner, or his pride was piqued at the idea that *his* society should be less eagerly sought, it is difficult to judge. Very soon, however, her sudden avoidance of M. de Lisie showed that she acted in obedience to her husband's wishes, who, on his part, took no pains to conceal his aversion from the elegant stranger.

One evening several ladies in the company were looking over some drawings in the portfolio of M. de Lisie, which he had brought down for their amusement. Mrs. Moyner was among them, her husband beside her. At sight of one of the sketches, which a lady handed him, with some remark on the beauty of the drawing, he grew deadly pale, and, starting up hastily, walked to the window. His wife observed his emotion, and followed him; but he repelled her by an angry gesture, and she returned to the table.



"Irgias!" she said, innocently, while she in turn examined the drawing, reading the inscription under it. "How beautiful is the shadow cast by that steep rock."

"Ah!" cried M. de Lisle, "I knew not that sketch was in my port-folio. Yes," he continued, with a slight shudder, "I have reason to remember that locality. Twenty-one years ago, I was there—assassinated."

An exclamation of surprise and terror burst from all the company. Several begged him to explain.

"It was a very simple occurrence," replied the Frenchman, though it well nigh proved fatal to me, and had the most unpleasant consequences. I had just returned to my country after some years' absence, and, having landed at Brest, was traveling through Bretagne in a post-chaise. I was alone, and had the greater part of my property with me, in bank notes, amounting to two hundred thousand francs. I was just crossing a broad strip of land called the *Grève de Saint Michel*."

Here Mr. Moyner turned from the window and fixed his eyes on the speaker, with an expression that startled him, and riveted his attention. He went on, however, with his narration.

"The night was already advanced, and we had only a faint starlight. As the post-chaise rolled over the moist sand I could neither hear the sound of wheels, nor the tread of horses, and felt as if borne along through the darkness by enchantment. It required little exercise of imagination to fancy the rocks we passed white spectral forms, appearing and disappearing every moment. A faint sound came from the right, it was the murmuring of waters. We went on in silence for about ten minutes, when the carriage passed in front of a mass of rock that rose in the midst of this sandy plain like an Egyptian sphinx in the desert. 'That is Irgias!' said the postilion, pointing to the dimly discerned rock with his whip. That name will remain forever engraven on my memory. Scarcely had we passed it when the post-chaise suddenly stopped. I heard a cry, then a struggle, and a noise as of a heavy fall, followed by deep groans. I opened the door and sprang out, but could see nothing. The next instant I received a violent blow on my head and fell, covered with my own blood."

A murmur of horror interrupted M. de Lisle. He glanced at Moyner, who stood still with eyes rigidly open and pale as a corpse.

"When I recovered my recollection," continued the Frenchman, "which was several days after. I learned that some fishermen had found me on the sands. My carriage had been plundered; the postilion was dead."

"Were the murderers ever found out?" asked several persons in a breath.

"No. All efforts made by the civil authorities were fruitless. I had for a long time hopes of their success, and of recovering my property; as besides the bank notes, which were instantly advertised, I had been robbed of a casket containing a number of family jewels. But the villains contrived to evade the pursuit of the law."

Many questions and much conversation followed this narration, in the midst of which M. de Lisle observed that Moyner left the room without speaking. His wife, who always anxiously watched her husband's movements, immediately rose and went after him.

The next evening the planter and his wife were walking in one of the groves not far from the hotel, quite apart from the other guests. They were suddenly joined by M. de Lisle. Moyner looked even gloomier than his wont, but the Frenchman seemed determined not to be repulsed. Saluting him slightly, he bowed to the lady, and entered into conversation with her. Moyner seemed uneasy and agitated, and did not join the discourse, nor reply to any remarks. At length, after a brief pause, M. de Lisle suddenly asked Mrs. Moyner to allow him to examine the breast-pin she wore in her shawl.

The planter's face became livid, then flushed with a dark crimson. "How dare you, sir, make such a request?" cried he, scowling fiercely at their companion; and, drawing his wife's arm closer within his, he turned to leave the grounds.

"Stop, sir! I have reasons for the request—which you can divine!" said the Frenchman, speaking slowly, and fixing his searching eyes on the other's face.

"What do you mean? Dare you assert—"

"I assert nothing without proof. Will you allow me, madame, to look at that ornament?"

Moyner would have hurried his wife away, but on second thoughts he seemed to yield, and her trembling hands disengaged the pin from her shawl. De Lisle examined it, then touched a secret spring, and it flew open. Two names were engraven on the inside.

"It is enough, I am satisfied," said he, returning the jewel. "What I have further to say to you, Mr. Moyner, will be best said elsewhere than in the presence of this lady."

A terrible light seemed to break on the mind of the unfortunate wife. She cast an eager, wild look upon her husband, who was struggling for composure, his face absolutely black with contending emotions. That one look was enough; convinced that her worst fears were verified, she uttered a piercing cry, and fell swooning on the ground.

The same day it was announced that Mrs. Moyner had been seized with spasms and a violent fever, and that her life was despaired of. The fear of infection spread among the guests, and some talked of returning to the city. But when the physician assured them her disorder was not of an infectious nature, many of the ladies offered to nurse her. Her husband, however, would permit no one but himself and their servant to enter her apartment, and seldom left it, except for a short walk in the fresh air.

It was not until some evenings after that he met De Lisle, who had watched his opportunity for an interview. Moyner started when he found himself again alone with this man.

"Do not mistake me," said De Lisle, in a low voice, "my design is only to claim restitution of my own."

"What do you mean?" asked the planter, gloomily.

"You, and none other, are the assassin who attempted to take my life at the Grève of Saint Michel."

"It is false!"

"It is true!"

"It is false—and you shall answer for so foul a charge! You shall hear from me, sir, so soon as I can leave *her* sick-bed for an hour."

"I am no duelist," returned the Frenchman, comprehending his threatening look; "nor will I give you that kind of 'satisfaction' by which villains of your stamp seek to escape the punishment due their crimes. Listen to me; it is the last time I shall seek you. You have now to choose between a private compromise and a public exposure. For your wife's sake I would prevent the last. For her sake alone—for I know she never shared your guilt—I offer these terms. Restore what you took from me, and you are safe—my lips are sealed forever."

Moyner seemed to hesitate for an instant as he heard this proposal, but the next moment, with a muttered threat of vengeance, he turned away. De Lisle appeared disappointed, and returned to the house uncertain what he was next to do. He decided, however, to keep an eye on all the planter's movements, so as to prevent his escape, and meanwhile to forbear any disclosure that might risk the life of the lady.

The next day he was surprised by a summons to her apartment. He followed the servant. The lady was reclining on a couch, looking so ghastly and wasted that De Lisle started as if he had seen a spectre. She was evidently dying. She extended her thin hand to him, then pointed to her husband, who sat at the foot of the bed motionless, but with anguish stamped on every feature.

"I have sent for you, sir," said Mrs. Moyner, speaking interruptedly and in a strangely hollow voice, "to hear what my husband has to say in his defence. I would hear you acquit him before I die."

A few moments of silence ensued, then Moyner rose and reached M. de Lisle a paper. "This may serve to show you," said he, "that at the time the attempt was made to murder you, I was absent on service, as surgeon, in the ship—. From this voyage I did not return till October of 18—."

De Lisle examined the paper. "If this be true," he said, "I must withdraw my charge against you. You will allow, however, that I had grounds—"

"Not only for suspicion, but certainty," interrupted Moyner. "And I thank you, sir, for your forbearance in not proceeding to act on your impressions. My wife thanks you."

There was something in the altered tone of the planter, indicating self-reproach and penitence, that touched the sympathies of De Lisle.

"But you will pardon my inquiry," he said, "how that breastpin, which once belonged to my mother, came into your hands?"

"You shall learn all," said the planter, mournfully. "All! and then, Annie, can you pardon me?"

"God pardon us both, my husband!" sobbed the dying lady.

"Listen then, sir, and do not speak; for I relate my history as the most fearful penance I could impose on myself. I am by birth an Englishman, and was a surgeon of marines. It is unnecessary to say how I came to enter into the French service, further than that my object was to amass money. Born in a low condition, though of parents who had seen better days, I had been taught no lesson so constantly as that of the value of wealth. I saw our inferiors elevated to a higher sphere of life by its possession. I heard my father continually bewail his want of it. When I grew up, and left home, I became more keenly sensible to the advantages money could have procured me. I longed, above all, for the respect and influence that waited upon riches; I saw myself despised for the want of them, and panted for the revenge I could take. In short, this desire became a passion, a madness with me.

"I need not recount any of the events of my life that have no bearing on my present condition. I obtained at length the situation of under-surgeon in the galley-hospital at Brest.\* One evening, when I was indulging in reflections on my usual subject of discontent, I was interrupted by one of the domestics of the infirmary, who came to tell me that "number seven" was dead. The patients in the hospital were not called by name, and only designated by the number on their beds. I went through the double line of beds till I came to number seven. The face of the corpse was covered with a handkerchief. After looking at him, I ordered the body removed to the dissecting-room. This was, as I remember, on the fourteenth of May, more than sixteen years ago.

"I was curious on the subject of phrenology, and the prisoner just dead was an interesting case for examination. Ever since he had been brought to the galleys, he had seemed occupied with one thought—the wish to escape. Several attempts had brought on him severe chastisement, and after the last the superintendent ordered him to be chained to his bench, with a chain of thirty pounds weight. This seemed to crush his spirit at once; he fell dangerously ill, and was removed into the infirmary. He had been there about eight days before his death.

"The assistants brought the body on a handbarrow into the dissecting-room. This place was even more hideous than such places usually are. In one corner were scattered human limbs, half gnawed by the rats; at the bottom of the hall hung a skeleton by an open window, that shook and crackled with every gust of wind. Though habituated to the sight of such objects, the unusual hour, the cold dampness of the air, and the fantastic appearance given by the lamp-light to the furniture of the hall, caused me to feel not wholly at my ease. I hastened to prepare my instruments, approached the table, and uncovered the body of the dead criminal. It was entirely naked; the lean and emaciated frame would have seemed that of an old man, but that the strength of some of the muscles in-

\* This incident is related in a narration republished in *La France Littéraire*, in 1839, by Emile Souverre.

dictated something of more youthful vigor. The limbs were covered with scars left by the galley-scourge; on the left leg was still the iron ring to which the chain had been attached, and which had worn a circle in the flesh. I gazed for a moment on the remains of the poor wretch who had suffered so much to rid himself of the chain, part of which he was doomed to wear to his grave; then set down the lamp and took up the dissecting-knife. But as I took hold of the arm, I felt a movement of resistance.

"Surprised, almost terrified, I held the light to the face of the corpse; the eyelids quivered slightly; the eyes slowly opened! I started back in involuntary horror. Then the man I had believed dead raised himself, sat upright, and looked about him with an air of anxiety. I remained motionless and silent; till I saw him slip off the dissecting-table, and move with stealthy pace toward the window. A sudden light flashed upon my mind. It was not the first time the criminals had attempted to escape, by pretending to be dead. I felt indignant at being taken for one whom it would be easy to dupe; and springing after Oranou, that was the man's name, seized him, just as he was about to leap from the open window. The poor fellow struggled hard for release, but as I kept my hold, naked and enfeebled as he was, he could not long resist. He felt exhausted to the ground; I placed my knee on his breast, seeing that he still tried to escape from my grasp.

"Let me go, in the name of Heaven, monsieur!" at length he groaned, in tones of piteous supplication. "Why should you hinder my flight? You are not one of the guard."

"I am during your sickness. What would they say of a physician who let his dead men escape?"

"The prisoner reiterated his entreaties. 'If I only pass the gate!' he pleaded. 'I should be free for one minute; I should take one step beyond my prison; I should draw one breath of the outer air. For you know, after this last attempt, they would never permit me to go out again! Oh, I beseech you, monsieur!'

"It is impossible!"

"Again the prisoner struggled for liberty; but I held him fast; resolved no one should say that I had been fooled into mercy.

"I will be free! I must be free!" almost shrieked Oranou. "Oh misery! to have suffered so long in vain. I have lived the last two months only on that hope! I went three days without eating, to go on the sick-list, and be carried to the infirmary! I succeeded so well in feigning death! you were all deceived! And all for nothing! for nothing! To be just on the point of success—and fail! Oh, it is too much! too much!" He struck his head against the ground, and burst into tears of agony.

"And why do you desire freedom so eagerly?"

"Why? You have never been a prisoner! Why? Because I cannot live here! I would go back to my own country—would tread the soil of Marseilles before I die! Oh! if I could only see one of those olive trees!"

"But you are not strong enough to work at your old trade again; you would die of hunger."

"Oranou gave a smile that looked more like a grimace, 'I am richer than you think!'

"You, rich?"

"Yes—"

"You are happy!" I exclaimed involuntarily. I meant it for irony—but there must have been something in my tone which the prisoner understood.

"Listen!" said he, in a hoarse, hurried whisper, 'you shall be rich, too. I have enough for both.'

"You take me for a fool, Oranou."

"I tell you I have what will make your fortune."

"Some robbery to commit with you—I suppose?"

"No; some money to share. Help me to fly, and you shall have part of it!"

"Keep your tales for other ears!" cried I, ashamed of listening to his falsehoods. "Come, we must not stay here!" Saying this, I rose to my feet, but without letting go the arms of the prisoner.

"You will not believe me!" he cried, in an accent of bitter despair. "How shall I convince you?"

"Show me your treasure!"

"I have it not here; you know I cannot have it here! Let me escape, and I swear before Heaven, you shall have your part."

"Come, fellow, we must go back and put on your chain again."

"I felt the poor man's frame shudder in my grasp. For an instant he seemed abandoned to despair; then suddenly raising his head—"Hear me a moment," he said; and I was startled by the deep earnestness of his voice; 'will you promise to let me go if I convince you I have uttered no falsehood?'

"We will see."

"Will you promise me?"

"I run no great risk, I suppose."

"Swear it, then."

"Well—I swear."

"Well, then—on the Grève de Saint Michel, on the northern side of the Rock of Irigias, I buried six feet deep in the ground, five years ago, a box containing two hundred thousand francs in bank bills."

"Whence got you this money?"

"From a traveler we murdered on that spot."

"Villain!"

"Two hundred thousand!" repeated he, with a triumphant air. "Enough to make the fortune of two. If you will, the half shall be yours."

"Your story is false. You have been five years a prisoner at the galleys."

"It was just so long ago that I was flying from pursuit with Martin. We committed the robbery and hid the money immediately—knowing we were hotly pursued. The next morning the gendarmerie arrested us at Plestin. Martin died in the galleys; I alone remained master of the secret."

"In spite of improbabilities, I was inclined to believe the tale of Oranou. I remained hesitating some minutes, but felt the blood rush to my face as I saw the prisoner's eyes fixed on me with devouring eagerness.

"Your romance is rather stale," I replied, affecting contemptuous indifference; 'we do not hear now—'

days of buried treasure, except in the *operas-comiques*."

"I saw the flush of hope fade from the poor man's face—" You do not believe me?" he said faintly.

"I know you for a cunning rogue, who has made many dupes," I answered.

"Monsieur—monsieur! for mercy's sake—believe me! The box is buried under the Rock of Irglas!"

"Not a word more; come along!"

"Oranou, with a groan of rage and despair, flung himself on the ground. 'I will not go!' he cried; 'I will not move! they shall drag me hence. Oh! he does not believe me—but it is true! and I cannot prove it. Only ten leagues between it and me—between riches and the prison! Monsieur, you will repent of this! Oh, he will not believe me!'"

"The miserable wretch writhed on the ground, and beat his forehead against it, in his fierce agony. A flood of dark thoughts rushed on my brain; but predominant over all was the fear of being cheated by a poor galley-slave. To put an end to the painful scene, I took Oranou by the arm, and tried to lead him away. Finding my strength insufficient for that, I went to seek assistance, and, bolting the door behind me, ran to the *salle de garde*, where I ordered two keepers to follow me.

"As we entered the dissecting-room, I saw a sudden flash of fire, and the same instant a naked man, covered with blood, fell to the ground. It was Oranou, who, during my absence, had tried to escape from the window, and had been fired upon by the sentinel. The ball had entered his breast; he was quite dead when we took up the body."

Here Moyner paused for a few moments, evidently agitated by some internal struggle. At length he resumed.

"I have determined you shall know all; and then I shall have done what I can. I need not tell you I availed myself of poor Oranou's confession; that I dug up the box of money, which contained also some jewels. Soon after, I married, came to this country, and purchased the plantation where I reside. No human being—not even the wife of my bosom—knew my dreadful secret; but I have never since known peace. Never have I ceased to feel the gnawing tortures of remorse; and when the day comes round, I seem to see again, with my bodily

eyes, the terrible anguish of the poor wretch whose prayer for life I cruelly rejected; whose death is upon my soul. My wife always thought me subject to periodical returns of monomania."

The sufferer on the couch murmured faintly, and clasped her hands, as if in prayer.

"I used my wealth," continued Moyner, "to compel respect from my fellow-men; but never sought to do good. I appeared to them haughty, cold, and repulsive; for the tortures I concealed ever in my own bosom, inspired me with a hatred toward all whom I saw enjoying a happiness from which I was debarred. Alas! it was my destiny not only to be wretched myself, but to mar the peace of this angel, who had not shared my sin!"

"Now that I have the opportunity of atoning, in some degree, I feel that I need not despair of the mercy of Heaven. My mind is at ease, for the first time since that dreadful night. Here, sir, are papers restoring to you the money of which you were robbed, with interest up to this date. Here, also, are the jewels. I have more pleasure now in giving back this wealth than I ever had in its possession."

"But you—you will be left destitute. You must permit me to return you a portion of this," said De Lisle.

"Not a coin!" exclaimed Moyner. "You are mistaken; I have enough—for your gold prospered in my hands—to keep me from penury. Keep it," he added wildly, "there is a curse upon it! it has destroyed my Annie!"

The unhappy penitent bowed his face upon the bed, and wept in the bitterness of his anguish. De Lisle rose, pressed his hand with an expression of sympathy, and quitted the room; for he saw that his presence was only a source of additional pain.

Two days afterward, the lovely and gentle wife of the planter was buried in a rural cemetery, some miles in the country. Her husband departed, none knew whither; and was soon forgotten by the gay company, who little suspected that the last act of so deep a tragedy of human passion and guilt had been enacted even in the midst of the careless festivity of a watering-place.

I have been told that De Lisle employed in works of usefulness and charity a large portion of the wealth so unexpectedly restored to him.

## THE STORM.

BY REV. JOHN T. BRAME.

O'er the blue sky the tempest-king hath long  
His purple banners out; he comes, he comes!  
The distant rolling of his thunder drums,  
The lightning-flashes from his stern brow flung  
In fierce defiance, herald him along.  
In gloom, in wrath, in majesty he moves.  
Nature in stillness waits; throughout her groves

No leaf is stirred, no warbler pours his song;  
And guilty man cries to his gods in fear,  
Turns from his follies and bows down in prayer,  
In utter helplessness and shuddering dread—  
Brief space,—for lo! the hurrying storm is here;  
Shakes his slight timentment beneath its tread,  
And spends its stores of fury o'er his trembling head!

# BOOK OF SONGS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## I.—SEA-WEED.

When descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the Equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with sea-wood from the rocks.

From Bermuda's Reefs, from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore,  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador.

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan Skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas.

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered caves, and benches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the Poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song.

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth.

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
That forever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;  
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate.

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart,  
Till at length in books recorded  
They like hoarded  
Household words no more depart.

## LINES ON A FOUNTAIN

DISCOVERED IN A SECLUDED PART OF A FOREST.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

THREE hundred years are scarcely gone,  
Since, on the new world's virgin shore,  
Crowds of rude men were pressing on,  
To search its boundless regions o'er.

Some filled with blood the affrighted land,  
And crushed its cities for their spoil;  
Some mined for gold the river's sand,  
And some the mountain's rugged soil.

And some, with nobler purpose, sought,  
Mid gloomy swamps and wilds uncouth,  
Sought with long toil, yet found it not,  
The fountain of eternal youth.

They said, in some green valley where  
The foot of man had never trod,  
There gushed a fountain, clear as air,  
Up from the ever-Bowery sod.

There they who drank should never know  
The waste of age, the stroke of death;  
And old men from its brink should go,  
With youth's fresh cheek and vigorous breath.

Is not this fount, so pure and sweet,  
Whose stainless wave breaks softly o'er  
The fringe of blossoms at my feet,  
The same those pilgrims sought of yore?

How brightly, 'mid the glittering sands,  
Leap the fresh waters from below!  
Oh let me dip these meagre hands,  
Drink deep, and bathe this wrinkled brow;

And feel, through every shrunken vein,  
The warm blood coursing swift and free,  
The bounding pulse of youth again,  
Its brightest hopes, its wildest glee!

In vain; for still life's current plays,  
With sluggish lapse, through all my frame,  
And the clear mirror-pool betrays  
My wrinkled visage still the same.

Must then this form, now warm with life,  
These limbs, obedient to the will,  
Leave these bright paths, this active strife,  
And in the dust lie stark and still?

Has earth no all-renewing power,  
No cure for age's slow decay,  
No healing spring, nor tree, nor flower,  
Which man may taste and live for aye?

Alas! the fount of youth and health,  
Those bold adventurers sought for here,  
Gives to the light its glittering wealth  
Of waters in some holier sphere.





*Painted by the artist of the "Horse" exhibition  
of the "Horse" exhibition*

## SKETCHES OF NAVAL MEN.

### MELANCTHON TAYLOR WOOLSEY.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PIONEERS," "RED ROVER," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York.]

THE subject of this sketch was a native of New York, in which state his family has long been resident. His father was Melancthon L. Woolsey, an officer of the Revolution, and subsequently known as General Woolsey, and collector of Plattsburg. His mother was a lady of the well-known family of Livingston, and a daughter of a divine of some eminence. The Woolseys were from Long Island, where they were very respectably connected; while, by his mother, young Woolsey, in addition to his Livingston descent, certainly one of the most distinguished of America, was connected with the Platts, Breeses, and other families of respectability, in the interior of his native state. The present Capt. Breesee and the subject of this notice were cousins once-removed.

Young Woolsey was born about the year 1782, his parents having married near the termination of the war of the Revolution. His early education was that usually given to young gentlemen intended for the professions, and the commencement of the year 1800 found him a student in the office of the late Mr. Justice Platt, then a lawyer of note, residing at Whitesborough, in Oneida County, and the member of Congress for his district. This was the period when the present navy may be said to have been formed, the armaments of 1798 and 1799 having substantially brought it into existence. Young Woolsey, being of an athletic frame and manly habits, had early expressed a desire to enter the service, a wish that was gratified through the influence of Mr. Platt, as soon as that gentleman attended in his seat in Congress, which then sat in Philadelphia. We ought to have mentioned that Mr. Justice Platt was the husband of a sister of his pupil's mother, and consequently was the latter's uncle by marriage.

As the warrant of Mr. Woolsey was dated in 1800, he was about eighteen years of age when he first entered the service. He was ordered to the Adams 28, Capt. Valentine Morris, which vessel was bound to the West India station. The Adams, which was familiarly known to the service by the name of the "Little Adams," to distinguish her from the John Adams, was a vessel of great sailing qualities, and was one of the favorite ships of the service. She was so sharp, and yet so slightly built, that it has been said it was not easy to write in her cabin, on account of the tremor when she was going fast through the water. The Adams met with some suc-

cess on this cruise, capturing no less than five French privateers, though neither was of a force to make any resistance. These vessels were named *l'Heureuse Rencontre*, *le Gambeau*, *la Renommée*, the *Dove*, and *le Massena*. This was active service, and proved a good school for all the young men who served in the ship. Young Woolsey was conspicuous for attention to his duty, and was a general favorite. When the cruise was up, the ship returned to New York.

Woolsey learned a great deal of the elementary portions of his profession during the few months he served in the Adams. He was of an age to see the necessity for exertion, as well as to comprehend the reasons of what he saw done, and few midshipmen made better use of their time.

Young Woolsey was transferred to the Boston 28, Capt. McNiell, as soon as the Adams was paid off. This was the ship, commander, and cruise, that have since given rise to so many rumors and anecdotes in the service. Although the proper place to record the more material incidents of this singular cruise, as well as the striking personal peculiarities of Capt. McNiell himself, will be in the biography of that officer, one or two that were connected with the subject of this sketch may be related here.

In dropping out of the East River into the Hudson, the pilot got the Boston on a reef of rocks that lie near the Battery. Woolsey, who had made himself a good deal of a seaman while in the Adams, was rated as a master's mate on board the Boston, and he was sent ashore with a boat, with orders to go to the navy agent in order to direct him to send off a lighter with spare anchors and cables. On landing, he met the navy agent on the Battery, and communicated his orders. The latter asked Mr. Woolsey to proceed with his boat a short distance, in order to tow a lighter round to a point where it could receive the ground tackle needed. Supposing he should be conforming to the wishes of his captain, and knowing that, in consequence of meeting the navy agent on the Battery, he might still return to the ship sooner than he was expected, the young officer complied. As soon as the duty was over, Woolsey returned on board the Boston, repaired to the cabin, and reported all that he had done. His captain heard him with grave attention. When the midshipman had got through with his story, and expected to be applauded for his judicious decision, the reasons for which be



had paraded with some little effort, Capt. McNiell looked intently at him, and uttered, in a slow, distinct manner, the words "D—d yahoo!" Woolsey remonstrated with some warmth, but the only atonement he received was a repetition of "D—d yahoo!" uttered in a more quick and snappish manner.

This little affair came very near driving our young officer out of the ship; but his good sense got the better of his pride, and he came to the wise decision not to let his public career be affected by his private feelings. Ships were then difficult to be found, the cruise promised to be both instructing and agreeable, in other respects, and large allowances were always made for Capt. McNiell's humor. We say the wise decision, since an officer is always wrong who suffers a misunderstanding with a superior to drive him from his vessel. So long as he is right and does his duty, he can always maintain his position with dignity and self-respect.

The Boston was the ship that carried Chancellor Livingston and suite to France, when the former went as a minister to negotiate the treaty for the cession of Louisiana. The passage was pleasant enough, until the ship got near her port, when she was caught in a fearful gale, that blew directly ashore, and came very near being lost. Every one admitted that the frigate was saved by the steadiness and seamanship of the old officer who commanded her. He carried sail in a way that astounded all on board, but succeeded in clawing off the land. We have heard Woolsey say that he carried on the ship so hard, that the muzzles of the quarter-deck guns were frequently under water. In a word, the struggle seemed to be between the power of the elements and the resolution and perseverance of a single man, and the last prevailed.

After landing the minister, the Boston, in pursuance of her instructions, proceeded to the Mediterranean, where she was to join the squadron under the orders of Com. Dale. But it did not suit the caprices of Capt. McNiell to come within the control of a superior, and he managed in a way to avoid both of the officers who commanded while the ship was out. He gave convoy, and for a short time was off Tripoli blockading, but the Constellation appearing before that port, he immediately left it, and did not return. Woolsey used to relate a hundred laughable anecdotes concerning this cruise, during which Capt. McNiell committed some acts that hardly could be excused by the oddity of his character. While the ship was on the African coast, the captain sent for the pilot, a Frenchman, in order to ascertain the position of a particular reef, or a shoal, about which he had some misgivings. Woolsey entered the cabin on duty just as this consultation was held. The Frenchman was pointing to the chart, and he said, a little at a loss to indicate the precise spot, "*Là-là, Monsieur.*" "*Là-là-là, b—r là, where's the reef?*" demanded McNiell.

On another occasion, while the ship lay at Malaga, Woolsey was sent on shore at nine, for the captain, who had dined that day with the consul. Sweden was at war with Tripoli, at that time, as well as our-

selves, and a Swedish squadron was then at Malaga, the admiral and captains also dining with the consul, on this occasion. McNiell was seated between the admiral and one of his captains, when Woolsey was shown into the dining-room. The young man reported the boat. "What do you say?" called out Capt. McNiell. Woolsey repeated what he had said. McNiell now leaned forward, and, his face within two feet of that of the admiral, he called out, "these bloody Swedes keep such a chattering, you must speak louder."

But these were trifles in the history of this extraordinary man, and we only relate them on account of their connection with the subject of this sketch. After remaining abroad near, or quite a twelvemonth, the Boston returned home, where her commander was discharged from the service, and the ship was laid up in ordinary, never to be re-commissioned. She was subsequently burned at the taking of Washington.

We do not happen to possess the proofs to say whether Woolsey returned to America in the Boston, or whether he joined one of the ships of Com. Morris' squadron, at Gibraltar. We cannot find any evidence that Capt. McNeill ever joined either commodore, and it is not easy to see how one of his midshipmen could have got into another ship without such a junction. At any rate, Woolsey was certainly in the Chesapeake, as one of her midshipmen, while Com. Morris had his pennant flying in her, and he went with that officer to the New York, acting Capt. Chauncy. On the passage between Gibraltar and Malia, the Enterprise in company, occurred the explosion on board the New York, by means of which that frigate came very near being lost. Woolsey always spoke in the highest terms of the coolness and decision of Chauncy, on this trying occasion, by which alone the vessel was saved. As it was, nineteen officers and men were blown up, or were seriously burned, fourteen of whom lost their lives. The sentinel in the magazine passage was driven quite through to the filling-room door, and only a single thickness of plank lay between the fire and the powder of the magazine, when the flames were extinguished.

Woolsey went off Tripoli again, in the New York, and was present when Porter made his spirited attack on the wheat-boats ashore, and in the abortive attempt that was subsequently made at cannonading the town. We are not certain whether Mr. Woolsey returned home in the Adams, with Com. Morris, or whether he continued out on the station until the New York's cruise was up. There could not have been much difference in the time, however, our young officer serving afloat, in the Adams, Boston, Chesapeake, New York, and, we believe, in the Adams, again, with little or no interruption, from the time he entered the service in 1800, to the close of the year 1803. During these cruises, Woolsey made himself a sailor, and a good one he was for the time he had been at sea, and the opportunities he had enjoyed.

In consequence of having been attached to the

previous squadron, or that of Com. Morris, Woolsey had not the good fortune to belong to that of Preble, which so much distinguished itself in the succeeding year. His next service was in the Essex 32, Capt. James Barron, a ship that was then justly deemed one of the best ordered in the navy. The Essex formed one of the vessels that were placed under the orders of Com. Samuel Barron, and she arrived out shortly after the explosion of the Intrepid ketch. When Com. Rodgers assumed the command of the force in the Mediterranean, the Essex was one of his squadron, which consisted of no less than twenty-four sail, gunboats included. Thirteen of these vessels appeared in company before the town of Tunis, dictating the terms of a treaty of indemnity to that regency. The Essex was of the number.

In the course of the exchanges that were made, Capt. Campbell took command of the Essex. About this time Woolsey received an acting appointment as a lieutenant, and when Capt. Campbell again exchanged with Com. Rodgers, the latter coming home, and the former remaining out in command, Woolsey went, with a large proportion of the officers of the Essex, to the Constitution 44.

In the Constitution, then the commanding ship, Woolsey remained on the Mediterranean station, until near the close of the year 1807. He had, for his messmates, Charles Ludlow, Wm. Burrows, and various other, young men of merit. None of the lieutenants, Ludlow excepted, were commissioned, but they were all held in abeyance, with orders to Com. Campbell to report on their qualifications and conduct. That officer was so well satisfied with his young men, however, that in the end each of them got his proper place on the list. In that day, lieutenants were frequently very young men, and it sometimes happened that their frolics partook more of the levity of youth than is now apt to occur, in officers of that rank. One little incident, which occurred to Woolsey while he was under the command of Com. Campbell, tells so well for the parties concerned, that we cannot refrain from relating it; more especially as the officer whose conduct appeared to the most advantage in the affair is still living, and it may serve to make his true character better known to the country.

Com. Campbell had brought with him, to his ship, a near relative, of the name of Read. This young gentleman was one of the midshipmen of the frigate, while Woolsey and Burrows were two of her lieutenants. On a certain occasion, when the latter was "filled with wine," he became pugnacious, and came to *voies de fait* with his friend Woolsey. The latter, always an excellently tempered man, as well as one of great personal strength, succeeded in getting his riotous messmate down on the ward-room floor, when he dictated the terms of peace. As such an achievement, notwithstanding Burrows' condition, could not be effected without some tumult and noise, the fact that two of the ward-room officers had come to something very like blows, if not actually to that extremity, necessarily became known to their neighbors in the steerage. From the steerage, the intelli-

gence traveled to the cabin, and, next morning, both Woolsey and Burrows were placed under arrest. As between the two parties to the scene nothing further passed or was contemplated, they were particularly good friends, and the offender no sooner came to his senses than he expressed his regrets, and no more was thought of the affair. Capt. Campbell himself was willing to overlook it, when he learned the true state of things, and all was forgotten but the manner in which it was supposed the commodore obtained his information. That the last came from some one in the steerage was reasonably certain, and the ward-room officers decided that the informer must have been Mr. Read, on account of his near consanguinity to the commanding officer. On a consultation, it was resolved to send Mr. Read to Coventry, which was forthwith done.

For a long time, Mr. Read was only spoken to by the gentlemen of the ward-room on duty. They even went out of their way to invite the other midshipmen to dine with them, always omitting to include the supposed informer in their hospitalities. Any one can imagine how unpleasant this must have been to the party suffering, who bore it all, however, without complaining. At length Woolsey, while over a glass of wine in the cabin, ascertained from the commodore himself the manner in which the latter had obtained his knowledge of the fracas. It was through his own clerk, who messes in the steerage.

The moment an opportunity offered, Woolsey, than whom a nobler or better hearted man never existed, went up to young Read on the quarter-deck, and, raising his hat, something like the following conversation passed between them:

"You must have observed, Mr. Read, that the officers of the ward-room have treated you coldly, for some months past?"

"I am sorry to say I have, sir."

"It was owing to the opinion that you had informed Com. Campbell of the unpleasant little affair that took place between Mr. Burrows and myself."

"I have supposed it to be owing to that opinion, sir."

"Well, sir, we have now ascertained that we have done you great injustice, and I have come to apologize to you for my part of this business, and to beg you will forget it. I have it from your uncle, himself, that it was Mr. —"

"I have all along thought the commodore got his information from that source."

"Good Heaven! Mr. Read, had you intimated as much it would have put an end at once to the unpleasant state of things which has so long existed between yourself and the gentlemen of the ward-room."

"That would have been doing the very thing for which you blamed me, Mr. Woolsey—turning informer."

Woolsey frequently mentioned this occurrence, and always in terms of high commendation of the self-denial and self-respect of the midshipman. We had it, much as it is related here, from the former's own mouth. It is scarcely necessary to tell those who are acquainted with the navy that the young

midshipman was the present Commodore George Campbell Road, late in command of the East India squadron.

The Constitution was kept out on the station some months longer than had been intended, in consequence of the attack that was made on the Chesapeake, the ship that was fitted out to relieve her. This delay caused the times of the crew to be up, and the frigate was kept waiting at Gibraltar in hourly expectation of this relief. Instead of receiving the welcome news that the anchors were to be lifted for home, the commodore was compelled to issue orders to return to some port aloft. These orders produced one of the very few mutinies that have occurred in the American marine, the people refusing to man the capstan bars. On this trying occasion, the lieutenants of the ship did their duty manfully. They rushed in to the crowd, brought out the ringleaders by the collar, and, sustained by the marine guard, which behaved well, they soon had the ship under complete subjection. This was done, too, as the law then stood, with very questionable authority. Subsequent legislation has since provided for such a dilemma, but it may be well doubted if the majority of the Constitution's crew could have been legally made to do duty on that occasion. So complete, however, was the ascendancy of discipline, that the officers triumphed, and the ship was carried wherever her commander pleased.

Nor was this all. When the Constitution did come home, she went into Boston. Instead of being paid off in that port, which under the peculiarities of her case certainly ought to have been done, orders arrived to take her round to New York. When all hands were called to "up anchor," her officers fully expected another revolt! but, instead of that, the people manned the bars cheerfully, and no resistance was made to the movement. The men, when spoken to in commendation of their good conduct, admitted that they had been so effectually put down on the former occasion, that they entertained no further thoughts of resistance. Woolsey did his full share of duty in these critical circumstances, as, indeed, did all of her lieutenants.

Woolsey had greatly improved himself, not only in his profession, but in his mind generally, during his different Mediterranean cruises. Shortly after the Constitution was paid off, he repaired to Washington, where he remained some time, employed in preparing a system of signals. The year 1808 was one during which the relations between this country and England very seriously menaced war. The government, in anticipation of such an event, saw the necessity of making some provisions of defence on lakes Ontario and Champlain. Woolsey, during his stay at Washington, had so far gained the confidence of the Department, that he was selected to superintend at the construction of, and to command the first regular armaments ever made under the Union, on these inland waters. It was decided to build a brig of sixteen guns on Lake Ontario, and two gun-boats on Champlain. Five officers were detached for this service, including Lieut. Woolsey,

who had command on both lakes. Lieut. John Montresor Haswell was sent to Champlain, with Messrs. Walker and Hall, while Woolsey took with himself, to Ontario, Messrs. Gamble and Cooper. It is believed that all these gentlemen are now dead, with the exception of the last, who is here making an imperfect record of some of the service of his old friend and messmate.

The port of Oswego was selected as the place where the brig was to be constructed. The contractors were Christian Bergh and Henry Eckford, both of whom afterward became known to the country as eminent constructors and shipwrights. The brig was called the Oneida, and she was laid down on the eastern point that formed one side of the outlet of the river. In 1808 Oswego was a mere hamlet of some twenty, or five-and-twenty, houses, that stood on a very irregular sort of a line, near the water, the surrounding country, for thirty or forty miles, being very little more than a wilderness. On the eastern bank of the river, and opposite to the village, or on the side of the stream on which the Oneida was built, there was but a solitary log house, and the ruins of the last English fort.

The arrival of a party of officers, together with a strong gang of ship-carpenters, riggers, blacksmiths, &c., produced a great commotion in that retired hamlet, though port it was, and made a sensible change in its condition. For the first time, money began to be seen in the place, the circulating medium having previously been salt. The place was entirely supported by the carrying of the salt manufactured at Salina. Eight or ten schooners and sloops were employed in this business, and the inhabitants of Oswego then consisted of some four or five traders, who were mostly ship owners, the masters and people of the vessels, boatmen who brought the salt down the river, a few mechanics, and a quarter-educated personage who called himself doctor.\* Woolsey and his party hired a house and commenced housekeeping, their mess being soon increased by

\* The reader can form a sort of idea of the knowledge of the men who then practiced medicine, and who called themselves "doctors" on the frontiers, by the following anecdote. Colonel, then Ensign, Gardner of the "old sixth," had been a student of medicine with Husack, previously to his entering the army. "*Pante de messes*," he prescribed for the men under his orders, and the writer of this article, in the familiarity of a messmate, used to say the G of his surname stood for "Galen." When Mr. Gardner joined the mess the "doctor" mentioned in the text was absent, nor did he return until the army officers had been some time at Oswego. The "doctor" and the "mess" were next door neighbors, the former living in a small building that joined the mess-house, cooking for himself, &c., &c. Many a time did the late Capt. Gamble and the writer risk breaking their necks, to crawl out on the doctor's wing and drop snow-balls and other "cooling ingredients," by means of the chimney, into the doctor's mess. The first evening of this personage's return to Oswego, he made his appearance in the mess, where he was cordially received, and formally introduced to the ensign by the writer.

"By the way, Galen, let me make you acquainted with our neighbor, Hippocrates, of whom you have heard us speak so often."

Woolsey, Gamble and Gardner smiled at the sally, but the smile was converted into a roar when the little doctor held out his hand to Gardner and answered, with a simplicity that was of proof—

"Don't you mind what Cooper says, Mr. Galen; he is always at some foolery or other, and has nick-named me Hippocrates; why I do not know, but my real name is —"

the arrival of a small detachment of the Old Sixth Infantry, under the orders of Lieut. Christie, subsequently the Colonel Christie who died in Canada, during the campaign of 1813. Ensign Gardner accompanied the party. This gentleman rose to the rank of Colonel also, acting as adjutant general to the division of Gen. Brown in the celebrated campaign of '14, and has since been deputy postmaster general, auditor of the Post Office Department, &c., &c.

This joint mess made a most merry winter of it. Woolsey was its head by rank, and he was its soul in spirits and resources. Balls, dinners, and suppers were given to the better portion of the inhabitants, and, from being regarded with distrust as likely to interfere with the free-trade principles that the embargo then rendered very decided on all the Canada frontier, Woolsey became highly popular and beloved. He had nothing to do, in fact, with the smugglers, his duty being strictly that of a man-of-war's man.

In the mean time, things did not drag on the point. Eckford was present, in person, and he went into the forest, marked his trees, had them cut, trimmed and hauled, and in the frame of the Oneida in a very few days. The work advanced rapidly, and a small sloop of war, that was pierced for sixteen guns, soon rose on the stocks. Understanding that the floor timbers of the salt-doggers never decayed, Woolsey had the frame of this brig filled in with salt, using the current coin of the place for that purpose. In that day, every thing was reduced to the standard value of salt, at Oswego. A barrel of salt on the wharf was counted at two dollars; and so many barrels of salt were paid for a cow, so many for a horse, and one barrel for a week's board of the better quality. The living was excellent, salmon, bass, venison in season, rabbits, squirrels, wild-geese, ducks, &c., abounding. The mess, however, pronounced cranberries the staple commodity of the region. They were uniformly served three times a day, and with venison, ducks, &c., made a most delicious accompaniment. Woolsey was a notable caterer, keeping his mess in abundance. The house had been a tavern, and the bar was now converted into a larder, the cold of that region serving to keep every thing sweet. It did the eye good to examine the collection that was made in this corner by Christ-mas! At the fireside, Woolsey was the life of the mess in conversation, anecdote, and amusement. He would have been a treasure on such an expedition as that of Farry's.

One day, an inhabitant of Oswego came running into the mess-house to say that a Lieut. R—, from Kingston, was then on board the brig, in disguise, examining her. The officers were at the table, and Woolsey coolly expressed his regrets that Mr. R. had not let him know of his visit, that he might have had the pleasure of his company at dinner. As the gentleman evidently wished to be incog., however, he could not think of disturbing him. This visit was the precursor of the construction of a ship at Kingston, of a force to overcome the Oneida. The Eng-

lish vessel was called the Royal George, mounted twenty-four guns, and was much larger than the American brig. She subsequently figured in Sir James Yeo's squadron, under the name of the Montreal. A few months later, while the Royal George was still on the stocks, Woolsey had occasion to go to Kingston. He was invited by a friend in that place to pay a visit to the navy-yard, and, putting on his uniform, he went. While on board the new ship, the very officer who had been at Oswego came up and remarked it was contrary to orders to allow foreign officers to examine the vessel. Woolsey apologized, said he was ignorant of the rule, and would retire.

"I have the honor of seeing Mr. R—, I believe," he added, as he was about to quit the ship.

The other admitted he was that person.

"I regret I did not know of the visit you did us the favor to make on board the Oneida, until it was too late to be of any service to you. The next time, I trust, you will apprise us of your intention, when I shall be extremely happy to let you see all we have that is worth the trouble of examining, and of showing you some of the hospitalities of the place."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the lieutenant looked very foolish, and Woolsey had his revenge. It is proper to add that this personage did not belong to the Royal, but to the Provincial navy, and was a man of confessedly inferior manners and habits.

The Oneida was launched early in the spring, and was immediately equipped for the lake. Erskine's arrangement, as it was called, occurring soon after, however, she was not immediately used. Woolsey now determined to get a view of Niagara, as he did not know at what moment he might be ordered back to the sea-board. Manning and provisioning the brig's launch, therefore, he and Mr. Cooper sailed from Oswego, late in June, 1800. The commencement of this little voyage was favorable, and it was thought the boat would reach the river in the course of eight-and-forty hours; but the winds proved very variable, and came out fresh ahead. Instead of making the passage in the anticipated two days, the launch was a week out, encountering much bad weather. Relying on his sails, Woolsey had taken but four men, and this was not a force to do much with the oars, so that turning to windward was the business most of the time. Three times the boat beat up to a headland, called the Devil's Nose, and twice it was compelled, by the wind and sea, to bear up, before it could weather it. Four nights were passed in the boat, two on the beach, and one in a hut on the banks of the Genesee, a few miles below the falls, and of course quite near the present site of Rochester.

All the south shore of Ontario, with here and there some immaterial exception, was then a wilderness! Four days out, the provisions failed, and there was actually a want of food. It was not easy to starve so near the forest, certainly, but the men had been improvident, and a fast of a few hours threw Woolsey on his resources. Even the last cracker was eaten, and fish could not be taken. One old seaman had

passed forty years on the lake, and he knew the position of every dwelling that stood near its shore. There might then have been a dozen of these little clearings between the Oswego and the Niagara, and one that contained three or four log-houses was known to be some two or three leagues distant. There was no wind, and the launch was pulled up to a beach where it was easy to land, and at a point at no great distance from these houses. It was so late, however, that it was not thought expedient to search for the habitations that evening. The whole party was about to bivouac supperless, when Mr. Cooper accidentally came across a hedge-hog, which he killed with the sword of a cane. On this animal all hands supped, and very good eating it proved to be.

The next morning, the two gentlemen, accompanied by the old laker and another man, set out in quest of the log huts, which stood a mile or two inland. One was found at the end of an hour, but no one was near it. It was inhabited, however, and in a pantry were found two loaves of bread, and a baking of dried whortleberry pies, as well as some milk. Necessity having no law, one loaf, two of the pies, and a gallon of milk were sequestered, two silver dollars being left in their places. After breakfast, and sending the old man to the boat with some food, the two officers followed their pilot toward the other cabins. These were also found, and in them the mistress of the mansion already invaded. A full confession of what had been done followed, and a proposal was made to purchase the remainder of the pies. This alarmed the good woman, who returned with the party forthwith, but who took things more composedly when she got her hand on the silver. So difficult was it to obtain flour in those isolated clearings that she could not be tempted to sell any thing else, and the party returned to the boat, with about a fourth of a meal remaining in their possession. A breeze springing up, sail was made, and Woolsey proceeded.

Hunger and head winds again brought the adventurers to a stand. A solitary dwelling was known to be at no great distance inland from the point where the boat now was, and again the party landed. The boat entered by a narrow inlet into a large bay, that was familiarly called Gerundegut, (Frondouquit,) and was hauled up for the night. The whole party bivouacked supperless.

In the morning, the two officers and three of the men went in quest of the house, which was found, a mile or two inland. The man who lived here was a cockney, who had left London some fifteen years before, and pitched his tent, as he said himself, twenty miles from his nearest neighbors. He went forty miles to mill, by his account, making most of the journey in a skiff. He had neither bread nor flour to spare, nor would money tempt him. He had four or five shecp, but his wife remonstrated against parting with one of them; she wanted the fleeces to spin, and they had not yet been sheared. Woolsey, however, persuaded the man to have the sheep penned, when the sailors caught a wether, and began

to feel his ribs. The animal was pronounced to be in excellent condition. A half eagle was now exhibited, and old Peter, the pilot, got his knife out, ready for work. The woman remonstrated, on a high key, and the cockney vacillated. At one moment he was about to yield; at the next, the clamor of the woman prevailed. This scene lasted near a quarter of an hour, when Woolsey commenced an attack on the lady, by paying compliments to her fine children, three as foul little Christians as one could find on the frontier. This threw the mother off her guard, and she wavered. At this unguarded moment, the man accepted the half eagle, about five times the value of the wether, as sheep sold at that season, in the settled parts of the country, uttered a faint, "Well, captain, since you wish it—" and a signal from Woolsey caused the animal's throat to be cut incontinently. At the next instant the woman changed her mind; but it was too late, the wether was bleeding to death. Notwithstanding all this, the woman refused to be pacified until Woolsey made her a present of the skin and fleece, when the carcass was borne off in triumph.

This sheep was all the food the party had for that day, and it was eaten without salt or bread. Woolsey contrived to make a sort of soup of it, over which he laughed and feasted, keeping every body in good humor with his jokes and fine temper. Some scrapings of flour were thrown into the pot, and Woolsey called his dish a "noodle soup."

These things are related more to show the state of the Ontario frontier five-and-thirty years since than for any great interest they possess of themselves. Provisions were almost of as much importance among the dwellers of the forest, as with the mariner at sea; money itself, though of rare occurrence among them, becoming nearly valueless compared with flour, in particular. Even the Oswego currency, salt, did not abound among them, the difficulties of transportation rendering it of importance to husband the smallest article of subsistence. The party could get no salt to eat with their mutton.

The day the sheep was purchased, the launch went out, and began to turn to windward, in squally weather and against a foul wind. In crossing Genesee Bay it came near falling in a squall, and it was found necessary to bear up for the river. Here the party passed another night, in a solitary log cabin, at, or near the point where the steamers and other craft must now make their harbor. A little bread was got in exchange for some sheep, and milk was purchased. But six hungry sailors seemed to create a famine wherever they went, and next morning the launch went out, though the wind was still foul. Then came the tug at the Devil's Nose, which has been mentioned, and the running to leeward to lie to in smooth water. At length the wind came off the land, when the remainder of the distance was run without much difficulty.

It was just as the day broke that the party in the launch made the mouth of the Niagara. The lantern was still burning in the light-house, the two forts, the town of Newark, and the appearance of cultivation

on every side, had an effect like that of enchantment on those who had been coasting a wilderness for a week. Even Oswego, though an old station, had little the air of a peopled country; but the region along the banks of the Niagara had been settled as long as that on the banks of the Hudson, and the transition was like that of suddenly quitting the forest, to be placed in the midst of the labors of man. It was the Fourth of July, and the launch entered the river with an American ensign set. It proceeded to Newark, where the two officers took up their quarters for a week. In an hour, a deputation from Fort Niagara came across to inquire who had brought the American ensign, for the first time, in a man-of-war's boat, into that river. On being told, a formal invitation was given to join the officers on the other side in celebrating the day.

Woolsey and his party remained some time in and about the Niagars. He passed up on the upper lake, and paid a visit on board the Adams, a brig that belonged to the War Department, which was subsequently taken by the British, at Hull's surrender, named the Detroit, and cut out from under Fort Erie, by Elliott, in 1812. The return to Oswego was less difficult, and was accomplished in two days. These were the first movements by American man-of-war's men that ever occurred on the great lakes—waters that have since become famous by the deeds of M'Donough, Perry, and Chauncey.

Although the Oneida was put out of commission, Woolsey still remained in charge of the station that had thus been created. In 1810, his brig was again fitted out, and she continued in service until the declaration of war. In the spring of '12, Woolsey seized an English schooner that was smuggling, brought her in, and had her condemned. This was the vessel that was subsequently lost under Chauncey, under the name of the Scourge. A characteristic anecdote is related of Woolsey, in connection with the sale of some of the effects taken on board this vessel. Every thing on board her was sold, even to some trunks that had belonged to a female passenger. Woolsey took care that the hardship of the case of this lady should be made known, in the expectation no one would be found mean enough to bid against her agent. But in this he was mistaken. When the agent bid five dollars, a blood-sucker of a speculator bid ten—"Twenty!" shouted Woolsey, sealing himself on one of the trunks, in a way that said "I'll have them if they cost a thousand." This movement drove off the miserable creature, and Woolsey presented the lady her trunks free of charges.

At the declaration of war, in 1812, which came so unlooked for on the country, and which would not have been made at the time it was but for a concurrence of unexpected circumstances, Woolsey was still in command on Lake Ontario, with the rank of lieutenant. His whole force consisted of the Oneida brig, while the enemy could muster a small squadron of several sail, among which was the Royal George, a ship heavy enough to engage two such vessels as the American brig, with every chance of success. As soon as the Oneida was actively employed, the

naval station had been removed from Oswego to Sackett's Harbor, where she was lying at the declaration of war. On the 19th of July, the enemy appeared in the offing, with the Royal George, Earl of Moira, Duke of Gloucester, Seneca and Simcoe. The two first were ships, the third was a brig, and the two last schooners. As soon as apprised of the presence of this force, Woolsey got the Oneida under way, and went out, with the view of passing the enemy, and escaping to the open lake, in the hope of being able to separate his enemies in chase. But, finding this impossible, he beat back into the harbor, and anchored his brig directly opposite to its entrance, under the bank that is now occupied by Madison Barracks. The utmost activity was shown in making this arrangement, and in landing all the guns on the off side of the brig, and in placing them in battery on the bank.

Finding that the enemy was slowly working up on the outside of the peninsula, Woolsey now repaired in person to a small work that had been erected on the high land above the navy yard, and made his preparations to open on the English from that point. A long thirty-two had been sent on for the Oneida, but never mounted, being much too heavy for that brig, of which the armament consisted of twenty-four pound carronades. This gun Woolsey had caused to be mounted on its pivot, in the work named; and, as soon as the enemy got within range, he opened on them with it. The English had captured a boat in the offing, and sent in a demand for the surrender of the Oneida and the Lord Nelson, under the penalty of destroying the place, in the event of refusal. This demand Woolsey answered with his long Tom, when a cannonading that lasted two hours succeeded. As the enemy kept at long shot, little damage was done, though the English were supposed to have suffered sufficiently to induce them to bear up and abandon the attempt. Although this affair was not very bloody, Woolsey did all that circumstances would allow; he preserved his brig, and saved the town. He was assisted by a small body of troops in the work. If the enemy did not press him harder, the fault was their own; he had not the means of acting on the offensive.

The government deciding to increase its force on Lake Ontario, Com. Chauncey was ordered to assume the command. Woolsey continued second in rank all that season, however, retaining the command of the Oneida. He was in charge of this brig in the spirited dash that Chauncey made against Kingston, in November, on which occasion the Oneida was warmly engaged, receiving some damage, and having four of her crew killed and wounded. This attack virtually closed the war on the lake for the season, as the affair of Sackett's Harbor had commenced it.

Both parties building in the course of the winter, it was found necessary to send several officers to Ontario, who ranked Licut. Com. Woolsey. As this was done only to take charge of new vessels, he ever after was employed in command, when employed at all. Woolsey was second in command, however, at the attack on York, retaining his own

brig, the commodore having hoisted his pennant in the Madison. Woolsey was also present at the landing and the attack on the batteries of Fort George, still commanding the Oneida, with the rank of lieutenant. As Perry was present on this occasion, our subject was only third in rank among the sea-officers, in this last affair.

Shortly after the landing at Fort George, Woolsey was promoted to be a commander, though he did not learn the fact for some time. His name appears as the seventh in a batch of fifteen. Two of his juniors, Trenchard and Elliott, were already on Lake Ontario, and several of his seniors were shortly afterward sent there. In all the manœuvring, and in the skirmishes which took place between Commodores Chauncey and Yeo, during the summer of '13, Woolsey still remained in charge of the Oneida, older officers and post-captains coming up, with fresh crews, for the larger vessels. Sinclair had the Pike, and Crane the Madison, leaving Woolsey the fourth in rank, present.

When the squadron returned to port, Woolsey found his new commission, and he was transferred to a large new schooner, called the Sylph, Lieut. Brown succeeding him in his old command, the Oneida. The Sylph was a large, fast-sailing schooner, that carried an awkward armament of four heavy pivot-guns amidships, mounted to fire over all. Woolsey was in this vessel on the 28th September, when Chauncey so nobly brought the whole English squadron to close action, supported for a considerable time only by Bolton, in the Gov. Tompkins, and the A-p, a schooner that the Pike had in tow. This was one of the sharpest affairs of the war, as long as it lasted, and would have been decisive had the Madison and Sylph been able to close; or, had not Sir James Yeo run through his own line, and taken refuge under the batteries of Burlington Heights.

As is usual, when success does not equal expectation, most of the superior officers received more or less censure, for supposed mistakes on this occasion. It is now well known that a complete defeat would have befallen the enemy had he been hotly pressed, and that he was seriously worsted as it was; but it is easy to discover the avenues to success after the road has been once thoroughly traveled. It is a fact worthy of being remembered, that not an English vessel was taken in battle, during the whole of the war of 1812, with two very immaterial exceptions, unless she offered freely to engage. The exceptions were the two small craft taken at the close of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, in which the whole English force had, in the first instance, very gallantly offered battle.

Woolsey did not escape criticism in this affair, any more than other commanders. His schooner did not prove of as much service as she might have been, on account of the awkwardness of her armament, which was changed to broadside guns, as soon as the squadron went into port again. Woolsey alleged that he was compelled to tow a large schooner, as was the fact with the Madison. Neither dared to cast off the tow, in the presence of the commodore, and the latter

had sufficient reasons for not ordering them to do so. Woolsey very frankly admitted, however, that he impaired the sailing of the Sylph, by surging on the tow-line in the hope it would part; a false step, that dropped his schooner so far astern that she greatly embarrassed him by her yawing. It is by no means certain Sir James Yeo would have engaged at all, could the whole of the American force have closed at the same time, and he always had Burlington Bay under his lee.

A few days after this action, Chauncey chased to the eastward, under a crowd of canvas, with the mistaken notion that the English had got past him in the night. In the afternoon of the 5th October, seven sail were made ahead, and it was supposed the British squadron was leading down the lake. An hour later, the vessels ahead were made out to be schooners, when the commodore signaled the Sylph and Lady of the Lake to cast off their tows. This was no sooner done than these two fast schooners shot swiftly ahead. Seeing their danger, the enemy set fire to the dullest craft, and separated. The Pike now cast off her tow, and she soon succeeded in capturing three of the enemy. Woolsey soon after joined with a fourth, and, continuing on, next morning he brought a fifth out from the Ducks. The prizes were gun-vessels, and near 300 prisoners were made in them, including a detachment of troops. Two of these vessels were the schooners Chauncey had lost in his action with Sir James, earlier in the season. This affair substantially closed the cruising service of that year.

Woolsey got a new vessel for the season of 1814. She was a large brig of twenty-two guns, called the Jones, and proved a fast and good vessel. Previously to the equipment of this vessel, however, he was sent to superintend the transportation of guns and cables, from Oswego to the Harbor, by water. This was very delicate service, as the enemy had obtained the temporary command of the lake, by building. He was at the Oswego Falls, engaged in this duty, when the English made their descent at Oswego. Woolsey showed much address on this occasion. The enemy possessing so many means of obtaining information, he was compelled to resort to artifice—spreading a report that the direction of the stores was to be changed. Allowing sufficient time for this rumor to reach the enemy, he caused as many guns and cables to be run over the falls as he had boats to carry them in, and immediately went down the river. At dusk, on the evening of the 20th May, the look-outs seeing nothing in the offing, he went out with a brigade of nineteen heavy boats. The night proved to be dark and rainy, and the men toiled until daylight at the oars. When light returned the boats were at the mouth of Big Salmon River. Here the party was met by a small detachment of Indians; a party of riflemen, under Major Appling, having the guard from Oswego. It was found that one boat had parted company in the night. This boat, as it was afterward ascertained, attempted to pass the blockading squadron, and to go direct to the Harbor by water. It was captured by the English.

Woolsey went on, and entered Big Sandy Creek

with his charge, agreeably to a previous understanding. In the mean time, Sir James Yeo, learning the situation of the brigade, from the crew of the captured boat, sent a strong party, covered by three gun-boats, to capture it. The English entered the creek with confidence, throwing grape and canister into the bushes ahead of them, from some very heavy carromades. Woolsey set about discharging his guns and cables, in order to secure them, while Major Appling placed his command in ambush, a short distance below the boats. As the English advanced they were met by a most destructive fire, and every man of their party was captured. Among the prisoners were two captains, four sea lieutenants, and two midshipmen. The stores were safely conveyed to the Harbor, and Chauncy was enabled to raise the blockade, as soon as he could arm his new ships.

After the American squadron got out, Woolsey commanded the Jones 22. He was only the sixth in rank on the lake this summer, there being several captains present, beside two commanders that were his seniors. The Jones was kept in the squadron until Chauncy had swept the lake, but the commodore going off Kingston with a diminished force, in the hope of tempting Sir James to come out, he ordered Woolsey to cruise between Oswego and the Harbor, in order to keep the communication between these two important points free. At a later day Woolsey was sent to join Ridgely, who was blockading the Niagara. On this station the Jefferson and the Jones experienced a tremendous gale, in which the former had to throw some of her guns overboard.

The last service on the lake that season, was in transporting the division of Gen. Laard to the westward. Shortly after, Chauncy collected all his force at the Harbor, and prepared to repel an attack, which it was expected the English would make, having got their two-decker out.

Peace being made the succeeding winter, most of the officers and crews were transferred to the sea-board. Woolsey, however, was left in charge of the station, where he remained for many years. There was a vast amount of property to take care of, and a little fleet of dismantled vessels. This continued for several years, but gradually the charge was reduced, officer after officer was withdrawn, ship after ship was broken up, until, in the end, the trust was one that might well be confided to a subordinate. In 1817, Woolsey was promoted to be a captain, and not long after he married a lady of the name of Tredwell, a member of the Long Island Family of that name.

Woolsey passed the flower of his days on Lake Ontario. No doubt this was of disservice, by withdrawing him, for many years, from the more active duties of his profession. But he liked, and was liked in, that quarter of the country, and family ties came in aid of old associations to keep him there. After remaining something like fifteen years in the lake service, however, he got the Constellation frigate, then attached to the West India Squadron. Com. Warrington had his pennant in his ship, most of the time, and there being very little difference in the dates of the commissions of these two officers, Woolsey always spoke with feeling of the extreme delicacy with which he was treated by his superior. On his return from this station, he had charge of the Pensacola Yard.

After quitting Pensacola, Woolsey preferred his own claims for a squadron, and he was sent to the coast of Brazil, where he commanded, with a broad pennant, the usual term. This was the last of his service afloat, or, indeed, ashore. His health began to decline, not long after his return, and he died in 1838.

Commodore Woolsey was of the middle height, sailor-built, and of a compact, athletic frame. His countenance was prepossessing, and had singularly the look of a gentleman. In his deportment, he was a pleasing mixture of gentleman-like refinement and seaman-like frankness. His long intimacy with frontier habits could not, and did not, destroy his early training, though it possibly impeded some of that advancement in his professional and general knowledge, which he had so successfully commenced in early life. He was an excellent seaman, and few officers had more correct notions of the rules of discipline. His familiar association with all the classes that mingle so freely together in border life, had produced a tendency, on his excellent disposition, to relax too much in his ordinary intercourse, perhaps, but his good sense prevented this weakness from proceeding very far. Woolsey rather wanted the grimace than the substance of authority. A better-hearted man never lived. All who sailed with him loved him, and he had sufficient native mind, and sufficient acquired instruction, to command the respect of many of the strongest intellects of the service.

The widow of Commodore Woolsey still lives. She has several children, and we regret to say, like those of her sex who survive the public servants of this country, she is left with few of the world's goods to console her. Woolsey's eldest son is in the navy, and has nearly reached the rank of lieutenant.

## HOPE.

BROU' bow : that bendest o'er the murky cloud  
Of human griefs, oft in my fancy's dreams  
I've thought that thou wert lit up by the gleams  
Of Heaven's own sunshine, falling on the crowd  
Of tear-drops which gush forth, when man is bowed  
Beneath affliction's rod. Oh then his eye  
Is turned, like the Chaldean's, to the sky,

When darkness reigns, and tempest tones are loud,  
To spy amid the gloom thy starry form!  
Blest friend of man! sweet soother of the storm,  
Bare anchor to the spirit tempest-driven—  
To new exertions thou dost nerve the arm,  
And calm the fevered brain. To me be given  
Thy rays, bright messenger! to cheer my way to Heaven!



## A PEEP WITHIN DOORS.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

THERE was bustle in the little dressing-room of young Ella Lane; a dodging about of lights, a constant tramping of a fat, good-natured serving-maid, a fitting of curious, smiling little girls, and a disarranging of drapery and furniture, not very often occurring in this quiet, tasteful corner. An arch-looking Miss of twelve was standing before a basket of flowers, selecting the choicest, and studying carefully their arrangement, with parted lips and eyes demurely downcast, as though thinking of the time when the little fairy watching so intently by her side would perform the same service for her. On the bed lay a light fleecy dress of white, with silver cords and clusters of silver leaves, and sashes of a pale blue, and others of a still paler pink, and here and there a little wreath of flowers, or a small bunch of marabouts—in short, ornaments enough to crush one individual, had their weight been at all proportioned to their bulk. Immediately opposite a small pier-glass sat a girl of seventeen, in half undress, her full, round arms shaded only by a fold of linen at the shoulder, and her eye resting very complacently on the little foot placed somewhat ostentatiously upon an ottoman before her. And, indeed, that foot was a very dainty-looking thing, in its close-fitting slipper, altogether unequalled by any thing but the finely curved and tapered ankle so fully revealed above it. Immediately behind the chair of the young lady stood a fair, mild-looking matron, her slender fingers carefully thridding the masses of hair mantling the ivory neck and shoulders of her eldest daughter, preparatory to plating it into those long braids so well calculated to display the contour of a fine head. There was a smile upon the mother's lip, not like that dimpling at the corners of the mouth of the little bouquet-maker, but a pleased, gratified smile, and yet half-shadowed over by a strange anxiety, that she seemed striving to conceal from her happy children. Sometimes her fingers paused in their graceful employment, and her eye rested vacantly wherever it chanced to fall; and then, with an effort, the listlessness passed, and the smile came back, though manifestly tempered by some heaviness clinging to the heart.

At last the young girl was arrayed; each braid in its place, and a wreath of purple buds falling behind the ear; her simple dress floating about her slight figure like an airy cloud, every fold arranged by a mother's careful fingers; her white kid gloves drawn upon her hands, and fan, bouquet, and kerchief all in readiness. The large, warm shawl had been carefully laid upon her shoulders, the mother's kiss was on her bright cheek, and a "do not stay late, dear," in her ear; she had shaken her fan at the saucy

Nelly, and pinched the cheek of Rosa, and was now toying with little Susy's fingers, when the head of the serving-maid was again thrust in at the door, to hasten the arrangements. Ella tripped guiltily down stairs, but when she reached the bottom she paused.

"I am sorry to go without you, mamma."

"I am sorry you're obliged to, dear; but I hope you will find it very pleasant."

"It will be pleasant, I have no doubt; but, mamma, I am afraid that you are not quite well, or, perhaps," she whispered, "you have something to trouble you—if so, I should like very much to stay with you."

"No, dear, I am well, quite well, and—" Mrs. Lane did not say *happy*, for the falsehood died on her lip, but she smiled so cheerily, and her eye looked so clear and bright as it met her daughter's, that Ella took it for a negative.

"Ah! I see how it is, mamma; you are afraid my new frock is prettier than any of yours; and you don't mean to be outshone by little people. Do you know, I shall tell Mrs. Witman all about it?"

"I will let you tell any thing that you choose, so that you do not show too much vanity; but do not stay late. Good-night, darling."

"Good-night, till sleeping-time, mamma." And, with a light laugh, Ella Lane left her mother's side and sprang into the carriage.

When Mrs. Lane turned from the door, the smile had entirely disappeared, and an expression of anxious solicitude occupied its place. While the joyous children went bounding on before her, she paused beneath the hall lamp, and pulling a scrap of paper from her bosom read—

"Do not go out to-night, dear mother; I *must* see you. He will not come in before eleven—I will be with you at ten."

It was written in a hurried, irregular hand, and was without signature; but it needed none.

"My poor, poor boy!" murmured the now almost weeping mother, as she crushed the paper in her hand, and laid it back upon her heart. "It may be wrong to deceive HIM so; but how can a mother refuse to see the son she has carried in her arms, and nursed upon her bosom? Poor Robert!"

Aye, poor Robert, indeed! the only son of one of the proudest and wealthiest citizens of New York, and yet without a shelter for his head!

Mr. Lane had lived a bachelor until the age of forty-two, when he married a beautiful girl of eighteen, the mother whom we have already introduced to our readers. She was gentle and complying; hence, the rigid sternness of his character, which so many years of loneliness had by no means tended to

soften, seldom had an opportunity to exhibit itself. But the iron was all there, though buried for a time in the flowers which love had nursed into bloom above it. The eldest of their children was a boy; a frank, heartsome, merry fellow—a lamb to those who would condescend to lead him by love, but exhibiting, even in infancy, an indomitable will, that occasioned the young mother many an anxious foreboding. But as the boy grew toward manhood, a new and deeper cause for anxiety began to appear. To Robert's gayety were added other qualities that made him a fascinating companion: his society was constantly sought, first by the families in which his parents were on terms of intimacy, and then by others, and still others, till Mrs. Lane began to tremble lest among her son's associates might be found some of exceptionable character. By degrees he spent fewer evenings at home, went out with her less frequently, and accounted for his absence less satisfactorily. Then she spoke to him upon the subject, and received his assurance that all was well, that she need not be troubled about his falling into bad company.

But she *was* troubled.

There was a wild sparkle in the boy's eye, and an unnatural glow upon his cheek, that told of unhealthy excitement, at evening; but in the morning it was all gone, and his gayety, sometimes his cheerfulness fled with it. Oh! what sickness of the heart can compare with that indefinable fear, that foreshadowing of evil, which will sometimes creep in between our trust and our love; while we dare not show to the object of it, much less to others, any thing but a smiling lip and a serene brow. Mrs. Lane was anxious, but she confined her anxiety to her own bosom; not even whispering it to her husband, lest he should ridicule it on the one hand, or, on the other, exercise a severity which should lead to a collision. But matters grew worse and worse constantly; Robert was now seldom home till late at night, and then he came heated and hurried, and hastened away to bed, as though his mother's loving eye were a monitor he could not meet. She sought opportunities to warn him, as she had formerly done, but he understood and evaded them; and so several more weeks passed by—weeks of more importance than many a life-time. Finally Mrs. Lane became seriously alarmed, and consulted her husband.

"I have business with you to-night, Robert," said Mr. Lane, pointedly, as the boy was going out after dinner, "and will see you in the library at nine o'clock."

"I—I have—an engagement, sir. If some other hour—"

"No other hour will do. You have no engagement that will be allowed to interfere with those I make for you."

Robert was about to answer—perhaps angrily—when he caught a glimpse of his mother. Her face was of an ashy hue, and a large tear was trembling in her eye. He turned hastily away and hurried along the hall, but before he reached the street door, her hand was upon his arm, and she whispered in

his ear, "Meet your father at nine, as he has bidden you, Robert; and do not—for my sake, for your mother's sake, dear Robert—do not say any thing to exasperate him."

"Do not fear, mother," he answered, in a subdued tone; then, as the door closed behind him, he muttered, "he will be exasperated enough with little saying, if his business is what I suspect. What a fool I have been—mad—mad! I wish I had told him at first, without waiting to be driven to it; but now—well, I will make one more attempt—desperate it must be—and then, if the worst comes, he will only punish *me*—that I can bear patiently, for I deserve it; but it would kill my poor mother—oh! he *must not* tell her."

Mrs. Lane started nervously at every ring of the door-bell that evening; and when at nine she heard it, she could not forbear stepping into the hall to see who was admitted. It was her husband; and, only waiting to inquire of the girl if Mr. Robert had yet come in, he passed on to the library. Mrs. Lane found it more difficult than ever to sustain conversation—she became abstracted, nervous; and when, at last, her few evening visitors departed, she was so manifestly relieved that Ella inquired, in surprise, if any thing had been said or done to annoy her. It was past ten, and Robert had not yet appeared. Finally the bell was pulled violently, and she hastened to the door herself. With livid lip and blood-shot eye, her son stepped to the threshold; and, starting at sight of her, he hurried away to the library without giving her another glance. How slowly passed the moments to the waiting mother! How she longed to catch but a tone of those voices, both so loved, that she might know whether they sounded in confidence or anger! What Robert's course had been she could not guess, but she knew that he would be required to give a strict account of himself, and she dreaded the effect of her husband's well-known severity. A few minutes passed (they seemed an age to her) and then she heard the door of the library thrown open; and, a moment after, a quick, light step sounded upon the stairs. It was Robert's.

"You are not going out again, my son?" she inquired.

"Father will tell you why I go, dear mother," said the boy, pausing and pressing her hand affectionately. "I must not wait to answer questions now." He passed on till he reached the door, then turning back, whispered, "Be at Mrs. Hinman's to-morrow evening, mother," and before she had time to ask a question or utter an exclamation of surprise, he had disappeared up the street.

But poor Mrs. Lane was soon made acquainted with the truth. Mr. Lane was somewhat vexed with himself for not perceiving his son's tendency to error before; and, like many another, he seemed resolved to make up in decision what he had lost by blindness. It was this which had occasioned his sharpness when he made the appointment; and he considered his dignity compromised when nine o'clock passed and his son seemed resolved on acting in open disobedience to his command. An hour's ruminating on the sub-

ject did not tend to soften his feelings; and when, at last, the culprit appeared, he was in a mood for any thing but mercy. He demanded peremptorily a full confession; and Robert gave it. He did not color, soften, nor extenuate; but boldly—too boldly, perhaps—declaring that he scorned falsehood, he told the whole. He had fallen into gay society, then into vicious; and he was not the one to occupy a minor position anywhere. Wit and wine seduced him, and in an evil hour he sat down to the gaming-table. He had played at first for a trivial stake, then more deeply, and to-night, in the hope of retrieving his bad fortune, he had plunged in almost past extrication. At any time Mr. Lane would have been shocked—now he was exasperated, and spoke bitterly. At first Robert did not retort, for he had come in resolved on confession and reformation; but finally anger got the better of repentance, and he answered as a son, and particularly an erring son, should not. Then a few more words ensued, unreasonable on both sides: Mr. Lane asserting that debts so contracted were dishonest ones, and should not be paid; and Robert declaring that they *should* be paid, if he gamed his life-long to win the money; till, finally, the old man's rage became uncontrollable. It was in obedience to his father's command that Robert left his home that night, with the order never to cross the threshold again.

For two or three weeks Mrs. Lane, now and then of an evening, met her son at the houses of her friends, and then he disappeared almost entirely. While she could meet him, and speak a few words even in a gay party, and perceive that he regarded her with as much affection as ever, she continued strong in the hope of final reformation and reconciliation; but when, evening after evening, she carried a hoping heart abroad, and dragged home a disappointed one, imagination busied itself with a thousand horrors. Her first-born, her only son, the darling of her young heart, her pride in the first years of wedded life, he whom she had loved so fondly, and cherished so tenderly—to what vice, what suffering might not he be exposed! Then she had no confidant, no friend to sympathize with or encourage her. Since the first disclosure she had never mentioned Robert's name to her husband, and Ella knew only that some angry words had estranged her father and brother for a time—she was enviably ignorant of Robert's guilt and danger.

The evening on which our story commences Mrs. Lane had intended to spend abroad with her daughter, but had been prevented by the receipt of the note above mentioned. Robert had never been home since he was commanded to leave it; and, though anxious both about the cause and result, she could not but be rejoiced at the thought of seeing him again in her own private sitting-room. She had many things, too, to learn. She wished to know where he lived, how he supported himself, and what were his intentions for the future. And she wished to expostulate with and advise him—in short, her mother's heart told her that every thing could be done in that one evening.

While Mrs. Lane walked up and down her little sitting-room, wishing that ten o'clock would come, her son entered his small, scantily furnished apartment in a decent boarding-house, and, throwing himself upon the only chair within it, he covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat in this position; then he rose, and, taking down a pocket-pistol, he examined it carefully, primed it and laid it beneath his pillow. Immediately, however, he took it out, charged it heavily, and, laying it on the table, folded his arms and gazed upon it, muttering, "It may be needed when I least expect it. I have one friend, at least, while this is by. After pacing two or three times across the narrow space between his bed-head and the little window at the foot, he opened the door of a small closet, and, taking thence cloak and muffler, carefully adjusted them; then, slouching a broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, he hurried down the stairs into the street. Two or three times Robert Lane paused and reasoned with himself, before he reached his father's door; and even when his hand was extended to the bell-knob he hesitated.

"I must see her at any risk," he at last exclaimed, pulling lightly upon the cord.

The girl started when she opened the door, but gave no other token of recognition. Robert inquired for Mrs. Lane, and, following after the girl, found himself in the back sitting-room, remembered but too, too fondly for his composure. As soon as the door closed behind him, he cast off his mufflings, and, throwing himself upon a little ottoman at his mother's feet, leaned his forehead on her knees.

"Is it any new trouble, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly, and, laying her hand gently on his head, "any new—*guilt*?" she whispered, bending her lips close to his ear, and placing the other arm over his neck.

"Tell your mother, Robert—tell her every thing—she may help you—she will—oh, Robert! you know she will love you and cling to you through it all!"

The boy raised his head, and now she saw, for the first time, the change that had come over him. His face was haggard, his eye sunk and blood-shot, that round, rosy cheek, which her lip had loved to meet, had grown pale and thin, and in place of the gay, careless smile had risen looks of anxiety and bitterness.

"I shall break your heart, mother," he said, sorrowfully, "and poor little Ella's too. Oh! it is a dreadful thing to murder those one loves best. I never meant to do it—try to believe that, dear mother, whatever comes."

"I do believe it, Robert."

"Ah! you know only a small part yet; but I could not go away without seeing and telling you. I knew you would learn it from others, and I wanted to hear you say you could love me after all. I knew you would, but I wanted to hear you *say* it."

"I will, Robert, I will; but surely you have nothing worse to tell than I know already?"

The boy looked down, his lip quivered, and the large purple veins upon his forehead worked them-

selves into knots, and rose and fell as though ready to burst at every throb.

She passed her hand soothingly over them.

"Whatever it is, Robert, you are not before a harsh judge now. Tell it to your mother, my darling boy; perhaps she can assist, advise—she certainly can love you through all."

"Oh, mother! you must not speak so, or I can never tell you. If you talk like this—if you do not blame me, I shall almost wish I had gone away without seeing you. Oh! if I had only listened to you six months ago! but they flattered me and I was foolish, I was wicked. But I thought of you all the time, mother—of you and Ella—and I promised myself every night when I went to my pillow that I would break away from the things that were entangling me, and become all that you desired. I was not conscious then of doing any thing decidedly wrong; but I knew that my companions were not such as you would approve, and I knew—I could but know—that I was too much intoxicated by their flatteries. At last I resorted to cards; I played very cautiously at first, and only to do as others did, then for larger sums, and again still larger, till finally it became my sole object to recover the moneys I had lost, and thus prevent the necessity of applying to my father for more. I still lost, and still went on, till finally the discovery, which, I believe, dear mother, all in kindness, you brought about, was made. Perhaps I was in the wrong, but, mother, it *did* seem to me dishonorable to refuse to pay those debts which—"

"Your father was angry, or he would not have refused. You tried his patience, Robert, and then, I fear, you were more bold than conciliatory."

"I made one more attempt to better my fortunes that evening, and the time passed before I was aware of it; I promised—I told *them*—those scoffers, mother—that it was my last evening among them; I promised myself so, and repeated it to my father; and I would have kept my promise—I *would*. But you know how it turned. Then I was desperate."

Mrs. Lane trembled, and passed her arm caressingly about his neck, as though to reassure him. "I met you several times after that, Robert, and you did not seem so very unhappy."

"I was determined to have the money, mother, and I got it."

"How, Robert?"

"Not honestly."

The boy's voice was low and husky; and his hand, as it closed over his mother's, while his forehead again rested on her knees, was of a death-like chilliness.

A faintness came over her, a horrid feeling went curdling round her heart, and she felt as though her breath was going away from her. But the cold hand was freezing about hers, the throbbing forehead rested on her knees, and every sob, as it burst forth uncontrolledly, fell like a crushing weight upon her bosom. It was the mother's pitying heart, that, subduing its own emotions, enabled her again to articulate, though in a low whisper, "How, Robert?"

"By forgery. No matter for the particulars—I

could not tell them now, and you could not hear. To-morrow all will be discovered, and I must escape. Such fear, such agony—oh, mother! what have I not endured? No punishment men can inflict will ever be half so heavy. I deserve it, though—all, and ten thousand times more. But I never meant it should come to this, mother; believe me, I never did. I meant to pay it before now, and I thought I could. I have won some money, but not half—scarce a tithe of what I ought to have, so there is nothing left but flight and disgrace. You do not answer me, mother; I knew I should break your heart, I knew—"

Mrs. Lane made a strong effort, and murmured brokenly,

"To-morrow—to-morrow! Oh! my poor, ruined boy!"

"I know that after deeds cannot compensate, mother; but if a life of rectitude, if—" Robert paused suddenly and started to his feet. "I know that step, mother!"

"Hush, my son, hush!" Mrs. Lane had time for no more before her husband entered the apartment. A cloud instantly overspread his countenance.

"You here, sirrah! What business brings you to the home you have desecrated?"

"I came to see my mother, sir."

"Nay," interposed the lady, anticipating the storm that seemed gathering on her husband's brow, "let the fault be mine. He is my own child, and I *must* see him—a little while—you cannot refuse to leave me a little while with my own boy."

"It is the last time, then," said Mr. Lane, sternly.

"The last time!" echoed Robert, in a tone of mocking bitterness.

"The last time!" whispered the white lips of the mother, as though she had but that moment comprehended it; and, as the door closed upon the retreating form of her husband, she slid to the floor, lightly and unresistingly. Robert did not attempt to call for assistance, but he raised her head to his bosom, and covered her pale face with his boyish tears.

"I have killed her! my poor, poor mother!" he sobbed. "That I should be such a wretch! *I! her son!*—with all her care and with all her love! Oh! if they had but given me a coffin for a cradle! A grave then would have been a blessed thing; but it is too late now, too late!"

Mrs. Lane was awakened by the warm tears raining upon her face; and, starting up wildly, she entreated him to begone. "Every moment is precious!" she exclaimed, gaspingly. "You may not make your escape if you do not go now. Oh, Robert! promise me—on your knees, before your mother, and in the sight of your God, promise, my poor boy, that you *will* forsake the ways of vice, that you *will* become an honorable and a useful man—promise this, Robert, and then go! Your mother, who has gloried, who has doted on you, entreats you to begone from her forever!"

"I cannot go to-night, mother. I wanted to see you, and so lost the opportunity; but there is no danger. It is too late to take a boat now. I shall go to some of the landings above when I leave here,

and in the morning go aboard the first boat that passes."

Again the mother required the promise of reformation, and it was given earnestly and solemnly. Then he again sat down on the ottoman at her feet; and, with one hand laid lovingly upon his head, and the other clasped in both of his, she spent an hour in soothing, counseling, and admonishing him. So deeply were both engaged, that neither the merry voice of Ella in the door-way, nor her step along the hall, reached them.

"Has my mother retired?" was her first inquiry.

"No, miss; she is in the back sitting-room," and before the girl could add that she was engaged with a stranger, Ella had bounded to the door, and flung it wide open.

"Robert!—you here, Robert! If I had only known it, I should have been home long ago. So you are sorry you quarreled with papa, and you have come back to be a good boy, and go out with me when I want a nice beau, and all that! Well, it *does* look natural to see you here."

As the young girl spoke she cast hood and shawl upon the floor; and, with one bared arm thrown carelessly over her brother's shoulder, she crouched at her mother's feet, looking into her eyes with an expression which seemed to say, "Now tell me all about it—you must have had strange doings this evening."

But neither Mrs. Lane nor Robert spoke. The boy only strained her convulsively to his heart; while the poor mother covered her own face with her hands to hide the tears, which, nevertheless, found their way between her jeweled fingers.

The eyes of the fair girl turned from one to another in amazement; then, pressing her lips to the cheek of her brother, she whispered,

"What is it, Robin? Has papa refused to let you come back? I will ask him; I will tell him you must come, and then you will, for he never refused me anything. Don't cry, mamma; I will go up stairs now, and have it settled. Papa cannot say no to me, for I have on the very dress he selected himself, and he said I should be irresistible in it. I will remind him of that."

"Alas! my poor Ella!" sobbed Mrs. Lane, "this trouble is too great for you to settle. Our Robert has come home now for the last time—we part from him to-night forever."

"Forever!" and Ella's cheek turned as pale as the white glove which she raised to push back the curls from her forehead.

"Yes, forever," answered Robert, calmly, "I will tell you all about it, Ella. You seem not to know that it was something worse than a quarrel which lost me my home. I had contracted debts—improperly, wickedly—and my father refused to pay them. I obtained the money for the purpose, and now, Ella, I must escape or—or—"

"How did you get the money, Robert?"

The boy answered in a whisper.

"You!" exclaimed Ella, springing to her feet and speaking almost scornfully; "you, Robert Lane!

my brother! Is it so, mamma? is my brother a villain, a forger, is he—"

"Hush, Ella, hush!" interrupted Mrs. Lane. "It is for those who have hard hearts to condemn—not for thee, my daughter. There will be insults enough heaped upon his poor head to-morrow—let him at least have love and pity here."

"Pity! Who did he pity or love when he deliberately—"

"Ella! Ella!" again interposed Mrs. Lane, almost sternly.

"Nay, mother," said the boy, in a tone of touching mournfulness, "do not blame poor Ella. She does right to despise me. I have outraged her feelings, and disgraced her name. *She* deserves pity, and she will need it, when people point at her and say what her brother is. I have forfeited all claim even to that. Oh, mother! why did you not let me die in that last sickness? it would have saved a world of wo."

Ella stood for a moment, her head erect, and her lip white and tremulous, while tears came crowding to her eyes, and her face worked with emotion; the next she threw herself into the arms of her brother.

"Forgive me, Robin! my own dear, darling brother! I *do* pity you! I *do* love you, and will forever! But, oh! it is a horrible thing to be a forger's sister! I cannot forget that, Robert, and I *must* say it, if it break your heart to hear me, it is horrible! horrible!"

"It is horrible, Ella; I never thought to bring it upon you, but—"

"Why are you here, Robert? Will they not find you, and drag you—oh, mamma! where shall we hide him?—what *can* we do?"

It was several minutes before Ella could be made to comprehend the absence of immediate danger; and then she insisted on hearing all the particulars of the crime, even though poor Robert appeared to be on the rack while giving them. She loved her brother dearly, and was distressed for him; but she thought too of herself, and the disgrace of her family; hers was not a mother's meek, affectionate heart; a mother's all-enduring, self-sacrificing nature. At last she started up eagerly.

"The disgrace may be avoided; papa will of course shield his own name; I will go to him directly."

"But the sin, my child, the conscious degradation?" inquired Mrs. Lane, with reproof in her mild eye. "What will you do with that, Ella?"

"Poor Robert!" whispered the girl, again folding her white arms about him; "he is sorry for what he has done; and our kind Heavenly Father is more ready to forgive than we. You will never do such a wicked thing again, dear Robin, will you?"

Robert answered only by convulsive sobs, and Ella, too, sobbed for a few moments in company; then, suddenly breaking away from him, she hurried up the stairs. Along the hall she went, as fast as her trembling feet could carry her, and passed the room in which she had been so happy while willing hands decorated her pretty person; but when she reached

her father's door, she paused in dread. She could bear his heavy, monotonous tramp as he walked up and down the room; and, remembering his almost repulsive sternness, she dreaded meeting him. "If I had only known it before," thought Ella, "all might have been avoided, but now it is almost too much to ask." A fresh burst of tears had no tendency to calm her; and she could scarce support her trembling frame, when, repeating to herself, "he *must* be saved!" she gathered courage to open the door. The old man paused in his promenade, and fixed his troubled eye sternly on the intruder, while Ella rushed forward, and, twining her arms about him, buried her face in his bosom.

"Oh! I am so wretched!" she exclaimed, all her courage forsaking her on the instant, and then she sobbed, as Mr. Lane had never supposed *his* daughter could. But he did not attempt to quiet her; he only drew her closer to him, as though he would thus have shielded her from the wretchedness that was bursting her young heart. At last Ella broke forth, "Come down and see Robert, papa, come and save him. They will drag him away to prison for forgery, and you will be the father of a condemned criminal, and I his sister. Oh! do not let him go away from us so, papa—come down and see him, and you *will* pity him—you cannot help it."

"Forgery, Ella!" he has not—"

"*He has!* and you must save him, papa, for your own sake, for all our sakes."

"Do you *know* this, Ella? It is not true—it is a miserable subterfuge to wheedle money from his mother—money to squander among the vile wretches whom he has preferred to us. No, send him back to his dissolute—"

"Is that the way to make him better, papa?" inquired Ella, raising her head and fixing her sparkling eye upon him resolutely. "You sent him back to them before; you shut him away from yourself and from mamma—you closed the door upon my only brother—there was none by to say, 'take care, Robin,' none to give him a smile but those who were leading him to ruin; and no wonder that they have made him what he is. Be careful, papa. Robert has committed a crime, a dreadful crime; but it was when you, who *should* have prevented it, had shut your heart against him, when we, who *might* have prevented it, were obliged to go abroad to see him, and then could give him no more than a few stolen words. It was not just to keep me in ignorance so long, for he is my own brother, and only one little year older than I; but I know all about it now, and if Robert is put in prison, I had almost as lief be in his place as yours."

"Ella! Ella!"

"I should, papa. I know that one like you cannot do wrong without feeling remorse; and when you reflect that poor Robert might have been saved, if you had only had more patience with him, you will never sleep peacefully again."

"Ella, my child," said the old man, cowering in spite of himself, "what has come over you? Who has set you up to talk in this way to your father? I

suppose I am to be answerable for this impertinence, too."

"Oh, papa! you know this is not impertinence. I have a right to say it, for the love I bear my only brother; you know that my own heart is all which has set me up to it, and your heart, dear papa, is saying the same thing. You *must* forgive Robert, and you *must* save him and us the disgrace of an exposure."

"I will avert the disgrace while I have the power, Ella, but that will not be long, if he goes on at this rate. Do you know the amount of money he asks?"

"He asks none—I ask for him the sum that you refused before."

"Ah! he has gained the victory, then. Well, tell him to enjoy his villanous triumph. Give him that, and say to him, that if he has any decency left he will drop a name which has never been stained but by him, and leave us to the little peace we may glean, after he has trampled our best feelings under foot."

"Thank you, papa; and may I not tell him you forgive him?"

"No!"

"That you pity him?"

"No!"

"May I not say that when he is reformed he may come back to us, and be received with open arms and hearts?"

"Say nothing but what I bid you, and go!"

Ella turned away with a sigh. She had scarcely closed the door when a deep, heavy groan broke upon her ear, and she paused. Another and another followed, so heart-rending, so agonizing, that she grew faint with fear. For a moment her hand trembled upon the latch, and then she raised it, and, gliding up to her father, folded her arms about him, and pressed her lips to his.

"Forgive me, dear papa, forgive your own Ella her first unkind words. I was thinking only of poor Robert, and did not well know what I said. I am sorry—very sorry—cannot you forgive me, papa?"

"Yes, child, yes. Good-night, darling!—there, go!"

"And Robert?"

No answer.

"You will feel better if you see him, papa."

"Go! go!"

Again Ella turned from the door and hurried down the stairs. Still the boy sat with his face in his mother's lap, and his arms twined about her waist. Both started at sight of her slight figure, dressed, as it was, for a different scene from this. The pale, anxious face, looking out from the rich masses of curls now disarranged and half drawn back behind her ear, appeared as though long years had passed over it in that one half hour. Poor Ella! it was a fearful ordeal for glad, buoyant seventeen.

"There is the money, Robert," she said, flinging the purse upon the table, "and now you must go back with me and say to our father that you are sorry you have made him miserable."

"He will turn me from the door, Ella."

"And do you not deserve it!"

"Ella!" interposed the tender mother.

"I do; that and more. But perhaps he will think I come to mock him."

"Your manner and words will tell him for what you come. You have very nearly killed our poor father, Robert. I have seen his gray hairs to-night almost as low as the grave will lay them. I have seen him in such agony as none of us are capable of enduring. You ought to go to him, Robert—go on your knees, and, whatever he says to you, you will have no right to complain."

"Ella, child! Ella!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "You have too much of your father's spirit—that is, too much for a woman. Beware how you 'break the bruised reed.'"

"Ella is right, mother," said the boy, rising. "I will go to him—I will tell him how wretched I have made myself; how I wish that I could take the whole load of wretchedness, and relieve those I love. I will promise him to look out some humble corner of the earth and hide myself in it, away from his sight forever. Perhaps he will bid me earn his confidence by years of rectitude—*perhaps* he will, but, if he does not, Ella is right—whatever he says to me, if he curse me, I shall have no right to complain."

"But *I* will complain, Robin!" exclaimed the girl, with a fresh burst of tears; "and wherever you go, I will go with you. Poor, dear papa! But he shall not separate us—we, who have sat upon his knee at the same time—his own darling children! I will never stay here while you are without a home, Robin."

The excited girl clasped both hands over her brother's arm, and led the way up stairs, while the trembling mother followed, praying in her heart that the interview might terminate more favorably than her fears promised.

When they entered Mr. Lane's room, the old man sat in his armed chair, leaning over a table, and resting his forehead upon his clasped hands. Books were scattered around, but they had evidently not been used that evening; there was a glass of water standing beside him, and his neck-cloth was loosened

as though from faintness. Had his hair become grayer, and his vigorous frame bended within a few days? It certainly seemed so; and the heart of the erring boy was stricken at the sight. The sorrow that he had brought upon his mother and sister had been duly weighed, but his stern father had never been reckoned among the sufferers.

A loud convulsive sob burst from his bosom, and he threw himself, without a word, at the old man's feet. The mother drew near and joined her son, meanwhile, raising her pale face pleadingly to her husband's; and Ella, first kissing her father's hand, and bathing it with a shower of warm tears, placed it on Robert's head.

"You forgive him, papa—you forgive poor Robin? He shall never act wickedly again; and he is your only son."

The old man strove to speak, but the words died in his throat; again he made a strong effort, but emotion overmastered him; and, sliding from his chair into the midst of the group, he extended his arms, enclosing all of them, and, bowing his head to the shoulder of his son, wept aloud.

"Stay with us, Robert!" he at last said; "we can none of us live without you. Stay, and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much!"

Men never knew by what a very hair had once hung Robert Lane's welfare—that a mere breath alone had stood between him and ignominy. Years after, when he was an honored and respected citizen, adorning his brilliant talents by virtues as rare as they were ennobling, no one knew why he should turn ever to the erring with encouraging words. The key-stone of his generous forbearance was buried in the hearts of three, and they all loved him. It was buried; but yet a white-haired old man, who watched his course with an eagle-eye, and followed his footsteps doringly, receiving always the most refined and deferential attention, might often have been heard muttering to himself, with proud and wondering affection, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

## TO MARY, OF KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

There's rosemary—that's for remembrance. *Shakspeare.*

On the far shores of Helle there grows a wild flower,  
To memory sacred—an emblem of thee—  
It blooms through all changes, in sunshine and shower,  
And botanists call it the Rose of the Sea.\*

Where the dwarf-shrub finds root, where the gray lichen  
springeth,  
Where the wild goat looks down from his height o'er  
the tide;

\* *Rosmarinus.*

'Mid the chill frosts, all fadeless, it fearlessly clingeth  
In fragrance and bloom to the rock's rugged side.  
And thus when thy youth's lovely summer shall perish,  
When life's flowers lie withered and strown by the blast,  
Thy memory its fond recollections will cherish,  
Will cling in its verdure and bloom to the past.

Oh! well have they named thee "Wild Flower of the  
Prairie,"

All gracefully blooming, dear one, as thou art;  
But I have baptized thee, my wild herb, Rose-Mary—  
Sweet flower of remembrance set deep in my heart.

# THE BLIND FIDDLER OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

TRANSLATED FROM AN EXCEEDINGLY RARE DUTCH MS.

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

Orpheus, as ancient poets say,  
Reclaimed his wife when stol'n away,  
And with a flourish of his bow  
Melted the very fiends below;  
Others aver that Big Orion  
Did by his music tame a lion:  
Terpander, too, as all may see,  
Once quell'd a mob with tweedledee;  
But our Blind Fiddler beat Apollo  
And his old minstrel wights all hollow,  
Since from this tale it plain appears  
He ravished people without ears,  
And, what was harder yet you'll think,  
Made many a miser's money chink,  
And dance about right merrily  
To tweedledam and tweedledee.  
All you that doubt this wondrous deed,  
Put on your spectacles and read.

In the gubernatorship—long live that inimitable word!—of the worshipful Paulus Lubbersen, there happened a most remarkable dispensation in the ancient and renowned city of New Amsterdam, which, however old it may become, is destined to be always new. Before proceeding with the account of this strange visitation, which, by some culpable negligence in the compilers of our archives, has never been recorded, it is but common justice to neglected merit to say something toward rescuing the memory of this illustrious magistrate from that profound oblivion into which it has fallen, and which would be unaccountable were we not fortunately able to account for it in the most satisfactory manner.

Governor Lubbersen was in fact a pattern to all chief magistrates that went before or came after him, for he united all the good qualities of governors in perspective, with all the bad ones of governors *de facto*. When awake, it cannot be denied that he was somewhat irascible; but inasmuch as he slept at least three-fourths of his time, and preserved his equanimity all the while, provided he was not disturbed, this was not of much consequence. His mind was of such amazing profundity that it took him all his life to get to the bottom; but it is somewhat remarkable that he never deliberated until after he had come to a decision. He moreover possessed a most obstinate and indomitable valor, which, however, he generally reserved until the danger was over.

His crowning excellence was, however, as a lawgiver; for being somewhat inclined to roguery in the abstract—though we aver he never practically ex-

emplified it in his own conduct—he possessed, as it were, an intuitive sagacity, approaching almost to instinct, which enabled him to penetrate into the mysteries of delinquency, and weave enactments, the meshes of which were so small, and the materials so tough, that neither great nor little fishes could escape. And here we would pause a moment, to observe that nothing can be more absurd than to set honest men to make laws to catch rogues, in utter defiance of the old proverb. We maintain that both the makers and the executors of the laws should be brought up in the school of practical roguery, whereby they will be much better qualified to develop its most occult mysteries, and enter into competition on equal terms with the most cunning adepts of the science. Be this, however, as it may, during the happy administration of Governor Lubbersen there were never such things heard of as malefactors escaping justice through the innocent inexperience of lawgivers, or thief-takers; the conscientious scruples of juries principled against capital punishments; the morbid sensibility of the public, or the impertinent interference of newspapers. If a man deserved hanging, he was hanged to a dead certainty in the times of this worthy governor, and we wish we could say as much for the present day. The only instance on record of his exercising the pardoning power was in respect to a sly rogue who became a saint, after being found guilty, and who afterward picked the governor's pocket of a gold snuff-box given him by the stadtholder. Every body thought this a striking example of retributive justice, and the governor solemnly declared he would never do so again.

With these claims to the remembrance, not to say veneration, of posterity, he would undoubtedly have been at this moment on the great high-road to immortality, but for an untoward circumstance. He declined subscribing to a History of New Amsterdam, not yet written, but for which the author expected to be paid beforehand, and by this mistaken economy grievously offended the only historian of the colony, who, in revenge, left him out of his catalogue of illustrious men, consisting of upward of three hundred, all of domestic production, and every one of whose names would doubtless be at this moment extant on their tomb-stones, had not these last been rooted out by the inexorable ploughshare of improvement, which spares neither the property of the living nor the graves of the dead.\* Thus perished, at least

\* It would seem, from this, that the rage for improvement is of ancient origin in New Amsterdam.

\* Some say it was his poetry.



for a time, the name and the memory of Paulus Lubbersen, whose fate presents a memorable example of the slight tenure by which great men hold their reputation. Had it not been for this oversight, he would unquestionably have been consecrated to future ages in a full length portrait in the City Hall of the immortals. But he offended his historian, and was forgotten. Having paid this lagging tribute to the memory of departed worth, we shall now proceed with our relation of the marvelous dispensation which fell upon the good city of New Amsterdam during the gubernatorship of the soon to be renowned Paulus Lubbersen.

It was one fine spring morning, just as the sun had begun to spread his carpet of gold leaf over the glassy bosom of the beautiful bay of New Amsterdam, that "The Old Man"—as he was commonly called by the burghers of ancient Pavia, which lies opposite the city, not on account of his great age, but because of his substance, which caused him to be much respected, and looked up to for his gravity and wisdom—that the old man—as we have said before—was busying himself together with his black boy Yaup, in getting ready his skiff for a voyage to New Amsterdam. The old man made his daily trip during the spring, summer and autumn, except in bad weather, and whenever Meynheer Levyckes Tienborer—that was his name—was not seen at the Markfeldt,\* if it did not storm already, every body said you might look out for squalls. His cargo consisted of ducks, chickens, eggs, cabbages, radishes, and other miscellaneous articles, the sale of which brought a slow but continual trickling of the one-thing-needful into the old man's pocket.

Having taken his cargo on board, he was just on the point of pushing off, when he heard some one calling out "Schstop, schstop, meynheer!" and looking round in that direction, saw a mighty queer old fellow, with a face as black as a pot, and shining in the sun like a looking-glass, stumping toward him as fast as he could drive, which, for that matter, was not very fast, seeing he was lame of one leg and the other was as crooked as a cucumber. As he came toddling along, puffing and blowing, the old man could not help laughing, though a grave burgher, to see his head, which was covered with a red woollen cap in the shape of a hay-stack, bobbing up and down like an apple in a ripple, with his lame leg flourishing one way, and his cucumber one the other, as if they belonged to different persons. It seemed as though this lack of good fellowship between his legs and their contrary evolutions had affected the rest of his person, for one of his shoulders was higher than the other, one side of him was convex, the other concave, and his eyes, to use a common expression, "looked nine ways for Sunday."

When he came up, with the glittering drops rolling down his black visage, the old man inquired, not in the most civil way, what he wanted, and he told him he wished to be carried over to New Amsterdam, in less than no time, having a particular engagement there that morning. Upon this the old man observed,

\* Near Beaver street.

rather in a huffish way, that since he was in such a hurry, he wondered why he did not take passage in the ferry-boat from Paulus Hook, which, as he might see, was just then crossing; when the black genius frankly owned he had no money to pay the ferrriage. The other then said he might go about his business, if he had any, and was pushing off his skiff, when Yaup, who had a fellow feeling for his own color, and was besides a good-natured youngster, told his master he might as well take him aboard, as he would not sink the boat, and was nothing but a poor old nigger. This last argument appealed to the compassion of the old man, who told the old fellow he might come on board and welcome, whereupon he gave a great skip, which astonished Yaup and his master, and lighted plump into a great two-bushel basket of eggs, without breaking a single one of them. "Dunder!" thought the old man, but he said nothing when he found no harm was done.

While the old man and Yaup plied the oars, as was their custom, the black fellow sat in the stern, so that they were facing each other, and sometimes exchanged a few words about matters and things in general. The old man inquired where he came from, and he told him from Snake Hill, where there was never any one known to reside, within the memory of man, on account of the barrenness of the place, and the enormous quantity of musquitoes. But the black genius, on being further questioned, said he had lived there ever since he could remember, and that it would be a very pleasant place, if it were not for the musquitoes, which were rather troublesome at night, and in the day, too, for that matter, for they had stung his eyes out at last. "Stung your eyes out!" exclaimed the old man—"Dunder! then how did you find your way here, and see to jump into my basket of eggs? By St. Claus! but you must be as light as a feather, not to break any of them. But, as I was saying, how do you find your way without your eyes?"

"O, I follow my nose, and when that gets frost-bitten I play the fiddle and am guided by the echoes."

"Your fiddle? Dunder! where is it, for I don't see any," quoth the old man, while Yaup pricked up his ears at the mention of a fiddle, and lost time in keeping stroke with his oars, which caused the old man to pat him on the head with his paddle.

When the black fellow was asked where his fiddle was, he answered, "O, here it is"—and putting his hand into a little pocket, not big enough to hold a tin tobacco-box, pulled out a full sized fiddle, with a lion's head, together with a bow in the shape of a new moon. "Dunder!" thought the old man, but said nothing. The black fellow then asked him if he would not like to have a tune, assuring him he was no slouch at the business, as Snake Hill was the best school in the world for learning to play the fiddle, no man being able to keep his elbows still a moment, on account of the itching of the musquitoes bites. The old man rather declined, but Yaup, who was a great amateur, entreated his master to let him play, and at last he consented.

The moment the black fellow began tuning his fiddle the ducks commenced quacking, and the chickens cackling most vociferously, while the eggs in the baskets discovered symptoms of great perturbation, rolling from side to side, and some of them standing on end. The old man did not know what to make of all this, but when he began playing a tune, he could think of nothing else, for the music far excelled any thing he had ever heard before. Both himself and Yaup seemed actually tied to his bow. If he played a slow movement their oars kept time exactly, and when he began to quaver his elbow, which he did so rapidly that it became invisible, their oars flew like lightning, and the boat shot forward so swiftly that a school of porpoises, which was attracted by the music, could not keep up with her. All the fish in the bay seemed to be following them, and such was their eagerness to enjoy the treat, that the vacant spaces in the boat were soon filled with striped bass, and other fine fish, which jumped on board, the better to enjoy the music of the blind fiddler. The old man began to feel rather "dober-some," as he expressed it, and when, just as they came to the wharf opposite the Marktfeldt, he saw his eggs, as if by one impulse, hatched into full-grown chickens, he could not help being rejoiced to see the black fellow jump out like a grasshopper, and make himself scarce, as he grinned a last farewell, saying to him at the same time, "You see, massa, I pay my passage like a gemman."

The old man had a great contest in his own mind, whether he ought in conscience to carry the fish that had so unaccountably jumped into his boat, and the chickens hatched to the sound of music, to the Marktfeldt, seeing he could not help suspecting they were no better than they should be. But his love of money got the better of his scruples, and he disposed of his fish and chickens almost as fast as he could count the money. But he paid the piper for it, as will be seen in the sequel.

In the mean time, the black fellow, after resting awhile, and wetting his whistle at an out of the way place, where they sold liquor against the statute, sallied out, and went toddling along till he came to the principal street, called Broad street, where he stopped before the stately house of Burgomaster Goozander, and pulling out his fiddle from his little pocket began to play "Molly put the kettle on." The cook in the kitchen, who was just on the point of spitting a pair of the old man's chickens, which the burgomaster had brought from the Marktfeldt, dropped them on the floor, and ran violently to the front cellar-door, where she staid so long listening that when she came back the chickens were hatched into eggs again. On the opposite side of the way, one of the old man's fish, that was half-broiled, sprung from the gridiron, and by a succession of summersets precipitated itself into the creek which at that time ran through the middle of Broad street, where it disappeared. In this manner the black fellow went fiddling away throughout the whole city of New Amsterdam, which, to be sure, was not quite as large as now, playing the very mischief with the old man's chickens and fish,

all the former of which changed to eggs, and the latter found their way into the river again; for nobody minded them now, having other fish to fry.

But it was not alone the fishes and chickens that were bewitched by this diabolical musician. The whole city became, as it were, music mad, and nothing was heard but the most awful scraping from one end of New Amsterdam to the other. Gourds were for the first time converted into banjos; every carpenter, joiner, and worker in wood, set to work to construct himself a fiddle; the little boys provided themselves with corn-stalks, which they managed to make squeak most melodiously; and grave burgomasters and schepens might be seen torturing musical groans from sixpenny fiddles, bought at old Ashputtle's toy-shop. The price of these rose so high, in consequence of the demand at this time, that it laid a foundation for the great fortunes of that family. But, be this as it may, the whole city was in an uproar, in a few hours after the landing of the blind fiddler at the Marktfeldt, and every body forgot the loss of dinner in the universal concert that followed.

The Blind Fiddler in the course of four-and-twenty hours became so great a personage in New Amsterdam that the burgomasters, schepens, and other fat men of the city would doubtless have become jealous of him, had they not been entirely taken up with fiddling, and, in fact it was whispered about in the higher circles that Governor Lubbersen, who had hitherto escaped the infection by wrapping himself up in his dignity, was rather mortified at seeing the boys running about at the heels of the blind fiddler, saluting him with old hats, shoes, huzzas, and divers other demonstrations of respect, while he himself passed along without the least notice from these varlets. It was not long before the city began to be in want of almost every thing. The butchers were all making music with their marrow-bones and cleavers; the baker boys had converted their bread-baskets into banjos, by putting strings across them, and using their tallies for fiddlesticks; and the country people, instead of supplying the market, stood, with their mouths wide open, listening to the music of the old blind fiddler.

But this was not the worst of it. There was scarcely an article or utensil capable of making a noise that was not apparently debauched by the example of the old blind fiddler. The bell of the old Dutch church in Garden street rung day and night, of its own accord, notwithstanding the vestry ordered the clapper to be taken out; the pewter plates and dishes danced and jingled on the dressers, as in time of great earthquakes; the doors creaked on their hinges; the bellows blew spontaneously; the keys whistled merry jigs and Virginia reels; the pots simmered aonatas; the gridiron joined the frying pan in a duetto; the wind moaned sentimental waltzes; the cats mewed, the dogs barked, the children screamed, all in concert with the old blind fiddler; and not a single close-fisted burgher in all New Amsterdam could sleep soundly at night, for the everlasting jingling of the strong boxes, which caused

them to believe that some catiff was at work striving to open them.

The good vrouws of New Amsterdam, who took precedence at Governor Lubbersen's during the celebration of New Year, and the birth-day of the stadtholder, were not behind-hand on this occasion. But seeing it was not meet or proper that every body should partake in such a refined luxury as the music of the old blind fiddler, they sought to monopolize him, by getting up divers concerts, from which the commonalty were excluded on account of the high price of admission, which was no less a sum than ten stivers. Here they revelled with all the zest of exclusive enjoyment which is so essential to our happiness, and the old fiddler was now in all his glory. His pockets overflowed with money, and his red cap was every night covered with flowers showered on it by enthusiastic dowagers and sentimental damsels, insomuch that a promising poet wrote a sonnet on the occasion, in which he compared him to a black rose-bush crowned with a full blown piony.

Now it was that the young sprigs of New Amsterdam, more especially those who were deeply smitten with the tender passion, began to be horribly jealous on account of the favors which, though denied to them, were thus showered on the old blind fiddler, who had become the great idol of the fashionable world. It was in vain they sought to win the attention of the young damsels by the most excruciating devoirs, for they only replied to all they could say or do by eagerly asking "Have you heard the old blind fiddler?" Instead of listening with their usual docility to compliments, and declarations of love, they hummed some one of his favorite tunes, crying out at intervals, "O! how delightful—how divine!" A great many matches were broken off about this time, and the good Dominie Helderberg complained of having nothing to do but preach and attend funerals.

Resolving, at length, no longer to submit to this martyrdom to fiddle-dum-dee, the young sprigs of the city put their heads together in order to discomfit the old blind fiddler, and laid several plans for that purpose. At one time they greased his fiddle-strings, but found, to their utter amazement and consternation, that the music only became more ineffably sweet, and that the bow slipped over the strings more blithely than ever. Another time they hired a rabble of boys to gather together under the window of the city tavern, where the concerts were held, equipped with horse fiddles, conch shells, marrow bones and cleavers, and all sorts of unseemly discords, in order to overpower the strains of the old blind fiddler. But he seemed only animated to still greater exertions of his art, and produced such transcendent tones from his instrument, that the little varlets stood stock still, like so many posts, listening, as it were in a trance, to the wonderful and astounding harmony. Another time these jealous pated young fellows procured a goodly number of cats, headed by the great tom cat of Yffrouw Coosander, the burgomaster's wife, which mewed and catterwauled with such stupendous energy, especially on moonlight nights, that he dis-

turbed the whole neighborhood. These they caused to be brought one night close under the walls of the city tavern, and, just as the old blind fiddler was in the midst of his great master-piece—"Molly put the kettle on"—these mischievous, or rather jealous pated, sprigs did incontinently begin to twist the tails of these pugnacious animals, in the expectation that they would set up a rival concert of mewing. But the cats, being as it were under the diabolical influence of the old blind fiddler, instead of following their natural instinct and screaming out with all their might, one and all turned quietly upon their persecutors, and almost scratched their eyes out in a twinkling. "Ah-hah!" exclaimed the old blind fiddler, while his eyes shone like two glass bottles, and his elbow moved so fast that it became invisible.

The worthy youngster, Master Roeloff Roeloffsen, only son of Everse Peterse Roeloffsen, the Hoofd Schoute, was a sprightly, but withal soberly disposed youth, deeply smitten with one of the most notable damsels about town, who was commonly reputed to be worth at least three thousand guilders in her own right, and was, moreover, a plump, rosy-cheeked, sweet-tempered creature, without any of the fine airs and extravagant habits which are so common among great heiresses. It may well be supposed she had plenty of admirers, as it is on record that the fashionable young sprigs of Governor Lubbersen's time were pretty much as they are now, and worshiped gold almost as devoutly as they did themselves. Howbeit, the little damsel, whose name was Lockee—which means Rachel—seemed all along mightily inclined to spark it a little with Roeloff, and often walked with him by moonlight in the Maiden's Valley. But, from the time the blind fiddler first made his appearance, her head and heart, like every thing else in New Amsterdam, seemed turned upside down. When Roeloff sometimes asked her in the most modest and beseeching manner to take a walk with him in the Maiden's Valley, she answered by asking him if he had heard the old blind fiddler, the inimitable, unsurpassable, unapproachable, and immortal blind fiddler, and then she would strike up "Molly put the kettle on," to the utter discomfiture of poor Roeloff, who thought to himself, "Der teufel take the old blind fiddler and Molly, and the kettle to boot!" Then would he leave her, and pass whole days in pondering on the most advisable means of rescuing poor Lockee from what he believed was a most diabolical enchantment.

He tried several methods, which, as they all failed, are not worth the trouble of specifying, and often fell into all but despair at his frequent disappointments. But, being by nature persevering, not to say obstinate, he would rally again, under the combined influence of love and patriotism, to rescue his beloved Lockee and his fellow citizens from the unaccountable thraldom of the old blind fiddler. Roeloff, it is true, was not much of a philosopher—they being rather scarce at that time in New Amsterdam—but he had studied a little under the greatest of all philosophers, experience, and frequently observed that one of the best modes of driving out one infirmity,

was to substitute another in its place, just as the doctors used to do in the deplorable ages of ignorance, before they knew any thing of animal-chemistry, and the seven sciences. He was aware that among the better sort, namely, fashionable people, there was little, if any, genuine feeling, and much less enthusiasm, for what they all run after with such childish avidity; that, in fact, it was nothing but that propensity to imitation which causes a flock of sheep to follow the bell-wether, or of geese to dodge in passing under a gate in imitation of the old gander, or of turkeys to strut and gobble when the old gentleman feels inclined to become conspicuous on the approach of a stranger.

Following up this theory, he at different times introduced a puppet show, a famous slight-of-hand man, a giant seven feet and a half high, a dwarf only twenty-six inches, an overgrown infant, weighing four hundred pounds, a skeleton of a man, all skin and bones, a mummy, a mermaid, a sheep with two heads, and a snake with two tails, besides several other extraordinary productions of nature. But he found that the fashionable people of New Amsterdam had little or no taste for nature, either in its beauty or deformity, and continued true to their allegiance to the old blind fiddler, who still reigned supreme, while Lockee continued enchanted.

As a last resort, he resolved to apply to Governor Lobbersen—who was his uncle by the mother's side—for the interposition of his authority in order to expel this diabolical minstrel as a common disturber of the peace of the city. The worthy governor graciously signified his acquiescence, and forthwith directed the attendance of his black boy, whose office it was to summon the members of the city council. But that lovel varlet sent him word that as soon as he had finished playing "Molly put the kettle on," he would obey his orders and not before. Whereupon the worthy governor, justly incensed at this insult to his authority, seizing his gold-headed crab-stick, knotted like the backbone of a sturgeon, did incontinently sally forth, and, finding this refractory menial, with his ivory teeth displayed in all their glory, playing desperately on a jews-harp, aimed such a well-directed blow that he knocked the instrument fairly out of his mouth without in the least injuring his thick lips; an astonishing feat, showing clearly that he deserved better than to be forgotten by an ungrateful posterity. After this, the varlet proceeded with great docility to summon the council, but they were all playing "Molly put the kettle on," and returned for answer that they had more important business on hand than the affairs of the city. His excellency was enraged, confounded, dismayed, and talked of calling out the militia, when just at that moment the old blind fiddler came along close under his window playing his very best in honor of the governor, with an enthusiastic rabble of fashionable people at his heels, shouting and covering him with flowers. It is a grievous mortification, but a regard to the truth imperatively dictates that we should record that at the hearing of the music and the sight of the procession, the worthy governor, being doubt-

less suddenly infected with the prevailing epidemic, as if unconscious of the unseemliness of his conduct, seized a little chubby grandson with his left hand, and, placing him astride his neck, with his crab-stick for a bow, did incontinently play "Molly put the kettle on," across the lad's portly stomach. From that moment anarchy reigned in the once orderly city of New Amsterdam, and the civil compact was dissolved, though the machinery of government continued to go on from the mere force of habit.

Roeloff was at length quite discouraged by the failure of his efforts to disenchant his sweetheart and his fellow citizens, and finally made up his mind to swim with the current and join in the concert of "Molly put the kettle on," when, as if by especial dispensation, an event occurred just at this time, which brought about in an instant what he had been so long laboring in vain to accomplish. This was the arrival of a milliner from Paris—the first that ever visited New Amsterdam—with a grand assortment of fashionable bonnets, and other articles, with French names that excited the curiosity of the elite of the city to an ecstasy, as it were. When, a day or two afterward, a little bandy-legged negro was seen marching through the principal streets, with a great handbill pasted on his back, announcing that Madame Fleecefont, having just arrived from Paris, would the next morning open an assortment of hats, caps, shawls, cloaks, &c., &c., of the newest Parisian mode, for the inspection of the elite of New Amsterdam, who were earnestly invited to call early in order to get the first choice, there was no sleeping that night, and the concert of the blind fiddler was entirely neglected.

The excitement of music yielded without a struggle to the excitement of French millinery; every body, meaning every lady of the least pretensions, waited with inexpressible eagerness for the hour of displaying these invaluable treasures; Molly gave place to Madame Fleecefont; and even Lockee, instead of humming that favorite air, or asking Roeloff if he had heard the divine minstrel, was continually fidgeting before the glass, and flouting her old Dutch bonnet. In short, to make an end of this remarkable story—which is as true as the Gospel—from this time the old blind fiddler continued to play to empty benches, and walls without ears. The spell of music was dispelled by the spell of finery, and the last that was seen of this diabolical minstrel was one moonlight night when he appeared to the keeper of the great wind-mill, who was taking advantage of a night breeze to ply his vocation, mounted on his fiddle bow and wending his way across the river in the direction of Snake Hill.

Thus was the good city of New Amsterdam relieved from one epidemic by the introduction of another; and thus was brought about by accident what Roeloff had failed to achieve by all his exertions; so little is it in the power of man—that aspiring worm—to direct, or even influence, the general course of things in this world. In good time Roeloff married Lockee, who never after sung any thing but lullabies to her chubby boys and girls. The good city of New

Amsterdam returned to its wonted propriety under the discreet Governor Lubbersen, who lived to a good old age, and, what is somewhat remarkable, had ever a slight shaking in his right elbow, doubtless in consequence of the memorable tune he played on the stomach of his little fat grandson. As for the old man of Pavonia, he lost all his customers at the

Marktfeldt, by the unseemly capers of his fish and chickens, since after that fatal morning not a single responsible burgher would deal with him. So he retired from business, and lived comfortably on his means for many years, smoking his pipe, talking about the good old times, and predicting bad weather.

## H A L L O W E ' E N .

### OR THE FOUNTAIN.

BY ERNEST HELPENSTEIN.

SHELTERED in the wild green wood,  
Stealing from beneath a hill,  
Linging where the echoes brood,  
Forth there flows a silver rill—  
Few have marked its quiet flow,  
Few have listened to its voice,  
And from thence it is, I know,  
It doth make me more rejoice.

Simple stream, content to be  
Cherished by one eye alone;  
Mystic likeness unto me,  
To one being only known;  
Let us sing of olden times,  
Sing of fearful Hallowe'en—  
And of quaint old magic rhymes,  
Potent spells that intervene.

Love hath sorrows all its own;  
Joys it hath, unfeelt, untold;  
Blessings to the present known—  
Joy-draped are all the old.  
Love is but the soul's completing—  
All its solitude removed—  
Perfect peace, content are blending  
In the hearts that once have loved.

'Tis the doubt that brings the sorrow,  
Bows the spirit to the dust,  
Ever brighter grows the morrow,  
To the heart that learns to trust—  
All that bright-eyed hope revealing,  
All that love itself would ask,  
Faith is from the future stealing,  
Lighter making every task.

O'er the fount the moon is blending  
Shade below, with light above;  
In its gleam a maid is bending,  
Tearful in her dream of love.  
In the well she casts a ball  
Holding fast a silken thread,  
On the full moon doth she call,  
Uttering words of mystic dread.

" Full moon, full moon, thus to-night  
Sending down thy silver light;  
Rarely known on Hallowe'en  
In thy fullness to be seen;  
Potent moon, oh tell to me

Of my lover's constancy,  
If his love be true as mine  
Let him come this ball to twine."

Seas and lands both intervene,  
Severing Anna from her lover—  
But the powers of Hallowe'en,  
And the full moon shining over,  
And the spell the maiden weaveth,  
At the midnight's ghostly hour  
When the grave the spirit leaveth,  
Work a charm of fearful power.

Still and lovely is the night,  
Slow the shadows creep along—  
Anna, breathless with affright,  
Uttereth still the Runic song.  
Winds she still the silken thread,  
And the words were soft and low—  
Why does Anna turn her head,  
And a glance around her throw?

Three times on the moon she calleth—  
Three times blends her lover's name,  
On the fount a shadow faileth—  
Spectral-like it went and came.

" Lover true, oh lover name,  
Come to-night and this ball twine;  
While the moon is overhead,  
Wind with me the silken thread."

In the well the ball is stayed—  
Anna peereth eger down:  
There's a form in white arrayed  
Looking down beside her own.

" Thing, oh Anna, only thine—  
I have come the thread to twine—  
From the grave thy spell hath brought me—  
From the grave I thus have sought thee—  
Winding thus the silken thread,  
Oh, beloved, we are wed."

Lo the winding-sheet in death!  
Plainly bound the yellow hair!  
Not for her the bridal wreath  
Smiling virgins may prepare:  
Pallid lilies deck the bier,  
Vieing with her maiden cheek,  
And to thee, oh fountain dear,  
In her memory let me speak.

# THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

## NO. IV.—MONMOUTH.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

This celebrated battle of the Revolution was fought on the 28th of June, 1778, during the retreat of Sir Henry Clinton through the Jerseys. It was one of the most hotly contested of the war. The victory was owing chiefly to the heroism of Washington, which, on that day, rose superior to disaster, and achieved a triumph in defeat.

After the conclusion of the alliance between France and the United States, the vast fleet collected by the former, and the active part she proposed to take in the war, made it no longer safe for the British to remain in a port so easily blockaded as Philadelphia. Accordingly, orders were sent out by the ministry to evacuate the place. As soon as Washington learned this, and became satisfied that Sir Henry Clinton intended to reach New York by a march through the Jerseys, he consulted his general officers whether it would be advisable to attack the enemy during his retreat. With but two exceptions they opposed the measure. It was determined, however, to follow on the track of the foe, and seize every favorable opportunity for annoying him.

The British general's first intention was to reach New York by the way of Brunswick, but after ascending the Delaware as far as Bordentown, he learned that Washington had already occupied the high grounds which commanded that route. He was accordingly forced to abandon his original design, and, turning off toward Crosswicks, he proceeded through Allentown to Monmouth Court House, intending to reach South Amboy in this more circuitous way. At Monmouth Court House he rested for several days, having chosen a wooded hill, surrounded by swamps, and almost inaccessible, for his encampment.

During this retreat Washington had moved along the more elevated ground to the northward, in nearly a parallel line to his enemy, thus retaining the power to give or withhold battle. No means of annoying Sir Henry, meantime, were neglected. A strong corps hung on his left flank, a regiment followed on his rear, and Colonel Morgan watched his right. Washington appears to have secretly wished for a battle during the whole march, and as the British approached the end of their journey he gradually drew his forces around them. He now again called a council of his officers, and proposed that battle should be given. But the measure was negatived a second time. It was, however, agreed that the corps on the left flank of the enemy should be strengthened, and that the main body of the army should move in close vicinity to it, so as to be at hand to support it

in case of an emergency. Among those who opposed a battle were Generals Lee and Du Portail, and the venerable Baron Steuben. These officers considered the discipline of the Americans so inferior to that of the British, as to render defeat inevitable, in case the two armies should engage on equal terms; and the influence of their opinions brought over most of the junior officers to that side. Wayne, Cadwallader, La Fayette and Greene appear to have been the only ones who differed from the council; and the two first alone were openly in favor of a battle. When the council decided so much against his wishes, Washington resolved to act on his own responsibility. The British were already approaching Monmouth: twelve miles further on were the heights of Middletown; and if the enemy reached these latter all hope of bringing him to an action, unless with his own consent, would be gone. The blow, if struck at all, must be given at once.

To bring on a battle, Washington resolved to strengthen still further the force on the enemy's left flank, now the advanced corps: and accordingly he detached Wayne to join it with a thousand men. This command, about four thousand strong, was thought of sufficient importance to be intrusted to one of the major-generals; and the post, of right, belonged to Lee. But having advised against the battle, and believing nothing serious was intended, he allowed La Fayette to take his place. Scarcely had he yielded, however, before he learned the importance of the post, and solicited Washington to restore it to him; "otherwise," to use his own phrase, "both he and Lord Stirling (the seniors of La Fayette) would be disgraced." To spare his feelings, Washington suggested a compromise. He sent Lee to join the marquis, with two additional brigades; but, in order that the feelings of La Fayette might not be wounded, he stipulated that if any scheme of attack had been formed for the day, Lee should not interfere with it. The intelligence of this change, and of the stipulation he had made, Washington communicated to La Fayette in a confidential letter, which shows the almost fatherly kindness the American chief entertained for the young marquis. No plan of attack, however, had been formed, and by the night of the 27th Lee was in full command of the advanced corps.

His army lay at Englishtown, not five miles distant from Monmouth, where the British were encamped. Washington, with the rear division, was but three miles behind; and almost his last duty, before he retired, was to send word for Lee to attack the enemy as soon as he should have begun the march. This

was known at the outer posts, and during that short summer night, the sentry, as he walked his round, speculated on the fortunes of the coming day.

The morning had scarcely dawned before the British army began their march, Knyphausen, with the baggage, going first, while the flower of the army under Cornwallis, forming the rear division, followed some distance behind. On the first intelligence of the movement, Washington again sent orders for Lee to attack the enemy's rear, "unless there should be powerful reasons to the contrary." He accordingly put his troops in motion, and directly after eight o'clock the glitter of his muskets flashed along the heights of Freehold, where Cornwallis, less than an hour before, had arrayed his men. As the Americans reached the brow of the hill they beheld the splendid grenadiers of the enemy moving, in compact masses, along the valley below; while far in the distance, toiling through the sandy plain, was visible the long line of baggage-wagons. A rapid glance decided Lee what to do. Pushing Wayne forward, to press on the covering party of the British rear, and thus engross their attention, he began a rapid march, by a bye-road, to gain the front of this party, and so cut it off from the enemy. But he had advanced only a short distance when he learned that this detachment was in greater force than he had thought; and galloping forward in person to reconnoitre, he saw the whole rear division of the foe coming up to oppose him, their dense and glittering columns darkening the plain.

As Lee's opinion had been, on the general question, against a battle, so now, in this peculiar position, his judgment appears to have been opposed to the measure. He had a morass in his rear, and a disciplined enemy in front, while aid was as yet distant. He appears to have wanted confidence in his men; to have regarded victory as impossible; yet he took his measures to prepare for battle. Before, however, a shot had been fired, General Scott, who commanded a portion of the detachment, mistook an oblique movement of one of the American columns for a retreat, and, without waiting for orders, recrossed the morass in his rear. Lee did not recall him, but giving up the contest as hopeless on his present ground, followed Scott across the ravine, and so began that disastrous retreat which had well nigh proved fatal to our army, and which led subsequently to his own disgrace.

On the propriety of this movement there has been some difference of opinion. But an examination of all the authorities leaves the impression on our mind, that Lee, though a brave man, wanted, in his then circumstances, that reliance on himself without which success is impossible, even in the ordinary affairs of life. He at first resolved to stand his ground, but afterward suffered himself to be decided against it, by the comparatively trifling circumstance of Scott's retreat. This was certainly weak. Had he possessed the heroic determination which Washington evinced later in the day, he would have met the enemy with a firm front, and recalling Scott, endeavored to keep his position, at every hazard, until the rear division, which he knew was advancing, could come up.

His retreat to the heights was not effected without some skirmishing. Flushed with what they thought an easy victory, the British thundered hotly in pursuit, and Lee, still unable to find ground to suit him, continued retreating. Already he had left the heights of Freehold behind him in his flight, and, with the enemy close upon his rear, was approaching English-town, where he had lain the night before.

Meanwhile the troops of our rear division, hearing the cannonade ahead, had cast aside their knapsacks and other impediments, and were hurrying to reinforce their brave companions in arms. What was the surprise and indignation of their leader to meet the retreating troops! Washington first came up with the van, and to his astonished inquiry, received for answer that a retreat had been ordered without striking a blow. Mortified and alarmed, he galloped forward until he met Lee, whom he addressed with a warmth of manner unusual to him, and in terms of strong disapprobation. The crisis was indeed calculated to disturb even the equanimity of Washington. Of Lee's intention to stand his ground on the first favorable opportunity he was ignorant. That general had been guilty of gross neglect in not sending word to his chief of the retrograde movement. Washington, in consequence, saw only what appeared an unnecessary and disgraceful flight, hazarding the safety, probably the very existence, of his army. But in this emergency he retained his self-composure. Never was he greater than now. His fine person appeared to grow more commanding; his countenance, usually so calm, became animated with heroic resolution; and forming the regiments of Stewart and Ramsay, he brought them up to check the pursuit, while, at the same time, he ordered Lee, with the remainder of his corps, to hold the ground until the rear division could be brought into action. The sight of their beloved general, and the confidence that fired his aspect, inspired the drooping spirits of the troops, and they met the enemy with enthusiasm. For a time the pursuit was checked. But Clinton's splendid legions, flushed with their success, poured on doubtlessly to the charge; and the advanced corps was at length driven back on the reserves, though not until it had stood its ground the required time. The fresh troops of the rear division were now drawn up, under the eye of the general, on an eminence, covered by a morass in front. With desperate courage a division of the British, disregarding their strong position, pressed on to the charge; but Lord Stirling galloping up with the artillery to the edge of the acclivity, unlimbered the guns and opened a galling fire, that soon drove them back. An attempt was now made to turn the left flank of our army; but this failed. Almost simultaneously a movement was seen among the enemy's masses, and directly a strong body appeared as if about to be thrown against our right. General Greene no sooner saw the movement than he hurried forward Knox to a high ground in front, whose heavy guns soon began to shake the plain, and make dreadful havoc not only among the advancing columns, but in the force opposed to the left wing, which they enfiladed. The enemy was just

beginning to waver, when Wayne came dashing up with his veterans, and assailed him impetuously in front. Even the grenadiers of Cornwallis quailed before this terrible slaughter; and abandoning their ground, fell back behind the ravine, to the spot they had occupied when they received their first check, immediately after Washington met Lee.

The engraving represents this portion of the battle-field, which, like that of Marengo, extended over several miles. Here the crisis of the fight occurred, and what was a disgraceful retreat became converted into a victory. The view looks to the north. At the back of the spectator, and to the left, is where Knox with his artillery were posted. In the distance, from between the two apple-trees, stretching along to the left of the picture, is the ground occupied by Washington. To the right, from the house to the end of the view, lies the elevated ground where the British army was stationed. Wayne's division came into action to the right, between Knox and the enemy.

When the British were thus driven back, they seized an almost impregnable position, their flanks being secured by thick woods and morasses, and their front accessible only through a narrow pass. The day was now declining, and the excessive heat had destroyed numbers of the men, yet Washington determined on forcing the enemy from his position. Two brigades were accordingly detached to gain the right flank of the British, and Woodford with his gallant brigade was ordered to turn their left. Knox, with his artillery, was called to the front. With the opening of his terrible batteries the battle once more began. The British cannon replied, and soon the earth shook with the repeated reverberations of heavy artillery.

No further decisive event, however, occurred. Night fell before the brigades on either flank could conquer the obstacles in the way of gaining their positions, and, completely worn out, both combatants were glad of the reprieve afforded by darkness, and sank to rest on the ground they occupied. The troops of Washington slept on their arms, their leader slumbering, wrapt in his cloak, in the midst of his soldiers.

It was the intention of the American general to renew the battle on the following day, but toward midnight the British secretly abandoned their position, and resumed their march. So fatigued were our men by the excessive heat, combined with the exertions of the day, that the flight of the enemy was not discovered until morning, when the ground he had occupied at nightfall was found deserted. Washington made no attempt at pursuit, satisfied that Sir Henry Clinton would reach the heights of Middletown before he could be overtaken. Accordingly, leaving a detachment to watch the British rear, the main body of the army was moved, by easy marches, to the Hudson. In this battle the enemy lost nearly three hundred; the Americans did not suffer a third as much. Never, unless at Princeton, did Washington evince such heroism. His presence of mind alone probably saved the day. He checked the retreat, drove back the enemy, and remained master of the

field; and this, too, with a loss comparatively trifling when compared with that of the foe.

The battle of Monmouth, won in this manner, when all the senior officers had declared a victory impossible, left a profound impression on the public mind of America and Europe. The discipline of our troops was no longer despised. Soldiers who, under such disastrous circumstances, could be brought to face and drive back a successful foe were declared to be a match for the most veteran troops of Europe; and their general, who had been called the Fabius, was now honored with the new title of the Marcellus of modern history.

We cannot dismiss this battle without referring to the subsequent disgrace of Lee. Though Washington had addressed him warmly in the first surprise of their meeting, it is probable that no public notice would have been taken of Lee's hasty retreat, but for the conduct of that general himself. Of a haughty, perhaps of an overbearing disposition, he could not brook the indignity which he considered had been put upon him; and almost his first act was to write an improper letter to Washington, demanding reparation for the words used toward him on the battle-field. The reply of the commander-in-chief was dignified, but severe. He assured his subordinate he should have a speedy opportunity to justify himself, and on Lee's asking for a court-martial, he was arrested. The verdict of that body was,

First. That he was guilty of disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions. Second. That he was guilty of misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, in making an unnecessary, and, in some few instances, a disorderly retreat. Third. That he was guilty of disrespect to the commander-in-chief in two letters. His sentence was, to be suspended from his rank for one year.

We shall not go into a minute examination of the question whether this punishment was deserved. Our own opinion is that it was. We do not think Lee guilty in the retreat of any thing but an error in judgment, arising perhaps from want of confidence in his men. But he should have kept the commander-in-chief advised of his movements. It is probable that Lee considered himself a superior officer to Washington, for he was overbearing, proud, sullen, and dogmatical throughout the whole proceedings, both before and after the battle. This point of his character was well understood by the army, with whom he was unpopular, and who hailed his disgrace with secret satisfaction.

The sentence proved the ruin of Lee. He passed, from that hour, out of men's minds. From having held the second rank in the army he sank to comparative obscurity. He never again figured in the war. In 1780, Congress intimated to him that they had no further need of his services; and two years later he died, in seclusion, at Philadelphia.

The killed and wounded in the battle were not the only loss the British sustained. During their march through the Jerseys, about one thousand of their soldiers deserted them.



## THE NUN OF LEICESTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

### CHAPTER I.

AMONG the rich pasture-lands, forest, and copsewood that lay—in the fifteenth century—in that portion of Middlesex which now constitutes the suburbs of London, stood a large stone mansion, unpretending in its architecture, but massive and well sheltered. It stood upon low ground, and was so completely embowered in stately trees that nothing but the tall chimneys, with a glimpse of the portal, and a row of upper windows could be seen from the highway; though a narrow belt of green sward was all that separated it from one of the principal thoroughfares which led into the heart of the city.

It was a pleasant autumnal afternoon, and the yellow sunshine which lay warm and richly on the surrounding landscape might well excite the young creature who occupied a chamber in the upper story of this dwelling, for flinging wide the casement and leaning forth to enjoy the fresh air which swept by, luscious with the odor of ripe fruit and dying wild-flowers.

But it was neither the balmy air, nor the flashes of sunshine, that came and went like golden arrows through the fields below, that attracted that fair girl from the solitude of her chamber. There was light in her violet eyes as she bent forward and leaned eagerly over the low window-sill, but it was such light as joy that is mingled with doubt and passion can give. The excitement of contending feelings, sweet, bitter, and tumultuous, burned in her cheek and swelled in the bosom that rose and throbbd against the rude stonework on which she leaned. But there was no contentment, nothing of the sweet delight brooding there, which a mind satisfied with the present and at rest regarding the future, imparts to the countenance while dwelling on the beautiful in nature.

Not on these fields of ripe grain, giving a golden tinge to the far-off plain—not on the dusky groves, darkening the distance with a rich tinge of autumn—not on the far-off hills, shrouding their rugged heads in a veil of misty purple, were the eyes of that young creature bent. But along the highway where it wound up a neighboring hill her eager gaze was fixed, and if the wind threw up a cloud of dust, or the faintest sound was heard, the unequal breath came still more heavily through her parted lips—with her trusty fingers she would put back the chestnut tresses from her ear and listen intently, as if life or death depended on the next sound. At length, from the far distance, came the faint braying of a trumpet followed by indistinct sounds of trampling hoofs.

"He is coming! Listen, good Marguerite, for thyself. Is not that the braying of his trumpeters?"

"In sooth, I cannot tell," replied the dame to whom these eager questions were addressed. "If there is a trumpet sounding boldly in England it must be for Edward of York. The Red Rose, alas, is trampled in the dust forever!"

"Nay, Marguerite, this is churlish in thee!" cried the girl, half angrily, turning her face indoors for a moment. "It is not with repinings over the fall of a conquered house that we should greet the princely Gloucester by whose prowess it has been overcome; but hark! the trumpeters draw near. Already I see a banner lifting its blood-red folds behind the hill!"

Once more Cicely Wayne bent over the window-sill and watched, with breathless interest, the vanguard of King Edward's army as it came heaving in glittering waves over the hill on its triumphal march from the battle of Tewksbury up to London.

"See, see, is not that his banner?" she exclaimed, as another of the rich war pennants was lifted, like the wing of a great bird, over the edge of the hill. "No, no, a sun burning on the azure field, that is the king's! and behind it what a sea of dancing plumes! how the sunlight fires and dashes over the stream of mailed forms, the horses and—ha, that is *his*! I know it by the flash of light which strikes the crest and falls off like a shivered arrow. Yes it is—it is the princely Gloucester! Marguerite, Marguerite, bid them bring the boy hither—let those young eyes greet his father when the glory of his first battle-field is shining around him! Bring forth the boy, I say! Mark you not how swiftly the torrent of mailed warriors comes sweeping hitherward? Ha, a litter—have they women so near the king?"

Cicely Wayne drew back as the last words escaped her lips; the rich color wavered on her cheek, and, though her eyes were still turned toward the hill, the mass of human beings that came heaving wave after wave over it flowed downward in confused and glittering tumult beneath her gaze almost unseen; her interest was all concentrated on one single group.

"Oh, now I bethink me!—fool, fool that I was to suffer this sharp pang to strike at my heart so! The rumor went that Margaret of Anjou was a prisoner! alas! poor lady, the liter is hers. Ha, my boy—my own sweet beautiful boy! Marguerite, Marguerite, is it not a brave child?—may not even a prince be proud of him?" and, throwing back the crimson mantle that enveloped her child, the young mother bent down and half smothered it with kisses; then, gathering infant, drapery and all in her arms, she ran to the casement again and looked forth, trembling with joyous excite-

ment, and with that sweet infant face pillowed upon her heaving bosom.

The highway in front of her dwelling was by this time choked up with a mailed throng, moving eagerly city-ward—behind a corpse, at her right, which concealed the foot of the bill, she could see the "sun of York" flashing through the thinned foliage, and still, as far as her eye could reach, came the mailed multitude thundering up from its terrible victory.

There was a break in the procession—clarions poured their martial breath upon the air. Pennant after pennant flashed out from behind the corpse, and Edward of York, surrounded by the bright chivalry of England, continued his march onward to the metropolis.

Cicely could only see a mass of glittering life heaving and rustling beneath her feet—she saw not that the bright, bold eyes of the young king were turned admiringly on her beauty as he passed—the regal crown circled his helmet—his snow-white plumes danced in the air, and the housings of his war horse flamed with gold. Amid all this sumptuous array, the majestic beauty of his countenance was lighted up by a smile of passing admiration. But still Cicely saw him not. Her eyes were turned upon the corpse. Her breath came heavily—her cheek was red and feverish. Still the martial stream swept on. Another banner gleamed through the corpse, and, almost beneath the shadow of its folds, rode a slight form, clad in mail from head to foot. The blue steel of his hauberk was divided across the bosom with a broad chainwork of gold, thus forming the haudiken stripes of royalty, a broad collar of jewels blazed over them and a crimson cloak swept back from one shoulder, falling in rich folds over the other, thus, with careless taste, concealing what, if entirely uncovered, would have been a personal defect. The visor of his helmet was lifted, and its plume, of blood-red feathers, swept back on the wind, exposing a set of features which were without bloom, and, though wanting a single line of age, were impressed with all the stern repose of nature thought, of a will that could wait but never yield. The lips were thin and firm. The eyes bright and long-cut, with a deep perpetual glitter upon them, and overhung with brows that were scarcely curved into the sign of an arch. The forehead, which was girded in and half concealed by the helmet, betrayed enough of its broad and massive outline to make the thoughts of his frown terrible, and to create wonder that a smile could ever light such features into absolute beauty.

But the face of King Edward, in all the pomp of physical symmetry and bloom, lacked the spell of intellect which kindled upon the irregular features of Duke Richard. When he spoke, or smiled, the winning softness that awoke in lip and eye seemed almost superhuman.

This beautiful expression was on his face as the eyes of Cicely Wayne singled him out from the warriors of his band. Her heart leaped to the light of that smile, and, bending her head, she pressed the babe with a gush of eager fondness to her bosom, kissed it, and left the warm tears of her joy trembling on its

cheek like dew upon a rose-leaf, as she lifted her head again.

The happy young mother had scarcely lifted her eyes again when the color fled from her cheeks, and her breath was drawn in with a sharp sob—Richard of Gloucester was almost opposite the house. She, the chosen of his love—he and the babe, his first-born, were standing at the casement, and yet his eyes never once turned toward them. On he rode, reining in his impetuous war-steed with one hand, while the other, from which the gauntlet had been withdrawn, rested, soft, white and glittering with jewels, on the edge of the litter which had frightened the blood from poor Cicely's cheek as it came over the hill.

The azure curtains of this litter were partially lifted and upon its cushions lay half reclined the slender form of a young girl, so beautiful that Cicely Wayne turned faint as she gazed. Even from the distance traces of sadness and suffering could be detected on the sweet face of the prisoner. The rich garments which lay around her person were soiled and disordered, and her loosened tresses flowed over the cushions of her litter, bright almost as the flowered gold cloth on which they fell. Still Cicely kept her feverish gaze on the litter. She saw its inmate lift her eyes—beautiful eyes they were, but flushed and heavy with tears—she saw them sink again, then turn, with a sad, broken-hearted expression, on the duke as he uttered, it would seem, words of tender consolation. She saw those soft eyes riveted, fixed, chained, as it were, in their own tears, by the sympathy, the eloquence, that flowed from his lips—then, all at once, she saw the lady shrink down in the litter, bury her face among the glittering cushions, and clasp her hands as if she were weeping. Richard reverently closed the silken curtains over the lady's grief, and drew the gauntlet over his hand. As he was tightening the glove his eye fell upon Cicely where she stood with his child upon her bosom. A black frown changed the whole character of his face, and without sign of more gentle recognition he tightened the embossed reins of his bride and rode on.

"Marguerite, Marguerite, take the child!" gasped poor Cicely, staggering back into the chamber, where the good dame was standing in deep melancholy, for she had loved the fullen house of Lancaster.

Marguerite took the infant, gazed mournfully on its face an instant, and gave an attendant charge to bear it from the room.

Meanwhile, Cicely had returned to the casement. Though heart-smitten and faint with jealous grief, she could not keep away. Duke Richard of Gloucester had passed on, but his pennant still swept back on the wind, and the gorgeous litter was at his side beneath whose silken screen the beautiful Anna Neville, young Edward of Lancaster's betrothed and great Warwick's daughter, concealed her grief.

But sounds of agony, sharp almost as those which wrung the heart of Cicely Wayne, broke from the lips of Marguerite, who had stolen to the side of her mistress with an affectionate wish to console and support her. For the first time her eyes had fallen on the world of mailed life swelling the highway. With

a cry that rang sharply above the now distant clirions. she fell to her knees, locked her withered fingers and remained thus, crouching down in bitter grief, gazing wildly on an object in the glittering mass which seemed to have struck her aged limbs strengthless to the earth.

"Oh, God, our queen, our queen!" cried the old woman, stretching her locked hands through the casement while great tears rolled down her cheeks.

Her eyes had fallen on the Lancastrian Queen, the thrice royal captive, Margaret of Anjou. It was, in truth, a sight to wring the heart of one who loved the Red Rose family—that haughty and unfortunate lady in her majestic grief swelling the triumphal procession of her conqueror and foe.

The indomitable pride, the untiring energy of this more than regal woman had given way at last. A kingdom had passed away from her and hers forever. Her son lay shrouded in his young blood on the battle-field of Tewksbury—she had seen his dead body as they dragged her forth from the church where she had taken shelter after his defeat. By chance or in bitter mockery, they had lifted her to the very war-steed which had borne that brave son to his first and last battle, and thus cruelly mounted they were conducting her, surrounded by victorious troops, amid many a mocking gibe, up to the prison where her unhappy husband still languished. Alas! it was a grievous picture of fallen greatness. The rich housings that swept from the war-saddle, which her son had pressed in courage and health but two days before, were rent in tatters and soiled with mire, and the red-rose brodered over them in so many quaint devices was spotted with his blood. The bridle rein, spite of its golden embossments, was knotted rudely together where it had been rent apart in the battle-field, and down the snow-white flanks of that noble steed trickled a stream of blood, though he disdained to halt, and seemed not to feel the sword cut from which it sprung. Behind her was a common soldier trailing "the Antelope" flag through the dust, and around were the captive knights and soldiers who had clung to her house in misfortune and now shared its overthrow—a pale, dejected, and heart-stricken band.

But more touching than all these outward signs of defeat was the appearance of Margaret, the once haughty queen and lady of Anjou. The regal purple hung in damp and crushed masses around her person. Half the jewels were torn from her gorget, and the pearls which frosted the sleeves of her robe had changed from their snowy lue by rough contact with the elements, and were dropping away from the tarnished velvet, like those summer friends who now swelled the ranks of her conqueror.

Though misery and defeat had crushed the lofty spirit in Margaret of Anjou, the more than regal grandeur of her presence still shone forth amid the crush and tatters of her greatness. That stately form drooped not for a moment in its saddle. The hand which held the knotted bridle-rein seemed stiffened into marble, and that majestic face neither drooped nor turned away from the coarse eyes of the soldier mob. The features were locked and frozen in their impassible beauty.

Death itself could not have appeared more rigid and passionless.

As the cry of anguish which broke from dame Marguerite fell on the captive's ear, she turned her dark and stony eyes toward the casement and tried to lift her hand to check the expression of sympathy which might bring harm on the old woman, but she had no power to make the desired motion; a faint, ghastly smile flitting across her lips was all the sign she gave.

Slowly, heavily, and with an iron tramp that seemed to shake the earth, the army of King Edward swept on toward the metropolis, bearing with it the conqueror and his generals, the captive and her soul-stricken adherents. Long before the last file of pikemen disappeared in the distance, Cicely Wayne was weeping over the couch of her child, while old Marguerite, whose whole family had been swept away under the red rose banner, sat down in a darkened corner of the chamber and bemoaned the downfall of a race for whom so many that she loved had been sacrificed.

## CHAPTER II.

Far down, across the plain, which swept eastward from Cicely Wayne's dwelling, the gray walls of a monastery upreared themselves amid the leafy and quiet solitude of nature. The house was richly endowed, and its lands swelled, in many a fertile meadow, grain-field and orchard, up to the less cultivated estate which had been left to the young heiress of Sir Thomas Wayne, by some strange act of leniency in the crown, though the brave knight had, on the battle-field, sealed his devotion to the House of Lancaster with his life.

It was nightfall, some ten days after the entrance of King Edward into London, when the abbot of this monastery sat in a private room, which opened from his oratory, and to which few of the brethren were ever admitted. A fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and before it stood a table, bearing a silver dish filled with rich confectionery, another of such fruits as the orchards of England yielded at that season, with wines and golden drinking-cups for two.

"I pray your highness, taste the confection, it hath a delicious flavor, and is much affected by those who have learned some delicacy of taste in foreign parts," said the sleek churchman, folding his robe over one of the rounded limbs, which received rather more heat from the fire than was quite comfortable.

"Nay," said his guest, taking a frosted seed-cake between his white and jeweled fingers, as if to please his host, rather than from any desire for the luxury—"Our brother Edward hath a subtle taste in these matters, and could do this dainty fare better justice."

"His grace the king hath a fair judgment in all that makes the strength and armament of life," replied the abbot, "but those who speak of the Duke Richard, give him credit for as true courage, as much taste in the arts, with deep reading of the Italian schools, which we churchmen hold the most noble accomplishment which can grace noble, bishop or knight."

"They flatter who say this," replied Gloucester, with one of those sweet smiles which few could resist

passing over his face. "I am but a youth yet, fresh from my first battle. As for book lore, you of the church, to whom life is but a season of study, might deem me but a braggart were I to claim any merit for the little that I have picked up, between attendance at court and the more stirring lessons of the tilt-yard. There may come a season, if this poor realm is ever at peace, when I may even claim your tutelage, good father. Those shelves seem richly laden, and this is a quiet room—now, I warrant, there might be found many a page of sweet Italian verse blazoned among those churchly tomes yonder."

The young duke looked smilingly around on a massive oaken book-case, that covered one end of the room, filled with manuscripts richly bound in vellum, and a few volumes whose pages were blackened with the clumsy print just introduced into England.

"I need not say," he added blandly, and lifting a cup of wine to his lips, "I need not say, good father abbot, that the monastery where Richard of Gloucester hereafter drinks in the sweet lessons of poesy shall be bravely endowed."

The abbot rose from his chair, and going eagerly to the book-case, selected a volume from its shelves and brought it to the table, turning over the richly emblazoned leaves as he turned.

"Here is a volume," he said, "whose silvery verse might have flowed from the heart of a nightingale. Your grace would scarcely find our poor house gloomy with this for a companion," and placing the open book before Duke Richard, the abbot shook up the cushions of Spanish leather which garnished his chair, and sinking upon them watched with eager interest the countenance of Duke Richard, as he turned over the leaves, admiring the quaint emblazonry, and reading here and there a sentence of the sweet verse with which they abounded.

"It is indeed a work of rare merit, and right bravely embellished," said Richard at length, quietly locking the jeweled clasp, and lifting the wine cup to his lips again. "This wine hath a fruity flavor, too—the king's table seldom boasts so pure a vintage—now I bethink me, good father abbot, was it not the holy brethren of this house that petitioned our brother, some two years back, for that portion of Sir Thomas Wayne's estate which joins up to the abbey lands?"

The abbot looked surprised, and, in truth, somewhat startled; he answered with considerable trepidation—

"Certainly, my lord duke, such petition was sent up from our poor house to the king, but that was before your highness received them in gift—before the Lady Cicely became—"

"Hush!" said the duke, sharply, and setting down his wine cup with a violence that made the precious metal ring against the table—"I thought that strict silence had been enjoined regarding the transactions of that night! Has the secret ever passed your lips, sir abbot?"

"Never!" replied the priest, startled by the stern manner and the darkening brow of the duke. "Heaven and our good Lady forbid; I trifle not with the secrets of kings!"

"Wisely resolved," said Richard, fixing his keen

and subtle glance on the churchman; "and this secret, good father, Gloucester would now drive from his own memory—would we might persuade the lady to forget it also—reasons of state, perhaps my own wishes, urge me to a union with the daughter of Warwick, sweet Anna Neville. There is but one obstacle, this Cicely Wayne—but if you remain faithful, who shall know that a marriage rite has ever been pronounced? The lady has no witnesses, and her word—tush! who would take the simple word of a damsel in a case which involved the honor of a prince?"

"But a divorce might be had—a dispensation from Rome," said the abbot timidly.

"Aye, that men might cavil over it when I am king, nay, when I am favored of the king, I would have said, as they do over a like folly in our brother Edward. No, holy father, in you, and you alone, will Gloucester trust; this marriage never must be known! Be you only faithful, and the secret in your breast shall be better than revenue or lands to your house—not only the coveted estate yonder, but gold pieces enough to pave the steps of your largest altar, shall be a yearly guerdon to your fidelity."

"I was bound to secrecy before," replied the abbot, evidently confined in his fidelity by the rich reward offered by the duke. "But the poor lady, methinks she will take the matter sorely to heart. They were a proud family—knight and dame—that of Sir Thomas Wayne."

"But prouder dames than sweet Cicely have not deemed the love of royalty dishonor, even without wedlock," said Richard. "The De Beauforts sprung from a right haughty mother, and claim place with the royalty of England, spite of her known dishonor. But that matters not, be thou discreet and faithful, holy father; as for the lady, though she urge her claim till the day of doom, no one will give her credence against our united denial; so good even, father, I will but take another mouthful of fruit and mount again. Sweet Mistress Cicely must be reconciled to her new condition before the morning."

"Your highness will not refuse another goblet of wine?" said the abbot, filling the two cups again from a crystal flask.

"Not another mouthful," cried the duke, smiling and pushing the cup gently away with his hand—"He who has to deal with a woman's anger, or her tears, must go to the encounter with a cool brain. The wine-cup may give courage, but never prudence. I do not lack the first, and would preserve the latter. So good-even, holy father, the night seems creeping on apace."

With these words Richard of Gloucester settled the plumed cap on his head, shook forward the folds of his short crimson cloak, and went forth, followed by the abbot, who saw his guest mount at the portal and ride away with a sense of unutterable relief.

"I had no choice," muttered the churchman, as he sunk supinely back amid the cushions of his great chair, and dropped some rich spices, that he took from a secret drawer of the table, into his wine-cup. "He would have put the poor lady away without my aid, and instead of a princely guerdon my head might have

found the block. Truly every man's breath is his own property, to give or keep. I do but hold my peace, and many a rood of meadow and pasturage is joined to our domain, with gold—aye, the youth argued right soundly—that secret is worth keeping which sets a stream of gold flowing into the bosom of holy church. Men say that Gloucester has an open hand for his friends, and a sharp gripe for his enemies, with influence, both in church and council, scarcely second to the king himself. He has a glozing manner, too, this boy duke, a glozing, sweet manner; but his frown—our blessed Lady preserve me from Duke Richard's frown!"

While muttering over this apology to his conscience for the wrong he was doing, the luxurious churchman set his wine-cup down before the fire, and watched it with the gloating impatience of an epicure, while the spices slowly mantled on the ruby liquid, and creamed, drop by drop, over the jewels which studded the edge of the goblet.

When Duke Richard left the monastery he dismissed his attendants, and turned his horse into a bridle-path which led toward the dwelling of Cicely Wayne. It was fully dark when he reached the mansion and dismounted at the portal. Every thing around bore a gloomy aspect; the casements were closed, and no gleam of light could be seen breaking through the chinks. On his right was an arbor, where he had often whiled away the spring morning with the lovely girl whose heart he had come to crush. The leaves were falling from the honeysuckles and white roses which had wreathed the little bowser with bloom and fragrance but a few weeks before. Every object which greeted the young duke was overhung with darkness and gloom. He made his way through the darkened hall, up a flight of stairs, and paused near the door of a chamber where the sound of human voices came faintly through. It was the soft, cooing laugh of a child, mingled with the voice of a woman; a mournful voice, and broken with tears.

Richard pushed open the door and entered; scarcely had his foot passed the threshold when a cry of thrilling joy burst from the young mother, who was kneeling by a cradle near the window, and the next instant the flushed and fearful face of sweet Cicely Wayne was buried on his child's bosom. Duke Richard flung his arm over the trembling form that clung to him so fondly. He laid his hand, as of old, caressingly on her hair, and when, in her full and deep tenderness, she lifted her face to look on his, he bent down and kissed the forehead, but all the time his heart beat not a single pulse the quicker, and no warm impulse prompted the mockery of affection. He acted only as he had resolved to act.

"Oh, my sweet lord, if thou didst but know how thy poor wife has waited and suffered!" cried Cicely, while tears rose afresh in her violet eyes. "Was it kind to risk thy precious life in battle, and bring no word of thy safety till now?"

"Nay, sweet one," replied Richard, in the same honeyed tones that had won the noble creature who still leaned on his shoulder, "methinks thine own bright eyes might have assured themselves of my safety.

Did I not mark thee at the open casement while the troops went by?"

"True, my lord, I remember!" said Cicely, rising with mild dignity from his supporting arm. "I remember right well. It was the first time my eyes ever beheld a frown upon this forehead. Whence rose it, Gloucester?"

"From this, sweet chader—methinks a matron of such tender years and beauty should scarce have braved the gaze of troops rampant with victory, and that with an infant in her arms."

A flush of shame broke over the young matron's face, her eyes fell, and she answered with tender humility—

"Dear, my lord, I saw in all the host no face but thine; and that, alas! looked frowningly on me."

"Nay, the displeasure was but for a moment," replied Richard, smiling, "so look up, fair dame, thy face has taken too much of the red rose for true loyalty to a Plantagenet."

"Oh, Richard, it shakes this poor heart when thou chidest but in jest," said Cicely, striving to return his smile, and laying her hand on his arm she drew him toward the cradle!

"See how our son is calling me back to his cradle, like a bird cooing in its nest; come, sweet lord, thou wilt marvel at his growth; I love to think he has thy smile, with a touch more sunshine in it, perchance; come!"

Richard obeyed the impulse of her hand, but as he bent over the cradle the child shrank down in his little bed, his large eyes filled with terror, and he began to cry.

"Nay, it is thy father, boy, thy own noble father," cried Cicely, taking the child up and hushing his cries on her bosom, while she turned his bright and blooming face toward the duke. "Is he not beautiful?" she said, kissing the infant's cheek, and turning to the young father with a glance of exulting fondness. "It would go hard to scare the rebel red rose from this little cheek."

For the first time that night, a shade of sadness, of regret, perhaps, for the wrong he meditated, fell upon Duke Richard's heart. "The boy must be cared for," he said only, but his face betrayed nothing of what was passing in his mind—"another son may never be given me—she must be soothed, if only for his sake!"

With these thoughts working in the darkness of his heart, but still with a serene countenance, Duke Richard sat down by his victim, while she lashed her babe to sleep, and amid loving speeches, and still more loving smiles, turned the conversation in a channel that was best calculated to lead her gently to the cruel truth. For Richard of Gloucester loved not cruelty for the pleasure of being cruel, and though, in after years, his motto might well be—"That bought by blood must be by blood maintained," in the policy of his cold youth craft more than cruelty worked for his master-sin, *ambition*. There have ever existed men, cruel only from the love of inflicting pain, tyrants alike in truces and things of moment, but Richard was not one of these. His clear, cold intellect was kindled by one grand passion, and refined by

a class of reading but little known to the age. Taste and a love of the arts were to him, in their bearing on his actions, what the affections are to other men, and he would have smothered an enemy gently in a bed of poisoned roses, rather than give him boldly to the rack. Therefore it was that he allowed Cicely Wayne to dally with her fate, and scattered flowers over the brink of the precipice from which he was about to hurl her. Never had he seemed so gentle, so full of human sympathy as on that night! Every syllable that dropped from his lips was honeyed with love. He held the little hand of the child in his while it lay sleeping on the lap of its happy and beautiful mother; he talked of the court, the queen, and the ladies that envied it with their beauty. At last he mentioned Anna Neville, quietly, as if her name had fallen by chance upon his thought.

"Oh," said Cicely, putting back a ring-like curl that lay on the temple of her babe, "that was the poor lady who won thy attention from us, on the day when King Edward's army passed by to London. She was so beautiful—in sooth I could not help but feel a jealous pang when thou gavest smiles and consoling looks to her, but only frowns to us!"

"Nay, sweet one, it was a feeling unworthy thy lofty nature," said Richard, weaving his jeweled fingers softly in those that had been half withdrawn from his clasp during the last minute. "Reasons of state, and the king's command, may force me to wed another, but I shall ever love only thee."

Cicely started, gazed wistfully in his face, and made a painful effort to smile.

"Oh, Richard, this is a cruel jest, too, too cruel!"

"Were I king of this realm, not a younger brother, bound to obey the head of our house, then my fair Cicely might well deem the mention of my marriage with Warwick's daughter only as one of those idle speeches made by court gallants to sharpen a sluggish love scene. But the king's brothers are but the subjects of his bounty—their hands the playthings of his ambition. But the heart, sweet one, the heart—even Edward cannot control that—and while Gloucester's beats with life, it must be true to its first love. Though it is decided that Anna Neville must be given, an unwelcome bride to the bosom where thou hast found shelter, still, Cicely, still thou wilt ever be queen there!"

These words were uttered in a voice so deprecatory and low with sadness, that Cicely could no longer doubt their cruel sincerity, so far as her own fate was concerned. As this bitter conviction forced itself on her mind, the look of apprehension and surprise that had marked those sweet features, settled into a chill and marble whiteness, painful to look upon. Richard saw this miserable change—he felt the fingers woven with his grow cold as death. But even these signs of terrible grief in a being so young, and who had lavished the entire wealth of her affections on him alone, had no power to shake the firm self-possession which had nerved him throughout the scene. He clasped the cold hand still tighter, and sat watching the anguish in that young face, with the lids half drooping over the dark pupils of his eyes, and calculating on the mo-

ment when this state of freezing despair would change to the fever of outraged tenderness. But there she sat, in a stupor of grief, as white and motionless as death.

Richard was surprised. With all his knowledge of the pride and warm affections which made the beauty of her character, he was not prepared for this immovable despair. The babe had fallen asleep on her lap, where its smiling and rosy face lay in painful contrast with hers. Hoping to arouse her, Gloucester softly released her hand, and taking up the child laid it in the cradle, and, as he did so, stooped down and kissed the rosy mouth that broke into a smile beneath his touch. He then returned to Cicely, took her hand again, and pressed it to the lips which were yet dewy with her infant's breath. She started as if an asp had stung her, drew a sharp breath and rose to her feet.

"Mock me not! in the name of our blessed Lady, mock me not, Richard of Gloucester!" she cried, her limbs trembling and her anguish breaking forth in a voice of heart-thrilling woe. "I am thy wife—am I not a wife?"

"Wouldst thou bring ruin on us both by this empty claim, Cicely?" replied the duke, his calm and silky voice contrasting forcibly with the agony that had sharpened hers. "Listen to me, sweet one. It seemeth to thy soft nature that Gloucester would wrong thee, when he but obeys the mandate which he dare not oppose. Wouldst thou be revenged, Cicely—revenged on the father of thy child? Mark! I will point out the way. Take the boy yonder in thy arms, go up to London—the king is easy of access—say that his brother, the youngest and most favored, has by a rash act of love made the orphan Cicely Wayne a duchess. Say that when her father's estate was confiscated, and awarded to him, he neither cast her forth from her home to perish, as others have done by Lancastrians of as gentle birth, nor insulted her purity by offers of light love. Say that with the sacred rites of holy church he gave her a shelter and home in his heart, and thereby has bereft himself of the power to obey the behest of his sovereign and ever indulgent brother. I know Edward well, Cicely; thou hast but to prove all this to him, and the blood of thy husband reddens the block in less than three days after. I will not speak of that which may bechance thee and thy little one, for my heart fails me when this picture but in thought comes before me. His own fate Gloucester could bear, but not the thoughts of what would fall surely overwhelm thee and our child. Behold, Cicely, thy husband offers thee a glorious revenge for the wrong which he is forced to perpetrate!"

As Richard ceased, he sat down, covered his eyes with one hand, and seemed to wait her decision in speechless sorrow.

For more than a minute that unhappy creature stood with her steady gaze fixed on his shrouded face, two large tears started to her eyes, but she crushed them between their heavy lashes, her bosom heaved slowly, and the anguish which seemed choking her burst in a sob from her lips. She spoke at length, and never was voice so full of touching sadness as that which aroused the false duke from his seething grief.

"Leave me now, Richard, I would be alone!"

The hand dropped from Gloucester's eyes, and he stood up. "To-morrow, dear one, when thou hast had time for reflection, I will come again. Let me but see a smile on those lips before I go."

She tried to obey him, poor thing! but a quiver of the lip, and a slight shudder was all the sign she gave. Richard took her hand, pressed it, and moved toward the door—"I do but leave thee in hopes of a more loving-morrow," he said, turning as he went out.

"To-morrow!" with this single word, Cicely sprang forward as if to fling herself on his bosom, but stopping short, she repeated—"to-morrow! aye, to-morrow be it!" and turned mournfully away.

That night Cicely Wayne, with her child and Marguerite, left the house whose roof had sheltered her birth and witnessed the uprooting of her happiness forever.

"It is well settled," muttered Duke Richard, as he mounted his horse and rode toward the inn where he had ordered his attendants to wait his coming. "The lady will be silent from tenderness. I might have known as much; still, it was no bad policy to secure the priest. Yet they might both have prated till doomsday but for the *hereafter*. When I am king, there shall be no cavil about former contracts—sweet Anna Neville must not be flouted in her court as Elizabeth Woodville has been. Cicely Wayfe shall never play the Eleanor Jabot of Richard's history. Now for the king—he will not refuse me the Lady Anna, much as his feelings may go against it, for to those who know how to humor him, Edward refuses nothing."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind Gloucester joined his followers and rode into London.

"It is well settled," muttered Duke Richard, the next day, as he came forth from the deserted dwelling of Cicely Wayne, with a letter which she had left for him open in his hand. "A convent was the best choice she could make. Now for King Edward and sweet Anna Neville!"

### CHAPTER III.

More than thirteen years had passed since Richard Duke of Gloucester parted with the injured Cicely Wayne. Many a line—not of time, for he was only thirty-two, but written by care, and it may be conscience—marked his stern features. He sat alone in his tent at Bosworth field, a widowed man, a king without heir to the throne which he had sacrificed honor and conscience to ascend. His head was bowed forward, for gloom and sadness, the dim shadows of coming events, hung over his spirit like a pall. In one corner of the tent lay a pile of armor ready for the morning. His sword lay upon a table near by, and close beside it the diadem of England stood in its crimson cushion glowing in the lamp-light. Richard had flung open his surcoat, for its ermine lining did but add to the oppression which seemed chaining down his breath. Perhaps in that hour when the soul took retribution on itself, the wrongs of

Cicely Wayne were not quite forgotten amid the thousand evils which the one great sin had flung upon his conscience.

As the king sat, buried in dark and bitter thoughts, the curtain of his tent was raised, and a stripling form shrouded in a loose cloak entered and stood before him. The youth held a helmet in his hand, but his almost femininely beautiful features had no other covering than the thick chestnut curls that fell over his shoulders and shaded his forehead.

Richard lifted his haggard eyes to the young face appearing thus suddenly before him—folded his arms on his breast and spoke in a hoarse voice.

"Comest thou also to torment me in this mine hour? I know thee, Cicely Wayne, for thou comest in a shape more palpable than the rest."

The youth flung aside his cloak and knelt at Richard's feet, clad in full armor.

"Father," he said, "this is indeed thy hour of trial, but I come not to give pain. One who has wearied Heaven in prayers for thee, bade me hasten to Bosworth, and, in her name, crave a son's privilege of sharing the dangers that beset his sire."

"I need not ask who thou art, boy—no love but that of woman would have sought the king at this dark hour when treason is rife around him. Thy mother—methinks her own sweet soul looks on me through those eyes."

"From her convent at Leicester, she sends her blessing and forgiveness. It was but yesterday when the city was full of royal troops, that she told me of my parentage; I came away, with tears upon my head, her blessing warm at my heart, to claim a son's right to die for his father and king."

"And, by St. George, a son's right shalt thou have," cried the king, shaking off the gloom that had chained down his faculties, and starting up with sudden enthusiasm. "Methinks those that Richard has wronged, alone, remain faithful. God and our blessed Lady grant us victory to-morrow, and thou shalt be proclaimed heir of England throughout the kingdom."

And lifting the youth to his bosom, Richard for the first time in his life shed tears. But while these strange drops were moistening his eyelids, the low sound of a clarion stealing mournfully through the camp proclaimed the dawn of day. Richard started and the old military fire flashed into his eyes.

"My armor, boy—help me on with my armor! Let treason do its worst. Methinks the hand of Richard could alone hew a path through a world of Lancastrian traitors, now that he has an heir to the throne which he fights for. Put on thy helmet, boy, and draw close the visor. The camp is all astir. Keep my plume ever in sight when the battle comes on. Now, one more blow for St. George and the White Rose."

Richard snatched the crown from its cushion and placed it around his helmet as he uttered this brave battle-cry, and, flinging aside the curtain of his tent, rushed out. The youth drew his sword, and, repeating the cry of St. George and the White Rose, sprang amid the mailed throng that crowded around the king as he issued from his tent.







## CHAPTER IV.

It was night, three days after the battle of Bosworth Field, the town of Leicester was still crowded with Lancastrian soldiers, flushed and turbulent with victory. For three days they had feasted their mocking eyes on the body of King Richard, where it was brutally exposed to the public gaze in the open market-place. Thrice during that time a stripling form had attempted to rescue the dead from their debasing gaze, and each time he had been driven back by the mob.

But now it was midnight, and the boy was left almost alone with the insulted dead. Behind him the walls of a convent abutted on the market-place. He was looking anxiously toward a little gate cut into the stonework, when it opened and something white seemed fluttering within.

With an anxious look around, the youth lifted the dead body of the king in his arms, bore it hastily through the portal and laid it at the feet of a nun, who stood waiting in the quiet and moonlit garden.

"Thus I redeem my promise, oh, my mother. My stripling arm could not stay the kingly valor that urged him on to death, but it has rescued his remains from the jibing people," cried the boy, in a sad and hunched voice.

"To the chapel—come forward to the chapel!" said the nun, in a broken whisper.

Once more the youth lifted his mutilated burthen, and, passing into the illuminated chapel, laid it reverently on the altar. The holy sisterhood chanted a

requiem for the dead and withdrew, leaving one shrouded form standing alone by the altar-stone. The boy paused a moment and went out, for he was afraid to disturb the holy grief, which shook the frame of that lonely sister, even by a breath.

When all was still, Cicely Wayne threw back her veil, the light from a waxen taper lay full upon her white and convulsed features—she turned toward the body, uttered a smothered cry, and fell upon her knees beside it.

"Oh, God! oh, God! would that I had died in thy stead—Gloucester, my Gloucester."

As she uttered these words of love—such love as the cloister could not chill nor death itself extinguish—the nun of Leicester sunk lower down upon the steps of the altar, her limbs relaxed, and, after a moment, she fell heavily to the pavement. The veil settled in dark folds around her, and when the sisterhood and priests came, with the dawn, to bury the king, their requiem swelled solemnly up over the monarch and his victim. After the burial of King Richard, the youth who had rescued his body from the market place was never afterward seen in Leicester. But more than half a century after, an old man died at Eastwell, in Kent. During the reign of the seventh Henry, he had worked as a stone-mason under the simple appellation of Richard, but on his death-bed another name was revealed to those who watched over him, and in the registry of the town is recorded the death of RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

## MANDAN CHIEF.

(WITH A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT.)

We are not certain that the printer will be enabled to print up our large edition of this plate in time for the January number, but such subscribers as fail to receive it this month will find it in their February number.

It is remarkable that the men, among the Indian tribes, are far more vain than the women. Among the Mandans, particularly, great attention was always paid to dress. When they are full dressed, they put a variety of feathers in the hair, frequently a semi-circle of feathers of birds of prey, like raddi or sunbeams, or a bunch of the feathers of the raven. Sometimes they have a thick bunch of owl's feathers, or small rosettes made of broad raven's feathers cut short. These feathers are frequently determined according to the bands to which they belong. Sometimes they wear a cap with horns, (as in the portrait,) consisting of stripes of white ermine, with pieces of red cloth hanging down the back, to which is attached an upright row of black and white eagle feathers, beginning at the head, and reaching the whole length. Only distinguished warriors, who have performed many exploits, wear this head-dress. Very celebrated and eminent warriors, when highly decorated, wear signals of their heroic deeds in their hair. Thus *Mato-Topo*, represented

in the engraving, had fastened transversely in his hair a wooden knife, painted red, because he had killed a chief of another tribe in battle. The staff carried by them represents their exploits as well in gallantry as in battle, the number of rings often denoting the number of female hearts slain by their manly beauty.

A warrior, in adorning, takes more time for his toilet than the most elegant Parisian belle. Their faces are often painted in various colors, according to the taste or caprice of the Indian dandy. They have a singular mode of displaying their achievements in gallantry, endeavoring to gain credit by a variety of triumphs; they mark the number of conquered beauties by bundles of peeled oak twigs, painted at the tips. These twigs are always carried by the Indian dandy in his courting excursions.

## INDIANS HORSE-RACING.

In consequence of unforeseen delay in getting this plate out, we are obliged to postpone a very spirited description, by Charles Fenno Hoffman, Esq., until the February number. This will make no difference in the binding of the volume.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Drama of Exile; and Other Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. New York. H. G. Langtry. Two vols., 12mo.

Every person who pays any attention to the mutations of poetical taste, and, especially, who observes the tone of feeling and thinking in his own time, cannot fail to see that, within the last ten years, a kind of revolution has occurred in the spirit and style of poetry. The word in which the character of this change is either expressed, or rendered inexpressible, is Transcendentalism. This tremendous phrase has the advantage of operating both as a lure and a scarecrow. To some it is a will-o'-the-wisp, leading into the bogs and marshes of language, and compelling the poor versifier's poetic feet to wade and stumble in dark and muddy verbiage; to others, it is a phantom to be feared, rising in this our nineteenth century from the dead and damned literature of an elder day, and prowling about distempered brains and mawkish hearts, to build up the empire of sensibility on the ruins of sense. Persons are pointed out, who, before they became haunted by this demon, were very valuable, respectable and stupid members of the social body, unsuspected of genius, and in thought and action keeping on the straight line of mediocrity; and it is urged that these same persons could not now be talking mystically of the "mysteries of being," and launching out into bold invasions of metaphysical vocabularies, if some element of madness had not been added to their dullness—if they had not in some way "eaten of the insane root, which takes the reason prisoner." That those readers of poetry, who have been accustomed to Dryden and Pope, to tangible images and harmonious numbers, should fall into lamentations or anathemas at the innovations of the "new school," is not singular. From the ruddy flesh, or from the cold glitter, of the past race of poets, no one can pass to those whose compositions are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," without being conscious of a difference in tone, object, and mode of expression, which naturally shocks his taste and confounds his understanding. When we add to this the fact that the revolution has been accompanied by a more than usual amount of simulated spirituality and affected aspiration, that the discordant jargon it has introduced into verse has served as a cloak to numerous literary charlatans, and that the genius of many of its best exponents has suffered from the elaborate oddity of the verbal dress in which it is encased, it is not surprising that it is as impossible to induce many sensible men to admit a transcendental bard into their fellowship of poets, as to make them allow refinement to a Hottentot, or veracity to a Hindoo.

Miss Barrett belongs to the new school, and in originality and power is among those in the front rank. Her poems are certainly remarkable compositions, especially when considered as the productions of a woman's mind. Her ideal is different from the ideal of a large majority of her sex. She is not so much solicitous of grace and elegance in her language as of a tough, muscular, rugged strength. Her faults of style are numerous, and she has the common fault of defective expression. Her poetic feeling is greater than her poetic power. She has more of the "vision" than the "faculty" divine. Her poetry is the production

of a mind reared in solitude, and keeping company chiefly with the "the great of old." She has had little of the mental discipline which comes from a familiarity with the actual life of men and women. Her own existence has been passed chiefly in the world of thought and imagination. She has brooded, and studied, and meditated more than she has written, or conversed. She has not much skill in the use of language, nor much knowledge of those avenues to the heart and understanding through which the words of the poet must travel in order to reach home. She is continually offending the ear by harsh lines, and the eye with words that are coined or clipped of their rightful syllables. At times she even uses 'los! for alas! Her study of the Hebrew Prophets and Æschylus has impressed her mind with a gigantic grandeur of feeling, which she can only express in a phraseology elaborately indefinite, or inartistically rugged. The formless and the unutterable she admires in their formlessness and unutterability. Sometimes a vague grandeur, a sublime obscurity, a mysterious and unpeakable something, which is substance without name or form, seems to weigh heavily upon her heart, and to crush her thoughts and fancies into a confused mass of half-shaped images and broken fragments of ideas. She often heaps words on words, and metaphor on metaphor, to no other purpose than to form a pile of magnificent language, which still does not reach up to the thought. Things swell into indistinct but colossal proportions as her eye lights on them, and their corporeal substance is turned into huge masses of vapor. Some of her poems remind the reader of a cloudy day, without rain, occasionally lit by a keen flash of lightning or a warm burst of sunshine. Words are personified instead of things, and capital letters take the place of ideas. She hymns praises to the dark, and falls into raptures with the inscrutable. Her fancy resembles a sombre hall, through which occasionally a strain of sweet or powerful music winds or peals,

"And shapes, which have no certainty of shape,  
Drift dusky in and out."

Her poems are full of expressions and imaginations which seem to have been torn out of her mind by the roots—if the phrase be allowable. Few writers have more passages which we are puzzled at first whether to call sublime or unmeaning. The first reading of her poems produces pain in the eyes. The brain staggers beneath the weight of her compound epithets, or falls back exhausted in striving to follow or unriddle her dark subtlety of fancy.

We are willing to admit that, with all these faults in her mode of thinking and mode of expression, Miss Barrett has still perhaps displayed more genius in her compositions than any poetess in the present century. She possesses an imagination which endows the least intelligent and roughest shows of nature with life and motion, and a heart capable both of stern passion and delicate feeling. Strength, tenderness, beauty—these are hers when her style will admit of their expression. Her volumes are filled with the raw material of genius, but it is not always worked with skill. We feel in reading her poems that she ought to take the first rank; and are nettled that her love for uncouth and discordant jargon should prevent her mind from doing justice to itself. A

critic might build up the warmest eulogium on her powers, from a judicious selection of brilliant passages, in which the bad qualities of her diction were not manifested, but he could not honestly praise her poems in the mass, without being willing to part with the proprieties of language, and take an affectionate adieu of his "well of English undesled." If there be any such thing as Taste, Miss Barrett is certainly an offender against its laws. As long as she writes for the world, she should choose some neutral ground of language where her own mind and that of the public can meet and mingle.

Miss Barrett's poems give evidence of so much purity and elevation of nature, and are marked by so many loving traits of the heart, that her readers would naturally be inclined to praise rather than to blame; and most of them who have criticised her compositions, have followed their inclinations. A few extracts will illustrate the depth and originality of her powers, and enable our readers to judge of the value of the sacrifice she has made to her perverse and perverted mode of expression. "The Drama of *Eden*" contains some of the most splendid imaginations ever conceived by a woman's mind, and might have been a great poem, had the authoress done any justice to her powers and her materials. For instance, Eve, in telling Adam some of the consequences of their sin and loss of Eden, says to him,

I am here, indeed,  
That absolute pardon is impossible  
From you to me, by reason of my sin—  
And that I cannot ever more, as once,  
Behold the traces of the holy hills  
Scorn'd the leaning stars; or watch the vales,  
Dew-pallid with their morning ecstasy;  
Or hear the winds make pastoral peace between  
Two grassy uplands—and the river-wells  
Work out their bubbling lengths beneath the ground—  
And all the birds sing, till for joy of song,  
They lift their trembling wings, as if to heave  
The too much weight of music from their heart,  
And float it up to ether!

For was I not  
At that last sunset seen in Paradise,  
When all the westering clouds flashed out in throngs  
Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,  
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God  
Held them suspended—was I not that hour,  
The lady of the world, princess of life,  
Mistress of feast and favor? Could I touch  
A rose with my white hand, but it became  
Redder at once?

The following we cut from their connection with the *Drama*, for their independent beauty:

The burden of the song  
Drops from it like its fruit, and heavily falls  
Into the lap of silence:

Colossal shapes—twin sovran images—  
With a disconsolate blank majesty,  
Set in their wondrous faces: with no look,  
And yet an aspect—a significance  
Of individual life and passionate ends,  
Which overcomes us gazing.

How doth the wide and melancholy earth  
Gather her hills around us, gray and ghost,  
And stare with blank significance of loss  
Right in our faces.

Shall I be mother of the coming life?  
Hear the steep generations, how they fall  
Adown the visionary stairs of time,  
Like supernatural thunder—far, yet near;  
Sowing their fiery echoes through the hills.

By the memory of Edenic joys  
Forfeit and lost; by that last cypress tree,  
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we came out;  
And by the bleas'd nightingale, which threw  
Its melancholy music after us;  
And by the flowers, whose spirits fall of smells

*Did follow softly, plucking us behind  
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bowers,  
And four-fold river courses.*

We might multiply extracts like these, full of the living fire of genius, in illustration both of her capacity and perversion of it. She certainly possesses a most deep and acute sense of the poetical in nature and life; and if she do not take the first rank among cotemporary minds, in the estimation of the people, it will be owing to her indisposition to write English.

*Nature and Art: A Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, August 29, 1844.  
By William W. Story. Boston, Little & Brown.*

This metrical essay contains much good thought and excellent feeling, musically uttered. There is around the whole of it an air of taste and scholarship. The tone of its thinking is pure and high. The proprieties of diction are in general strictly observed. The style displays a delicate sense of the poetical in language, and has been subjected to a careful verbal criticism. The verse flows and sings along in a melodious stream, and sweetly insinuates into the mind many a choice morsel of literary ethica, and many a sparkling fancy. The poem, in every respect, is very much superior to the majority of similar productions, both in what it admits and what it rejects. No one can read it without receiving pleasure. But it still lacks the two qualities which tip words with fire and condense thought into pictures—passion and imagination. It is too diffuse. There is a great want of intensity in it. Paragraphs are devoted to thoughts which should have been condensed into couplets. The language is smooth and fluent, rather than strong or precise. There is little of that brief, quick, pertinent expression, which comes from seeing objects clearly, and embodying them the moment they are seen. Few of the subtle thoughts seem to have been clutched firmly, in the shadowy land of fancy, and to have turned instantaneously from film to image, on the author's grasp; few appear to have bubbled up from the depths of his mind, while it was shimmering with intense thought. The poem rather pleases than kindles. There is no character of necessity or inspiration perceptible in it. To borrow an illustration from physiology, the body of the poem is not pervaded by inward heat.

Perhaps, however, as the character of the poem is rather ethical than passionate, meditative than imaginative, and the object of the author rather to inculcate musically the true principles of art than to dazzle by a brilliant exhibition of its essence, we may be wrong in applying to the production tests which it does not court. The subject is the "Brotherhood of Nature with the Soul." Art is their child.

"The artist seeks to find  
The charm which marries matter into mind."

"To give a voice to every varying hue;  
All passion unto Beauty to subdue;  
To make eternal by a touch of power  
The chance-grown product of the fleeting hour;  
To prison in a web of subtle words  
Prismatic lights and evanescent gleams;  
On the deep bases of harmonious chords,  
To build an unwearying world of dreams;  
Upon the lifeless canvas to impress  
All forms, all tints, all tones of loveliness;  
And to compel the solid stone to yield  
The Idea's image in its breast concealed,  
Such is the aim of Art."

The most pleasing and picturesque portions of the poem are those in which a description is given of the great artists in poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture and music. The following is a fine specimen:

Handel, majestic, restful, strong and clear,  
The Alpine peak in Music's atmosphere;  
Mozart, from out whose quick, capricious heart  
A thousand gushing springs of passion start;  
Bellini, sighing forth his love-toned lay;  
Spohr, climbing on through Harmony's dim way;  
Beethoven, struggling like the moaning sea  
With the dim longings of humanity,  
Wrestling with Fate in vast Promethean might,  
And yearning upward for the Infinite!

The concluding part of Mr. Story's poem is directed against the slavish habit of imitation in art, and though diffuse, contains much vigorous sense and feeling. The whole composition evinces a warm love for the beautiful in nature and man. We might select many lines in illustration. There is one couplet for which we have an especial regard, and it seems to us the finest of the whole five hundred:

Oft to his listening ear, with silver chime,  
Sound the clear bells beyond the walls of Time.

We think our readers will agree with us in thinking, that the man who could write these lines could not write a bad poem.

*American Wild Flowers in Their Native Haunts.* By Emma C. Embury. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 4to.

The enterprising publishers of this work may take just pride in having their names appended to this splendid and gorgeously embellished volume. It is one of the finest specimens of American typography and art ever issued. From the plates of the flowers, to the decorations of the binding, the eye cannot rest on a part of the book which is not executed with beauty and neatness. The type is large, the margins broad, and the paper smooth and white as that used in English annuals. The plates, of plants, twenty in number, colored after nature, and accompanied with landscape views of their localities, reflect great credit on the artist, E. Whitefield. The delicate tints and shades of color in the originals have been preserved with curious felicity.

The literary matter consists of prose descriptions of each plant, and poetical translations of their symbolical language, together with a variety of stories and essays appropriate to a parlor volume. Mrs. Embury has contributed the greater amount of these, and most of them are in her happiest vein. Several of her pieces are written with much eloquent enthusiasm. She speaks of the wild flowers as "the gems which God's own hand has scattered abroad in the wilderness—blossoms sown by the wind, raised by the shower, peering from their covert on the hill-side, smiling upon us from the cleft of some dark ravine, looking down tenderly from the face of some rugged cliff—these bring to our souls those surprises of sudden joy which keep the heart forever awake to a blessedness like that of innocent childhood."

The contributions of Mrs. Smith, of Tuckerman and Hoffman, to the volume, are written with their accustomed ability. "The Sleep of the Plants," by Mrs. Smith, is a fine little poem. She has an eye to peer into the mysterious meaning of nature's symbols, and sufficient felicity of expression to convey to other minds the results of her insight. In truth, the publishers have just cause for pride, in presenting the public with a volume so creditable both to American literature and art. We hope its popularity will be such as to reward them for the expense they have lavished on it. Such a book would be an acceptable gift to present at all seasons.

*The History of the Puritans, or Protestant Nonconformists.* By Daniel Neal. New York, Harper & Brothers: Two vols., 8vo.

This edition of Neal's celebrated history is reprinted from the best and most approved English edition, and is published under the editorial supervision of Rev. John O. Choules. A large number of notes have been added, illustrative of the civil and ecclesiastical history of England, from the Reformation to the Revolution. Numerous volumes referring to this period, which have appeared since the publication of Neal's book, have been carefully consulted, and the additional facts they furnish extracted, by the editor. As it now stands, it is a most valuable and interesting work on the most interesting period in English annals. Neal is not the most charming of writers as regards style, but his diction has the merit of corresponding to his character. He was a man of singular honesty and purity, strong in his own faith, yet generally tolerant to others; imbued with a strong love of liberty, both in church and state, and prompted to undertake the history of his sect, by a wish to do something that would promote the civil and religious freedom of mankind.

*Dunigan's Illustrated Edition of the Holy Bible, According to the Dotsey and Rheims Versions.* T. Dunigan, New York. W. J. Cuninghame, 104 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

We have received the first five numbers of this elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, and believe that it will command a wide sale. It is, as will be seen, the Catholic version, and, as it comes in a cheap form, cannot but circulate widely among that denomination. We would notice particularly the elegance of the engravings and typography.

OUR BOOK TABLE.—As we were obliged to issue our January number much earlier than usual, a very large number of books necessarily remain unnoticed, among which are the following:

By THE HARBERS.—The works of the Rev. William Jay, in three elegant volumes, octavo, illustrated with a beautiful engraving by Durand, which we shall notice at length hereafter. The Philosophy of Rhetoric, by George Campbell. Tales from the German. Number four of the Select Novel Library. The History of Greece, by Thirlwall, and numbers eleven and twelve of their splendid edition of the Bible.

FROM CAREY & HART, we have "The Lady of the Lake," and "Griswold's Poets of England," both to be noticed in coming numbers.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.—We must confess that it is with no little pride we issue the present number. The engravings which adorn it are of the very highest order of excellence, and the literary matter is from the acknowledged writers of America. Such men as Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell, would sustain the reputation of any magazine, without plates, but when we add, to a single number, engravings from such artists as Sartain, Smillie, and Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, the highest order of excellence must be attained. No publisher can issue a handsomer or more sterling work. We say this on the confidence of truth; and having secured exclusively the best writers, and the best engravers, we feel as secure in this business as any man can with the reins in his own hand. In February we shall have several beautiful American pictures, with a likeness of EDGAR A. POE, Esq.



For sale by J. B. Ford

Engraved by W. D. & W. Walter

Edgar A. Poe.

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# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XVII.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE situation of American literature is anomalous. It has no centre, or, if it have, it is like that of the sphere of Hermes. It is divided into many systems, each revolving round its several sun, and often presenting to the rest only the faint glimmer of a milk-and-watery way. Our capital city, unlike London or Paris, is not a great central heart, from which life and vigor radiate to the extremities, but resembles more an isolated nubbin, stuck down as near as may be to the centre of the land, and seeming rather to tell a legend of former usefulness than to serve any present need. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, each has its literature almost more distinct than those of the different dialects of Germany; and the Young Queen of the West has also one of her own, of which some articulate rumor barely has reached us dwellers by the Atlantic. Meanwhile, a great babble is kept up concerning a national literature, and the country, having delivered itself of the ugly likeness of a paint-bedaubed, filthy savage, smilingly dandles the rag-baby upon her maternal knee, as if it were veritable flesh and blood, and would grow timely to bone and sinew.

But, before we have an American literature, we must have an American criticism. We have, it is true, some scores of "American Macaulays," the faint echoes of defunct originalities, who will discourse learnedly at an hour's notice upon matters, to be even a sciolist in which would ask the patient study and self-denial of years—but, with a few rare exceptions, America is still to seek a profound, original, and æsthetic criticism. Our criticism, which from its nature might be expected to pass most erudite judgment upon the merit of thistles, undertakes to decide upon

"The plant and flower of light."

There is little life in it, little conscientiousness, little reverence; nay, it has seldom the mere physical merit of fearlessness. It may be best likened to an intellectual gathering of chips to keep the critical pot of potatoes or reputation a-boiling. Too often, indeed, with the cast garments of some puny Gifford, or other foreign notoriety, which he has picked up at the rag-fair of literature, our critic sallies forth, a self-dubbed Amadis, armed with a pen, which, more wonderful even than the fairy-gifts in an old ballad, becomes at will either the lance couched terribly at defiant wind-mills, or the trumpet for a halipenny pavan.

Perhaps there is no task more difficult than the just criticism of cotemporary literature. It is even more grateful to give praise where it is needed than where it is deserved, and friendship so often seduces the iron stylus of justice into a vague flourish, that she writes what seems rather like an epitaph than a criticism. Yet if praise be given as an *abus*, we could not drop so poisonous a one into any man's hat. The critic's ink may suffer equally from too large an infusion of nigralls or of sugar. But it is easier to be generous than to be just, though there are some who find it equally hard to be either, and we might readily put faith in that fabulous direction to the hiding-place of truth, did we judge from the amount of water which we usually find mixed with it.

We were very naturally led into some remarks on American criticism by the subject of the present sketch. Mr. Poe is at once the most discriminating, philosophical, and fearless critic upon imaginative works who has written in America. It may be that we should qualify our remark a little, and say that he *might be*, rather than that he always *is*, for he seems sometimes to mistake his phial of prussic-acid for his



ink-stand. If we do not always agree with him in his premises, we are, at least, satisfied that his deductions are logical, and that we are reading the thoughts of a man who thinks for himself, and says what he thinks, and knows well what he is talking about. His analytic power would furnish forth bravely some score of ordinary critics. We do not know him personally, but we suspect him for a man who has one or two pet prejudices on which he prides himself. These sometimes allure him out of the strict path of criticism,\* but, where they do not interfere, we would put almost entire confidence in his judgments. Had Mr. Poe had the control of a magazine of his own, in which to display his critical abilities, he would have been as autocratic, ere this, in America, as Professor Wilson has been in England; and his criticisms, we are sure, would have been far more profound and philosophical than those of the Scotsman. As it is, he has squared out blocks enough to build an enduring pyramid, but has left them lying carelessly and unclad in many different quarries.

Remarkable experiences are usually confined to the inner life of imaginative men, but Mr. Poe's biography displays a vicissitude and peculiarity of interest such as is rarely met with. The offspring of a romantic marriage, and left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy Virginian, whose barren marriage-bed seemed the warranty of a large estate to the young poet. Having received a classical education in England, he returned home and entered the University of Virginia, where, after an extravagant course, followed by reformation at the last extremity, he was graduated with the highest honors of his class. Then came a boyish attempt to join the fortunes of the insurgent Greeks, which ended at St. Petersburg, where he got into difficulties through want of a passport, from which he was rescued by the American consul and sent home. He now entered the military academy at West Point, from which he obtained a dismissal on hearing of the birth of a son to his adopted father, by a second marriage, an event which cut off his expectations as an heir. The death of Mr. Allan, in whose will his name was not mentioned, soon after relieved him of all doubt in this regard, and he committed himself at once to authorship for a support. Previously to this, however, he had published (in 1827) a small volume of poems, which soon ran through three editions, and excited high expectations of its author's future distinction in the minds of many competent judges.

That no certain augury can be drawn from a poet's earliest lip-sizes there are instances enough to prove. Shakspeare's first poems, though bristling with vigor and youth and picturesqueness, give but a very faint promise of the directness, condensation and overflowing moral of his maturer works. Perhaps, however, Shakspeare is hardly a case in point, his "Venus and Adonis" having been published, we believe, in his twenty-sixth year. Milton's Latin verses show tender-

\* We cannot but think that this was the case in his review of W. E. Channing's poems, in which we are sure that there is much which must otherwise have challenged Mr. Poe's hearty listing.

ness, a fine eye for nature, and a delicate appreciation of classic models, but give no hint of the author of a new style in poetry. Pope's youthful pieces have all the sing-song, wholly unrelieved by the glittering malignity and eloquent irreligion of his later productions. Collins' callow nanby-pamby died and gave no sign of the vigorous and original genius which he afterward displayed. We have never thought that the world lost more in the "marvelous boy," Clatterton, than a very ingenious imitator of obscure and antiquated dilliness. Where he becomes original (as it is called) the interest of ingenuity ceases and he becomes stupid. Kirke White's promises were endorsed by the respectable name of Mr. Southey, but surely with no authority from Apollo. They have the merit of a traditional piety, which, to our mind, if uttered at all, had been less objectionable in the retired closet of a diary, and in the sober raiment of prose. They do not clutch hold of the memory with the drowning pertinacity of Watts'; neither have they the interest of his occasional simple, lucky beauty. Burns, having fortunately been rescued by his humble station from the contaminating society of the "best models," wrote well and naturally from the first. Had he been unfortunate enough to have had an educated taste, we should have had a series of poems from which, as from his letters, we could sift here and there a kernel from the mass of chaff. Coleridge's youthful efforts give no promise whatever of that poetical genius which produced at once the wildest, tenderest, most original and most purely imaginative poems of modern times. Byron's "Hours of Idleness" would never find a reader except from an intrepid and indefatigable curiosity. In Wordsworth's first preludings there is but a dim foreboding of the creator of an era. From Southey's early poems, a safer augury might have been drawn. They show the patient investigator, the close student of history, and the unwearied explorer of the beauties of predecessors, but they give no assurance of a man who should add aught to stock of household words, or to the rarer and more sacred delights of the fire-side or the arbor. The earliest specimens of Shelley's poetic mind already, also, give tokens of that ethereal sublimation in which the spirit seems to soar above the region of words, but leaves its body, the verse, to be entombed, without hope of resurrection, in a mass of them. Cowley is generally instanced as a wonder of precocity. But his early insipidities show only a capacity for rhyming and for the metrical arrangement of certain conventional combinations of words, a capacity wholly dependent on a delicate physical organization, and an unhappy memory. An early poem is only remarkable when it displays an effort of *reason*, and the rarest verses in which we can trace some conception of the ends of poetry, are worth all the miracles of smooth juvenile versification. A school-boy, one would say, might acquire the regular see-saw of Pope merely by an association with the motion of the play-ground tilt.

Mr. Poe's early productions show that he could see through the verse to the spirit beneath, and that he already had a feeling that all the life and grace of the one must depend on and be modulated by the will of

the other. We call them the most remarkable boyish poems that we have ever read. We know of none that can compare with them for maturity of purpose, and a nice understanding of the effects of language and metre. Such pieces are only valuable when they display what we can only express by the contradictory phrase of *innate experience*. We copy one of the shorter poems written when the author was only *fourteen*! There is a little dimness in the filing up, but the grace and symmetry of the outline are such as few poets ever attain. There is a smack of ambrosia about it.

## TO HEBEON.

Held! thy beauty is mine  
Take those Nemean locks of yore,  
That gentry, of a perished set,  
The weedy, way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.  
  
On desperate seas long went to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.  
  
Lo! in you brilliant wind-wishe  
How strange-like I see thee stand!  
The agate lamp within thy hand,  
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

It is the *tendency* of the young poet that impresses us. Here is no "withering scorn," no heart "blighted" ere it has safely got into its teens, none of the drawing-room sauculotism which Byron had brought into vogue. All is limpid and serene, with a pleasant dash of the Greek Hebeon in it. The melody of the whole, too, is remarkable. It is not of that kind which can be demonstrated arithmetically upon the tips of the fingers. It is of that finer sort which the inner ear alone can estimate. It seems simple, like a Greek column, because of its perfection. In a poem named "Ligeia," under which title he intended to personify the music of nature, our boy-poet gives us the following exquisite picture:

Ligeia! Ligeia!  
My beautiful one,  
Whose hairiest tress  
Wilt to melody run,  
Say, is it thy will  
On the waves to toss,  
Or, raptuously still,  
Like the bow of a straggler,  
Innocent on night,  
As she on the air,  
To keep watch with delight  
On the harmony there!

John Neal, himself a man of genius, and whose lyre has been too long enviously silent, appreciated the high merit of these and similar passages, and drew a proud horseshoe for their author. The extracts which we shall presently make from Mr. Poe's later poems, fully justify his predictions.

Mr. Poe has that indescribable something which men have agreed to call *genius*. No man could ever tell us precisely what it is, and yet there is none who is not inevitably aware of its presence and its power. Let talent writhe and contort itself as it may, it has no such magnetism. Lauzer of houe and sinew it may be, but the wings are wanting. Talent sticks fast to earth, and its most perfect works have stul one

foot of clay. Genius claims kindred with the very workings of Nature herself, so that a sunset shall seem like a quotation from Dante or Milton, and if Shakspeare be read in the very presence of the sea itself, his verses shall but seem nobler for the sublime criticism of ocean. Talent may make friends for itself, but only genius can give to its creations the divine power of winning love and veneration. Enthusiasm cannot cling to what itself is unenthusiastic, nor will he ever have disciples who has not himself impulsive zeal enough to be a disciple. Great wits are allied to madness only inasmuch as they are possessed and carried away by their demon, while talent keeps him, as Paracelsus did, securely prisoned in the pannel of its sword. To the eye of genius, the veil of the spiritual world is ever rent asunder, that it may perceive the ministers of good and evil who throng continually around it. No man of mere talent ever flung his inkstand at the devil.

When we say that Mr. Poe has genius, we do not mean to say that he has produced evidence of the highest. But to say that he possesses it at all is to say that he needs only zeal, industry, and a reverence for the trust reposed in him, to achieve the proudest triumphs and the greenest laurels. If we may believe the Longinus and Aristotles of our newspapers, we have quite too many geniuses of the loftiest order to render a place among them at all desirable, whether for its hardness of attainment or its seclusion. The highest peak of our Parnassus is, according to these gentlemen, by far the most thickly settled portion of the country, a circumstance which must make it an *uncongenial* residence for individuals of a poetical temperament, if love of solitude be, as immemorial tradition asserts, a necessary part of their idiosyncrasy. There is scarce a gentleman or lady of respectable moral character to whom these liberal dispensers of the laurel have not given a ticket to that once sacred privacy, where they may allow Shakspeare and Milton at leisure. A transient visitor, such as a critic must necessarily be, sees these legitimate proprietors in common, parading their sacred enclosure as thick and buzzing as flies, each with "Entered according to act of Congress" labeled securely to his back. Formerly one Phœbus, a foreigner, we believe, had the monopoly of transporting all passengers thither, a service for which he provided no other conveyance than a vicious horse, named Pegasus, who could, of course, carry but one at a time, and even that but seldom, his back being a ticklish seat, and one fall proving generally enough to damp the ardor of the most zealous aspirant. The charges, however, were moderate, as the poet's pocket formerly occupied that position in regard to the rest of his outfit which is now more usually conceded to his head. But we must return from our little historical digression.

Mr. Poe has two of the prime qualities of genius, a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination. The first of these faculties is as needful to the artist in words, as a knowledge of anatomy is to the artist in colors or in stone. This enables him to conceive truly, to maintain a proper relation of parts, and to draw a correct outline,

while the second group fills up, and colors. Both of these Mr. Poe has displayed with singular distinctness in his prose works, the last predominating in his earlier tales, and the first in his later ones. In judging of the merit of an author, and assigning him his niche among our household gods, we have a right to regard him from our own point of view, and to measure him by our own standard. But, in estimating his works, we must be governed by his own design, and, placing them by the side of his own ideal, find how much is wanting. We differ with Mr. Poe in his opinions of the objects of art. He esteems that object to be the creation of Beauty,\* and perhaps it is only in the definition of that word that we disagree with him. But in what we shall say of his writings we shall take his own standard as our guide. The temple of the god of song is equally accessible from every side, and there is room enough in it for all who bring offerings, or seek an oracle.

In his tales, Mr. Poe has chosen to exhibit his power chiefly in that dim region which stretches from the very utmost limits of the probable into the weird confines of superstition and unreality. He combines in a very remarkable manner two faculties which are seldom found united; a power of influencing the mind of the reader by the impalpable shadows of mystery, and a minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or a button unnoticed. Both are, in truth, the natural results of the predominating quality of his mind, to which we have before alluded, analysis. It is this which distinguishes the artist. His mind at once reaches forward to the effect to be produced. Having resolved to bring about certain emotions in the reader, he makes all subordinate parts tend strictly to the common centre. Even his mystery is mathematical to his own mind. To him  $x$  is a known quantity all along. In any picture that he paints, he understands the chemical properties of all his colors. However vague some of his figures may seem, however formless the shadows, to him the outline is as clear and distinct as that of a geometrical diagram. For this reason Mr. Poe has no sympathy with *Mysticism*. The Mystic dwells in the mystery, is enveloped with it; it colors all his thoughts; it effects his optic nerve especially, and the commonest things get a rainbow edging from it. Mr. Poe, on the other hand, is a spectator *ab extrâ*. He analyzes, he dissects, he watches

—“with an eye serene,  
The very pulse of the machine,”

for such it practically is to him, with wheels and cogs and piston-rods all working to produce a certain end. It is this that makes him so good a critic. Nothing baffles him, or throws him off the scent, *except now and then a prejudice*.

This analyzing tendency of his mind balances the poetical, and, by giving him the patience to be minute, enables him to throw a wonderful reality into his most unreal fancies. A monomaniac he paints with great power. He loves to dissect these cankers of the mind, and to trace all the subtle ramifications of its roots.

\* Mr. P.'s proposition is here perhaps somewhat too generally stated.—*Ed. Mag.*

In raising images of horror, also, he has a strange success; conveying to us sometimes by a dusky hint some terrible *doubt* which is the secret of all horror. He leaves to imagination the task of finishing the picture, a task to which only she is competent.

“For much imaginary work was there;  
Concern decentful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spent  
Grasp'd in an armed hand; himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.”

We have hitherto spoken chiefly of Mr. Poe's collected tales, as by them he is more widely known than by those published since in various magazines, and which we hope soon to see collected. In these he has more strikingly displayed his analytic propensity.\*

Beside the merit of conception, Mr. Poe's writings have also that of form. His style is highly finished, graceful and truly classical. It would be hard to find a living author who had displayed such varied powers. As an example of his style we would refer to one of his tales, “The House of Usher,” in the first volume of his “Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.” It has a singular charm for us, and we think that no one could read it without being strongly moved by its serene and sombre beauty. Had its author written nothing else it would alone have been enough to stamp him as a man of genius, and the master of a classic style. In this tale occurs one of the most beautiful of his poems. It loses greatly by being taken out of its rich and appropriate setting, but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying it here. We know no modern poet who might not have been justly proud of it.

#### THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—rear'd its head  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric halt so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time, long ago.)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,

\* Since the publication of the “Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque,” Mr. P. has written, for this and other journals, the following *pieces*, independently of essays, criticisms, &c.: “The Mystery of Marie Rogêt,” “Never Get Your Head,” “A Tale of the Ragged Mountains,” “The Masque of the Red Death,” “The Colloquy of Monos and Uni,” “The Landscape Garden,” “The Pit and the Pendulum,” “The Tell-Tale Heart,” “The Black Cat,” “The Man of the Crowd,” “The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether,” “The Spectacles,” “The Elk,” “The Business Man,” “The Premature Burial,” “The Oblong Box,” “The Art of Man-Lessing,” “Three Sundays in a Week,” “The Island of the Fay,” “Life in Death,” “The Angel of the Odd,” “The Latent Love of Eungani-Bob,” “The Decent into the Marble,” “The 10000 Tale of Shoberbrazole,” “Masonic Revolution,” “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” “The Purloined Letter,” and “The Gold-Bug.” He is also the author of the late *Baltimore-Hero*. The “Grotesque and Arabesque” included, 25 tales.

Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogonic)  
In state his glory we'll besiting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glancing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assail'd the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blush'd and bloom'd,  
Is but a dim remember'd story  
Of the old time entomb'd.

And travellers, none, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Just forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant air,  
White, like a ghostly rapid river,  
Through the pale door,  
A hurly throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

Was ever the wreck and desolation of a noble mind  
so musically sung?

A writer in the London Foreign Quarterly Review, who did some faint justice to Mr. Poe's poetical abilities, speaks of his resemblance to Tennyson. The resemblance, if there be any, is only in so sensitive an ear to melody as leads him sometimes into quaintness, and the germ of which may be traced in his earliest poems, published several years before the first of Tennyson's appeared.

We copy one more of Mr. Poe's poems, whose effect cannot fail of being universally appreciated.

## LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bow!—the spirit flown forever!  
Let the bell toll!—a funeral dirge on the Stygian river,  
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep now or  
never more!  
See, on yon dural and rigid bier, low lies thy love, Lenore:  
Ah, let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung—  
An anthem for the queenest dead that ever died so young—  
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young!  
"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her  
for her pride,  
And, when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that  
she died.  
How shall the ritual then be read?—the requiem how be  
sung  
By you—by yours the evil eye—by yours the slanderous  
tongue,

That did to death the innocence that died and died so  
young!"

*Percutimus*; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song  
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.  
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope that  
flew beside,  
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been  
thy bride—  
For her the fair and *debonair* that now so lovely lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her  
eyes.

"Avaunt!—to night my heart is light; no dirge will  
upraise,  
But wait the angel on her flight with a psalm of old days!  
Let no bell toll!—let her sweet soul, amid its hallowed  
birth,  
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damned  
earth.  
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost  
is risen—  
From hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—  
From mean and grove to a golden throne beside the King  
of Heaven."

How exquisite, too, is the rhythm!

Beside his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," and some works unacknowledged, Mr. Poe is the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance, in two volumes, which has run through many editions in London; of a system of Conchology, of a digest and translation of Lemmonier's Natural History, and has contributed to several reviews in France, in England, and in this country. He edited the Southern Literary Messenger during its novitiate, and by his own contributions gained it most of its success and reputation. He was also, for some time, the editor of this magazine, and our readers will bear testimony to his ability in that capacity.

Mr. Poe is still in the prime of life, being about thirty-two years of age, and has probably as yet given but an earnest of his powers. As a critic, he has shown so superior an ability that we cannot but hope that he will collect his essays of this kind and give them a more durable form. They would be a very valuable contribution to our literature, and would fully justify all we have said in his praise. We could refer to many others of his poems than those we have quoted, to prove that he is the possessor of a pure and original vein. His tales and essays have equally shown him a master in prose. It is not for us to assign him his definite rank among cotemporary authors, but we may be allowed to say that we know of none who has displayed more varied and striking abilities.

## TO LESBIA.

Why seem the stars to shine more bright,  
The stream to sing a sweeter song  
Thro' the charmed silence of the night,  
As we together walk along?

Oh! could I in those blushes see  
That thou could'st read the reason well,  
That in thy presence here, to me  
Lies the sweet secret of the spell?

I never saw thy radiant face  
Before this world-concentrating hour;  
But oft in dreams I've felt its grace,  
And worship'd its inspiring power.

Thou'rt like the dew-drop from above,  
Unseen descending through the night,  
Till on some flower that angels love,  
Thou shin'st in pure and perfect light.

Why should the stars not brighter seem  
When gazing on thy kindred face,  
And sweeter sing the raptur'd stream  
Running near thee its shining race?

And thus if stars and streams can feel  
Thy presence, as it seems to be,  
Strange had my living love less zeal  
Thus clasping and beholding thee.

ALPDA.

# FLORENCE ERRINGTON.

## "AN O'ER TRUE TALE."

BY FRANCIS A. OSGOOD.

"He entertained an angel unaware."

"A story for Graham! Oh, Caroline! you dark-eyed rogue! you little Oriental beauty, 'with sleep in your eye and passion in your heart!' Oh, Anna! with your Siddons lip and glance of fire! do something ridiculous, or pathetic, or sublime, and furnish me material for a story! You are either of you quite pretty enough to follow the whispers of your own sweet will. Do take compassion on a poor storyless author, and give the reins to whim and wonder forthwith!"

Upon this hint, Anna dons at once a boy's cap and cloak, in which she looks bewitchingly beautiful, springs into the street, and shouts at the very top of her rich, musical voice, just as the torch-light democratic procession turn the corner—"Hurrah for Harry Clay!" Three or four indignant torches, with boys attached, sprang after her, but she reached the shelter of the house in safety, and reappeared at the window, beaming with smiles, and looking as innocent and unconscious as if she had never seen a cap or a cloak in her life.

"But, Anna, that wont make a story!"

"Listen to me, Fanny," said a friend, who had overheard my first pathetic adjuration—"I cannot do a story; but I will tell you one. So just take your pet seat on this tabouret at my feet, and look right up in my eyes, and leave off turning that restless little head about in every direction, to see what other people are doing, and for once listen quietly and patiently without interrupting me; and pray don't, as you usually do, burst into tears when I expect you to smile, or laugh, and set every one else laughing, just when I think I have touched that fickle, 'will-o'-the-wisp' heart of yours, that never knows what to do with itself. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, darling, I do—and I will be good!"

"Well then—I begin!"

The first time I saw little Florence Fearing she presented as lovely a picture as the imagination of painter or poet ever conceived. She was leaning over the vine-covered balustrade of a balcony, resting one hand upon it, holding a pipe, and with the other shading from the sun her large, light gray eyes, in order to gaze after a brilliant bubble which she had just set floating overhead. She was the most delicate, ethereal-looking creature I ever saw. The bubble itself seemed hardly more frail or more beautiful. The inmost leaf of a white Provence Rose has sometimes the faint, soft coloring that warmed her delicate

cheek; but her lips were red as the wild wood-berry, and her fair hair, of the very palest golden hue, fell round her snowy shoulders like a veil woven of the starlight. So light, so pure, so airily graceful did she look, that I almost trembled lest she should suddenly spread a pair of hitherto invisible wings and vanish from my gaze.

But the bubble burst, and little Florence started and let fall the pipe; it lay shivered at her feet, and the child flew, in tears, to confide her first grief to her mother.

Alas, Florence! many a radiant hope, in after life, sent from thy heart into the sunny world—beautiful and frail as that soaring "circlet of light"—was destined like that to die!

She grew up lovely, loving and beloved; but still so tender and so delicate, that all who saw her trembled. At the age of seventeen she was wedded to the man of her choice. Henry Errington was young, handsome, intellectual and affectionate, although too much a man of the world to be a suitable husband for her. He regarded his wife with fondness and admiration; but she was far too pure, too aerial, too finely organized for his rougher and warmer temperament. He did not understand her. He did not know what to make of the exquisite fragility, the timid sensitiveness of the creature confided to his keeping; he had wooed and won and wedded the first being that caught his fancy, and now that the plaything was all his own, he could not tell what to do with it. If he had caught a Peri and caged her he could hardly have been more at a loss. Every flutter of her spirit's wings frightened him, as that of the Peri's would. He could learn in time, by constant study, how to feed and clothe his dainty captive sprite; but there were "immortal yearnings," to which he could never minister.

If his manly voice took unconsciously a colder or more careless tone, those great gray eyes would be raised pleadingly, imploringly to his, slowly filling with "unbidden tears." If he breathed a word of praise, a quick, vivid blush would burn and fade in her pure cheek so suddenly that it startled him. If he frowned, the graceful lip would quiver, and the soft eyes close, as if to shut out some terrible and overwhelming spectacle.

At last he wearied of being kept so constantly on the "qui vive." He tried to persuade himself that his lovely, innocent and affectionate wife was a very unreasonable person, a petted and spoiled child, whom

he ought, for her own sake, to discipline a little. And so, gradually, he became careless, and frequented his club, and grew fond of gay parties, and wilfully blinded himself to the fact, that his Peri was perishing of cold, and starving for want of food, or, in other words, that his wife's heart needed sustenance and attention and care, quite as much as her physical frame. If "the winds of Heaven should not visit" the latter "too roughly," neither should the chilling blasts of neglect or unkindness from her other heaven, himself, be suffered to fall upon the former. But men forget that hearts can break, and that Peris were meant to fly.\*

In the gay world he met one night a brilliant and impassioned creature, to whom he was, at her own request, introduced. Henrietta Harley had been in early life a warm-hearted, generous and guileless girl; but, disappointed in her dearest hopes, she had become almost reckless of her future fate. She was now, at twenty-five, a gay, witty, capricious and captivating woman, who seemed to have but one object in life—excitement for her restless mind—and that she was determined to obtain at any cost.

Henry Errington was just in the mood to be caught by this contrast to his trouble at home, and he was soon a willing victim to the beautiful and gifted coquette.

The slighted wife caught now and then an echo of the rumors which were circulated concerning them; but she resolutely shut her senses, her heart to the fact, and would not doubt. What could doubt have been but death to one so constituted?

One day an anonymous letter was put into her hand, by a person who hinted that it enclosed one from her husband to the lady in question. With a flash in her eye, unwonted there, and a curve of disdain on her beautiful lip, she tore the packet, sealed as it was, into atoms, and flung them from the window where she stood.

But the poor child was destined, in spite of herself, to know all that she dreaded but to dream.

At a birthday *fête* given at the country-seat of one of their friends, Florence was wandering alone through the grounds, when she suddenly heard the voice of her husband in a shaded walk close by. "My own beautiful Henrietta!" it passionately began. Florence would not for worlds have heard another syllable. She glided swiftly away by the nearest path, and locking herself into her chamber, gave way to a wild and long-suppressed burst of feeling, so violent that her frail frame shook beneath it, like a flower in an autumn storm.

She never betrayed, by word or sign, the cause of the intense suffering which from that hour was visible in every look. It was only by her private journal that the terrible secret was long afterward revealed. But, day after day, the faint color paled in her youthful cheek—day by day, the spiritual eyes grew more spiritual, and the slight form wore away. Yet she was still exquisitely fair and graceful, and her husband, proud of the wonderful and unearthly loveliness, which attracted all eyes, and thinking that she needed excitement, urged her into society, for which she was little fitted to exert herself.

Ignorant that she was aware of his heart's transient infidelity, he did not think it necessary or beneficial to tell her that he had broken with the brilliant and dangerous woman who had so lightly lured him from his allegiance; but he was now devoted to his evidently suffering wife. The sight of that patient suffering, by touching his pity, had re-awakened his love, and he watched over her as fondly, as tenderly as a mother over her first-born babe.

But the shaft had flown and could not be recalled; the heart was breaking silently, yet surely, and the pure spirit within was already pluming its wings for a flight through eternity.

One night, reluctantly yielding to his wish, which she never dreamed of disputing, she had consented to take part in some tableaux, which were to be represented at their own house. Florence had all day a presentiment that some awful event was about to happen, and as evening approached, she grew more and more timid and nervous, and would have given worlds to have lain her weary head on her husband's bosom in peace and quiet—to have told him once more how fondly, how dearly she loved him—to have thanked him for his tender care, and slept or died, she scarce cared which; but she had not strength to reason with him upon her fears, and so she allowed herself to be dressed, like a victim, for the sacrifice.

She was to appear in the last tableau as the Peri at the gate of Paradise, and in the one immediately preceding, Henrietta Harley was to personate Cleopatra at her toilet, attired by Charmion and Iris.

A brilliant and fashionable circle, of which I was one, had assembled to witness the tableaux, and all had now been represented but the two last.

The curtain suddenly rising revealed the gorgeous chamber of the Egyptian queen, and gloriously did the graceful Henrietta personate the character.

Arrayed in a rich dress, she lay luxuriously pillowed on a splendid couch, with her rich black hair unbound, and partly gathered in the hands of a dark but beautiful girl, who was braiding it with jewels, while another knelt by the couch and tied the sandal on a foot of exquisite proportions. Magnificent drapery, flowers and gems were lavished in rich profusion around, and the whole scene was replete of beauty, grace and splendor.

"The rare Egyptian" lay in attitude of charming languor. Her dark, eloquent eyes, where love seemed to be dreaming, were half closed. Her full, crimson lips were parted slightly, and her clear brown cheek, "most passionately pale," was pillowed on an arm round and graceful as that of Juno. But the lightly veiled bosom was seen to heave, and, as the first symptom of restlessness, on the part of the performer, had been agreed upon as the signal for dropping the curtain, the radiant vision vanished from our view.

Again the curtain rose. The whole stage was in profound darkness, except just in the centre, where a flood of rosy light from some invisible source illumined a shape, that I held my breath to see. Attired in a transparent, flowing robe, with drooping wings and hands clasped languidly before her, while her fair

shining hair fell waiving to her waist—the graceful Peri leaned against what seemed to be a cloud, bending her head and listening with her large lustrous eyes upturned as if in wondering rapture, while a strain of low, delicious melody rose softly on the air and died away, and came again and went, till our very souls came and went with it almost! Never to my dying day shall I forget that thrilling moment! You could have heard your heart beat, so profound, so wrapt was the stillness that prevailed. But at last delight and wonder changed to awe, so motionless, so statue-like she seemed! Not a breath—not a sigh. It was too perfect! almost painfully so. We longed to speak and bid her move! No!—still the vision remained, without the slightest perceptible change.

Bathed in that pale, rosy light, soft, radiant, aerial as a dream of heaven, there was a superhuman loveliness in the picture which might well make us tremble. Suddenly, with a sharp, agonized cry, her husband sprang from his seat and rushed toward her. The terrible truth flashed at once upon us all. She was dead! Life had left her even as she stood “the observed of all observers!” Her husband took the inanimate form in his arms, staggering beneath its light weight, in the encompassing anguish of the blow. The curtain fell, and we saw her no more till we saw her in her shroud.

Dear, lovely Florence Errington! Thou wert admitted sooner than they dreamed “beyond the gate” where thou hadst stood “disconsolate!”

## A REQUIEM FOR THE OLD YEAR.

BY T. B. READ.

Oh, 'tis a very mournful thing,  
And checks the maddest mirth,  
To see the Old Year suddenly  
Go tottering from our hearth.

The good Old Year, the fond Old Year,  
That dwelt with us so long,  
That, like a grandfere, heard each eve  
The story and the song.

We loved him when he came to us  
A wild and wayward thing;  
And when with a few violets  
He talked to us of spring:

And when the summer o'er his form  
Her lovely flowers shed,  
And when with gorgeous autumn he  
Was richly garlanded:

And when the Indian summer round  
Her silvery mantle cast,  
To gladden the few pale withering flowers  
From chill November's blast.

But now December's latest hour  
Is raging as with fire;

In silent sorrow gather we  
Still closer round the fire.

The poor Old Year, with streaming beard,  
Is on the midnight wold,  
A winnow-sheet of snow and sleet  
His trembling limbs enfold.

A few pale straws of wheat and rye  
Are tangled in his hair,  
And with his thin gray locks float out  
All wildly on the air.

But soon, too soon, his streaming hair  
In heavy sleet is drest;  
And soon, too soon, his silver beard  
Is frozen to his breast.

The dear Old Year, the fond Old Year,  
He stands with drooping head,  
And we must deeply mourn—alas!  
The poor Old Year is dead!

Say, when we bow our heads in death,  
Our year of years gone by,  
Ah! who shall stand with swelling hearts  
And weep to see us die?

## THOU HAST LEFT ME ALONE.

BY E. C. CHURCH.

Glad faces are smiling around me,  
And many that love me are near;  
The beautiful flowers I have cherished,  
Are budding and blossoming here;  
The voice of the silver-tongued streamlet  
I love—and the exquisite tone  
Of the singing-bird's blithesome as ever;  
But I'm sad for thou hast left me alone.

There's joy in the rosy-lipped morning,  
And joy on the brow of the night;  
There's joy in the eye of the floweret,  
And joy in each quiver of light;  
Joy! joy! is the language of Nature—  
I list to its exquisite tone,  
And then answer back, "I'm awfully;  
Oh, I'm sad! thou hast left me alone."

Illustration of a Native American on horseback, holding a bow and arrow, with another figure in the background.







## THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

(WITH AN ELEGANT STEEL ENGRAVING.)

STRANGE that powerful states should sometimes direct all their mighty engines against a simple individual, whose weakness should be a protection! Strange that civilized men raise a Juggernaut to crush a butterfly! Strange that the shrinking wild-flower of its own native green-wood, the timid bud unfolding by the hearth-stone of an American savage, striking its roots down into his strong heart, and caring for no other soil, could not escape the calculating eye of a great and a refined nation! Thurensera, the beautiful Day-Dawn, the daughter of the noblest sachem among all the Iroquois, the proud, peerless princess of the wilderness, whom the chivalry of the United Nations delighted to honor, to be duped at last! Ah! such is the fate of beauty and royalty; and the Indian maiden was far from being an isolated victim. In the glittering suite of Queen Anne, in the luxurious palaces of Louis, in the courts of Spain and Italy, and among the republican aristocracy of Germany, wherever power dwelt, wherever a field for intrigue existed, hardened men, and maybe hardened women too, were making warbling beads the stepping-stones to their projects.

It was the influence of Col. Schuyler alone that bound the Five Nations to the English colonies, at a time when her majesty's dominions on this side the water owed their entire safety to these powerful allies. It therefore became a serious study with the French how to counteract this influence, and no means were left unemployed. Agents, undermining and entrapping, were sent out in every direction; and while they were mostly regarded as "birds that sing falsely," sometimes they met with a transient success that encouraged renewed effort. The consideration which Father Le Moyne gained among the Onondagas is matter of history; but Jesuitism was not the only lever which it was thought proper to place beneath the integrity of the Iroquois. Avarice, ambition, love—all the human passions which become such powerful weapons in the hands of the diplomatic counter—were here employed, and if less successfully the fault was to be attributed to the unpliant material, rather than to the crafty and zealous workmen.

Rumors of the wonderful beauty of Thurensera (the only child of an influential sachem, who had accompanied Col. Schuyler to England, and returned drunk with the splendor he had witnessed,) had reached the French Provinces; and it had also been told that the child grew so closely to her father's heart as to close up every other avenue. Thurensera, too, loved the English; for the immaculate "Gander" was her sponsor; and the ladies of the English court had

not forgotten the beautiful Indian princess in the presents with which they had loaded the chieftains on their return. It was therefore no slight undertaking to attempt to bind the forest-brave by a chain that was to reach through his child's heart, when that child was already prepossessed in favor of another nation and another people. But magnificent promises were made to him who should accomplish the project, which, together with hints concerning the power of the Pope over matrimonial shackles, induced a disolute young nobleman, in want of means to repair his shattered fortune, to set out upon the expedition. Du Velle was no indifferent Lothario; even among the fair dames of civilized Europe he had been flattered and caressed; and, as he had once had just enough of honor to learn its language, and was now too entirely divested of it to be troubled with any useless scrupulosities, the young Day-Dawn could scarce have had a more dangerous wooer. He met her first in her native woods, and laid his tribute of game at her feet. Again he saw her, and, notwithstanding her business, he managed to stay beside her long enough to weave a wreath of wild-flowers, though he was not allowed to place it on her head. But the wily Frenchman lingered in a neighboring copse to see it adjusted among her black braids by her own hands, and to see with what an air of untaught coquetry she turned from the mirror of the river, and tripped away like a glad bird to her own thicket. At a third meeting he had a hauble for her arm more beautiful than any she possessed; and when he saw her hide it carefully beneath a strip of wampum his eyes sparkled, for he knew by this that his safety was cared for, and, better still, that the Indian maiden had a secret from her father and the paternal Hollander. And now the young Frenchman sped rapidly in his wooing. They had but few words in common, but they conversed by more dangerous signals. When in a humor particularly idle, the Frank would sit for hours upon the grass, giving a subtle language to every flower, and a peculiar hidden meaning to each bird-note, and talking of the mysterious intercommunication of the spirit of the breeze with the spirit of the woodland, and the strange influence of these subtle essences over the thoughts of men, while the large astonished eyes of the maiden were now raised to his in earnest heedfulness, and now drooped confusedly beneath a meaning glance which gave the love she was drinking in a personal application.

The Day-Dawn had but one confidante, (a young girl that was with her when she first met Du Velle,) and this was worse than none, for Eriel was a ro-

manner of the wildest order. She not only encouraged the sachem's daughter in her first deception, but devoted her little ingenious head to promoting in every way what she considered an amusing adventure which promised to end in nothing more unpleasant than a wedding. No time passed on. Du Valle had now but little doubt of success, for he had felt, as far as he was capable of feeling any thing, the fascinating influence of the stoic-eyed maiden, and he believed that the hatred of the old warrior for his nation must yield to her soft subdued pleadings.

The moon had risen and was silencing the crowns of the old trees that had waved for centuries within sound of the Hudson's murmur, and bathing the banks, and casting upon the river points of light that danced on the crisp waves like watery spirits come out for a summer night's revel. The wild duck had nestled down among the sedges, with its head behind its wing; the partridge had ceased its drumming in the wood, and gone to its nest in quiet; the songsters of the day were hushed, and the woodman's axe and the huntsman's rifle no longer challenged the echoes with their sharp, shrill voices. The sturgeon now and then leaped up at the shivered tip of a moon-ray, dropping back large silver beads upon the wave, and the owl hooted triumphantly from the distant battlement of his own oaken castle, as if in proud consciousness of the dignity of this reigning solitary sovereign of the night. There was a step within the shadow of the woodland—a light, hurried step like the bounding of a fawn, venturing timidly from its covert, and a scarce perceptible stirring of odorous bushes a faint rustle there, ceased at its own self, died instantly away. And then a slender creature, airy, and graceful as a young antelope, sprang out into the moonlight and stood lightly poised with one foot advanced, resting on its tip, head bent forward, and lips parted in eager breathlessness. Her right arm, gleaming with jewels, lay across her breast, half buried in the folds of a crimson mantle fringed with silver, while the left was raised, the fore-finger slightly curved, and the others nestled in the yielding palm. In her dilated eye there was a strong liquid light, and on her cheek a rich heart-wrought coloring unmistakable by the most casual observer. There she stood in her glorious beauty—fiat forest queen—her very heart hushed, if perchance her quick ear might catch the dip of the traitorous Frenchman's ear. It came not, and the maiden still extended her slight swan-like neck, and still peered eagerly up the river, to where an abrupt break in the moonlight, cast all the west in shadow. Suddenly her intimated ear seemed to have caught a sound, for her eye flashed joyously, and her parted lips were wreathed in smiles. Then dropping on one knee, she bent her ear to the ground, until the small ruby-tipped arrow that confined her glossy braids, was jeweled over with dew-drops. This was enough. He was coming—and, springing to her feet with a smothered exclamation of delight, the Indian maiden clapped her hands joyously, and darted back to her covert. In a moment, however, she returned, and, kneeling by the river's brink, gazed down into the liquid mirror, and smiled and nodded

gaily to the beautiful vision that looked up and smiled and nodded back again, as though the shadowy thing could appreciate the tumult within, that was the keystone to all the movements of its earth-born twin. The plume that feathered her arrow had been bent, and her hand was now raised to straighten it—the heavy midnight bands binding her fine head, were smoothed and carefully adjusted, and she opened and half-closed her eyes, again and again, and smiled to mark how lovely they were with the lids drooping over them, as she knew the intensity of his gaze always made it droop, when her white lover was near. Then her hand was passed over her full round arm, retouching the curve of the beaded wrist with true girlish vanity, and her small moccasined foot was thrust for a moment from beneath the silver fringe, while she clasped the bracelet more firmly on the taper ankle—her attention all the while divided between herself and a dark speck that seemed suspended just above the water at a distance. It drew nearer, and Thurensara, casting a parting glance upon her rustic mirror, hastily retired, as though too proud to be found waiting. At length the light canoe leaped upon the sand, and its occupant, springing upon the moonlit bank, proceeded leisurely to tie it to a tree, looking about him as he did so, as though disappointed at not seeing her he sought.

"If she should play me false after all this trouble," he muttered, "by all the powers of hell!"

He started. "Ha! my pretty doe, art here?" and, flinging his mantle and chapeau into a clump of bushes, he led the half-timid, half-delighted girl to a seat on the smoothly mossy bank which she had but a moment before occupied. Long and low was the conference, relating evidently to the old chief's prejudices, and the best mode of eradicating them. Sometimes, at an unguarded word from the young Frank, the bosom of the Indian girl would swell, and her eyes brim over; but he had the power of soothing instantaneously; and before a tear had time to drop, it was stayed by the smile that came to thank his slightest attention. An hour went by, and the shadows were deepened on the bank, and the moon had passed behind a cluster of clouds, leaving the river in entire darkness. Two or three times Thurensara had bent her ear to the ground, when of a sudden she started to her feet, her hands clenched, and her large eyes gleaming with intense fear. Before she had time to shape her apprehensions into words, there was a quick crackling in the brittle underbrush, and Eitel sprang upon the bank, every limb quivering and terror depicted on every feature.

"Fly! fly! The Rose has been a snake in the lodge of the Day-Dawn. Her tongue was stolen away while she slept, and a cloud of warriors are seeking for the blue-eyed rockluck of the north."

"Fly! fly!" repeated Thurensara, as the poor girl darted away in an opposite direction, "it is night upon the water, for the Great Spirit has spread his wing before the moon."

For the first time probably since boyhood, a generous sentiment found its way into the heart of Du Valle, and he lingered, even after the trembling

fingers of the girl had untied the cord that fastened his canoe.

"Nay, take the paddle thyself, my pretty doe; keep close to the bank, and I will plunge into the forest, double on our pursuers, and meet thee above. Go! go!" and he attempted to lift her into the canoe. But Thurens-ora shook his hand from her shoulder and drew back impatiently. The light tread upon the ground, and the rustling of leaves above, convinced her that their pursuers were close upon them; and, assuring him by a single word of her safety, she pointed at the canoe and leaped into the thicket, just as an arrow whizzed through the air and spent itself upon the water. Another, and another, followed; but the maiden caught a glimpse of the little canoe gliding close to the bank, under the shadow of the trees, and she knew that her lover was yet undiscovered. For a moment now the party paused and held a hasty consultation. It was believed that the Frenchman had escaped; and if they at once proceeded up the river they might intercept him. As

the maiden comprehended their intention, a cry of horror burst from her lips; and before one could interpret its meaning, or discover its source, her resolution was taken. Wrapping the mantle of her lover, which yet lay in the thicket, about her, and placing the chapeau upon her head, she stepped out from her concealment, and stood close upon the verge of the river, the mark for a dozen arrows. Instantly every bow was bent, a shaft from every string went quivering through the air; and the chieftain's daughter sank beneath the waters of the Hudson—not forever. In the morning a lifeless body was found drifted upon the sand, with the cloak of the Frenchman still about it, pinned by an arrow to the heart. By personating her lover the generous girl had prevented a pursuit which must have proved fatal; but in her sacrifice she wrecked another. The brave old sachem never again looked up as he had been wont to look; and ere nine moons had waned they scathed him in his grave, and slew beside it the steed that was to bear him to the spirit-land.

## LAYS OF TRAVEL.

### NO. I.—NIGHT ON THE DEEP.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

**TWILIGHT** upon the ocean slow descending,  
Hides, like a veil, the sunset's crimson dye,  
Dark, sombre hues are with its glory blending,  
And now a star stands herald in the sky!  
Like a swift shade the night wind hurries by,  
And bears our proud ship toward the deepening gloom;  
Afar is heard the solitary cry  
Of a lone petrel, and the nearer boom  
Of the cleft wave, speaks with the thunder-voice of doom.

But gathering fast, dark clouds are onward speeding,  
And glows no beacon where the west-star shone—  
Whose eloquent beam, our longing spirits heeding,  
Swift as its light, sped o'er the deep alone,  
And heard, from loved lips, many a kindly tone.  
Now, reaching far across the firmament,  
Spreads, like a wing, the tempest's cloudy zone,  
And in the deep gloom to the stillness lent,  
The sea seems like a plain, where Night has fixed her tent.

But from the rolling waves, whose foamy dashing  
Leaps like a cascade from the vessel's side,  
Bursts forth a star-like glow, whose silver flushing  
Casts a pale radiance o'er the heaving tide.  
Afar, where'er a wave hath burst and died,  
There seems a meteor momentarily to blaze;  
As if the stars, which now the storm doth hide,  
Had given the deep the solace of their rays,  
That to the wondering eye the look of heaven displays.

And now our keel, the night-black water cleaving,  
Leaves far behind a path of glittering foam;  
So memory looks back to the land we're leaving,  
So casts my fond soul, wheresoe'er I roam,  
A line of light that links me to my home.

Thus, while I watch the vessel's hurrying track,  
Her broad wings spread within the dusky dome,  
The mind speeds onward through the cloudy rack,  
And o'er the wave returns, to home and kindred, back!

Oh! hour for high-toned thought and solemn musing!  
How throbs the heart with awe unfehl before,  
As out it travels o'er the ocean, losing  
Itself in its own greatness! To adore  
That which we feel around us, and implore  
A nobler power than has to us been given,  
Is aught our spirits feel—what could they more?  
We rise o'er all 'gainst which the soul has striven,  
Perchance in vain before, and feel the strength of Heaven!

The broad, unfathomed gloom, the billows breaking  
In light around, to make the scene more drear,  
And the low, mournful tone the wind is making,  
Sink on the mind till distant scenes seem near,  
And long departed forms before the eye appear,  
Stretching their shadowy arms above the sea,  
As feeling still the love they gave us here;  
While seems the soul, from mortal bond set free,  
To feel a purer bliss—to speak, lost friend, with thee!

An hour like this, when night is on the billow,  
Shall blend with memory for all a lifetime,  
And, till the head shall press its last cold pillow,  
Be the pure fount of many a thought sublime,  
And wake, perchance, the joy of boyhood's prime.  
Thoughts such as these, that are not born of earth,  
But breathed by beings from a brighter clime,  
Than all the sages' lore are far more worth,  
In telling of a higher home—a nobler spirit-birth!  
On the Atlantic, July 20, 1844.

## THE MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Arrayed in garniture of wo,  
With foot-steps feeble, sad and slow,  
About the streets the mourners go.

List to the low funereal bell,  
Muffled, and scarcely audible,  
It tolls, alas! a mother's knell.

Around the sable troop appear  
Tears upon manhood's face severe,  
And brows upkint with mental fear.

And there are low unbidden sighs  
From women, whose meek, drooping eyes  
Darken, as with a sad surmise.

Arrayed in garniture of wo,  
With foot-steps feeble, faltering, slow,  
Into the place of graves they go.

O'er dust they tread, with choking breath,  
Man's history writ their feet beneath,  
In but two chapters—**BIRTH** and **DEATH**.

Hearken! "This body we commit  
To dust, in perfect hope that it,  
The finite, shall be infinite."

Instate, all-devouring grave!  
Could not earth's strong affection save  
Her life, who life so lately gave?

Upon another breast must lie  
The babe, that only op'd its eye,  
To see death's shadow stalking by.

A stranger hand may on it tend,  
But oh! what heart can comprehend  
Its wants, as would its natural friend?

"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust!"—  
Grave, hold our treasure in thy trust  
Until the waking of the just!

Arrayed in garniture of wo,  
With foot-steps feeble, sad and slow,  
From out the Golgotha they go.

They pass the threshold which of yore  
She trod, who ne'er shall tread it more;  
And grief afresh unlocks its store.

The unpressed bed—the vacant chair—  
The picture on the wall is there;—  
The shade remains—the form is—where?

The little children grieve to see  
Their father's lonely misery,  
And crowd in wonder round his knee.

Enough—why further seek to show  
How grief's untailing fountains flow—  
And antedate, perchance, *our* wo.

## TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

BY MRS. JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

Bright river! thou hast waked already  
Sweeter strains than I can sing;  
Mine must be the simpler music  
Sad, but gentle memories bring.

Thou hast been to me, oh! river,  
Like a kind and tender friend,  
With thy flowing, pleasant voices  
From the past in beauty blend.

I have felt while gazing on thee  
Thoughts whose hopefulness is o'er,  
And one whose eye then looked upon thee  
I may meet on earth no more.

Silently I loved to trace thee  
In my life's sereneest days,  
Still I love thee, though I praise thee  
Far from where thy rippling plays.

Severed now, and far divided  
Are the friends that blest me then,

Like thy waves they onward glide  
Never to return again.

Blest would be the lot of many  
Could remembrance, like thy tide,  
In brightness throw the sunbeams back  
But bear no darker trace beside.

Could they retain no lasting token  
Of the cares that round them dwell;  
Could they lose the anguish spoken  
In that faltering word—farewell!

Nothing grievest thou, oh! river,  
As thou boundest to the sea,  
For the souls grown sad forever,  
That were once so glad with thee.

Thou wilt run thy race as gladly  
When the heart has ceased to be,  
That now, while looking back so sadly,  
Idly writes this rhyme to thee.





## MISS FOLLANSBE'S FIRST LOVE.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

You have seen Miss Follansbe, have you not? the elegant Miss Catharine Follansbe, of Peltonville. You must have met her at Saratoga, for she has been a star there during three seasons—not of the first magnitude, perhaps, though requiring but the reputation of being an heiress, and a little less personal dignity and haughty reserve, to rank above the most brilliant. She has shone at Washington, too, during two or three gay winters; and it has been whispered among the young lady's most intimate friends, that more than one coronet has been at her disposal, to say nothing of the honors of senators, and individuals of lesser note. How that may be I know not, but I do know all about Miss Follansbe's first lover.

Ten years ago the radiant belle was only little Katy Follansbe, or "Lily Katy," as she was generally called—I suppose on account of the pure transparency of that white skin of hers, and the slender gracefulness of her fragile little figure, looking for all the world like a drooping osier branch, or that most spiritual of flowering things, the lily of the valley. You will not believe that the proud, queenly Miss Follansbe was ever such a pale, shy creature, all nature, all simplicity and untought grace; and, indeed, there is but little, save that sweet childish mouth, to prove Lily Katy and the self-possessed belle identical.

Ten years ago Squire Follansbe was not, as now, "one of the first families" in Peltonville, and Lily Katy bounded into her fourteenth summer singing cheerily, "My face is my fortune," and verily believing (if she thought any thing about it) that no other fortune was necessary. Foolish Katy! Squire Follansbe had a growing family to care for, and no means of procuring the wherewithal for their maintenance, but his own fruitful brain, seconded by a most economical and matter-of-fact helpmate. The squire was one of those all-enduring, all-hoping beings, an office-seeker, and while golden visions of futurity were knotting up his brain into strange devices, it not unfrequently happened that his purse hugged its last expense, and the bare walls of his empty larder sent a chill to the heart of his good lady. There were bills, too. One spring morning Lily Katy crept away to her own room, with incomprehensible misgivings at seeing her school bill presented; thither the mother soon followed, and a long, confidential communication ensued. Lily Katy had never felt so important in her life as on that morning, for she had been entrusted with mighty secrets; and, if she did not grow six inches taller, in those two hours, she was certainly a year older. It is strange how lightly men will throw that shadow called thoughtfulness on a young face, that, but for the spirit's joyance, would be a blank without; for it changes the whole current of life, and

implants in the awakened heart the seed of all its misery, and its sweetest bliss. And a word, a glance, will sometimes touch the hidden spring, which, being once opened, will flow on forever. Lily Katy sprang from her couch that morning a child, a careless, buoyant, beautiful child; and she sat down at the dinner-table a woman; a very little woman, it is true, and so girlish in her pretty ways, that it would have required a close observer to note the change. Something, however, in her appearance seemed to attract the attention of the squire, for he paused several times in the discussion of his cutlet, to look at her strangely serious face; but he only inquired if his little darling was quite well. Little did he dream that the child had been diving her pretty head to the bottom of his affairs, deeper than he ever ventured to look himself, and had come up with a care lodged in every dimple.

In a fortnight from that time Lily Katy was duly installed sole sovereign of the sixteen square feet enclosed within the walls of a district school-house, some three or four miles from Peltonville; and, of course, she was no longer a child. She was very small, and very young, and there were many wise shakes of the head when she first assumed her responsibilities; but soon all acknowledged that she was so pretty-spoken, and so discreet withal, that she was fully competent to take charge of her dozen and a half abecedarians. And she was a miracle of a little teacher. The fat, shy ragamuffins that gathered around her knee advanced surprisingly in their primitive lore, and Lily Katy soon became the pet of the whole district. The Chifferings, living in the large white house, with three butternuts and a black cherry-tree in front; the Beltons, a more intellectual but less wealthy family, occupying the low brown house at the foot of the hill; and the Thompsons, a respectable family of widowed women-folks, on the cross-road around the corner, all took her into especial favor. It was at the Chifferings' however that Katy made her home; because they had a roomy ~~home~~, roomy hearts, and three bouncing, good-natured daughters, (the two sons of course had no influence in the case,) who would have served the little school-mistress on their knees, if a glance of her sweet blue eyes had but bidden them.

Before many weeks passed Katy had become a mighty queen, with every family within two miles of her *seat of government* for dutiful subjects. But this was not all,—her fame had spread into the neighboring districts.

One night, on returning from school, Katy observed a horse tied to one of the butternuts in front of Mr. Chiffering's, cropping the fresh grass very lazily, as though it was no new thing to him, and only resorted to by way of killing time. "So-ho!" thought the little



lady, "company!" and then she smoothed the folds of her dress, and peeped over her shoulder to see that the flaxen ringlets were doing no discredit to their dainty resting-place; for there was something about the sleek steed and his belongings that spoke well for his master. "So-ho!" repeated the lady, with an arch smile, bending her slight figure a very little, and peering away up among the apple-trees. "So-ho! master dandy! you are not usually on such intimate terms with the Chifferings, I dare say." And there, sure enough, under the shadow of the old farmer's favorite "graft," his heel kicking the turf most unmercifully, stood a slender, girlish-looking youth, almost as white as herself, in earnest conference with the two broad-shouldered young Chifferings. But Katy had no more time for observation. She had just become visible to the inmates of the house, and she now found herself forcibly seized upon by her three friends, and borne away to the privacy of an upper bed-room; while all together proceeded to unfold an exceedingly rich budget of news. The pretty youth in the orchard was Arthur Truesdail, son of old Farmer Truesdail, of Crow Hill; but his errand was the important matter. There was a beautiful piece of woodland within his father's domain, and this was destined to be the scene of a grand pic-nic, to which all the young people for six miles round would be invited. Arthur was a colt-like boy, just come home to spend his summer vacation, and, of course, (in spite of beaver and broadcloth,) the *belle* of the neighborhood. And very *belle*-like, indeed, looked the girlish youth, there beneath the apple-trees, with the bright curls peeping from beneath his cap of purple velvet, and his white hand coquetting with Robert Chiffering's awkward moustiff. There was a rosy twinkle in the eye of Lily Katy, as she watched him from the window; but it was the only expression she gave to any opinion she might have formed of the delicate youth on whom her friends were expending their eloquence.

"And it is all got up for your sake," was the concluding point of Miss Amanda Chiffering's discourse; "they want to get acquainted with you."

However bright Lily Katy's eyes might be, and however freely she might use them, she was neither vain nor amusement-proof; and while her little heart went pit-a-pat at thought of the honor done her, her head was nearly turned with its anticipatory delight. She, however, smoothed down her features enough to go through the formality of an introduction to the blue-eyed collegian, when Robert Chiffering brought him in to tea; but smiles were constantly gathering on her face, and her little fingers were most grievously afflicted with a tremor, that seemed to have its origin in her dancing eyes.

How happy was Lily Katy when she went to her pillow that night! and how she wished that every body could know what a fine thing it is to be a school-mistress!

The day for the pic-nic came at last, though never a dance in Christendom watched "boiling pot" as those hours were watched. The day came, and it was a glorious one—a tith too hot, may-be, but it would be only the more delightful in the woods, with the breezes

wandering about, cooling themselves on the fresh leaves, and the silver-voiced brook sending up its fresh breath with its music, to add to the attractions of the sylvan dining-room.

The "big team"—the springless wagon and span of fat plough-horses—stood before Farmer Chiffering's door, and Katy's foot was resting on the round of the old kitchen chair, that was wont to perform the office of carriage-steps, when Arthur Truesdail's *buggy* came whisking around the corner. There was a short, embarrassed conference, and then, notwithstanding a deal of amusingly shy hesitation on her part, Katy was transferred from the lumber-wagon to a more honored seat at the left hand of the fair-haired college youth.

Oh! how Lily Katy was envied that morning! how simple-hearted, blush-colored dunsels longed for just wisdom enough to be school-mistresses! and how Arthur, and Arthur's new frock coat, and Arthur's fine turn-out were admired and re-admired! But Katy was not the only object of envy. It was certainly no small honor to sit at the right hand of the pretty school-mistress; and there was a provoking consciousness in the manner of young Truesdail, which invited rather than deprecated envy. Ah! Katy *was* beautiful! The folds of jaconet hung about her lily-of-the-valley figure like snow wreaths; and her small straw hat, with the bright cluster of opening rose-buds resting against its crown, just peeped over the flaxen curls enough to catch a glimpse of her sunny eyes, without overshadowing them in the least. And then that most bewitchingly little hand, and the still more bewitchingly little foot, neatly cased in glove and gaiter! Arthur Truesdail had a very charming vision of a horseback ride every time he ventured to look down at the little, bird-like looking thing peeping from beneath the envious hem; and all for the sake of the half-minute that he might take that wicked brain-turner of a foot into his palm, while lifting its owner to the saddle. As the buggy rolled up to the front door of an immense red farm-house, that, but for its size, would certainly have been lost in the luxuriant wilderness of lilac-bushes, and roses, and hollyhocks surrounding it, a young man broke from a bevy of red-cheeked girls that stood smiling in the doorway, and hurried to the gate to welcome Lily Katy.

The school-mistress had only time to hear, "My brother Philip," and to smile and shake her curls toward a very serious-looking face, before she was lifted to the ground and led away to the group awaiting her; "my brother Philip" being left to care for the horse, while the collegian devoted himself to his pretty lady.

"I wonder what makes him so melancholy-like this gay morning," thought Katy, as her eye turned for a moment on Philip Truesdail; and when he returned and joined the company that was to proceed across the fields to the woods, she again looked into his serious face with wonder. It *was* strange; and Katy, being too young to think of any of the common reasons (such as indigestion, for instance,) for serious faces, began to feel very kindly toward him, and to shape her sentiments and fashion her words with a

glance of thought toward him, whatever direction her eye might chance to take the while. And Philip seemed to appreciate her efforts, for he began to smile, and his blue eye grew beautifully dark while looking forth an answer to her bright words. It may be that Arthur appreciated them too, for he placed himself close beside her, and devoted himself to her so exclusively as to appropriate every word and glance.

"You must distribute your attentions a little," Katy heard the elder brother whisper to her cavalier, "or you will offend everybody."

"Confound everybody!" was the answer; "I will speak to those I like, and leave the distributing to you. You can play the devoted to one as well as another, Phil; but this little lady likes me, and I like her, and we shall have it all our own way."

Saucy enough was the smile that flitted across Lily Katy's face at the confident tone of the young collegian; and a world of arch malice sparkled in her eyes when they again fell upon him. Arthur Truesdail paid dearly for that one speech; but, as his complacency evaporated, his gaiety rose; and so the party should have given Lily Katy a vote of thanks.

And "my brother Philip?" Why, he very nearly forgot his own cautionary advice, and scarcely lost sight of Katy through the day. Once, the school-mistress found herself beside him, away in the depths of the woods, with her feet resting on a rich carpet of golden moss; the flashy brook singing and chattering about nothing close before them, and the busy trees nodding and whispering above her head, as though they knew a great deal more than they chose to tell. She found herself there, but how she got there was the question; and why she stood, and stood so contentedly, when she knew that her host should be "distributing his attentions."

Philip Truesdail was nearly ten years older than his brother; and no match for him in any respect, if the family or family's friends were allowed to be the judges. There was a womanly tenderness in his large blue eyes, but they received an entirely different expression from the coal-black fringes shading them; so that only those on whom they had rested in compassion or affection read any thing there but good-natured indifference. His hair, too, was black; and his complexion, except a narrow strip belting the top of the forehead, was of a deep tan color, enriched by the healthful blood that had been denied his brother's pale, girlish cheek. There was something in the manner of the serious young farmer so studiously watchful of her comfort and convenience, so entirely unselfish in its devotion, that irresistibly attracted the little lady; and his language seemed to her chosen from the books she read and loved the best. That was the reason why she did not propose returning to the rest of the party, when she found they had wandered so much farther than she had intended, and that was the reason that, when she heard approaching footsteps, she almost unconsciously led the way farther on; for voices always assume a different tone when they speak to more than one listener. Her quick eye, too, had read at a glance enough to interest her sympathies irrevocably on the side of Philip. During the ten minutes

that she had spent in the house, she saw that his position in the family was by no means commensurate with his merits; and this discovery performed almost as great wonders for the unpretending farmer as the recital of his sufferings and "hair-breadth escapes" did for the Moor, Othello. Then he was so old, and so brotherly! Alas for Lily Katy!

The day went like a sweet dream to the simple-hearted girl, and, when night came, she had much, very much, to remember, but only a little to tell.

Katy went early to her school-house the next morning, for the noisy gaiety of the Chifferings seemed of a sudden distasteful to her; and she longed for the stillness of some kind of solitude. She was half way there, when a horse bounded from before the door, and dashed up the hill at a furious rate. Could Katy have been right? or was there a vision of yesterday yet in her eye? She thought the rider was Philip Truesdail. Wondering, and doubting, and guessing, and asserting within her own mind, the little school-mistress tripped onward, all the time watching the spot where the horseman disappeared against the sky. She reached the door, and laid her hand upon the latch, her eye still resting upon the top of the hill, and there she stood, with her head leaned against the door-post, and her hands crossed on her bosom, until hincy-woolsey hare-feet and dinner-baskets peering in sight, reminded her that dreaming was not her whole business. Lily Katy's task, however, looked dull to her that morning; her little people missed their accustomed smile; and she dropped herself into her big chair with a half-formed determination of betaking herself, with her troop of noisy tyroes, to green walls and blue roof—a second Plato. But what was that lying upon her desk? Surely none of her embryo philosophers could make up such a bouquet! There were bright young rose-buds, the slender green arms in which they had so long nestled still clasped about them, as though loath to give them up to an untried world, or striving to shield them from such robbers as the sun and the breezes; and pansies, with their purple eyes full of sweet, loving thought; and the magic daisy, spreading abroad its tell-tale petals, as though asking to be inquired of; the dark, glossy green of the myrtle threw into beautiful relief the snowy bells of the lily, her own cognominal; and many a delicate flowering thing peeped from beneath a sheltering leaf, or sat in state upon its own slender stem, like a queen upon her throne.

Lily Katy took up the beautiful mystery very carefully, and turned it over in her hands, and thrust the tips of her taper fingers beneath the leaves, to discover all they concealed, and wondered and guessed within herself, her lips all the time parted with a surprised smile, and a radiant light breaking from her blue eyes and spreading itself over her face. But why did her cheek crimson and her bosom palpitate? She was thinking over the Thompsons, and the Beltons, and her other friends, but was it that she believed her gift came from them? Ah no! Lily Katy made a great wonder of the matter even to herself; but there was something whispering her all the time the whole and exact truth. In peering among the stems she found a

slip of paper, with the words "FOR THE LOVELY 'LILY'" written upon it, in a round, fair hand, that Katy would have been delighted to transfer to her copy-books, and that she put carefully away between the leaves of her little morocco-covered Testament.

"The lovely Lily" said not a word to the Chifferrings of her mysterious bouquet; but it could not have been because she set too light a value on it; for never lingered life in flowers so long as in those.

That pic-nic party was the beginning of a--friendship. Days and weeks passed away, and Philip Truesdail and the pretty school-mistress were to each other, as people said, "like brother and sister." And they said, too, that it was very kind of Phil to give so much of his time to Lily Katy, since his more showy brother had taken such a violent fancy to romping with Nell Chifferring; though, to be sure, he could not make up for the loss of Arthur.

In large towns people are annoyed by conventionalism; in villages by gossip; but if you would be entirely free, if you would act on all occasions precisely as you please, leave all "settlements" and go out where it is at least a good half mile from hearthstone to hearthstone. Phil Truesdail drove over to the school-house as often as he listed, and took Katy into his buggy, and nobody said a word about it, except "what a good young man is Phil." Sometimes he came on horseback, (the buggy being appropriated by his brother Arthur,) and then they sat in the school-house together, and read volumes of poetry, and, perhaps, talked poetry, until the moon came out; and then those moonlight walks! Nobody said a word about them, however. Certainly it was very kind in Philip Truesdail to devote himself so exclusively to Lily Katy; his presence saved the poor school-mistress many a wearisome hour. Oh, yes! kind, very—to himself. To him, this was a strangely sweet intercourse: he seemed to be living and moving in one of those bewitching dreams that had haunted him since boyhood. Perhaps there never was a man who had reached his five-and-twentieth summer, preserving the singleness of heart, the simplicity of character, and the guileless purity that marked this friend of Lily Katy. Born with an eye for seeing, and a heart for feeling, he had exercised both within the precincts of "Crow Hill;" and so every plant was known and loved, every pebble had a familiar look to him, every ripple, every murmuring breeze, and every sweet feathered thing, spoke a language that he could perfectly understand. He gathered lessons of philosophy from the field, and poetry from the woodland; then he read of them in books, his own heart being the crucible in which the metal was tried, and appropriating only the pure gold. He found his companions and friends where he guided the plough and wielded the sickle; and it was seldom that he mingled with human beings, for there was something in their rude tones that jarred upon the refined harmony of his spirit. But there was no discord in the voice or sentiments of Lily Katy; for she had just begun life, and her nature was full of the romance of its morning. The chivalrous devotion of Philip Truesdail had a witchery about it, that, young as she was, she more than half suspected

would one day be lost; and it was this single grain of worldly wisdom, mingling with the enthusiasm of girlish fourteen, that induced Lily Katy to shut her eyes resolutely upon every thing tending to break the charm. But yet, good and gentle as Katy was, there was a single vein of coquetry (innocent, pleasing coquetry to any body but Philip Truesdail) about her, which originated many a shadow.

Katy was in the garden at Crow Hill, (for old Farmer Truesdail had daughters whom the school-mistress sometimes visited,) and Philip, as usual, was beside her. He had platted a wreath, and she stood smilingly like a pet lamb, while he adjusted it among her light, silken curls; but when he picked, in a marked manner, a rose-bud, and, touching it to his lips, was about adding it to the fragrant tiara, she shook it gayly from her head and placed her foot upon it.

"Nay, nay, cousin Phil," (Katy always used the convenient prefix,) you will spoil my head-dress with these heavy additions; and I dare say you have made me look like a freight-crow—hav'n't you?"

Katy did not note the expression—half of chagria, half of involuntary pain—with which her companion turned to another topic; and neither did he note her hand soon after creeping down among the grass to recover the rejected symbol of what had never been spoken.

Speedily passed the summer; the mellow autumn opened, and Philip Truesdail was no more the declared lover of his Lily than on the first day they met. But his tongue could have said little in comparison with what the fair maiden had been told a thousand times, in more eloquent language. And she understood it all, and thought it then sufficient. What need was there that Katy should grow wiser?

They met for the last time on such terms—the pretty school-mistress, and her adopted cousin.

"And you will go back to your gay village, and forget this place that you have made such a heaven to me, and perhaps laugh at the rude farmer that has dared to—to call you cousin, Katy?"

Lily Katy shook her head.

"You will take the light from my heart, Katy, when you go away; and there will be no melodious sound for my ear, because your voice will be making music for others; and no sight to charm my eye, because your eye will be away, and cannot look on to give it its coloring. Oh, Katy! I shall be doubly lonely when you are gone!"

There was a dewiness in the young girl's eye as she turned it upon the murmurer.

"You will have the woods, Cousin Philip, and the brook that we have sat beside, and the lilies that you planted in the corner of the garden, because, you said, they were like me, and the rose-bushes that I helped you to trim, and the room where we have read so many beautiful things together, and all the places where we have been—you will have them all. You should not complain, Cousin Philip."

"And would you take any of them from me—would you have them yours, if you could, dear Katy?"

"Perhaps—perhaps—um!" and Katy looked up as mischievously as her quivering lip would let her.

"I would give you one for a remembrance, if you could take it away, but it would be a hard thing for me to spare more."

"And I do not need the remembrance, Cousin Philip; my memory never requires jogging where my friends are concerned. But let us change the subject, —we are getting mopish."

"It is our last evening, dear Katy—I have never troubled you by talking about myself much, but now—"

"And do not now, Phil—pray do n't."

"Is it such a very disagreeable subject, then?"

"No, no! it is too—I mean it is of course interesting, but—There will be time for all that, cousin, when you come to Peltonville."

"And *must* I come, Katy?" inquired the young man, with a flashing eye, and holding back his breath to catch the answer.

"May you!" returned the little lady, laughing; "you do not suppose we are so inhospitable as to shut the door upon our cousins. But maybe you will not wish to come, and in that case I shall not urge you—eh, Cousin Phil!"

"God bless you, Katy! If I could only know that we shall meet as we part now!"

A shadow passed over the clear young brow of Lily Katy; it must have been a foreboding of evil, for she replied almost mournfully,

"People never meet as they part, Philip; and, for one, I wish there was no such thing as parting."

The young man's eye brightened.

"And would you be content at—where you have spent the summer, dear Katy?"

"I could not find a better place."

"And in such company?"

"Company makes places—nay, Cousin Phil, do not thank me too warmly. I have had a variety of company, you know."

The young man turned away with an air of disappointment.

"Come back, Philip, come back, and take that curl out of your lip; and, since you are bent on making me say silly things, first hear me. The company of my good cousin, Philip Truesdail, is all that would keep me from Peltonville. Are you satisfied?"

The young man seized the small hand that was raised to urge his return, and pressed it hastily to his lips, then dropped it by her side, and stood back a moment to look into her crimsoned face; finally advancing resolutely, he bent his lips to her ear, and whispered the few heart-warm words that came to them involuntarily.

"I am a little girl, only a little girl—you must not talk to me so, Cousin Phil," stammered Katy; "when I am older—"

"Will you love me then, dear Katy?"

"I—I do not know. Don't get angry again, Philip! do n't! I love you now—with all my heart—and will forever and ever. Now make the most of that, and let go my hand, for I must go into the house this very minute."

Young Truesdail would have been better pleased

had the little lady spoken less pettishly; and he resigned the hand, and turned homeward, with an air that made Lily Katy exceedingly sorry for what she began now to consider her folly. She looked it all in her sweet, childish face, as she placed her hand gently within his, and whispered, "I will stay as long as you wish, Philip."

The face of the young farmer lighted up with joy; for the first time, he drew the simple girl to his heart; for the first time, their lips met, and then they sat down on the mossed bank together, and spent two golden hours as hours were never spent by them before. When the moon went down, hand in hand they proceeded homeward, and parted on the door-stone of the Chifferings, with vows of everlasting changelessness.

Lily Katy awoke next morning with a confused recollection of mingled pleasure and mortification, for which she could not at first account. But in the next moment a crimson blush overspread her face, and she nestled down, and closed her eyes, feigning sleep, for the sake of being left to her own thoughts. That she was happy could not be denied; but with her sense of happiness came the mortifying suspicion that she had been won too easily. So there she lay, her pretty face half buried in the pillow, and the other half covered by her small hand, and resolved in her mind every word that had been uttered on the previous evening, until she satisfied herself that she had acted a very unmaidenly part; and, moreover, that Philip Truesdail ought to be punished for leading her into such folly. How dignified she would be when she next met him!

During this summer, so important to Lily Katy, Mr. Follansbe's devotion to his country had been rewarded by the gift of the office of county clerk; and it was thought that his salary, united with his lady's economy, would be sufficient for the support of his family. But the accession of *the needful* was nothing in comparison with the accession of consequence. Now the Follansbes were invited everywhere, and every body was proud of their acquaintance; and Lily Katy was too beautiful not to receive a due share of this newly awakened homage. But did the little belle forget her farmer lover? Not she. Not a buggy-wagon stopper at her father's door but her heart fluttered like a newly caged bird; but it was a fortnight, a long, long for night, before the right buggy made its appearance. Katy saw it from an upper window, and clapped little hands with delight. In a moment she was c down, but she must needs wait to dissipate the tale blushes, and send the smiles back from her to her heart; and she must not trouble, not least, for she had resolved on behaving with deal of propriety this time.

While Katy stood before her glass, smoothing her features to a proper degree of demureness, Philip Truesdail sat bolt upright in the room beldreading to hear the well-known sound of her foot; wondering how he could have been so foolish as to stake his happiness on such a desperate throw, and resolving to tell the child at once that he considered her in no wise bound by words her generousity might

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With such reflections on either side, is it strange that they met coldly? that misunderstanding followed misunderstanding? that Katy was unreasonably exacting, though every word she uttered warred against her heart? and that Philip Truesdail was generous and self-denying, as he had always been, and disdained to follow up any advantage he might have gained on that memorable moonlight evening? Five minutes of entire confidence on both sides would have set all right; but a word unspoken often causes a life-estrangement. And so, is it strange that Philip Truesdail and Lily Katy parted that night forever?

"Forever—forever!" sobbed the poor girl, as she flung herself on the sofa, even before the echo of her light, merry laugh had died on the air.

It was years before that mocking laugh died in the ears of Philip Truesdail.

"Forever—forever!" repeated Lily Katy, and then she promised herself that it would not be so; he would come back—she knew Philip Truesdail too well to believe he would leave her to such misery—he was so kind, so considerate, so true-hearted, and so forgiving—then a fresh burst of tears interrupted her comforting reflections.

The next morning, Lily Katy could not forbear telling her mother how miserable she was; but all the consolation she received was commendation for the good sense both evinced in parting so amicably. And so Katy had her trials to bear all alone. How she watched for that little buggy till the snow came! and then, how she sat by the window, and looked along the road, and wondered if she should know Philip Truesdail from the top of the hill in his winter dress. But no Philip Truesdail came, and spring found Lily Katy still watching. By this time, the fragile child had shot up into a tall, womanly looking maiden, and there were but few that called her Lily Katy now. It would have required a very superb lily to bear any resemblance to the blooming, beautiful Catharine Follansbe. But the lady's heart went back, like the dove, to its resting place; and, though fast entering on her belle-ship, she would have given worlds, had worlds been in her gift, to have lived over again her fourteenth summer. Still, however, she believed that Philip Truesdail would return; but return he never did.

Years passed, and Mr. Follansbe rose from a county officer-holder to the state legislature, and from a legislator to a representative; and simple Lily Katy was merged in the elegant and fashionable Miss Follansbe. And was Philip Truesdail remembered still? Perhaps. Those soft blue eyes flashed now with pride and spirit, the delicate lip curled sometimes with scorn, and the beautifully curved neck arched itself like that of a tropical bird conscious of its own matchless charms; even the voice, with its smooth, measured cadences, sounded not like the low warbling tones of Lily Katy; and, in place of simplicity and artless sentiment, came words of wit and sometimes of wisdom. Did this elegant creature, delicate and fastidious as she was, ever give a thought to the sober-

facéd farmer jogging after his plough behind the red farm-house on Crow Hill? and was that the reason why she turned so coldly from her crowd of suitors, and called herself still heart-whole? No! She never thought of the rude farmer, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, but there was away in her heart of hearts an ideal image that always stole away the point from any arrow that the winged god might send thither. This image was originally that of Philip Truesdail; but she had so renewed and moulded it over, that it now bore no resemblance to its former self. Who could have believed that the gay, *heartless* Miss Follansbe was cherishing a deathless affection? Who would believe that half the world are doing so, even while they laugh at truth and faith?

Miss Follansbe was entering on her four-and-twentieth spring (last spring it was) when she went to spend the green season at her old home of Peltonville. Her smile was eagerly courted, and a nod, even, was considered worth a deal of scrambling; but still people had their remarks to make. The milliner, the grocer, and the tavern-keeper's wife, all said she had grown shamefully aristocratic; and old Mrs. Hudson winked her little black eyes very meaningfully as she intimated to every body that she had seen the time when the Follansbes were no better than their neighbors. But the proud lady minded none of these things; the deeper the murmurs, the more cause she gave for murmuring. She had been at Peltonville but a few weeks, when she began to feel an earnest desire to visit the scene of her first and only school-teaching. She had not seen it since the bright autumn day on which she left—and why? She could have told why, but no one else would have dreamed it. Now she would see if the little sacred spot she had cherished in memory were the same, and she went. She recollected perfectly well that the old school-house was small and dirty, and of a weather-painted brown; but she could scarce believe it could have been so small, and so dirty, and so brown, ten years before. As for the children, she was confident that she had never watched over and loved such ill-looking ragamuffins as they were. And certainly there could have been no resemblance between the awkward, narrow-browed, square-shouldered country girl, with the shrill tenor voice, that occupied the chair, and her former self. But the dingle behind the school-house! the dear old woods that pictured themselves on her inward eye just as she had left them!—ah! change had been there. Not a tree was standing. Was it a tear that trembled on the dark lashes of Miss Follansbe? If so, it stood there but a moment, though she did not smile till she had left the school-house behind the hill. The young Chifferings were married, and the old people lived with their eldest son; the Beltons had moved away, and the Thompsons were dead, except an old woman that went out sewing by the day. Miss Follansbe went on, and without any settled purpose she directed the driver to Crow Hill. Perhaps she would go past—perhaps she would call. She had heard that the old people were dead, and the place was in the possession of Philip Truesdail and one unmarried sister. The lady's heart beat most un-

mercifully against her boddice, as the red farm-house bove in sight, and she allowed her carriage to go a quarter of a mile beyond before she could muster courage to give the necessary order. Then the horses heads were turned, and, in a moment, she alighted at the door where she had first seen Philip Truesdail. But little change had been there; and slowly she walked up the narrow path between the rose-bushes, and tried to imagine herself Lily Katy, in the first freshness of beautiful girlhood. Lightly, and almost timidly, she tapped at the door, then more heavily, and then she substituted her parasol for her knuckles, but no answer came. Raising the latch, she stepped over the threshold, and found herself in the well-remembered parlor. There, nothing was changed, not even the position of a chair. The mantle-clock was ticking as of yore, and the old-fashioned vases stood on either side of it, with just such flowers in them as she had first received from Philip Truesdail. He had, of course, arranged them that morning, and Miss Follansbe blushed to find herself appropriating one of the prettiest; but she did fasten it in her boddice. She took a book from the table; it was the same she had read with him many a time, and there were traces of her own pencil on it, and, between the leaves, for a mark, a bit of ribbon that she recollected clipping one evening from her breast-knot. What would not the elegant lady have given to be simple Lily Katy once more.

Satisfied that no one was in the house, Miss Follansbe proceeded to the garden. How came back every word that had been spoken there!—every look, every light pressure of the hand; much that she did not rightly receive at the time, and much more that she did not rightly comprehend. And Miss Follansbe wished that she had been born in that neighborhood, and never "looked beyond the visual line that girt it round." But still her lip remained firm and her eye unmoistened till she came to the little cluster of lilies, carefully weeded and that morning watered, that Philip Truesdail had planted there because they looked like her, while she stood by, and, laughingly, tried to lift the spade, that seemed such a toy in his hands. Then her calmness gave way, her dignity all was gone; and Miss Follansbe leaned against the cherry-tree, by which she stood, and wept as she had scarce done since childhood. A rustling of the leaves startled her, and she wiped the traces of tears from her face, and turned with her usual self-possessed air to the intruder. A dark-complexioned woman, with her hair blown over her face, and a basket of cowslips on her arm, stood among the shrubbery, sliding her eyes with her large bony hand, and peering earnestly down into the garden. This should not have been the sister of Philip Truesdail, but Miss Follansbe recognized her as such immediately, and half of her touching recollections were dissipated. The lady introduced herself at once, and then such a chattering, and such a wondering! Miss Truesdail insisted on blowing the horn to call her brother from the field; and, though the lady said nay, she said it so faintly that the signal was given. It would be saying too much for Miss Follansbe's self-control not to own that her heart bounded, and

her color went and came like a bashful school-girl's at the prospect of meeting her early lover, face to face, after the lapse of ten years. And when Miss Truesdail exclaimed, "There he comes!" it was some minutes before she ventured to turn her eyes in the direction designated. But when she did! Miss Follansbe could scarce credit the evidence of her senses; she *could not* suppress a smile. With an old torn straw hat in one hand, and the other supporting a hoe upon the shoulder of his striped frock, his figure stooping, and his eye fixed upon the ground, walked the man that Miss Truesdail had called her brother. He might have been mistaken for her father, and she was any thing but youthful. Miss Follansbe thought of the flowers in the parlor, and the carefully trimmed shrubbery, and tried to argue herself into receiving her old lover as what he really was, rather than as what he appeared. He started when he heard the lady's name, and a quick flush passed over his face, but it was gone in a moment, and he sat down at a respectful distance, and conversed calmly and sensibly, without apparently once remembering that they had ever met before. And a stranger would have thought they never had, till Miss Truesdail made mention of the fact.

"You would'n't have known Miss Follansbe, Philip?"

The man looked up.

"She is very much changed."

"There isn't much left like Lily Katy," pursued the spinster, unconscious of the recollections she was awakening.

Her auditors were both silent.

"But Philip is quite the same—some people never do change—I don't see as he is altered in the least from what he was ten years ago—do you, Miss Follansbe?"

"Not in the least," echoed Miss Follansbe, with a demure look which might be attributed either to the command she had obtained over the muscles of her face, or to a strange absence of mind.

There was a proud flash in Philip Truesdail's eye, as he turned it for the first time full on the metamorphosed school-mistress.

"Nay, lady," he answered, "even your system, the rules that govern you in the gay world, require not this sacrifice of truth. Say that I *am* changed. Why should I not be, as well as yourself? My shoulders are bent, my hair is grizzled, my features are sharp, and there are wrinkles on my forehead; but that is not all—I am changed more than that, and from this hour more than ever. But these are trifling things to you, Miss Follansbe."

It was strange with what ease Philip Truesdail turned to other subjects, and with what fluency he conversed, preventing the possibility of his sister's introducing topics more personal. In a half hour Miss Follansbe was handed into her carriage by the bachelor farmer; and, while she leaned her head on her hand, and mused over the strange inconsistency of her own character, Philip Truesdail went whistling back to his labor. Neither was happy and neither was sad; both were in a state of discomfort. They

had been awakened from a long cherished dream, and the last spark of romance was extinguished in the bosoms of both.

Philip Truesdail was married last week to a widow, celebrated for making good butter and cheese, and taking snuff immoderately, and having every thing her own way.

The last that I heard from Miss Follansbe, she was flourishing at Saratoga, said to be smiling most complacently on the suit of a rich Southron, whom she last year rejected with contempt.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" being, my dear reader, if not quite apropos, the only Latin known to yours, with every wish to please,  
FANNY FORESTER.

## SONNETS.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

*Brava assai, poco spera, niente chiede.* TASSO.

### I.

THE rain-drops patter on the casement still,  
So hushed the room each faint watch-tick I hear,  
The crackling of the embers seems to fill  
This brooding quiet with an accent clear:  
I've looked awhile upon the gifted page,  
Glanced at the dingy roofs and leaden sky,  
Or paced the floor my mind to disengage,  
Chiding the languid hours as they fly;  
In vain! The thought of thee bemasters all,  
Now waking joy, and now a dark surmise,  
As memory spreads her banquet or her pall,  
And bids me hopeless sink or gladsome rise:  
On what bright wings these lonely hours would flee,  
Dared I but feel that thou hast thought of me!

### II.

Ah! do not *thou* upbraid me with romance,  
Long from coarse men I've gently borne the sneer,  
But all too fresh thy smile and clear thy glance,  
Cockily to mock what faithful souls hold dear;  
O, by thy woman's nature, still refuse  
Allegiance to a dim and barren creed;  
Let faith heroic woo thee yet to choose  
Pleasures that rich and true emotions breed:  
From thy dear presence let me never bear  
The bitter self-distrust that others wake,  
Wearing hope's guise, O echo not despair,—  
But trust love's dream for love's own precious sake!  
If all ideal my existence be,  
It boasts one fact—devotion unto thee!

### III.

Thou askest how appeared the fair array  
In which was decked thy person yesternight,—  
Palmyra's queen, in her most palmy day,  
Was ne'er a sweeter marvel to the sight;  
Yet, loved one, costly garments only speak  
Of Fashion's temple and the world's vain eye,  
Dearer to me the blush upon thy cheek  
Than all the grace that in such triumph lies;  
Cold seems the guise assumed to please the throng,  
For simplest robe doth ever most adorn,  
Familiar aspects unto love belong,  
And diadems to her are crowns of thorn;  
A priestess' garb befits thee—yet more dear  
Is that in which I feel thee frankly near!

### IV.

O for a castle on a woodland height!  
High mountains round, and a pure stream below,  
Within all charms that tasteful hours invite,  
Wise books of poesy and music's flow:—  
A grassy lawn through which to course our steeds,  
A gothic chapel in seclusion reared,  
Where we could sojourn find for holiest needs,  
And grow by mutual rites the more endeared:  
How such captivity alone with thee  
Would lift to Paradise each passing day!  
Then all revealed my patient love would be,  
And thou couldst not a full response delay.  
A kindred life would be our own at last,  
To end with joy the self-denying past!

## TO THE UNFORGOTTEN ONE.

I WILL not say what it hath cost,  
This bosom's throbbing pulse to still;  
To calm the surge of passion, cross'd,  
And *feeling* subject bring to *will*:  
It were all vain in me to tell—  
As thou to hear—the agony  
Of the fierce struggle, ere the spell  
Were broken, and the captive free.

I will not grieve thy gentle heart,  
To tell thee of the burning tears  
The "strong man" e'en will shed to part  
With all the cherished hopes of years:  
How hard the task, ah! none may deem,  
Its bitterness who hath not proved—  
Passion to merge in cold ESTEEM,  
And but *admire* where once we LOVED!

But it is done!—and thou art now  
A being worshiped from afar,  
To whom I breathe the devotee's vow,  
As unto some fair, distant star,  
Whose radiance, streaming from the sky,  
In every heart enchantment wakes—  
Yet, holding on its pathway high,  
Gives back no love for all it takes!

Thou art the fair embodiment,  
To me, of holy Truth and Love;  
A seraph blest, I deem thee, sent  
To lure me up to worlds above:  
My better angel, there art thou;  
And still, in holiest thought, to thee  
I breathe devotion's purest vow,  
At the lone shrine of MEMORY! L. J. CRET.

# A TALE OF ROME.

BY M. G. QUINCY.

## CHAPTER I.

Vain dream! degraded Rome! thy name is o'er.  
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more. *Hemans.*

THE house, or rather palace, of the patrician Byrrhus stood upon Mount Aventinus. It was a princely building. Its noble and just proportions satisfied the eye, and absolute perfection seemed to have been attained in the Corinthian pillars, wrought by Grecian artists. Its situation, too, was happily chosen. To the north lay the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, and a group, such as the eye may never again rest upon, presented itself to the lover of architectural skill, in the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, the Augustine Palace, the Temples of Jupiter Stator and Olympus, the dome of the Pantheon, and, towering above all, the columns of Trajan and Antonine. On the west the Tiber pursued its way to the sea, winding, now amidst charming pleasure-grounds, now among temples and palaces, and now beside frowning battlements and the field of Mars. To the east and south rose the city wall, stern and forbidding, yet in pleasing contrast with the villas just beyond, peeping out amidst the foliage of orange groves and olives.

Hither, during the short and uncertain twilight of summer, the noble Quintus Sertorius, followed by a single attendant, pursued his way with hasty steps. His head was bent, his eyes fixed on the ground, and he was evidently suffering from a weight of care, which he had long struggled vainly to shake off. He was roused by the voice of his slave exclaiming—“This way! this way, my master! You, who carry night on your face, must see with the eyes of others. It’s just so,” he added, drawing closer to his master, “it’s just so with all the patricians. Not a single happy face have I seen among them since I came back to Rome. All are changed!”

“It is as you say, Parmenio. All are changed, and none more so than myself. I am the only one who can in the most remote degree claim kindred with the Antonines. All have perished by the command of Commodus. I am a solitary man, save the two friends who dwell, or should dwell, on yonder mount. Away from them I have no solace but a good conscience, their memory, and your own affectionate care.”

As they ascended the marble steps they remarked with uneasiness the extreme quiet. The bustle and activity, which usually gave intimation of the great numbers belonging there, had given place to a stillness like that of death. For a moment the slave hesitated, and then knocked so violently as to startle the slumbering echoes in the vast mansion.

“Who knocks?”

“Quintus Sertorius, and his slave; open.”

The bolts were instantly withdrawn, and the heavy gate creaked on its hinges. The patrician entered, and paused to survey the apartment. The farther end was filled with books, the records of patriotic services rendered by a long and illustrious line. Upon the right, and in their order, stood the ancestral statues, some rudely carved and exhibiting marks of age, and others exquisitely finished, and fresh as if just from the hands of the sculptor. Opposite, arranged with care and taste, were masses of plate, specimens of many succeeding ages, from the cup which might have been raised to the lips of Orpheus, or found place on the banqueting board of Hercules, to the superb, but effeminate table service, the style of which marked the degeneracy and decline of Rome.

“But,” said Sertorius, as he turned away, “but, most worthy janitor, where is your chain?”

“There!” answered he, pointing to the hearth, around which were gathered the cherished lares.

“Ah! I see. Your head shorn, too! and the hat! I congratulate you. But your dog is confined; does he not deserve also to taste the sweets of freedom?”

“A good and faithful dog he has been to me, but he grows fierce. I doubt if he did not scent blood upon the prefect the other day, for he flew at him as if he had been a beast. Though that, indeed, was no wonder, seeing he, like the emperor his master, is more than half brute.”

“Have a care!” said the noble, as he turned away, “have a care! Such thoughts are scarce safe in one’s own bosom.”

He was ushered into a suit of rooms furnished with every thing which could gratify a luxurious and refined taste. The lamps, fed with scented oil, poured a flood of light through the apartment, mellow as that of an autumn sunset, yet so clear, that it brought out every shade of color and beauty of statuary. In this, the figures on the arches and painted roof seemed imbued with life, and the gorgeous triumph of Æmilius brought to memory an age of heroic deeds. The snowy garb of the spectators and the decorated temples, the statues and pictures, the rich armor, the rare goblets, the sacrificial victims, the weeping train of illustrious captives, and the victor himself, with purple garland and the envied laurel-branch, awakened every chivalrous feeling in the breast of Sertorius. The floor seemed like a sheet of water to reflect the hues, for it was formed of marbles and pebbles of the same colors, and edged with pure, white Parian, so that it seemed as if a breeze had stirred the flood, and blended and distorted the imperfect forms. The walls, encrusted with the far-famed Carystian marble, seemed to have caught their tint from the green ocean, and the mirrors of gold and silver, set with gems from the



distant Orient, gleamed restlessly, even in that soft and quiet light. The wide and lofty doorways were shaded by Babylonian drapery, rivaling the gay tints of summer, and mingling its folds with the doubly dyed Tyrian purple. In the centre stood a finely conceived and finished Venus, wrought, as was supposed, beneath the eye of Phidias. So symmetrical was the figure, so graceful the curves of the delicately rounded arms, the exquisite neck and shoulders, the well turned head, so spirited was the attitude, so perfect the expression of wonder and admiration with which she apparently regarded her position, that she impressed the beholder rather as the original than a semblance, and one deemed her truly to have just risen from her fitting birth-place in the fleecy and sparkling foam. Around the whole floated a soothing fragrance, from odorous woods burning in a porphyry censer, and flowers lavishly distributed in vases of transparent glass.

Scarcely had the guest looked around him when Byrrhus appeared with his daughter. In form and features, as well as in heart and mind, he was a Roman of the republic; and his entire head, without the alteration of a lineament, would have well served as a model. His dress was plain, and it was only in the shoe, the crescent of which was bordered with jewels, and in the gems that glittered on his fingers, that he exhibited any trace of the effeminacy of his countrymen.

The lady was quite young, and possessed more of the soft beauty of her mother, than the classic and severe outline of her father. Her hair, unlike the fashion of the period, was bound about her head with a bandeau of diamonds, and then, after being twisted together at the back, was allowed to fall in masses of wavy curls. Her embroidered robe, drawn loosely about the neck, and fastened on the left shoulder by a circle of emeralds, fell in ample folds to her feet, where it terminated in a deep border of purple, and her girdle, woven with a web of gold, was knotted carelessly about her waist. Her slippers were wrought with pearls, which gleamed out like a cluster of blossoms, snowy, but that a faint blush lingered in their heart.

"Welcome, Sertorius! Welcome to our new home!"

A grasp of the father's hand, and a kiss on the forehead of the daughter, answered the salutation.

"Why did you not come before, Sertorius?" asked Caius.

"I should rather ask, why come you now? Only to see Rome in ruins. Not the outward Rome, her temples and porticos—the mind that made her what she was. But come, let us withdraw into Caius's apartment. We are too much exposed."

"Oh, yes!" answered she, drawing aside the curtain. "I wish to show you, Sertorius, the cage my father has fitted up for his poor bird. Look at these walls; did you ever see any thing more beautiful than the ivory that adorns them? And this painting; have you often seen a better? We purchased it for an Apelles, but, admirable as it is, I doubt its origin. And here is the last gift I have received. This vase. It

came from Diospolis. It is of glass, and these figures are colored in some mysterious way. I should hardly weary of them a long time, for they change with every motion. But yet, were it not from my father, I should scarce prize it in the universal desolation."

"If Caius has finished showing her treasures, let us gather about this window. Sit you there, Sertorius; and, Caius, rest at my feet. The breeze from the Tiber is refreshing, and this moonlight night almost makes one forget the day. And now, Sertorius, tell us something of your adventures in the East."

"Rather let me make some inquiries of you concerning Rome. Go you often to the Senate?"

"But very seldom. My blood boils whenever I enter its hallowed precincts. The best and greatest of our senators have been massacred by Commodus. What now is the Roman Senate! The ancient purity of our lineage, our ancient integrity and generous courage lost, we have ceased to be a defence to the people, we turn with every caprice of the reigning monarch, applaud in words when in heart we execrate, and give, by our sanction, an appearance of legality to the most revolting crimes. Gladly would I lift my voice against our degradation, though it should then be, as I know it would, silenced forever. But what is one among so many, cowering, not beneath the despot alone, but the despot supported by the licentious and lawless Pretorians. They are the real tyrants of Rome. When a country entrusts her defence to others than her own citizens she is lost."

"It is said, too, that justice cannot be secured, except at an immense expense."

"Justice! Rome and her provinces have forgotten the word! Ah, I will tell you that which will arouse thy young blood, Sertorius, and make my own hand seek a weapon. I am a broken-hearted man. The ruin of my country is before me, and tyranny reigns triumphant about my domestic hearth. Yet more, the abandoned Cleander, the favorite of the emperor, has dared to ask the hand of my daughter."

"Yes!" exclaimed Caius, starting up, her form dilating, and the fire of an excited and indignant spirit flashing from her eyes—"Yes! the slave raised by Commodus, uncle I will not call him—raised because he was utterly destitute of ability and virtue, has asked me for his bride! Me! the grand-daughter of an emperor—me! the daughter of a long line of ancestors of stainless fame and equal fortune! And, Sertorius," she continued, her voice sinking to a husky whisper, "Commodus has granted that wretch's suit."

"Calm yourself, Sertorius," said Byrrhus. "Calm yourself to hear the rest. When the prefect came to bear her to that polluted palace, she fled, bare-footed and alone, through the dangerous streets of this capital, and sought refuge with her uncle, Pompeianus. Meantime, I, and I blush to say it, stooped to deception to save her life and her honor. Since then I have scarce counted myself a Roman, but I shrank from plunging the dagger into the heart of my only child."

"How happens it that she is now at large?"

"Commodus and Cleander believe her to be languishing upon a sick bed. She visits me only by stealth, residing in the most retired part of her uncle's

villa, and I pace with slow steps my lonely halls, and sigh sadly and vainly for the song of my persecuted daughter. When she does steal hither, it is of small avail, for both need to receive, rather than give, consolation. I tremble, too, for her safety. Our sentinels are posted—such as have given proof of fidelity—labor is suspended, and a deep quiet settles over our dwelling. People suppose us absent, and seldom attempt to intrude upon our privacy."

"You were right, noble Byrrhus, when you said I had come too soon. To witness such misery without the power to alleviate is bitter indeed. Me, has the tyrant robbed of every relative and every friend, but you and my betrothed. I came to wed her; may I now claim the right to assist in her protection?"

"Not now, Sertorius, it were death to both. Spies, from whose glance none can escape, beset us on every side. Not a word or act but is carried to Commodus, and suspicion is death. Draw not on yourself his eye. Live to protect, as far as possible, my daughter and your promised bride. There is no degradation in this, for if you die, you die not for Rome, but to gratify the avarice of a minister and the malice of a monarch."

The moments sped swiftly until the hour of parting came. The few slaves who were admitted to the secret gathered noiselessly round their mistress, and held, each, some part of her disguise. First, assuring herself of the safety of her dagger, she deposited in her girdle a heavy purse, and laced on the buskins of a senator. With his own hand her father threw about her an ample toga, and drew its folds over her head; then with an embrace of agony, which, though it tortured neither word nor groan, seemed to plough still deeper the furrows of his manly brow, he gave her to the care of her betrothed.

"Guard her well, Sertorius, she is the idol of an old man's heart."

## CHAPTER II.

The grass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,  
And death's own scythe would better own his power.

*Cooper.*

We must change the scene to the banqueting room of Commodus. It was in that part of the palace which he had himself rebuilt, and was designed for his more private orgies, when his guests were few. It was hung with cloth of gold, alternating with purple tapestry, on which were embroidered his own scandalous achievements. The table was of solid gold, polished to mirror-like smoothness, and, together with its equipage of the same material, reflected and re-reflected the rays from the lamps, until they flashed and burned with dazzling and painful brilliancy. The couches, formed of the precious metal, were covered with cushions filled with some downy stuff, and they, again, with violet-colored drapery, each one illustrating some monstrous and dishonorable act. The couch of the emperor, at the curve of the *sema*, was surrounded by the insignia of royalty, to which he had added the lion's skin and Herculean club. The side-tables were of various sizes and many patterns, executed with the utmost care, for more than one artist

had paid the penalty of an unsuccessful effort with his life. Marble and porphyry finely sculptured supported goblets and vases of rock-crystal and jasper, wreathed with gums, yet, yielding in beauty to the *Falerian* wine-cups, covered with grape vines of emeralds, and clusters of fruit formed of purple amethysts. The forms of Paulus and Hercules were multiplied throughout the apartment, and even occupied the places of the divinities upon the festal board. Musicians were stationed in a recess partly concealed by curtains, and gladiators, who had been matched with their monarch, waited but a signal to pollute the scene with their brutal strife.

All was ready, but the lord of the revel had not yet appeared. On that day, before vast crowds of spectators, he had displayed, with no small satisfaction, his skill in archery. The largest and rarest animals, brought from their forest or desert haunts, at an expense burdensome in the extreme to the Roman people, were laid dead on the arena. The swift-footed ostrich and the gentle giraffe, the majestic lion and graceful panther, alike, fell beneath his unerring darts. The venal populace applauded from necessity, but each man blushed that the emperor of the world had so far forgotten the dignity of his birth, and the duties of his station.

He came at length robed in a lion's skin of extraordinary size and beauty, and armed, like him of yore, with a brazen club. The guests were but six in number, and followed in triumphal procession, showering around him a profusion of gold stars, and declaring, in their excessive and stupid adulation, that the brightest gems of the blue heavens were fain to do him homage. With many repetitions of, "Hail to the Roman Hercules," they placed themselves at table, and poured a libation to his own image as a god.

A dozen beautiful boys and as many girls were in attendance, concealing, beneath the ready servility of their station, the fear, hatred, and contempt, which by turns swelled their bosoms. Nor were the guests more at ease, and vainly they endeavored to forget the long train of their predecessors who had been sacrificed to their master's capricious cruelty.

Nor was the master himself in a mood to enjoy the splendor. A sense of degradation, the certainty that the good abhorred, while the base despised him, chafed and irritated him; the knowledge that he stood alone, exposed to the vengeance of a whole nation, which in a moment of phrensy might break the bounds of fear, lashed him to fury. His morose gloom was of fearful import. If any spoke he was interrupted with a bitter sneer; if he were silent, he received warning to amuse his monarch. The musicians were dispersed by a dart, which but narrowly missed its aim; the dancers and gladiators were called, only to be scattered in confusion; and, finally, a savage dismissal sent the pale, shivering guests in flight to their apartments.

Commodus smiled grimly as they disappeared, and threw himself upon the cushions. Unwelcome thoughts forced themselves upon him, and he turned, for relief, to the insults he had heaped upon the senate. Apparently it was a pleasant theme, and, hour after

hour, he lay planning still deeper degradation for its members. But, weary of that, he began to number his victims. The task was difficult, and he called, "Ho! slave, bring me my tablets."

The command was so unusual that he doubted if he had heard aright, but delay was dangerous, so, hastily snatching up a waxen tablet, and stylus that lay beside it, he hastened to the royal presence.

For a few moments the emperor busied himself with the bloody catalogue, when, pushing aside the tablet, he again summoned the slave. Unfortunately, as he hurried past the lamp, he extinguished the flame. Commodus sternly ordered it relighted. In an agony of fear the trembling creature obeyed, and was just turning away, when a sword, wielded by his master, descended upon his head, and he lay lifeless upon the floor. A second call filled the room with attendants, who, with the carelessness acquired by habit, speedily removed all traces of the crime.

Again the emperor lay down upon the luxurious cushions, and his ferocity seemed at first appeased by the blood he had just shed, when, suddenly, he recollected that a distant connection of Marcus Antonius, whom he had sacrificed to his hatred, had left a son, of whom he had not, for a long time, heard. Once more he called his slaves, and sending for the prefect, ordered him to seek Sertorius, to confiscate his fortune, to degrade him from his rank, and then to put him to death. With an evil look of exultation at this unexpected accession to his treasures, the prefect departed, and, Commodus, after listening to his retreating footsteps, fell asleep.

### CHAPTER III.

Let him exert his brief authority,  
And lord it while he may.—*Æschylus.*

A rapid walk brought the prefect and his myrmidons to the palace of Sertorius. It had been shut during his absence, and, though a few old servants who had escaped the massacre had hastily collected, it looked desolate and forbidding. The thundering knock and loud call startled the slumberers, and sent the blood back to the hearts of those who, drowsily gossiping in the spacious hall, kept watch for their lord. The prefect would brook no delay—the gate swung inward, and the frightened group, who could not, or would not answer his inquiries, were cut down at the entrance.

Without further words, and with a celerity of habit, he examined the splendid mansion, noting its various treasures, which he already regarded as his own, frequently casting about him a scrutinizing gaze, lest any of his followers might be tempted to unhezzle some trifle of the magnificent profusion. Their search was vain, for voice and step echoed and re-echoed through a building deserted by all, but themselves and the dead.

Meantime, he whom they sought and his lovely charge were pursuing their way through the most unfrequented streets. They reached the bridge, passed it, and in a few minutes stood by the entrance to Pompeianus' villa.

With a sad adieu, they were just separating, when Parmenio, in breathless haste, caught the toga of his master. "Fly!" he cried. "The dogs are on your path! Your palace has been searched! your slaves murdered on the threshold! I conjure you, fly!"

"So soon!" exclaimed Caia. "My father was a true prophet. But come with me, my friends are ever welcome in my uncle's home."

The patrician hesitated. The pride of the Roman and noble forbade the step, and he would have returned to face his pursuers, and revenge his slaves in his paternal mansion, but for the entreaties of Caia.

"For my sake, Sertorius!"

In her agitation the drapery had fallen from her head, her hair, loosed from its confinement, flooded her neck and shoulders with clustering curls, and, as her clasped hands and pleading look met his gaze, he was almost persuaded. Yet still he paused.

"Flight is not for the patrician, Caia. Shall the master shun the fate which the slave has met?"

"Had you not rather revenge me? Then save yourself, for the time to accomplish it will surely come."

"Yes, Caia, I will both save and avenge you, and I will wait the time."

With a glance of fear and joy, Caia led the way through the villa, answering, occasionally, the challenge of sentinels placed in expectation of her return, and finally, by a preconceived signal, was admitted to the principal building. Pompeianus had not yet retired, and, opening the door of the library, he came forward to welcome his niece. Long absence had erased from memory the features of Sertorius, and, thinking their secret was discovered, he started and turned pale.

"He who takes the one, takes the other also," said Caia, smiling. "I have promised my betrothed concealment with you till pursuit is passed."

"Can this be Quintus Sertorius?" exclaimed Pompeianus, saluting him. "Your danger I can understand without explanation, and the darkest nook, and best Falernian are at your service."

So saying, he took a lamp, and, motioning his guest to follow, led the way to a cell to which ingenuity herself could scarce find an entrance. "Here," said he, "you may be safe. None but those upon whom I can implicitly rely have seen you; and, with occasional visits from my niece, and the books I will bring, the time may not seem insupportably tedious."

### CHAPTER IV.

Not soon the stormy flames expire,  
When hearts, contiguous in their ire,  
Burst forth, like forests catching fire.—*De Tere.*

A week passed, and Caia sat pale and care-worn in her chamber. She had now new causes for anxiety, and she looked up uneasily at every footfall, shuddered at each rustle of the breeze. She tried to sing but her voice died away; and her eye wandered vacantly over pages which often soothed and cheered. At length she distinguished her uncle's step; it drew nearer, and she sprang forward to greet him. But

how did she shrink, appalled, from the earnest gaze, the slightly quivering lip, and the blanched cheek, which betrayed the struggle between pride and grief.

"What has happened?" she asked, as soon as she could command her agitation enough to speak. "What is it? Is my father in danger?"

"Be composed, my niece, be composed," he answered, drawing her to his bosom.

"O, I am! I will be! Only tell me, is it my father?"

"Your apprehensions are but too just. Yet calm yourself; he died nobly, and as became a Roman."

The young girl looked anxiously in his face, as if she did not understand his words, and then fell fainting at his feet. For many hours the good man watched beside her, with a troubled and throbbing heart. Gay and gallant sons had been born to him, but no daughters graced his house, and, during his long guardianship of her, he had learned to love her even as his own child.

Consciousness returned, and with it a keen susceptibility to her loss; the fearful sense of loneliness, the wearying, wearing heart-ache, which comes only when the sole pillar to which its tendrils cling suddenly falls, shattered to its base.

While she lay thus, drooping and withering in that atmosphere of crime, a man of noble bearing, but clothed like the lowest citizen, mingled constantly with the crowd. He was a mysterious being, seeming to have no home or occupation. Now he was in the circus, now in the amphitheatre, now sitting by some old tomb, and now in the temple of the gods. Something of awe, an undefined fear, crept over those who listened to him. No house had been ruined, no palace was without its lord, but he knew the why and wherefore. "Friend," he would say, "here lived Aurelius; he was a relative of Marcus Antoninus. There lived Menonius; his wealth was wanted for the prefect's palace. Yonder lived a poor man, he had a daughter." His witticisms were barbed and pointed; his jests, though seemingly light as air, were yet glittering as Damascus steel. There was deep meaning in the words he uttered, and they were well couched and remembered by those who heard them.

Famine, occasioned by a monopoly of corn, created to enrich the minister, raged in the city, when, at the entrance of the circus, he met a noble, who, ruined by fines and confiscations, had been forced to obtain a precarious subsistence as a boatman. Observing the want pictured in his face, he asked, "Friend, where are you going?"

"To the circus."

"Ah, go! your wife will not starve the sooner."

The boatman turned, and exclaimed, "Who are you?"

"A man, but yet, I say, go; your children will not starve the sooner."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the man, with the glare of a maniac; "ha! ha!" Let us go, our wives will not starve the sooner! Ha! ha! countrymen, let us go to the circus, our children will not starve the sooner! Ha! ha!"

The words fell on the ears of men writhing beneath injustice, and fired their minds with a burning thirst

for vengeance. A long, loud burst of applause, and then they rushed from the building, and with one purpose pressed toward the summer palace of Commodus. The sounds went echoing through the streets, and were thundered back from the surrounding hills. Men's hearts leaped at the sound. Insults and injuries garnered in memory marshaled themselves for revenge, and appealed to each breast with the tone of a trumpet. On came the dense mass, swelled every moment by some ruined and desperate man; on it came, terrible in the might of human energy, roused to phrenzy by innumerable wrongs.

The deep roar of thousands of voices, demanding "The head of Cleander," reached the prefect's ear, but, even then, he smiled as he saw in prospective new treasures added to his already regal fortune, and confidently ordered a sally of his pretorians. The undisciplined multitude gave way on every side, and, retreating, were trodden down. But when they reached the city, the cavalry were assailed from the houses with darts and stones. The foot-guards espoused the side of the people, and, as the gleaming cohorts were in their turn driven back, the populace again raged madly around the palace.

They were appeased. The prefect was executed on the spot, and he who in life had spread mourning and desolation, in death diffused universal joy. But one alone of the vast throng was restless and dissatisfied. The mysterious being, who had come none knew how or whence, mattered, as he bent over the distorted features, "It is but half done."

After that day he disappeared, and the most careful inquiry elicited no information respecting him. Most men thought him dead, but there were those who fancied they discovered his wasted form beneath the vestments of a priest.

It might have been himself, or another equally haggard, who was seen in close conversation with Laetus, the last pretorian prefect. Long after the night had gathered round them her friendly shadows, they continued to pace the long alleys of the gardens, and, ever and anon, the face of the unknown being would work with some strong emotion, and his eyes gleam with a hidden fire. None knew the subject of discourse, whether it had or had not a connection with the guilty monarch; but certain it is that the temple of Concord was at the first dawn of the next morning filled with timid and trembling senators, called to ratify the election of a new emperor. They suspected, not without some reason, that it was a device of the tyrant to destroy them all, and fill their places with his own creatures. But when assured of his death, their acclamations resounded through the temple and were reverberated again and again from the lofty dome.

The frugal, just, and intrepid Pertinax was master of the Roman world; and the whole people reveled in the confidence and security to which they had been so long strangers. Each hear bore to the new emperor the music of grateful thanks, from the exile recalled from the far Oxus and Scandinavian snows; from innocent prisoners released from the pestiferous

atmosphere of noisome dungeons; from the mother, who again clasped her daughter; from the artisan, rejoicing in the unexpected payment of public debts; and the once princely patricians restored to palaces long polluted by parasites and slaves.

Nor did any share in the jubilee more largely than

they who were gathered together in that charming villa. Pompeians again took his seat in the senate; Cæia and Sertorius were restored to their estates, and were, not long afterward, united with all the pomp and significant ceremonial of a Roman marriage in that age.

## SUNSET ON A MOUNTAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A PARADISE of beauty in the light  
 Pour'd by the sinking sun, the mountain glows  
 In this soft summer evening. Dark and cool  
 The shadow of the opposite hills is spread  
 O'er the green valley, save where stretches down  
 The edges of the golden robe thrown o'er  
 The earthen monarch's form. The little stream  
 Winds sparkling there—the shaven meadows glow—  
 The corn-fields glitter—gleams the kindled grain—  
 Farm-house and barn cast far their ebon shapes,  
 Whilst the sharp tip of the hay-barnack lies  
 Upon the wreath'd roots of the midway pine  
 On the steep mountain-side. But in the midst  
 Of the sweet hollow, stand the village roofs,  
 With the first shiftings of the twilight gray  
 Upon their outlines. Onward slowly creeps  
 The mighty shadow. No more shines the stream,  
 Meadow and cornfield darken, and the grain  
 Looks faded, till the hollow lurks in gloom.  
 Higher the shadow steals. The mountain's foot  
 Is blacken'd, but a glow of quivering tints  
 Still plays upon its breast. Now light and gloom  
 Divide the slope. Up, up the shadow creeps,  
 Before it off the lustre seems to peel,  
 Until along the top the golden stripe  
 Fast dwindles to a narrow thread, and then,  
 As breath glides from a mirror, melts away.

Now as I roam the twisting cattle-path

Along its base, the cool air on my brow,  
 I hear a ceaseless twitter running through  
 The trees and bushes from the nestling birds,  
 Blent with the long heav'd sighing of the pine,  
 The buzz of insects on their skimming wings,  
 And the deep-throated gurgle of the brook  
 Down in the black ravine. A mingled voice  
 The hollow too upsends; low human talk—  
 Shriill whistlings—tones of children at their play,  
 The cow-bell tinkling in the meadow-grass,  
 The quick, loud bellow echoing down the vale,  
 The bleat—the barn-yard crow—the clattering wheel  
 On the ear sinking; yea, so still the air,  
 I hear the pleasant rustling of the scythe  
 Cutting its keen way through the long, deep grass,  
 And e'en the fitful stamping of yon horse  
 Standing within a corner of the rails  
 Bounding his pasture.

Back I trace my path.

The twilight deepens. Shadowy, vast and grim  
 The mountain looms, whilst on the western hills  
 The darkness gathers in one mass of gloom,  
 O'erhead the stars out-tremble, and the moon,  
 Late cold and blind, is filling rich with light;  
 And, as the east grows duskiest, shadows faint  
 Are thrown upon the earth, till soft and sweet  
 The moonlight bathes all nature in its pure  
 And solemn joy. Oh, holy, holy, hour!

## DIRGE FOR THE OLD YEAR.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROEMER.

WAIL! wail! wail!  
 Filling earth with the sound;  
 Alas! the Old Year  
 Lieth dead and dis-crown'd.  
 Happy dreams, sunny joys,  
 Pleasant thoughts that we cherished  
 Were born while he ruled,  
 And with him have they perished:  
 A phantom, with scythe,  
 And frail glass hurried by,  
 Who palsied his limbs,  
 And who curtained his eye.

CROAK! croak! croak!  
 Outcatteth the crow,  
 Perched on a tree-top,  
 A prophet of wo.  
 Black are his vestments,  
 And vigil he keepeth

Over the spot where  
 The weary one sleepeth.  
 Fled have bright schemes  
 With the year that is gone,  
 And pall o'er the coffin  
 Of Love hath been drawn.

WAIL! wail! wail!  
 The knell of the year,  
 To children of dust,  
 Telleth darkness is near;  
 That Beauty in vain  
 Watcheth o'er her flowers—  
 That her march to the grave  
 Groweth faster each hour.  
 WAIL! wail! wail!  
 Filling earth with the sound;  
 Alas! the Old Year  
 Lieth dead, and dis-crown'd.

# SKETCHES OF THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

FRANCIS MARION.\*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We open this book as we would a romance. The name of Marion conjures up before us the forest camp, the moonlight march, the sudden attack, and all the incidents of that daring warfare, the story of which fascinated us when a boy. He was our first and favorite hero: we heard of him at our mother's knee; and even now the Marion of those days holds a place in our imagination with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Yet there was nothing chivalric, in the ordinary sense of that term, about the Southern hero. His personal prowess was inconsiderable. He never slew a man in single combat. He was small in stature, hard in manners, cautious, scheming and taciturn. No act of knightly courtesy is recorded of him. But his achievements were so brilliant—they were performed with such apparently inadequate means—they followed each other in such rapid succession—and they were begun in so disastrous a period, and exercised so astonishing an influence in arousing the South, that we gaze on his career as on that of some Paladin of old, suddenly raised up by enchantment, to discomfit all comers with his single arm.

Francis Marion was of Huguenot descent. He was born in 1732, near Georgetown, South Carolina. As a child he was remarkably puny. But about the age of twelve a chance came over his constitution. His health became good. He grew hardy in frame and restless in spirit. He went to sea, was nearly drowned, and on his return, at the solicitation of his mother, settled on a farm.

For many years there were no indications of his future greatness. He followed the quiet life of men of his class, was respected, beloved and honored. But no one supposed that the name of Francis Marion would ever become great in history.

The Indian war of 1760 found him in this condition. The Cherokees, on the western frontier of the Carolinas, had long been troublesome neighbors. They inhabited a luxuriant district, partly in the lower country and partly in the hilly region to the west. Their villages were well built, their corn-fields in high cultivation. They were a bold and restless

nation, always doubtful allies, and ever ready to lift the tomahawk at the slightest provocation. On the present occasion they had taken up arms at the instigation of the French. As the only means of ensuring tranquillity in future, it was determined to break the heart of this proud people by penetrating to their most impregnable fastnesses, and laying the whole district waste with fire and sword. A strong force from the Canadas was despatched for this purpose to South Carolina. Marion joined this army as a lieutenant, and now first distinguished himself. After all the lower country had been devastated the troops advanced to the higher grounds. But at the famous pass of Etchoce, a narrow valley between high hills, the bravest of the Cherokees had made a stand, resolved, with a spirit worthy of old Rome, to shed their last heart's blood on this threshold of their nation. They occupied a strong position on the flank of the invading army. Before any progress could be made it became necessary to dislodge them, and a large corps was sent in advance for this purpose, preceded by a forlorn hope of thirty men. The command of this latter party was given to Marion. Their ascent was through a gloomy defile, flanked by impenetrable thickets, the very lurking places for a savage foe. Yet that gallant band went steadily forward. As the head of the column entered the defile, a savage yell was heard, as if from every bush around, and immediately a hundred muskets blazed on the assailants. Twenty-one fell. But their leader was unhurt. Like Washington he bore a charmed life. Waving his sword, he called on the few that remained to follow him, and dashing up the ascent, he was soon reinforced by the advanced corps, which, stimulated by such heroism, followed close behind. The contest that ensued is to this hour spoken of with awe by the miserable remnant of that people. Never, perhaps, in the annals of Indian war was the carnage greater. For four hours the fight raged without intermission. The savages fought like men who cared not to survive a defeat. Driven by the bayonet again and again from their positions, they returned, like wounded lions, fiercer with agony and despair. But their heroism was of no avail. Discipline at length triumphed over untaught bravery. The Cherokees fled. Nor did they ever after rally. And their beautiful villages were laid in ashes.

\* *The Life of Francis Marion.* By W. Gilmore Sims. 1 vol. 12mo. New York, H. G. Langley, 1841.

## BATTLE OF ETCHOEE.



For fourteen years after this campaign Marion was occupied on his farm. But he had acquired a reputation for skill and spirit, during his Indian campaign, which was not forgotten, and subsequently, when the storm of war began to darken the horizon, men turned to Marion with anxiety, as mariners at the crisis turn to the veteran pilot. In 1775, he was a member in the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, and was among the most active in procuring the vote committing that colony to the Revolution. It was during a partial adjournment of this body that the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston by express. Instantly the chivalric Carolinians took fire. The Congress was called together. Public spirit ran high. Two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were raised. A million of money was voted. An act of association was passed, by which all persons were declared enemies of the state who should refuse to join in resisting by force of arms the aggressions of the king.

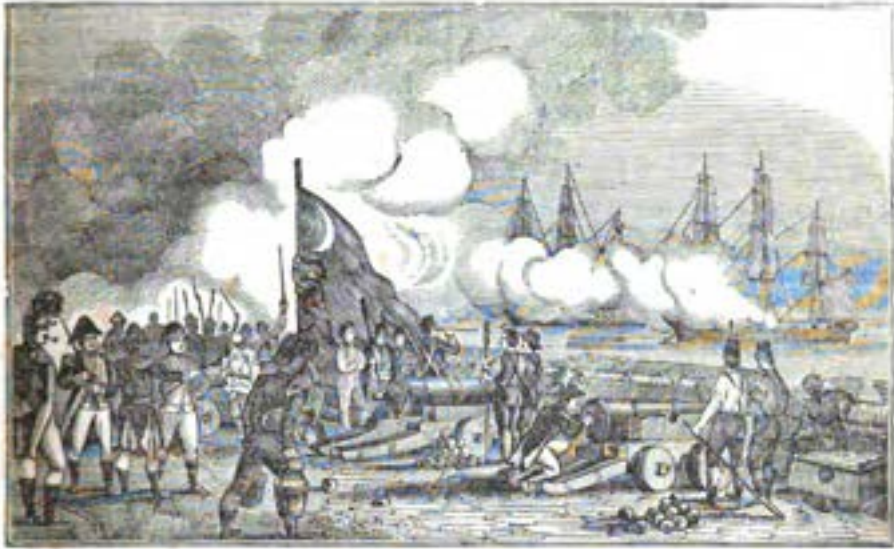
In one of the new regiments Marion received a captain's commission. His colonel was the celebrated Moultrie. Already those gallant spirits were drawing together, who, at a later day, stood shoulder to shoulder against the enemy, when others had yielded to despair.

One of the first acts of the enemy was to send an expedition against Charleston. On the 20th of June, 1776, Sir Peter Parker, with nine ships of war, entered the harbor and began to bombard the fort on Sullivan's Island. This work had been hastily erected, with no pretensions to science: it was built of palmetto logs, and mounted a few chance cannon. But its defenders were no ordinary men. They were a high spirited race, indignant at many outrages, and full of the first fiery enthusiasm of the war. All that was dear to them hung on the issue of that day's contest—

their homes, their honor, the smiles of their wives, the approval of their consciences. They had come there to conquer, or perish in the ruins of the fort. Such men are not easily to be overcome. For eleven hours they sustained the most tremendous cannonade recorded of the war, and not only sustained it, but repelled with a precision and effect that no militia, but that of America, has ever shown. Two several times the fire of the patriots was about to cease for want of powder, but Marion, with a small force, boarded an armed schooner, and obtained a supply, which served until more was procured from the city. And now the cannonade grew hottest. The coldest heart still warms at the recital of that hour. The field-officers themselves pointed the pieces. Not a man flinched from his gun. With cheers they animated each other to the strife; and soon their terrible fire began to spread havoc through the enemy's fleet. The cannonade on both sides now became furious. The heavens were darkened with the smoke of the conflict.

It was then that a ball carried away the flag-staff, and the ensign fell outside the fort on the exposed beach, but Serjeant Jasper, leaping over the ramparts, ran along the strand under a storm of shot, picked up the ensign, deliberately tied it to a sponge-staff, and then remounting the defences planted it again in the face of the foe. Such heroism, united to such skill, was invincible. The enemy's flag-ship was riddled like a target, and the slaughter of the crew surpassed all former precedent in naval warfare. His consort fared even worse. Later in the day one of his ships blew up. The anxious spectators, who crowded the wharves of the city, saw at length the fleet moving hastily from the harbor. The Americans had conquered. And for three years South Carolina was left unmolested.

## BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.



The tide of war now rolled northward. It is a source of wonder to foreigners that the British army, with its splendid troops and magnificent appointments, did not conquer the raw levies of the colonists in the first year, or at least as soon as the enthusiasm that followed Bunker Hill had passed away. But, perhaps, no nation was ever served by worse generals than England in our revolutionary war. Her commanders were not skillful, they were not even respectable; their acquirements and talents were of the lowest grade. It is difficult to say whether Howe or his cousin the king was the most stupid man in England. Burgoyne is remembered as a celebrated writer of plays. Clinton was no genius. Cornwallis, though of some ability, would never have made a noise except among small men. The impracticability of the country was the excuse given by these generals for their reverses; yet what is genius but the capacity to overcome obstacles that foil common men? Had Wolfe or Wellington commanded the British army after the battle of Long Island, we fear the war would have been finished in the second year. That the Revolution broke out in this reign of mediocrity we have always regarded as one of the means by which, under God, the liberties of this republic were achieved.

For three years, then, the war languished at the North. Washington could scarcely keep the field, so dispirited were his men, and so destitute of every necessary was the army. The brilliant achievement of Trenton, it will scarcely be believed hereafter, was performed by men whose bare feet marked the icy ground with blood. In that awful winter at Valley Forge it was no uncommon occurrence for an officer's mess to want a dinner. Could the English and American generals have changed places, the patriot forces would have been crushed in a single month.

At the end of three years the British government resolved to try its fortune again at the South, and this time it was with more success. A vast armament, fully supplied with every munition for a siege, was despatched against Charleston.

Marion had been made a lieutenant-colonel for his share in the battle of Fort Moultrie. He was in service in Georgia; and would have been present in Charleston at its capture, but having sprained his ankle just before the siege, he retired to his farm, when sick persons and officers unfit for duty were ordered to leave the city on its investment.

Charleston fell. Four thousand men—all the available force at the South—came into the hands of the enemy; and organized resistance in South Carolina was at an end. Then the seven vials of wrath were opened on that devoted colony. Decret was added to cruelty; and the miserable inhabitants, seduced by fair promises into swearing allegiance, soon learned that there is no refuge for the conquered, but in unmitigated and hopeless slavery. They had at first been asked only to remain quiet. They were now told that neutrality was impossible, and that they must either take up arms for the king or be punished as rebels. In vain they remonstrated, in vain they entreated, their masters were inexorable. One or two districts at length ventured to resist. It had been better for their inhabitants if they had never been born. Old men and immature boys were hung up without trial, and females of tender mien brutally thrust from the doors, which had been kept secret to them since they were brides. The land was ravaged as no other had been since the Conqueror desolated the New Forest. One region, seventy miles long and fifteen broad, through which the British army passed, became a desert. A wife who asked to see her husband in prison was told to wait, and her



request should soon be granted; they left her, and returning with a brutal jest, pointed to their victim, suspended from the jail window and yet quivering in the agonies of death. But God at last raised up an avenger. Suddenly, in the very heart of the oppressed districts, there arose an enemy—bitter, sleepless, unforgetful—seemingly possessed of miraculous powers of intelligence—whose motions were quick as lightning—who dealt blows successively at points where no human foresight could have foreseen them—and who, by a series of rapid and brilliant successes, made the British power tremble from centre to circumference. The secret of this was soon noised abroad. Marion had recovered, had raised a troop, and began the war again on his own account. His name became a terror to the foe, and a rallying word for the patriots. Wherever a surprise took place—wherever a convoy was cut off—wherever a gallant deed was done, men said that Marion had been there. And the aged widow, who had seen her bravest sons dragged to the shambles, gave thanks nightly to God that a defender had arisen for Israel.

We can at this day have but a faint idea of the reaction that followed the successes of Marion. It was like the first feeling of hope after a shipwreck, in which every plank has gone down beneath us. It was like the cheering word which released the Edomite from his afflictions. The colony rose from its sackcloth and ashes. It put off its garments of humiliation, assumed the sword, and went forth to battle rejoicingly. In every direction around the British posts, men suddenly appeared in arms. They had no weapons, but the huge saws of the timber-mills were fabricated into sabres. They had no camp equipage, but Marion slept on a forest couch, and so could they. They flocked to him in crowds. Mounted on fleet horses, they traversed the country under him, often marching sixty miles between sundown and daybreak, striking blows now here now there, until the perplexed enemy scarcely knew which way to turn, and began to regard, with nameless fear, this mysterious foe, who, if followed, could never be caught, but who was always at hand, with his terrible shout and charge, when least expected.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high-river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. He rendered it more so by destroying the bridges, securing the boats, and placing defences where they were required. The island, thus cut off from the mainland, was of some extent, and abounded with game. No one unacquainted with its labyrinths could have well found his way among its tortuous paths, overgrown with a luxuriant tropical vegetation and tangled with vines. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to ravage the enemy's granaries or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat he had no fear of pursuit. The imagination kindles at the picture of that greenwood camp, and we are carried back to the days of old romance when Robin Hood held court in Sherwood Forest. There, with the laurel blooming over them,

his bold followers slept as sweetly as under canopies of silk, dreaming, perhaps, of the hour when, the foreign foe expelled, they should welcome the wives of their bosoms back to their now desolate hearths.

For carrying on a partisan warfare, such as now ensued, Marion was peculiarly fitted. No man understood better how to manage a volunteer force. His maxim was "feed high and then attack." When in the open field he never required his men to wait for a bayonet charge; but when they had delivered their fire coolly, he ordered them to fall back under cover. By these means he kept them self-collected and confident; and in consequence we know but one instance of their having become panic struck. The celerity of his movements supplied the place of numbers. His genius defied the want of arms, ammunition, and all the material of war. He was wary, scheming, clear-sighted, bold, rapid, energetic. No man but one possessing such a rare union of qualities could have made head against the British power after the defeat of Gates. At times, indeed, he suffered from despondency. But this is the destiny of lofty natures, and few have achieved greatness without feeling often as if life were a burden gladly to be laid down.

The war was conducted with savage ferocity. The Tories hung their prisoners, the Whigs retaliated on the Tories. The British burned the dwellings of the patriots, pillaged their barns, ravaged their fields, and set free their negroes. The Americans shot down sentinels at their posts, cut off pickets, and laid ambuscades for officers. Neither party for a while paid much respect to flags. Private revenge entered deeply into the contest. At the taking of Georgetown Lieutenant Coyer sought out and murdered an English officer, from whom he had once suffered an indignity. A serjeant, whose private baggage had been captured, sent word to the British leader that, if it was not returned, he would kill eight of his men; and the plunder was given up, for it was known he would keep his word. The same man shot an English officer at three hundred yards. Yet there were occasional glimpses of chivalry shown on both sides. When Col. Watson garrisoned Blakely's mansion, it was the residence of a young lady whose lover belonged to the American force which, at that time, partially beleaguered the Englishman; and every day the fiery youth, like a knight of old, either singly or at the head of his troop, rode up to the hostile lines, and in sight of his mistress defied the foe to mortal combat. Among the British officers Major MacIntosh became distinguished as the most humane. But the general character of the contest was such, that those who had been accustomed to the comparative courtesy of European warfare, declared that the Americans fought like devils rather than men. Greene himself said the war was one of butchery. But we doubt whether it could have been waged successfully in any other way. When a foreign invader has given your roof-tree to the flames, and driven you forth to herd with wild beasts, it is an instinct of human nature to slay him wherever he appears, to assail him in darkness, to war with him even to the knife. The want of numbers must be supplied by incessant watchfulness. It

may do for kings playing at the game of war to talk of conducting it politely, but men fighting with a rope around their necks are not apt to be over nice. War is so foul a wrong as to be justified only in cases of invasion, and then the sharpest and speediest method of waging it is surely the best.

We have already extended this paper beyond the limits we allowed ourselves. It is time to bring it to a close. One more incident, and we have done.

It was just before the battle of Eataw, and when Greene and his enemy were silently watching each other, that Marion, with two hundred picked men, suddenly set forth on one of his many secret expeditions. Not even his officers knew the purpose of his march. His object, however, was to relieve Colonel Harden, at that time hard pressed by a British force of five hundred men. After traversing the country for a hundred miles, Marion came up with the colonel. The enemy was close at hand, thundering in pursuit. The Americans, thus reinforced, were hastily concealed in a swamp, and a small party sent out to lure the English into the ambuscade. The stratagem

succeeded. Imagining he had no one to contend with but Col. Harden, the British leader led his cavalry at full charge almost up to the muskets of the concealed riflemen. But when the deadly fire of the American sharpshooters opened on him, the enemy recoiled, so terrible was the slaughter. But soon, with unflinching bravery he rallied and dashed again to the charge. A second time he was hurled back. And now began a fearful carnage. Hemmed in on the narrow causeway, unable either to advance or retreat, that gallant cavalry was fast melting away beneath Marion's fire, when the ammunition of the Americans gave out and they were forced to yield their ground. But so horrible had been the slaughter, that, at the battle of Eataw, the enemy had scarcely a troop of horse to bring into the field.

The career of Marion, from this period to the close of the war, we leave for another occasion. The cause of America was now fast brightening, and it required no prophet to foretell that the independence of the colonies would be achieved. We may fairly break off at this point.

#### BATTLE OF PARKER'S FERRY.



The volume which has suggested these remarks is a life of Marion by W. Gilmore Sims, who has shown in it no little research, and a commendable sympathy for his hero. The public long required a biography of this general, for the bombastic affair by Weems is as amusing as the sketch of James is unsatisfactory. We confess there are some things even in this work to raise a smile. We may instance the imaginary positions, in which, in the absence of authentic knowledge, the author gravely speculates that Marion may have been placed in boyhood. He supposes the young hero, at fifteen, bursing to go to sea,

in order to perform prodigies of valor against Spanish pirates, and only embarking on board the merchant vessel, in which he, subsequently, nearly was shipwrecked, because no vessels more belligerent were in port. But this, and a few faults, the result of carelessness, we can easily forgive to the general impartiality, good sense, and pleasing narrative of the work.

The engravings which accompany this sketch will give the reader an idea of the style in which the volume before us is embellished. The typographical execution of the work is meritorious.

## FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "PRIZE STORIES," &c.

Earl Percy sees me fail. CHEVY CHASE.

The tones of Mr. Steward's voice, and the angry spot that burnt upon Mrs. Steward's cheek, announced to Emily Heyward, as she entered the breakfast-room, that she had interrupted a matrimonial discussion which, from appearances, did not seem to have been of the most agreeable nature. A pause followed her entrance, and, for awhile, hostilities appeared to be suspended, for Mr. Steward was somewhat ashamed to give way to temper in the presence of his sister-in-law, and perhaps glad, too, to have a dignified opportunity of changing his ground with his wife, while Mrs. Steward's quick breathing and unsteady voice, as she addressed her sister some trifling remark, showed how deeply her feelings had been touched with a consciousness too that it were as well for both parties that the subject were changed. Mr. Steward resumed presently, however, in a calmer tone and cooler manner with

"All I mean to say, Augusta, is that we must retrench in our expenses. They have been this year enormous—past belief, and I can afford nothing of the kind."

"I am perfectly willing," replied his wife, with spirit; "only I'll not be charged with extravagance and have it all imputed to me, while you are giving dinners, and belonging to clubs, and betting on elections—"

"Well, well," interrupted her husband, impatiently, "we'll not go over that again. But I repeat it, a change must be made somewhere."

"Very well," replied his wife, "let it be made everywhere and welcome, only don't talk of my milliner's bills while you—"

"Well, I tell you I won't talk of them," answered her husband, quickly, "that is, provided you can be made to talk of any thing else," he added, pettishly, for you seem determined to harp upon the same old string forever."

"I am determined not to be found fault with without reason," returned Augusta, whose courage, backed by the presence of her sister, and the cooling temper of her husband, rose to the "sticking place," and seemed resolute not to yield an inch. "I'll not be blamed—"

"I do not wish to blame you," replied Mr. Steward, "if you will only listen to reason, and hear what I have to say—"

"Certainly," replied his wife, "now that you have changed your tone, I am willing to hear any thing, but when you said just now—"

"No matter what I said just now," resumed her husband, impatiently.

"Oh yes, it is very easy to say 'no matter,'" muttered his wife, to which her husband paid no attention as he continued, "but listen to what I have to say now. We must retrench, and that very decidedly, in our expenses."

"And I again repeat," replied Mrs. Steward, "that I am perfectly willing—I cheerfully acquiesce in any changes you think necessary. We can lay down the carriage if you say so."

"Let it be laid down, then," replied her husband.

"And dispose of the opera box," continued Augusta, "the season is just up."

"Very well," rejoined Mr. Steward, "perhaps it is the best thing we could do with it."

"And I'll send back the new épergne, for of course there will be no farther use for it," continued Mrs. Steward.

There was an energy and spirit, or rather a temper, in Mrs. Steward's proposed retrenchments, that was rather more than her husband was prepared to meet, and he hesitated a moment before answering the last amendment, which was decidedly trenching on his ground, and then said,

"Well, we need be in no hurry about that. I rather doubt whether Cox will take it back, and beside, as the Secretary of State dines with us next week, we shall want it."

"Surely you will not think of giving that dinner?" exclaimed his wife.

"It would be rather awkward to do otherwise, after having given the invitation," replied Mr. Steward.

"You told me," replied Mrs. Steward, "that it was so doubtful whether he remained in town until Thursday that he was unwilling to promise positively for any time. Wait a day or two, and I'll answer for it, he will be engaged to more dinners than he has time to attend. Easy enough to get off when it is a great man you have asked. It is only your small people who have few or no invitations who pin you to the point."

"Well, well, we will see about it," replied Mr. Steward, who, looking at his watch, said something about its being time he was at the counting-house, took his hat and left the room.

A pause of some minutes followed Mr. Steward's departure, which Mrs. Steward broke with,

"Men are so unreasonable! You really would have supposed, to hear Charles talk, that the few hundreds I spend upon my dress was going to ruin him."

"But he says he cannot afford it, Augusta," said her sister, seriously.

"He can afford it as well as he can afford the rest of it," resumed Mrs. Steward, almost contemptuously.

"Perhaps so," continued her sister, "but as I understood him, he thinks you are living altogether at an unwarrantable rate.

"Then why should he begin upon my personal expenses?" resumed Mrs. Steward. "Oh, if I only had something of my own, or if Charles would make me an allowance, as I have asked him again and again, that I need not be subject to these humiliations," she exclaimed bitterly. "To be scolded like a child whenever you hand in a bill."

"Come, come, Augusta, now it is you who are unjust," said her sister, "for certainly a more liberal husband than yours I never saw. I am sure you have *carte blanche* to get whatever you want."

"That is," replied Mrs. Steward, "I have *carte blanche* to run in debt, and when the account becomes due it is a chance whether Steward is angry or not. Sometimes he pays bills three times as large as this and says nothing about it, at others he goes on as he did this morning, and I will not put up with it any longer, for there is neither justice nor reason in it."

"Probably it is more inconvenient at times than at others," resumed Miss Heyward.

"I dare say it is," answered her sister, "but that is not my fault. How am I to know when it is inconvenient and when it is not? I know nothing about his business, excepting when he is angry and scolds in this way."

"It would be infinitely better, more convenient to you both," continued Miss Heyward, "if he would name the sum he was willing you should spend. Why will he not?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Steward, in the same tone of irritation in which she had spoken from the first. "When I have mentioned the subject he only says, impatiently, 'nonsense, get what you want and send the bill to me.' How this one is to be paid," she continued, presently, "is more than I know. Madame de Goni writes that she wants her money, but I dare not speak to Charles again," and, so saying, she sighed heavily, and, folding it up, placed it in her writing desk. A long silence ensued, from which Mrs. Steward was aroused by a carriage driving to the door, and, hastily ringing, she desired the servant to say she was not at home.

The man returned presently with a card.

"Mrs. Lansing's compliments, ma'am, and if you are going to the opera to-night she will be much obliged to you to call for her."

"No, I am not going," said Mrs. Steward, as she tossed the card upon the table. "Thank Heaven I have escaped her for to-day," she ejaculated. "I declare the thought of that woman torments me more than all the rest. If it were not for her I should not care about putting down the carriage at all, for half the time I had rather walk than ride. Giving up the opera is more of a sacrifice, for I really love music."

"But it does not follow that you must give up the opera because you give up your box," observed her sister. "Mr. Steward wishes a general retrenchment

in your style of living, but I presume that does not include an occasional opera ticket or so."

"Oh, as to that matter," replied Mrs. Steward, "if I can't go as I like, I would rather not go at all."

"I am sure one part of the house is as good as another," answered Miss Heyward, "and most of the people we know sit down stairs, and, for my part, I would rather be there than in the private boxes."

"I am not going to sit there, at any rate," replied Mrs. Steward, pettishly, "while the Harringtons, and Lewises, and Remingtons, and all that set, have their boxes. It is well enough for a young girl like you—I dare say it is pleasanter, for the young men are all down there—and if we had not started with a box I should not have cared so much—but, as it is, I shall say I am tired of it, the *prima donna* is no great thing, and that it is a bore to go every night in this way. To be sure Mrs. Lansing will be curious, I suppose, if she finds we give up the box, and try to discover the true cause, for she has wit enough not to believe that I am tired of it all of a sudden—so no matter if she does, I'll criticise the last piece, and find fault with the new singer, and as she does not know a soprano from a contralto and is dreadfully afraid of betraying her ignorance, I'll make her ashamed in ten minutes of having been pleased herself."

"And why should you care," inquired her sister, "what such a woman thinks? Surely her opinion can be a matter of no importance one way or the other."

"I hate to gratify her curiosity," replied Mrs. Steward, "for, after all, say what I will, she will have a secret feeling that economy is at the bottom of it. She is such a purse-proud creature that her first idea always is that if you do not do any thing, it is because you cannot afford it."

"Then I should tell her plainly so in the beginning," said Emily.

"Not I, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Steward. "I would not gratify her so much on any account. She gives herself airs enough now without that."

"Well," observed Emily, "you know her best, I suppose, but really it seems to me that she is only a very over-dressed, commonplace little body."

"That is just what she is, Emily," said Mrs. Steward, eagerly. "As commonplace a woman as ever you knew, and her taste in dress is vile. The idea of her giving herself airs and trying to be any body is ridiculous."

"Droll enough," replied Emily; "for she seems to me as little meant by nature or education for a fine lady as any woman I have ever seen."

"I wish you had seen her when she first came to the city," continued Mrs. Steward, with animation. "You were such a child that you do not remember her then. Steward wanted me to call upon her and treat her with some attention on her husband's account, and so humble and grateful as she was! She did not think of giving herself airs in those days. I took her about to all the shops, and helped her select her furniture, and, as Steward and her husband were much connected in business in those times, I had her a good deal at my house, and introduced her to my friends,

and, in short, gave her her first start in society. But by the time she knew every body, and her husband grew rich, she really began to fancy that she was a person of importance, and now is very much disposed to patronize *me*. If she only thought, or fancied, or suspected that we were going down in the world, there would be no keeping her down at all."

And now in this little sketch Mrs. Steward had given the history of the rise, progress and decline of her friendship with Mrs. Lansing. She had begun by patronizing Mrs. Lansing, and now feared that the tables were about being turned, (a turning point few can bear,) and that she was to be patronized by Mrs. Lansing. Nothing rouses people's indignation like their protégés overtaking and perhaps outstripping them in the road to fortune and fashion. When Mrs. Steward first became acquainted with Mrs. Lansing, she found her an unpretending, simple-minded woman, very much disposed to look up to her with all due humility as her guide and model in matters of taste and fashion, and as such Mrs. Steward had pronounced her a kind-hearted, nice little person and decidedly undertaken to bring her forward. But as her husband's prosperity increased, and her own consequence, as she thought, keeping pace with his fortunes, Mrs. Steward found it somewhat difficult to keep up this supremacy, and, as years rolled on and wealth flowed in, the matter became impossible. From that time a rivalry sprang up between the two families, which did not lessen the intimacy, but only threatened to ruin them both by way of tormenting each other.

"I declare," continued Mrs. Steward, now quite wound up, "I believe I'll cut her."

"What an idea!" exclaimed her sister, laughing.

"Well, don't laugh at me, Emily," said Mrs. Steward, pettishly, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke. "Thank Heaven it is raining," she continued, gazing from the window. "Nobody can call to-day," and, as the hours wore on and the rain pattered down in unbroken monotony, her anger settled into that dejection that generally follows in the footsteps of temper, and the remembrance of her husband's vexation and her own want of forbearance, and, more than all, the ever-present consciousness of Madame de Goni's unpaid bill, sat heavy at her heart, and few that passed could have surmised how sad was the fair mistress of that stately mansion, though blessed with all the outward gifts of fortune, youth and health, lovely children, and a kind husband.

## CHAPTER II.

Oh, Job! you had two friends; one's quite enough, Especially when we are all at ease.—*Byron*.

When Mr. Steward returned home to dinner, which was not until a late hour in the day, the cheerful tones of his voice as he entered the house surprised his wife, who, although she felt infinitely relieved, was yet at the same time not a little vexed to find how little impression the conversation of the morning, which had so preyed upon her, had made upon him. She did not remember, however, that he had no unpaid bills depending on it, or he might per-

haps have felt as keenly as herself their disagreement, or had the thought occurred to her is it probable that it would have tended to soothe her wounded and excited feelings? A couple of strangers, whom her husband had invited to dinner, dragging in soon after, prevented any recurrence to the subject, and as Mrs. Steward took her place at the head of her table, where lights and wines and the usual luxuries of an elegant establishment flowed in abundance, she might have been pardoned for doubting what certainly no one else would have suspected, that it was what her husband could not afford, particularly as no thought of the kind seemed to trouble his mind, for he was, or it appeared to her at least that he was, even more animated and cheerful than common, and, on her answering some question in a languid and depressed tone, asked, kindly,

"Are you not well, dear?" as if he did not know of any reason beyond a headache to cause her want of spirits.

While they were still at table, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing called, and, being upon those terms of intimacy that often passes for friendship, the servant ushered them without ceremony into the dining-room. After the usual greetings, Mr. Lansing said,

"I have come in early to ask if you are going to the opera to-night, for, if you are, I would like to consign my wife to your care, as I have an engagement that will prevent my joining her until a late hour."

"No," replied Mrs. Steward, languidly, "the weather seemed so unpleasant that I did not mean to go to-night."

"Oh, you had better go, it will do you good, love," urged her husband, in a tone so full of kindly interest that Mrs. Steward turned away her head lest she should see the tears that started to her eyes, and it was a moment before she could answer calmly,

"No—not to-night. In fact, I am getting tired of this opera—the company are no great things, and, in short, to go night after night as we have been doing is something of a bore. I rather think we shall give up our box the next season."

What? said Mr. Lansing, turning instantly to Mrs. Steward, "do you mean to sell your box?"

There was such a look of quick suspicion, and a tone of such sharp inquiry in the question which seemed to say, "Why, what is the meaning of this?" that Mr. Steward laughed as he answered, carelessly,

"No, as I don't feel the necessity that seems to oppress my wife so of going every night merely because we have the box. Come, Augusta," he said, addressing his wife, "you had better let me order the carriage," and, as she made no further objection, he rang the bell and the matter was settled.

"I was out all the morning shopping," said Mrs. Lansing, turning to Mrs. Steward. "I called for you but found you were already out. I was down at Cunard's. Have you seen those new shawls that he has imported?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Steward, who instantly suspected that her friend had bought one, "they are common looking things, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Lansing's countenance fell, and her voice changed, though she answered stoutly,

"No, I don't—I admire them very much. I purchased one this morning."

Mrs. Steward merely said "Ah," as if that being the case she could in politeness say no more.

"They are very expensive," resumed Mrs. Lansing, as if that consideration must enhance the beauty of her purchase, to which Mrs. Steward, who knew their price as well as if she had bought a dozen, merely said, carelessly,

"Are they?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lansing, with a look of very comfortable importance, "I gave eighty dollars for mine."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Steward, with some surprise; "I should say that was light." The manner seemed to imply not that eighty dollars was a large sum to give for a shawl, but merely for the shawl in question.

"They are all the fashion," pursued Mrs. Lansing, resolutely.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Steward carelessly; "I have seen some of them worn," and, spite of herself, Mrs. Lansing began to doubt her judgment, and grew discontented with her purchase.

"Do you dine at Thornton's to-morrow?" inquired Mr. Lansing of Mr. Steward.

"At Thornton's?—no I do not," replied the other.

"It is but a small party, I believe," continued Mr. Lansing, with a look of gratification, "to meet the Secretary of State."

"Yes," replied Mr. Steward, "I was sorry I was engaged."

"You were asked, then?" inquired the other, in an accent of disappointment, but still determined to ferret out the truth.

"Oh! a week ago," replied Mr. Steward, carelessly, leaving his friend with the pleasant impression that he had been asked merely to fill his vacant place. "By the way, I was going to ask you to meet him here on Thursday."

"Who! the Secretary? Do you know him?" inquired Mr. Lansing, with unfeigned surprise.

"Very well," returned Mr. Steward, "I am indebted for a good many hospitalities at his house, in Washington, and am very glad now of having an opportunity of seeing him in my own."

There was a quiet, well-bred tone of conscious position in all this that Mr. Lansing, notwithstanding his lately acquired wealth, could not come up to at all, so he let the matter drop.

"The Remingtons and Lewises want me to join in giving alternate soirées at my house with them," said Mrs. Lansing. "They said they would speak to you about it."

"Ah! I suppose that is what they called for this morning," replied Mrs. Steward. "I found their cards upon the table. I am glad I was out."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Lansing anxiously. "Will you not join them?"

"No," replied Mrs. Steward; "I think that these parties never succeed—they are dull and a good deal of trouble, and nobody values a party where

there is neither dancing nor supper, and altogether *'le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.'*"

Whenever Mrs. Steward wished in expressive phrase to "shut" Mrs. Lansing "up" she quoted French, for it was one of the mortifications of her life, and one that for worlds she would not have acknowledged, that she had not early received a fashionable and finished education. She had made one or two desperate attempts at French after her marriage, but had relinquished it in utter hopelessness, and regarded any one who spoke the language with fluency with a degree of envy and respect that often amused her friend, who did not, however, the less fail to take advantage of her ignorance and weakness.

"How top-heavy a little attention makes some people," remarked Mr. Steward to his wife the next morning. "Did you observe how elated Lansing was at being asked at Thornton's? Here," he continued, tossing a bank-bill across the table, "you wanted some money for Madame de Goni."

"What do you mean to do," she inquired hesitatingly, "about the box?"

"Oh, keep it," he replied, decidedly. "It would sell for nothing, and besides it will not do to make such a change in our style of living as would attract remark, or it would hurt my credit. There can be a general attention to economy without doing any thing very marked."

"Well," said Mrs. Steward, as her husband left the room, "I shall not make myself unhappy another time for nothing, and think we are ruined because Charles happens to be angry. He really frightened me yesterday, and it seems after all that there was no cause for it."

"You seem rather vexed that there is not," remarked her sister, with a smile. "Upon the whole, I should say, it was more agreeable to be frightened without cause than with one."

"Well, I hardly know," replied Mrs. Steward; "a man has no right to talk so unless he means what he says. I declare, I scarcely slept an hour last night, and all, it seems, for nothing."

"Not quite," said Emily. "Mr. Steward still says that economy is necessary."

"Yes," replied his wife, "in that sort of vague and general way, and what does it amount to? For my part, I do not even know what he means, and I doubt whether he does himself. However, here is the money for Madame de Goni, though she cannot have the whole of it, for Estella has just sent in her bill. I will divide it between them, and that will cut down both accounts and satisfy them for the present."

"I think," said Emily, gravely, "that, as your husband gave you that money for Madame de Goni, Augusta, you had better settle your account in full."

"And what then am I to do with Estella?" inquired Mrs. Steward.

"Give her bill to Mr. Steward when he comes in."

"Thank you," replied her sister, "as I have not quite forgotten yesterday morning's discussion, I do not feel prepared for another this evening. Why, what a pugnacious disposition you must have, Emily, to think of such a thing."

"I certainly think," replied Emily, "that perfect frankness is the best course, and, if I were married—"

"You would make a pattern wife," replied her sister; "of course, all young girls think so, but when you are married you will find, just as other married women do, that you must manage as you can. I admit that Charles is as affectionate, and kind-hearted, and indulgent a husband as ever lived, but that he is quick tempered and often unreasonable there is no denying, and, though lovers are charming, you see, Emily, that husbands are not perfect, and you must make the best of them, and get along as well as you can, and above all never stroke pussy the wrong way."

Now Emily thought that running heedlessly in debt was decidedly "stroking pussy the wrong way," and when her sister desired her to dress early for she wished to drive directly to Madame de Goni's to order a dress for Mrs. Talmadge's ball, she ventured to hint something of the kind.

"Nonsense! Emily," she replied; "Charles likes to see me dressed, and particularly when I go among his own family. Mrs. Talmadge will be gratified, and Fanny is pleased to see me appear to advantage, and, in short, they all like it. And besides, Emily," she continued, "the kind of simple dress that becomes a young girl is not at all suitable for a married woman. A book-muslin and a few flounces are as much as you require, but ten years hence you will find that soft satins and fine laces must shade and fill up the ravages of time, and, moreover, my position, my husband's fortune all demand it, people expect it of me," and thus Mrs. Steward continued to prove to her own satisfaction at least that to dress elegantly was a duty she owed not less to her husband's family than to society at large. To be sure, Emily took a different view of the subject. To her, it seemed that the admiration that her sister excited and the compliments she received upon her perfect taste were often dearly paid for by such scenes as the one of the day before, but then a young girl—particularly if she happens to be in love—will regard matters in a different light from a married woman of some years' standing. Perhaps had their situations been reversed Mrs. Steward would have said, "What signified what a married woman wears? You are thrust against the wall and nobody sees what you have on, but to us young girls who dance it is every thing," for the love of expense is ingenious, and the number of good arguments it can bring to back its positions are wonderful. Mrs. Steward was a graceful, stylish-looking woman, rather *passée* perhaps, but very elegant. One of those beings to whom a Parisian toilette lends such charms that nature has neither atone they denied nor yet quite granted. In her morning wrapper she was not positively handsome, but in the full blaze of evening dress few would have stopped to criticize ere they paid her the homage due alone to beauty, and never was the effect more striking than on the evening of Mrs. Talmadge's ball, when she descended fresh from a brilliant toilette, radiant with success and soft from satisfaction, and entered the drawing-room, where a few gentlemen still lingered who had dined with her husband.

"Faith, Steward," remarked the one nearest to him, "a man must be proud of such a woman as that," and the impression she produced on those around him was not without its effect upon her husband, for when she laid her taper and jeweled fingers on his arm and said,

"Do not forget that you are to join me at your sister's." He looked up both proudly and kindly in her fair face as he answered,

"Never fear."

"There, Emily," said Mrs. Steward, triumphantly, as they drove off, "did not I tell you that Charles liked to see me well dressed? I don't know when he has been so gallant as to cloak and hand me to the carriage himself. And the last time we were out together was just after Estelle had sent in her bill, so I could not get any thing new, and was obliged to wear that old blue silk, and he seemed quite put out and asked me how on earth I ever came to buy such an ugly thing, which by the way had been very pretty when it was new, and, in short, was quite rude, and we had a spat about I forget what as we were going. In fact, I almost vowed I never would go out with him again."

Mrs. Steward also forgot that not feeling quite as well satisfied with her own appearance as usual, she too was somewhat cross, and contradicted her husband very needlessly about a trifle which he returned with interest—when she said that the house they were driving to was on the right hand of the street, which sensible discussion was only settled by their being set down on the left.

"I think Mrs. Lansing was worse dressed this evening than usual," observed Mrs. Steward, with evident exultation. "She overloads so with finery. She appears to think if she only lays out money enough that is all that is requisite, but I can tell her that taste has much more to do with the matter than expense, and that, unfortunately for her, is not to be bought," and the idea of this unpurchasable want on the part of her friend seemed to give Mrs. Steward great satisfaction, for she dwelt upon it for some time.

Either Mr. Steward had quite satisfied his conscience by finding fault with his wife, or else there really was no necessity for the retrenchments he had talked of, for dinner succeeded dinner and expense expense, in their usual course. It is true there were clouds upon his brow from time to time, and he seemed perplexed and anxious, but whether they arose from the uncertainties of an impatient temper or from more serious causes, Emily could not quite divine, particularly as she observed that whenever he hesitated about granting her sister any new indulgence if she did not happen to mention accidentally as it were that it was "one Mr. Lansing had given his wife," or that "they had looked surprised that she had not done so and so," the difficulties, whatever they were, seemed to vanish in a moment. That they lived up to the full extent of their income there could be no doubt, but whether it were prudent or even honest so to live, time alone would show.

## CHAPTER III.

"Bech, man! dear sira! is that the gate  
They waste sue mony a braw estate?"

"So Steward and Lansing have failed," said one of the newsmongers of the day.

"Ah!" returned the person addressed; "I had not heard of it, but I am not surprised. Young men who enter business with small capital and dash ahead in that style must fail. I never believed they were making money as people said they were. I knew it could not be."

"Nor I," replied the old gentleman who had first communicated the intelligence. "It was not thus that men did business in our day, and fortunes are not made more rapidly now than then."

"Ah!" said the other, "in those times young merchants did not set up to be fine gentlemen, and give dinners and run into every folly that happened to be the fashion. But now a young man begins with little or nothing, and in a few years the first thing you find is that his wife drives her carriage, and must have her opera box. The pains-taking industry and patient economy of our times which made their fathers' fortunes is quite out of fashion now, and here is the end of it."

"And they do say," continued the first speaker, dropping his voice, "that this is an unusually bad case. The books show nearly double the amount drawn out for private expenses of the whole receipts of the concern. If it is so, there will be trouble yet, for creditors won't bear this kind of thing."

"Nor should they," replied the other, indignantly. "It is most disgraceful."

"Ah, poor Mrs. Steward!" said Harriet Somers, "we shall miss her pleasant soirées this winter. I am sorry for her."

"And what is your particular interest in Mrs. Steward?" asked her brother. "All your sympathy seems reserved for her; did not Mrs. Lansing give soirées too?"

"I have no particular interest in her," replied his sister, "but she is a graceful, pretty woman, and altogether was an ornament to society. Very different from Mrs. Lansing. Besides, she was used to it. Poor thing! How hard to be obliged to give up her carriage and establishment and all."

"And learn the use of those dainty little feet," replied her brother, laughing.

"How can you be so unfeeling, John?" replied his sister.

"I don't see the want of feeling," returned the young man, "in thinking that people who cannot afford to keep carriages had better walk, nor do I see the peculiar hardship of Mrs. Steward's case. What

is it, pray, that makes the difference between Mrs. Lansing and her?"

"Oh! Mrs. Lansing is a vulgar, purse-proud little body. It was nothing but her money that gave her any consequence at all," replied Miss Somers. "I never could see why people paid her so much attention. However, all that is over now," she continued, carelessly; "she will not be too much courted henceforth."

"How you women dwell in externals," said John. "All your sympathies are bestowed upon Mrs. Steward, because she is pretty and graceful. Now, for my part, I think if I had any extra compassion to throw away I should give it to Mrs. Lansing, who, in losing fortune, loses every thing. Personal qualities always command respect, and the wisest of us all will worship grace and beauty; but to be poor and plain, dull and destitute, is really something of a trial for a woman."

"Oh, as for that," answered Miss Somers, carelessly, "Mrs. Lansing is a good hearted enough little woman, but her head was turned by their sudden prosperity. She was not used to it, and could not bear it. Now she will return to her domestic duties, and be ten to one a happier woman than when she was striving for what she could not get—fashion."

"What aristocrats all your sex are!" said John, with a smile. "She is *used* to it, or she was *not used* to it, seems to settle all your sympathies. You go upon the old rule, 'To her that hath more shall be given, and from her that hath not shall be taken away.'"

And now the storm that had broken over Mrs. Steward's head was not only hard to bear in all its own intrinsic wretchedness, but was embittered by the unkind remarks made upon her extravagance, which was as usual much exaggerated, and which kind friends repeated with an officiousness more common than commendable. Bitter were the tears she shed, and sorrowfully did she take herself to task, that it should be in the power of people to say such things of her.

"No, no, Emily," she said, mournfully, when her sister would fain have consoled her. "It was as much my fault as Charles'. I might have restrained instead of urging him on, and it was my duty to have done so. There is no telling the influence in a wife's power. Let her be consistently prudent, and it is not often that her husband will totally disregard her counsels."

A community of sorrows once more re-united those whom prosperity had severed. Mrs. Lansing again came to Mrs. Steward for advice, and Mrs. Steward turned to her for sympathy, and, if they were no longer fashionable, they were at least sincere friends.

## A WINTER'S EVE.

Look out! the white old trees so bare  
Are crooning sadly to and fro;  
And see, like spirits in the air,  
Fast, faster falls the fleecy snow.

Pile on the logs, draw up the chair—  
And shut the curtains on the night,  
For louder roars the wintry air—  
God help the soul abroad to-night!

A. A. L.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

BY JAMES K. FAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," ETC.

WHEN a man has passed all those stages in the journey of life, through which he continues to be cheered on by anticipations of something yet to come, some new and untried enjoyment of whose fallacious promises he has not yet become aware by experience, he naturally turns back upon the past, and exchanges the pleasures of hope for those of memory. It is then, when youth is fled and its enjoyments no longer within reach of the senses, that he reviews his past life, and if the prospect is not blurred and darkened by the shadows of remorse, that he reverts to past pleasures in order to supply in some measure the deficiencies of the present.

Much of my leisure time is passed in this manner; and though my conscience tells me that the review is not altogether so satisfactory as I could wish, yet the prospect is not altogether a desert. I catch, at distant intervals, a glance at many a flowery mead and fairy prospect, and thus, in the sober season of autumn, enjoy the bloom and freshness of returning spring, which, though viewed through the long vista of departed years, are only the more soft and seducing from being seen at a distance; for memory is almost as great a deceiver as hope.

Among these precious relics of the past, those which afford me by far the most pleasure are the recollection of country scenes and country life. The brooks, the meadows, the woods, the warbling birds, and the careless sports of boyhood, appeal to the recollection of every man of threescore and upwards, who is not inextricably coiled up in the cobweb of eternal worldly strife, with new fascinations; and if he so will it, he may serve out the residue of his life in a paradise of his own creation, woven by memory from the materials of the past.

At this moment I have before me a picture which I will sketch in the hope that the reader may derive from it a portion of the pleasure I enjoy in the recollection. In my youth, I was accustomed to pass a portion of my summers in the Highlands of the Hudson, where, in truth, I still love to nestle sometimes, among the rocks, the woods and the towering mountains. I had an old friend, a sort of highland chieftain, who was the proprietor of large landed estates, along the river and in the interior, and who, though not a bachelor, was absolutely his own master, his wife being long since dead, and his family grown up and established elsewhere. He was a right worthy, warm-hearted, and convivial person, who, though much given to killing time, never, I believe, committed a downright cold-blooded murder on the old squireman. He luxuriated in the company of us young fellows; was gay without being noisy or licen-

tious, and, though a perfect gentleman, his laugh was the most infectious I ever heard. It was a treat to hear him on a bright sunny morning, cheering the echoes with an explosion of honest hilarity, which roused us like the crowing of chanicleer. There was an old turkey cock, the vainest and most noisy of the tribe, who, as my old friend said, drilled his company of young turkeys every morning, in the great walk in front of the piazza, and carried them through the manual. The scene was indeed irresistibly ludicrous. The old veteran strutted, and shook his head, and scolded, and gobbled, at the awkwardness with which the young recruits strove to imitate his lofty bearing, majestic strut, sonorous voice, and most especially that indescribable manœuvre of suddenly expanding the wings and skirting them on the ground with a noise altogether alarming. Our host would stand in his morning-gown on the piazza every morning before breakfast enjoying this rare exhibition, laughing the honest laugh of a blameless conscience, and insisting that the field-marshal, as he called him, was worthy of being a brigadier-general of militia.

I could relate a thousand scenes and incidents of our summer campaigns; but at present my business is with a rural specimen of the genus *picara*, whose history is so intimately associated with that of my old friend, that it may be truly said they are one and indivisible. If ever man had a decent excuse for being something of a rogue, it was Tom Wheeler, for he had a face which nobody would trust, and his lot was cast in a region where it was next to impossible to earn an honest livelihood. It was one of those places where land could be had for nothing, and was very dear at that. In a deep gorge of the mountain there luxuriated a narrow vale, which nature had judiciously provided as a receptacle for the rocks that tumbled from the sides of the incumbent hills. Here Tom's grandfather had originally located himself, apparently from that mysterious affinity which I have observed to subsist between barren land and lazy rogues, who thus have the best possible excuse for idleness, in the fact that labor would be vain. Tradition said that Tom's father and grandfather had been both ardent rogues, and I myself can answer for Tom, who regularly cheated my old friend at least once a week, and sometimes a great deal oftener, if the season happened to be fruitful in opportunities. Such is the force of situation and circumstances; for I think it cannot be doubted that if Tom and his ancestors had fallen on a fruitful soil, instead of among barren rocks, they might have borne good fruit, and lived an honest life, like their more fortunate neighbors.

My first recollection of Tom commenced about the time my old friend was building himself a new house, and had collected a number of mechanics from the city, to whom he paid so much per day, and found—as the technical phrase is—there being no boarding-houses in the neighborhood. They were fed and lodged in a temporary building erected for their accommodation by their employer. Tom was driving a bargain with my friend, and I was at once irresistibly attracted by his appearance. His form was almost gigantic, being upwards of six feet high, a circumstance which Tom was accustomed to ascribe to his having been a great hunter of squirrels from his youth, and spending much of his time standing on tiptoe, stretching his neck upwards toward the trees in search of game. He had a broad, flat face, a pug nose, a wide mouth, and the most rascally pair of little, cunning, twinkling black eyes I ever remember to have seen, which sparkled at that moment with the anticipation of taking in the worthy old gentleman. I might have been mistaken, but I thought at the time that the old spaniel which followed my friend everywhere had a sort of instinctive perception of what was going forward, for he eyed Tom with an expression of peculiar hostility.

A bargain was struck for eight sheep, to feed the workmen employed on the new house; though it is proper here to premise, that according to both tradition and ocular testimony, neither Tom, his father, nor his grandfather, ever owned a sheep in their whole lives that they came by honestly. The next day Tom was seen driving his flock down the side of the mountain, but on coming into the presence met with rather a cavalier reception, in the words following:

“Why, you blockhead—why, d—ce, do you take me for a butcher? I wanted dead sheep, not live ones.”

Tom's great platter face, as the country people say, “kindly wilted up all into a pucker,” and his little rascally eyes glistened like those of a snake charming a bird, which I afterwards found was always the case whenever he saw a little prosperous roguery in perspective.

“Well, now, squire”—after a pause of profound reflection, as he partly lifted his weather-beaten hat and scratched his head—“Well, now, squire, I do n't like butchering any more than the squire. But I'll tell the squire what I'm willing to do to accommodate. If the squire will allow me the skins and wool, why, I do n't much care if I butcher the animals for him, though, as I observed before, I do n't much take to the business.”

The squire readily assented. Tom killed the sheep, received about three as much as they were worth, and carried off the wool in triumph. And well he might, for the next day the workmen sent a deputation to the squire, to let him know his mutton was so lean and tough that unless he gave them something better they would be under the unpleasant necessity of making a strike, and decamping. At first the squire was exceeding wroth, blustered a great deal, swore a little, and threatened sore vengeance against Tom; but it all ended in a hearty laugh at the admirable

skill with which Tom had twice cheated him in one and the same bargain.

After this Tom fought shy for some time, and though he occasionally worked at little jobs for the squire, for which he always managed to be paid double, took good care to keep out of his way. I say jobs, by which is meant small speculations, out of which, by a little shuffling and cutting, he could make something more than by days' work. As for a regular series of labor, Tom scorned it with both hands and heels. It happened, however, that one fine morning, as the squire and I were strolling over a part of his wide domains, he came to a full stop, and planted his stick firmly on the ground—the signal for a long talk—on coming up to where a number of his people were employed with teams removing stones. Among these I quickly detected Tom, whose broad face, Herculean figure, and rascally little eyes I well recollected. Never shall I forget Tom's manoeuvres to elude the notice of the squire, and never was man so intensely busy as Tom. He was stooping down tugging at a rock that weighed at least a ton, at the same time that I could see he was intently watching the movements of the squire. He had an art exceedingly convenient, if not indispensable, to his craft, that of seeing behind him, which I have never known philosophically explained. I verily believe he would have escaped had not one of his companions cried out—

“Why, Tom Wheeler, what are you about there, working at that rock? You might as well try to lift Anthony's Noe.”

At that portentous name the squire lifted his stick from the ground, faced to the right about, and looked daggers at Tom, who continued indefatigable in his efforts at the rock, with his face almost touching the ground. At last, however, the squire recognized his old friend, and, placing himself exactly opposite Tom, proceeded to reprimand him severely—

“Why, you cheating rascal—why, d—ce, have you the impudence to show your face again, after first cheating me in your sheep, and next out of their skins? Why—why—d—ce—sir—why—” and here the squire stopped short, either for want of words, or that his anger had suddenly evaporated. It was worth while to see Tom during this harangue. He gradually straightened his tall bony figure, as if with a mighty effort, and put on such an inimitable, indescribable expression of mingled compunction, sly roguery, and triumphant humor, that the squire could stand it no longer, but burst into a loud, long laugh that repaid him both for sheep and wool.

“You cheating rascal,” said he, at length, “if I were to serve you right, I should prosecute you for swindling—” and then he fell to laughing again.

“Why, Lord-a-marcy, squire,” answered Tom, “What does the squire care for a few dollars to a poor feller like me, that lives on land that would starve a grasshopper, much more a sheep? I pledge the squire my honor”—this was a favorite phrase of Tom's—“I pledge the squire my honor, I fed them on mullins and dry leaves till they could hardly stand on all-fours, and so I brought them to the squire, for fear they would die of themselves, and I lose the butchering

job, you know, squire. The squire should not bear hard on a poor feller like me, who is excusable, as a body may say, for living by his wits, because he has nothing else to live on."

Tom's logic was irresistible. The squire had his laugh, and I heard him say afterwards that a good honest laugh was worth more than the amount of his loss by Tom's bargain.

Being thus restored to favor, Tom had frequent opportunities of exercising his ingenuity at the expense of the squire, who, though possessed of ample estates, was very frequently in want of the common comforts of life, which he purchased of his tenants and others, as occasion might be. Here Tom luxuriated in his vocation, and not a week passed in which he did not signalize himself by what he called "working a traverse on the squire," that is to say, taking him in. On one occasion, which I particularly remember, he sold the squire a barrel of hickory nuts, of which those on the surface, near the head, were excellent, and the others no better than naught, having been gathered before they were ripe. Unfortunately for Tom, the barrel was opened at the wrong end, and his roguery thus suddenly brought to light. Not being aware of this, Tom made his appearance a few days afterwards, to know whether the squire did not want another barrel of nuts. The rogue had met the squire just before, at a distance from the house, and hoped to work a traverse on the old housekeeper, who, however, reproached him with his deception, and told him she did not want any more.

"But," said Tom—"I saw the squire just now."

"O, if the squire said he wanted any more, I have nothing to say."

"Why," replied Tom—"I must say that I can't positively say that the squire said so, but *judging by his actions*, I should say he sartinly wanted another barrel."

Tom's gesture and emphasis when he came to "judging by his actions," were inimitable, and carried conviction to the heart of the housekeeper. I must do him the justice to say, that, with all his roguery, he never told a direct lie, though he grazed it ten times a day. But somehow or other he managed to evade committing himself, by a system of circumlocution that was truly wonderful; and he was accustomed to boast with great complacency that nobody could say they had ever caught him in an untruth. In one way or other he managed to work a traverse on the squire so frequently, that he was sometimes reproached by his associates. But he always defended himself in the most caudid and serious manner, by the following unanswerable arguments—"Well, you know the squire is mighty rich, and I'm mighty poor. The squire don't mind a hundred dollars half as much as I do one; and what I get from him does me ten times as much good as it does him harm. So my conscience is quite clear on the subject, and there is no use talking about it." He might have farther justified himself by the pleasure he afforded the squire in return, by his humorous, bare-faced rogueries; for whenever he saw Tom coming he began to laugh and rub his hands, exclaim-

ing, "Here comes Tom Wheeler to work another of his traverses."

About once a month, or so, he generally came to the squire with a story about the discovery of a mine on some part of the estate, that indeed abounded in iron ore, of which Tom always brought a sample for inspection. The squire was not much of an adept in the mysteries of mineralogy, and always ready to nibble at a bait of this sort. Tom had somehow or other learned a smattering of a few of the commonplace terms of the science, and frequently interlarded his discourse with pyrites and oxide—which he called ox-hide—may he had got as far as rhomboidal corundum, which he dubbed rumboidal conundrum. It is a great pity he had not been sent to college, for I have no doubt he would have turned out a phenomenon.

At one time it was an iron mine; at another, a lead or copper mine; and occasionally, though rarely, he dealt in the precious metals. It was odd enough to see the squire the almost willing dupe of these traverses of Tom, whom he knew to be a most pestilent rogue, and in whose word he had not the least confidence. Tom, at the head of a dozen sturdy fellows, would be set digging, and blasting among the rocks for a whole summer, without discovering any mine but the squire's pocket, which never failed to yield Tom a seasonable supply of the precious metals. I must, however, do Tom the justice to say, he did actually discover a mine of plumbago, which cost the squire some thousand dollars, before he came to the conclusion at which most people arrive, in their search after that wealth in the bowels of the earth which is only to be certainly found near the surface.

At length the worthy old gentleman departed this life; and though many years have since passed away, he is still gratefully and affectionately remembered by his young companions, some of whom have figured in the walks of life, as members of Congress, judges and plenipotentiaries. He died just as Tom was about to work a grand traverse, having actually discovered a rock richly impregnated with particles of gold, or something as bright as gold. His death was an irreparable loss to Tom, who never flourished afterwards in his pristine glory, but often displayed a grateful heart, by taking every opportunity of doing justice to the liberality of the squire. "I call him a real gentleman," would he say, "for he did'n't skin flints like some of your rich old colgers, and never disputed with a poor feller about pennies. Now there's that young chap we've got in his place—I'll be shot if I can make any thing out of *him*. He always gets to windward of me in working a traverse."

The course of Tom Wheeler ran very rough, and always down hill, after the loss of the squire. Though he grew more cunning and roguish every day, others became more wary and circumspect in their dealings with him; and it sometimes happened that they got to windward of Tom in working a traverse; for experience shows, that let a man be ever so great a rogue, he sooner or later always meets with a greater.

He had succeeded in establishing a character, which, whether good or bad, never fails to stick to a man for life. An honest man may become a rogue by the force of temptation, or a rogue grow honest from conviction of his faults, but the character of either once established, and it takes a long course of opposite conduct to remove the impression, if it can ever be done. He was gradually thrown upon strangers for a livelihood, being now so well known that he could only work a traverse with those who were unaware of his propensities. In this he sometimes succeeded to admiration; but strangers were scarce, at that time, in this sequestered region, and Tom was often reduced to great extremity, insomuch that he was once, as he declared, actually driven to the necessity of hiring himself out for a whole month to make stone fences.

The last I heard of Tom, he was an inmate of the county poor-house, from which, although against the rules of the establishment, he emerges whenever he pleases, occasionally working a traverse in a small

way, such as passing off stale eggs or an antediluvian gander. I am told it is quite melancholy to hear him talk of the ups and downs of life, and of the days of his glory, when he cracked jokes with the squire and was always admitted to the parlor to bargain with the lady of the house, whereas now he is palmed off on the maids in the kitchen. And then he observes, "Well, never mind, every dog has his day, and it's a long lane that has never a turning."

And now for the moral of my story, for in this most scrupulous and enlightened age, a story without a moral is worse than venison without sauce. Had Tom Wheeler exercised the same sagacity, dexterity and perseverance in any reputable calling, or taken half the pains to earn a livelihood by honest means, that he did in his rogueries, he would, in all probability, have become a respectable man instead of ending his days in the poor-house. He might, peradventure, have presided over such an institution, and, like some people of my acquaintance, grown rich by managing the concerns of the poor.

## COTTAGE RESIDENCES.

SEE MANSION OF DR. ROSE IN ENGRAVING.

ARCHITECTURAL taste is apparently on the increase in the United States, though there is yet much room for improvement, both in public and private buildings. Many of the most costly edifices in the country outrage every rule of taste: we may instance the Capitol at Washington, the President's Mansion, and the Mint at Philadelphia. A few are really elegant structures; and among them are the United States Bank, Girard College at Philadelphia, and Trinity Church in New York.

Both our public and private buildings often evince a want of adaptation to the climate. We question whether the Greek style of architecture, with its severe beauty and comparatively flat roofs, is fitted either to the spirit of our people, or to the changing temperature of a northern latitude. In future ages, when our climate shall have become more equable, the chaste structures that crown the Acropolis may be copied here with propriety; but the most suitable style of architecture for the present day is certainly the Gothic. Its "dim, religious light," accords with the reverential feelings of a Christian people; and its high peaked roof gives it a power to endure the snow and sleet of our tempestuous winter.

The erection of cottages and other country mansions, is a matter which is beginning to attract considerable attention. Men of wealth and education have turned their inquiries to the subject, and numerous elegant private habitations are springing up in every state of the Union. For these, the Gothic style of building is not always convenient, and accordingly, a sort of hybrid Grecian order is in most general use.

Several residences, erected in this style, are quite elegant; but there is great room for improvement; and, at an early day, we shall devote some pages to the subject of cottage architecture. One of the most beautiful private habitations we are acquainted with, is that of Dr. Rose, in Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania; it is a neat, unpretending structure, but elegant in all its details, and produces a feeling of harmony when regarded as a whole, that is perhaps the best proof of the architect's genius. We know of other mansions, on which immense sums have been expended, that do not approach this one in beauty.

In the vicinity of New York city, there are several private residences of great elegance. Staten Island is particularly famed for its beautiful structures. One of the prettiest styles for a cottage is what is called the Elizabethan one; buildings of more pretension look better in a Gothic style. Nothing is more picturesque than a private mansion of this character surrounded by forest trees. In the vicinity of Boston Mr. Cushing's residence, perhaps, is the most beautiful.

It has been, altogether, too much the custom to look to the east for every thing elegant in architecture. We believe that all the views of public and private buildings, published before "Graham" entered the field, were confined to that section of the country. But the south and west abound with structures that vie with the best in the New England States; and we shall maintain our national character of giving occasionally from each State such views as the one in the present number, and those from Georgia, which the subscribers to the last volume received.

## THE SENTIMENT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY ELIZABETH ORES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

"Bear each other's burdens."

"It is so easy to make sacrifices for those we love," said one of the most gifted and noble-minded women of the country, the other day. I heard her with amazement. It is n't easy, it is n't desirable; it is a foolish fraud upon one's self; a cruel injustice to those we love, making them the occasions of our virtue; placing them as stumbling blocks before us, that we may ambitiously jump at a good.

Are not those that we love a part of ourselves, and by rejecting what we would regard as good, do we not in effect cause a disservice, or, at best, put a part of ourselves to do penance for the other; reviving a monkish sentiment of self-denial, and self-inflicted torture? Is it not always painful to those who love to feel that a sacrifice *has* been made? Would it not be more in accordance with the true affinity of soul to know that there *could* be no contrariety of feeling? that no good *could* be resigned, because none would be desired other than what is mutual, and hence there would be no sacrifice?

Besides, every act of self-sacrifice, I have observed (such is the weakness of humanity) to be succeeded by an exceedingly meek, much enduring sort of aspect, which operates as a tacit reproach to the other party, and which never fails to produce a reaction; and thus the real virtue slips away, leaving nothing but a flimsy garment in place of the stern ascetic intended to be grasped.

For myself, I feel a certain remorse of conscience in making such sacrifices: the complacent sense of resignation resulting therefrom seems wrongfully obtained. I have, for the time being, separated myself from those I love and made them a part of my discipline, in view whereof, I yearn over them with redoubled tenderness; the step thus taken upon the symbolic ladder of the Patriarch has been at their expense; and I would fain return that we may mount side by side. I blush at my superior virtue; I blush that I should have availed myself of a weakness or a perversity on their part to make myself a shade better.

We have no right to dis sever ourselves in this wise; it is selfishness, it is cruelty. It is leaving our friends behind us, from a heartless ambition to excel them in perfection. It is appalling them with a sense of inferiority. It is challenging them to admiration. It is a triumphant self-assertion under the garb of humility.

I reverence the virtue itself. I reverence the beauty and the holiness of the sentiment of self-sacrifice. It is a part of the *duty* of life. But love

is spontaneous and instinctive. Such as love do the "will" of duty "and know it not." Its perfect oneness precludes the idea of a sacrifice. We say, "it is my duty to do thus and so," because love has ceased to be the high priest at the altar, and we cling for protection to the form, though, alas! the divine spirit has departed.

No, it isn't those we love for whom we make sacrifices, or ought to make them; otherwise the good so attained would become evil in the eye of our tenderness. We heap kindness upon the forward, and, without hesitation, appropriate the healthfulness of spirit that ensues as having been legitimately secured. We deny ourselves pleasures, and gratifications of all kinds, in behalf of those who are indifferent to us, because we feel these become an atonement for that indifference.

We sacrifice our own desires, pursuits, and expectations to those with whom we have little sympathy, because it does not vex us that they should exact it; we do not claim their recognition of our nature; and we take, without remorse, the good our sacrifices may bring to our spirits, albeit a meek compassion minglcth therewith, in that "they know not what they do" in dooming us to bear the cross that is to lift us above the earth.

We quietly yield that which in justice might be our own, to those who have never set in the sanctuary of our hearts, because we will not indulge them by contention. They cannot understand us, we do not desire that they should. We were not made to "hold sweet counsel together," we were not made to plough, as it were, "in the same furrow" in the great husbandry of life, any more than the "ox and the ass" prohibited by the Jewish lawgiver.

To such we are scrupulously just; to such we are dignified, and properly sustained; to such we are, if need be, self-sacrificing; for these are they whom we meet only upon the broad highway of humanity, nor turn aside to the "delectable gardens" of love and congeniality. These are they whom we may rightfully use as the occasions of our virtue. We may grow weaned from the world through their instrumentality. We may learn that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, for they were designed to teach us the truth. We may grow meek through their forwardness; gentle and forbearing, earnest, and truthful, and loving, in that they suggest the need of these things.

But, ah, not to those who are life of our life must we look for these things. Not to those with whom





we have a spiritual assimilation; for these are fellow passengers with whom we divide the scap, leaning upon the same staff, and our eyes instinctively resting upon the same objects; others are but guide-stones, or mounds of warning erected for our security along a path that to us is forever brightening.

As we build up the temple of God in our own souls, we do not use the things of the altar like the tools of the craftsmen, to joint mortice and balance arch, to rear column and adorn capital; no more should we put to unhalloved purposes the priest-offering of sympathy.

It is those who love us most that have need to pardon most in us; and a new love is born by the very process of forgiveness. "To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much," saith the blessed Saviour, recognizing the tenderness springing from weakness, the purity of the well-springs of sympathy, even, although embittered and turned astray in the progress of life.

Those who love us most endure most from our infirmities, our waywardness, and perversities, simply because they do love us, and we them. We are revealed to them heart and life. We sit side by side with them in the very sanctuary of truth, and they "know our thoughts afar off," for, present or absent, we are revealed to them. Self-sacrifice is unheard of here. The cloaking of a thought, the evasion of a desire would assume the nature of a falsity in the light of this oneness of spirit.

We have a right to the forbearance of those who love us; "for love suffereth long and is kind." We have a right to their faith, for "love hopeth all things." We throw ourselves defenceless upon the arm of their mercy. We affect no perfectionism, we plead nothing but the love which ever "covereth a multitude of faults." We may weep and lament over our weaknesses, but it is always with the sweet assurance of pardon clinging like a balm to the heart.

In this way it is that the little peculiarities, the foibles, and weaknesses of true friends become

sources of endearment. The virtues are for public admiration, for the good of society at large, and the individual in particular; but the dear little faults are the exclusives; they are the sweet, coy things that shun general observation, and, "leaning to the side of virtue," still nestle away in the cosy corner entirely our own, and often startle and mutually endear by the contrast of weakness and strength; folly and wisdom; shades of waywardness and gleams of magnanimity; tenderness and meekness linked with perversity; flashes of sentiment galloping with the whimsical and grotesque—these are for us, and for us only, and go to make up the sum of the creatures of our affection.

With these we lay aside the mask and domino with which we masquerade the world, and in simple vestments, and with uncovered brow, and eyes that read the soul, we wander along the stream of life, in sportful seriousness, watching the bubbles that rise upon its surface, sometimes perversely breaking a pet bubble of the other, yet only to mingle tears at its bursting, and to smile again as others arise of larger size and more radiantly colored.

We must make sacrifices in life, it is necessary from the nature of things; it is a part of our discipline and duty so to do; such being the fact, let us make them where the greatness so achieved shall not shame us; where the glory will not reproach us. Let us yield the way to the indifferent, the unsympathizing and repulsive; but keep our little perversities, our whimsicalities, our self-assertions, for those only who have a right to them; who are dear enough to us to be quarreled with; who love us well enough to take us as we are; who do not expect to always find us *prepared for reception*; "at home" to stilled proprieties, dignities, virtues in costume, and duly labeled; but who see our true selves, neither through a microscopic nor magnifying lens; but relying upon our intrinsic worthiness, love us because we *are ourselves*.

## TO LIVE TOO LONG.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

It is sad to lie down in the cold, cold grave,  
When the mind is strong, and the heart is brave;  
It is sad to leave all that is lovely and fair  
And go the tomb, to be mouldering there.  
But oh! if 'tis bitter to leave the world's throng,  
It is sadder, far sadder, to live too long.

To see all that once we had doted upon  
Before us to rest and to happiness gone,  
And to stand, like a wither'd oak, blighted and weak,  
The sole tree that survives the mad hurricane's wreck,  
O talk not of life, earth's bright dwellings among,  
For nothing can soothe him who lives too long.

To know that the once echoing trumpet of Fame  
Shall never more mention that valueless name;  
To know that none care for his bliss or his doom;  
O rather I'd ask the cold rest of the tomb.  
When glory has died, and the spirit of song  
Has vanished, 'tis bitter to live too long.

And I would lie down in my deep repose  
Ere my bosom no longer with poetry glows;  
And I would arise to the mansions on high,  
Ere the thoughts that now live in my spirit shall die;  
Ere the moments have fled, that to manhood belong,  
And I feel that 'tis bitter to live too long.



## NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—NO. I.

### THE BLACKFEET.

THE first settlers of this country paid little attention to the history of the red men. Occupied in clearing lands, erecting houses, and fighting a savage foe, they had neither leisure nor inclination for researches whose results would have been invaluable now. Of the dim annals of the aborigines accordingly we know little. That a mighty people once inhabited this soil, possessing a civilization superior to that of the Indians, we learn from the tumuli scattered over the continent, as well as from the traditions of the Mohawks. But the language, laws and customs of the Alleghians are as unknown to us as those of the antediluvians. A once mighty people has passed away and left no sign. Nor are we but little better informed of their successors. We know, from ancient Scandinavian manuscripts, that a colony of Norsemen landed on Rhode Island, and became subsequently lost by intermarriage among the aborigines. We know that the Esquimaux visited Newfoundland, and even wandered as low down as Niagara; for this curious fact the disinterred bones of that people betray. But here our knowledge stops. Of the origin, habits and institutions of the remaining population of this continent we have but scanty records. That the Delawares had been great—that they were conquered by the Iroquois—that these last melted insensibly before the white man, is the sum of all that can be written on the subject. The once proud nations who owned our forests and gave name to our mountains are no more. To use one of their own figurative phrases, they have passed away like the mists of morning. The rapid extinction of this people will be regarded by future times as a fiction. Our fathers can remember when they lingered on the western slopes of the Alleghians, and we ourselves knew them when they carried the tomahawk along the Wabash, yet now they are retreating even from the prairies of Missouri, and seeking refuge, with the buffalo, in the inaccessible gorges of the Rocky Mountains. A melancholy interest begins to hang around their name. To gather the traditions, to picture the dress, to preserve the manners of the few tribes that remain, has aroused the ambition of more than one enthusiastic and disinterested soul; and Cutlin, Wied and others have successively encountered the perils of the savage wilderness to preserve what few facts can be gleaned before the red man has passed away forever.

It is our purpose, in a series of papers, to present the readers of "Graham" with the results of these inquiries. We shall treat, in order, of the Mandans, Sioux, and other tribes, beginning with the Blackfeet.

The Blackfeet are still one of the most considerable tribes of the North American Indians. They move about in the prairies near the Rocky Mountains; but

chiefly dwell between the three forks of the Missouri, known as the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers. Large numbers of them are, however, found as low down as Maria river. Being farthest removed from the vicinity of civilization, they retain unimpaired their native independence; and adhere more rigidly to the customs of their forefathers than, perhaps, any of the western Indians. It is on this account that we have chosen them for the first subject of our remarks.

They comprise three tribes; the Blackfeet, properly so called, the Blood Indians, and the Pickanns. Of these the latter are the most peaceable, as the Blood Indians are the most sanguinary. Their numbers amount to about 16,000, of whom perhaps nearly 5000 are warriors. They all speak the same language, differ but little in personal appearance, and generally make common cause together.

In person they are robust and well made. Some of them attain to great stature: Wied speaks of a Blood Indian six feet and eleven inches high; but usually they do not average more than five feet ten inches. As with most savage tribes, their hands and feet are small. Their eyes are of hazel; their hair jet-black and stiff; their nose slightly curved downward, with thin nostrils; and the color of their skins a bright, reddish brown, often the hue of copper.

The Blackfeet do not disfigure their bodies by tattooing, but, in common with all other Indian tribes, they paint the face, red being their favorite color. They generally suffer the hair to hang down straight and stiff, often in disorder over the eyes; but the young people, with more neatness, comb it smooth and part it over the forehead. Some of their most distinguished warriors wear a tuft of the feathers of owls or birds of prey, hung at the back of the head—others an ermine skin, with little strips of red cloth, adorned with bright buttons—and still others, broad black feathers, cut short like a brush, on the top of the head. Several fasten large bear's claws in the hair; and most of them, when in full dress, have a necklace of these claws. On their fingers they wear rings, mostly of brass.

Their dress is very picturesque. It is a shirt, made of leather, with leggings, both being ornamented, more or less elaborately, according to the wealth of the owner. With these is worn a large buffalo robe, embroidered with porcupine quills of the most brilliant colors, and usually painted on the tanned side with figures of horses, arms, shields and other warlike subjects. This robe is worn very gracefully, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare. The dress of the women is a long leather shirt, reaching to the feet, bound round the waist with a girdle, and having short side sleeves trimmed with fringe. The best of these dresses are ornamented, both on the hem and

sleeves, with dyed porcupine quills and thin leather stripes, with broad diversified stripes of sky-blue and white glass beads. The men always go armed. Every Blackfoot carries a whip as well as his weapons in his hand; his gun and his bow and arrows are slung on his shoulder. Here, too, he carries his pouch containing his powder-horn: a large knife, in the sheath, is stuck behind in his leathern girdle. When thus attired and mounted on horseback, with a housing made of a large pantier's skin, so arranged that the long tail hangs down on one side, over a saddle-cloth of scarlet, the Blackfoot warrior regards his equipments as complete. Such is the costume of the figure in our engraving.

The weapons of the Blackfeet are not as handsome as those of the Crows, Mandans, and other tribes living nearer the confines of civilization. They are more expert with the bow than the gun, the latter being generally an inferior article. Their country produces no wood suitable for bows, the materials for which they procure by barter, from the river Arkansas. Their quivers are made of the skin of the cougar. They occasionally carry a lance, but a more common instrument is the club. Many have a thick leather shield, usually painted green or red, and decked with feathers and other ornaments, to which they attach a superstitious charm. In going to battle they are generally half naked, but some attire themselves in their finest dresses, and gallop on horseback, uttering loud cries, against the foe. They generally attack at daybreak. Small parties, on these occasions, approach the enemy by stealth, and endeavor to gain the advantage of him by stratagem. If foiled, they form long lines, and fire on the enemy from a distance. When an opponent falls he is immediately scalped. A late traveler\* gives a graphic description of one of their battles which he witnessed. While at Fort McKenzie, a party of Blackfeet outside the walls were surprised one night by their mortal enemies, the Assiniboins, who murdered the women and children in their sleep, scalped the victims, mutilated their bodies, and even vented their rage on the inanimate tents by cutting them into shreds. The Black-

\* Maximilian, Prince of Wied.

feet warriors fled to the protection of the fort, and opened a fire on the enemy from the roof. Afterward they rallied on the prairie; and now ensued a most animated scene. Couriers had been despatched to the great camp of the nation, about ten miles distant, and before an hour the warriors came pouring in, in parties of twenty or thirty, attired in their magnificent war-dress, and their horses covered with foam. The assailants, by this time, had been driven to the banks of a neighboring stream, where they took covert among a clump of trees, and kept up an irregular fire on such of the Blackfeet as ventured over the brow of the hill above. The bravest of these, as they came dashing up from their camp, whipped their horses to a gallop, and dashing down the hill with shouts discharged their pieces, after which they would wheel and retreat over the brow to load. The fight was maintained from daybreak until noon, at which time both parties desisted from battle, and during the night the Assiniboins retreated. On neither side, however, was the loss so great as might have been supposed, from the fury with which they fought. This was owing to their want of skill as marksmen. The greatest execution was done by some half-breeds, in the employ of the fur company, who joined their allies the Blackfeet.

When returning to camp, after a successful battle, the warriors sing, and one of their number rides before, backward and forward about the tents, displaying the scalps at a distance by holding up and shaking them. Those who have been fortunate enough to capture the weapon of an enemy, exhibit it in the same manner, boasting of himself by name as the spoiler. Afterwards the warriors assemble in the open air in front of the tents, and with their faces painted black, and their leggins spotted with the same color, sing a song which they call *amway*. On these occasions no scalps are displayed, nor are their voices accompanied by any instrument.

The Blackfeet often make slaves of the women whom they have taken prisoners, but their captives are always safe from ill-treatment. They never torture their prisoners, as is the common practice among most of the other tribes. [To be concluded.]

## YOUNG LOVE.

BY JAMES P. JETT.

Young Love beheld a maiden fair,  
Gliding the gay cotillon through;  
In glossy ringlets flowed her hair,  
And brilliant were her eyes of blue;  
With merry and coquetish glee,  
She looked into her partner's eye;  
Says Love, "I'll take a shot at thee,"  
And so he let an arrow fly—  
It struck the maiden's heart—good luck!  
The blunted shaft rebounded back!

Young Love beheld a beautiful maid,  
Seated a pale youth's couch beside;  
Each look deep sympathy betrayed,  
Which vainly she did strive to hide;  
'T was but the feeling of a heart  
Touched warmly at the sight of pain.  
And now and then a tear would start,  
Which soon she smiled away again—  
Love's arrow flew—the work was done—  
The youth revived—these hearts were one.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century.*  
By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

This is a large and closely printed octavo volume, containing selections from some eighty poets, and accompanied by biographical and critical notices. The compilation of such a book is no easy or agreeable task. The editor renders himself liable to a large variety of unpleasant and contradictory imputations. One reader quarrels with his selections, another with his opinions; one desires longer biographies, another more extended disquisitions. If he avoids Scylla, he falls with the more force on Charybdis. He has as many critics as there are tastes, prejudices and idiosyncrasies. The whole reading public becomes his reviewers. Every person has his favorite poet and his favorite poems; every person is angry if one does not receive the due honors of the editor's criticism, and the other the due honors of his scissora. Between old men, who love sense, and young women, who love sensibility, between persons who hate the old school of poetry, and persons who hate the new, the editor has a difficult labor to perform. We must profess to be among those inclined to find some fault with the book, for Mr. Griswold, among other little amiabilities, has contrived to oppose a few cherished opinions of our own. A notice of some of his inaccuracies in style and thought, he will undoubtedly receive with a good grace.

The editor, it must be allowed, has succeeded very well, considering his temptations, and the intrinsic difficulties of his task. His book deserves, and undoubtedly will have, a large circulation. There is no other work of the kind to compete with it. It contains—with much mediocre verse and some trash—some of the finest poetry ever written. Mr. Griswold's extensive acquaintance with modern polite literature is displayed throughout the volume. He has included in the collection a number of poets who are little known on this side of the Atlantic, and whom a less industrious compiler would have overlooked. Herbert, Horne, Bailey, (P. J.) Darley, Alford and Browning, are names of some note in England, but none of their productions have been reprinted in America.

The critical and biographical portion of Mr. Griswold's work is very unequal. At times his style betrays unequivocal marks of carelessness and haste. When he pleases, his diction is clear, musical and fluent, well adapted both for narration and criticism, and neither deficient in beauty nor grace; but some of his biographies are written loosely and inelegantly. His critical opinions have often the gravity and comprehensiveness of judicial decisions, cool, temperate, tolerant and just; but sometimes they evince qualities which smack more of the advocate than the judge. When he once starts an erroneous or paradoxical opinion, he embodies it in its most offensive form, and clings to it with a dogmatism which will yield to no argument.

He has arranged his band of poets chronologically; and, indeed, has displayed much more care in disposing them according to their age, than in estimating their relative merit and influence. He has given no exposition of the spirit which animates the poetry of the age—the external causes which operated in its formation and development—

its character as contrasted with the character of the poetry it superseded—the peculiar tone of meditation and imagination by which it is marked—and the relation which the prominent poets bear to each other and to their time. The biography of Wordsworth, or Byron, or Shelley, might have afforded him an opportunity to take a comprehensive view of the field in which he was wandering, and to dispose the greatest writers of the age, according to the palpable influence they had exerted in moulding the minds of others into their own likeness. Wordsworth, especially, who preceded both Byron and Shelley, and in whose works we discover the germs of all that distinguishes the poetry of this age from that of the age of Anne or Elizabeth, should have been honored with a little more of Mr. Griswold's discrimination, and a little less of his petulance and dogmatism.

As far as we can discover the bias of the editor, he inclines most to Lord Byron. But nothing is more certain than that many of the splendid passages of Byron are nothing more than Wordsworth *Byronized* and popularized. Mr. Griswold says that "probably almost any thoughtful and well educated person, devoting a long and quiet life to the cultivation of poetry, would sometimes produce passages of sublimity or beauty. Mr. Wordsworth has produced very many such; but he has written no single great poem, harmonious and sustained! unless exceptions be found in two or three of his shorter pieces." Now we think that no "thoughtful and well educated person" would devote a long life to poetry, without having some genius for the art; and, especially, that no person coming within the range of those adjectives, could be the pioneer of a new school, could introduce a new spiritual element into his descriptions of nature, could have copyists among personal enemies, could stamp a peculiar character upon the poetry of a whole generation, without possessing higher qualifications than mere education and thoughtfulness can furnish. Indeed, Mr. Griswold seems to feel the force of this himself, for he informs us in another connection, that the same "thoughtful" person "has written poetry worthy of the greatest bards of all the ages, and as wretched verbiage and inanity as any with which paper was ever assailed." Now, as regards the latter clause of the sentence, there may be a difference of opinion. We think that the editor has extracted some pieces in his volume, from other authors, which are worse than the worst of Wordsworth. However puerile some of the minor pieces of the latter may seem to us, surveyed from our point of view, we must acknowledge that the verbiage and inanity of the race of Haleys and Pyes, from whom he freed English literature, and the verbiage and inanity of some who have had the impertinence to attempt an imitation of his simple delineations of the heart, reach a deeper pit of wretchedness than any into which the muse of Wordsworth could possibly fall. But without stopping to quarrel on this point, it may still be doubted, whether any "thoughtful and well educated person" could contrive to produce specimens of the art "worthy of the greatest bards of all the ages." As regards the dictum, that "he has written no single great poem, harmonious and sustained," the same might be said of each of his co-

temporaries, with as much justice as it could be said of him. Many deny that English literature has been enriched with a great and complete poem since "Paradise Lost;" and even that can hardly be called "sustained," as the sublimity weakens as the poem proceeds. We know, however, that many of the finest critics of the present day, Dana, for example, have pronounced the "Excursion" to be, on the whole, the greatest poem since "Paradise Regained." It certainly, as regards completeness and greatness, may rank with "Childe Harold," as "Peter Bell" may with the "Corsair." Besides, the pitch of Wordsworth's thinking and imagination is higher and purer than Byron's, and if he has less of the splendid trappings of poetry, he has more of its subtle essence. The spiritual element which he embodied in his verse is the same, modified by individual peculiarities, which vivifies that of Byron and Shelley—the same which distinguishes most of his contemporaries as poets of the nineteenth century, rather than poets of the eighteenth. Shelley was ever willing to acknowledge his obligations to Wordsworth; and he is the only poet who has expressed with more clearness the subtle spiritualism with which the writings of Wordsworth teem. The latter has too often been considered as only great in themes relating to sentiment and the gentler affections; but no "thoughtful and well educated person" can read his works without seeing that in the highest regions of song he is as eminent as in his humblest humanities.

Mr. Griswold pronounces Coleridge to be "perhaps the most wonderful genius of the nineteenth century." This is rather strong language, when we remember that Goethe lived thirty years in the same century. Of Scott, it is said, that his "Life of Napoleon" left a "deep shadow on his reputation. He wasted money; to gain it he was willing to pander to base prejudices; the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte is among the most reckless and unprincipled books of the age, and, as a history, is deserving of scarcely more regard than the Tales of my Landlord." This we deem altogether unjust. Scott was incapable of doing any thing intentionally base and unprincipled. He might have been misled by honest prejudices, perhaps bigotries; but no reader of his "Diary," written at the time when he was busy on Napoleon, could impart to him so mean a motive as that which Mr. Griswold has the hardihood to allege. Two or three loose insertions of this kind, bearing evidence of his bile rather than his brain, we advise Mr. G. to modify in his next edition. They do him no credit, and are in strange contrast to the temperate tone of the large majority of his opinions.

The Life of Southey is exceedingly well done. High praise is lavished upon him and his works. He is, we think, somewhat over-praised. It is curious that, while Mr. Griswold is so much enraged against Scott for doing injustice to Napoleon, he should, immediately after his warm eulogy on Southey, "one of the best men that modern England has contained," extract a long "Ode" by that poet, denouncing the Corsican in the bitterest and most sweeping invective that ever railed in rhyme. Here is a specimen:

But evil was his good,  
For all too long in blood had he been nursed,  
And *never* was earth with *verier* tyrant cursed.  
Bold man and lead,  
*Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,*  
And black with murders and with perjuries,  
*Himself in hell's whole puny he clad;*  
No law but his own headstrong will he knew,  
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.  
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,  
And trampled under foot all human ties,  
All holy laws, all natural charities."

If we had space, we might contest the validity of a

few more of Mr. Griswold's critical annunciations, and likewise notice some inconsistencies. We regret that he did not spend more time on a work of so much importance. As it is, however, we cheerfully award to it the praise of being generally fair in criticism, and generally discriminating in the task of selection. A careful revision would make it a book of great value. The faults which disfigure it are of a kind which might easily be amended.

*The Lady of the Lake: A Poem. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated Edition. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1 vol. 8vo.*

This is a splendid volume, printed in large type, on the finest paper, and embellished with ten engravings. The poem itself is well worthy of its dress. It is one of the most attractive in the language, and has passed through numberless editions. Its popularity is almost universal. A person who can read any thing above a cookery-book or a newspaper, cannot fail to receive pleasure from the "Lady of the Lake." It has more sustained excellence than any other of Scott's poems. The interest of the story; the rapid movement of the verse; the picturesque beauty of the descriptions of scenery; the skill shown in the delineation and contrast of character; the chivalrous spirit which it breathes; the vehemence, energy, beauty, grace, tenderness of feeling, which it alternately displays, and the air of reality which is around every scene, incident, and character—all these combined give to the poem a fascination, to which the least poetical mind cannot be insensible. No man with any blood in his veins can fail to be kindled as he reads. The dullest fancy is quickened into life, by the force and distinctness of its descriptions. Every scene is painted on the imagination as vividly as if the author had employed colors instead of words. An instantaneous sympathy is created for the characters. We fight, hunt, love, hate, despair with them. The color comes and goes on the cheek, with every variation in the fortunes of the hero and heroine. The combat between Rhoderick Dhu and Fitz James, is one of the most thrilling and graphic in all metrical romance. Though it has become somewhat hackneyed by its very celebrity, it still cannot be read for the hundredth time without being felt in the blood, "and felt along the heart." The whole scene of the death of Rhoderick Dhu, closing with the lines,

And motionless and moanless, drew  
His parting breath, stout Rhoderick Dhu,

forms one of the grandest pictures in modern poetry. It would be easy to multiply references to splendid passages in the poem, but they are so well known and appreciated, that to comment on them would be almost an impertinence.

We are glad to see so fine an edition of so excellent a poem, issued from an American press; and trust that the disposition displayed by our publishers, to improve the external appearance of their books, will meet with due encouragement from the public.

*Infatuation: A Poem. Delivered Before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. By Park Benjamin. Boston, Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.*

We were in Boston when this poem was delivered, and we never listened to one so well adapted for a popular audience, or which called forth so much continued applause. The hands, feet, and eyes of the audience, were in incessant motion. It was a most palpable hit—striking the target right in the centre. A poem thus written for the ear rather than the eye, must necessarily lose much of its attractiveness when divorced from the speaker's voice and manner; but still it does not lose all. It will very well

bear perusal. It teems with wit and sarcasm—the versification is smooth, fluent and melodious—the style is full of energy and pith—and the serious and the satirical follow or blend with each other, with singular ease and grace. The author gives no evidence of being pampered by the necessities of rhyme. The jingle at the end of the couplets seems at times rather accidental than premeditated. There is a kind of conversational ease, a “polished want of polish,” displayed through the whole poem, which lends to many of its bright fancies and tingling jests, the peculiar flavor of impromptu wit.

We cut a few couplets from Mr. Benjamin's poem in illustration of its general character. They are mere bricks from the edifice, but they will convey some notion of its verbal architecture:

By love inspired, the scholar quits his books,  
And finds no learning save in Mary's looks;  
How bright the lesson, how sublime the style,  
Greek in her glance, and Sanscrit in her smile;  
By love inspired, the statesman yields the power  
Of ruling sonnets, for a lady's bower;  
Great minds are swayed by passion more than fame,—  
Napoleon felt, and Tyler feels the flame.

When cold reality at fiction mocks  
And Fancy gives no tilt—save to tocks.

Rich Vice, full-hearted, looks with scorn behind  
On poor Integrity, who has not dined;  
Great Humbug, driving, deigns not to scold  
Ignoble Science, trudging home on foot.

Bare-headed Worth, maintains a special grace,  
Credit he woos, shames villainy in face;  
And he who pays is always he who rules,  
For Debt makes slaves, as Illness makes fools.

We conclude with a fine and subtle imagination, beautiful in itself and felicitous in its introduction:

In vain for him, bright in her cloudless noon,  
Sails the slow splendor of the harvest moon,  
While the lush landscape in the midday beam  
Sleeps as if conscious of some happy dream.

*Yonnoidio, or the Warriors of the Genessee: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.* By W. H. C. Hosmer. One vol. duodecimo. New York, Wiley & Putnam: Rochester, D. M. Detroy, 1844.

Mr. Hosmer is one of our contributors. His various lyrical and other compositions in this magazine have repeatedly given evidence of his possession of the divine faculty. In the work before us he has made good use of the traditions of Indian warfare in New York, and given us some of the truest as well as most beautiful poetical descriptions to be found in the range of American literature. He is, perhaps, wanting in the constructive faculty, for which Scott, whom he seems to have chosen as a model, is so eminently distinguished; and the story sometimes drags a little heavily; but we know of but two Indian epics—the “Yumoyden” of Sands, and Hoffman's “Vigil of Faith”—which can be compared with “Yonnoidio” for elegance of diction or dramatic interest. It is very evident that Mr. Hosmer has been an earnest student of history as well as of nature. It cannot be said of his work, as it has been said of some American productions of a similar aim, that “it might as well have been written by any educated Englishman.” It exhibits with a master hand the manners of that grand confederacy whose chiefs are among the characters of his drama, and points with the skill of a Cole all the peculiarities of an American landscape in his own romantic and beautiful region. We regret our inability to exhibit his qualities in extracts.

**FISH WITHOUT EYES.**—One of our distinguished contributors, in a letter to Dr. Detmold, communicates the following remarkable facts. The New York Courier and Enquirer, in mentioning the fact, remarks that Mr. Paulding's writings have given him a richly earned reputation all over Europe.

*Extract of a letter from J. K. Paulding to Dr. Detmold.*

“The Mammoth Cave is within a few miles of Green River in the State of Kentucky, so called from its waters being the color of the sea. It is the largest cavern in the known world, having either thirty or thirty-two avenues radiating from the area within the entrance, each one extending to the distance of ten miles under the earth. A man therefore, in going and returning through these avenues, would cover a distance of upwards of six hundred miles.

“Some distance from the mouth of the cave, and far enough within, to involve the spot in profound, as well as perpetual darkness, is a small lake, containing fish without eyes, of which I have procured you four as specimens. There are also, in it, eel-fish equally destitute of the organs of sight, as I am informed by Dr. Croghan, the gentleman who sent me these strange fishes. In another part of the cave, the sound of a water fall can distinctly be heard, though the darkness is so profound, and the cavern whence it issues so deep, that as yet no one has ventured to explore its recesses. It is in fact a little world, and well merits the attention of scientific travelers, as also of the admirers of the wonders of nature, ranking as it does among her works with the Falls of Niagara, the River Mississippi, and other gigantic creations.

“The Mammoth Cave is the property of Dr. J. Croghan, of Locust Grove, near Louisville, Kentucky, a man of science as well as of extensive property, above and under ground, who, with the liberality of his native State, permits all literary and scientific institutions, in all parts of the world, to make collections of its various minerals, &c., and is at all times ready to give his countenance as well as aid to intelligent and scientific visitors.”

GRAHAM FOR 1845.—Our January number was admitted on all hands to have been the very best periodical ever issued in the United States. We do not think that any falling off can be detected in this number. The engravings are done in the best style of the same artists, who are engaged for several years, to finish up the most elegant series of American subjects ever given to the world. Our plates for the year will embrace the wild scenes and men of our forests and prairies—the views of battle-grounds—pictures of American beauty—sketches of scenery, in all the States of the Union, with flowers, fashion, music, etc.—in fine, every thing to make “Graham” the most brilliant and fashionable companion of the boudoir.

With abundant capital, a large edition, and a hearty good will to make the best work that can be produced, we neither fear nor apprehend a rivalry in the American tone and character of our magazine.

**ELEGANT LITTLE GIFT BOOKS.**—We have received through the politeness of Messrs. Saxton & Miles, New York, the following beautiful little volumes, just issued by Saxton & Pierce, Boston. We know of no more appropriate present to a young friend than a set of these tokens, *A Love Gift for 1845—Sacred Songs—The Tongue of Tunes—Love of the Angels—Autumn Flowers.*

We have also on our table *Hymns on the Catechism*, published by A. V. Blake, New York, and *Hallowe'en's*, by the author of “Christian Ballads,” from George & Wayne, Philadelphia.





# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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## EGOTISM.

### AS MANIFESTED IN THE WORKS AND LIVES OF GREAT AND SMALL MEN.

MAN, after all that can be said in his favor, is but a little being—endowed with very respectable capacities, no doubt, and capable of much progress—but still, as he appears to the eye in his daily walks, lamentably little. What we call great men, are great only in a relative sense. Their intellectual dimensions appear colossal from the stunted minds with which they are compared or contrasted. But they are not great in any absolute meaning of the term, and their superiority over the mass would perhaps be hardly discernible, if the mind's eye should obtain a glance at the whole scale of being, as it runs on a very slightly inclined plane from dust to Deity. Human Nature, indeed, has every inducement to be humble. Its frailty, its imperfection, its comparative helplessness, its insufficiency for itself, are facts which are continually pushing themselves upon its notice. Even the haughty bidalgo, who, when he stumbled and fell, exclaimed furiously, "This comes of walking upon the earth," unconsciously feamed out a lesson on humility. All the circumstances of man's being are silent teachers of the foolishness of pride. Whether we survey the past or the present, in the history of our own lives, or that of the race, little is seen to justify self-exaltation, and much to call forth self-abasement. The greatest of historians is unconsciously the greatest of satirists, a scintill before whom Horace and Juvenal, Dryden and Pope, dwindle into insignificance. There is a terrible pertinency in many a sentence of Tacitus, compared with which the keenest sarcasm of the moral poet is tame. History might be personified as Scorn, pointing her "slow unmoving finger" at the records of folly and crime which have so great a preponderance in the annals of the race. And yet with this long array of facts to produce humility of spirit, there is no infirmity of our infra nature more general, and more difficult of eradication, than Egotism—personal pride—intense and all absorbing self-exaltation. This sentiment is not confined to the high, to the low, or to

those who are unfortunate enough to be neither. It pervades and permeates all. It falls, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust, on the great and on the mean. It may display itself in singular methods, it may lurk under fantastic forms, and at times there may be a difficulty of distinguishing it amidst its numerous and cunning disguises; but whether it be hid beneath affected modesty, or apparently remorseless self-annihilation, or be exhibited in the most ridiculous and sickening forms of self-adulation, it is still found to be the one spirit, assuming different garbs—vanity manifesting itself in variety. It is the mind's magnifying mirror in which we delightedly survey ourselves, amplified to gigantic size. By turns, it is a shield, against whose tough surface the shafts of envy, malice and scorn fall harmless—an armor of Milan steel, through which the sharpest axe of criticism cannot hew its way—the mind's citadel, to which it retires when driven from every other defence. Or we may call it the heart's physician, when diseased with the shame which clings to unsuccessful effort, and unrealized expectations; and in its soothing balm or stimulating cordial, the soul is lulled into sweet repose from rest-less misgivings, or roused into stern defiance of calumny, calamity and persecution. The vocabulary of egotism, too, is time-honored, and is never worn by wear. It is "gray with age and godlike." It meets every trial of pride, every exigency of impudence, every check to folly. The quack, enraged with the public for their strange refusal to be poisoned with his pills, and indignant at the contemptuous epithets applied to himself and his discoveries, talks with as much confidence of persecution, unappreciated excellence, and Galileo, as any champion of political innovation or moral reform. Egotism, in fact, whether propped by moral and intellectual energy, or by low chicanery and brazen impudence, alters its expression but little. Its loud, clear tones of conscious importance, its deprecating whine,



its bullying and truculent defiance of opposing opinions, its free-masonry of glances, gestures and looks, invade the eye, ear and heart from all quarters—from the cell of the ascetic, from the hermitage of the devotee, from the study of the scholar, from the palace of the prince. The high-souled, and strong-hearted martyr, daring death for opinion's sake—the great author, mocking the malice or ignorance of cotemporary judgment, and proudly casting his glance into far time for encouragement and consolation—the brainless braggart of Grub street, the obsequious lackey in the train of Bathos, vain of his own nonsense and vapidism, and spending his life in digging the grave of his works—have one sentiment at least in common, to declare them to be of one blood—the sentiment of their own personal importance. It is a star which rises with them at birth, and only sets in the gloom of death.

To note the operation of this all-comprehending, all-appropriating sentiment of egotism, as its manifestations are seen in great and small men, in history and in society, is worthy of a more philosophical brain than is now brooding over it. Its highest manifestation, however, is probably in those minds where it is developed in connection with a strong understanding, a vivid imagination and an invincible will. It then is the parent of daring courage both in action and speculation, and strengthens and braces the mind to bear up against every thing which conflicts with it. All great social, political, and religious reformers have been egotists. Those men who have stamped enduring images of themselves on the world's institutions and modes of thought, have not been skeptics, troubled with a modest distrust of their own powers, or hair-splitting logicians, whose opinions were kept unsettled by the subtle process of analytical reasoning to which they were continually subjected; but men of iron, who deigned themselves entrusted with special missions of measureless import, and who had an unalterable trust in the truth of their opinions, and of their own capacity to inweave them into the very texture of society. To such persons opposition has but piled fuel on flame. Each of them felt within his own soul the ability to withstand every corporeal and mental torture which tyranny or ignorance had at its command. Standing alone amid myriad enemies, they have not quaked, or bated "one jot of heart or hope," but their courage deepened and enlarged in proportion as danger grew imminent. They have generally been successful. There was a torrent-like rush to their course, before which even the fierceness of unchecked passions was tamed. Such men have often been fanatics and bigots; their zeal, at times, "has soared into malignity, or foamed into madness;" but in their worst hallucinations, they have ever been characterized by a stern strength of character, a freedom from fear, and an absence of all those faults which spring from meanness and littleness of mind, which ever redeem them from the obloquy of vulgar fanaticism. In history they tower up above surrounding objects, like "cities set upon a hill, which cannot be hid." Their actions impress us with a solemn interest and respect, which we do

not feel for common heroism, and their "words are greater than other men's deeds." In Luther, we have a noble specimen of what courage can be infused into a man whose passions are strong, whose sense of personality is quick and keen, and who acts under the inspiration of great principles, to achieve great ends. We all feel that to force the will of such a man, is indeed "tilting with a straw against a charpion cased in adamant;" that his strongest impulses and greatest passions are leagued with his intellect and conscience in a manner to make all, whether prince, pope, or devil, give way before him. His indomitable energy of soul nothing could subdue. When told to beware of pursuing a journey, for fear of a certain Duke George who bore the great reformer no good will, he proudly answered, that he would not turn from his path though it rained Duke Georges nine days running. When warned from entering Worms, on account of the number of his enemies in that place, he answered, in the same spirit of fierce intrepidity, "though there be as many devils in Worms as roof tiles, I will on." Every one feels the difference between a man of this make, and such men as Erasmus and Melancthon. Words like these are not spoken, and deeds like these are not done by persons whose humility produces distrust of their powers, or whose catholic and enlarged spirit shrinks from dogmatism. There are, indeed, certain periods when humility almost ceases to be a virtue, and where zeal, fanatical and uncompromising though it be, is necessary. Men are wanted who are not continually checked in their journey in the path of duty by intellectual scruples. Such persons must be, to a very great extent, egotists before man, however humble they may be before God; but it is an egotism almost justified in its highest soarings, by the grandeur and majesty of soul with which it is accompanied.

We have next to consider this sentiment as it is manifested in authors, or that portion of the industrial classes of society who have generally the greatest fondness for their products, and consequently who have the most egotism. Authors are naturally classed into three kinds. We have first the aristocrats of literature, who occupy the high places of letters, and whose thoughts soar upward, seeking the Beautiful and Sublime; second, the mediocre, who move along with delicate step the level plain of intellectual enterprise, disturbed by few restless desires to sink or soar, and who seek the Elefant through loyal obedience to the Fame; and third, the positively and piteously bad, who appear born under the wrath and curse of intellectual beauty, who are continually tending downward and discovering new abysses of Bathos, who are fruitful in nothing but monstrosities, and original in nothing but folly, whose intellectual children are either born dead, or damned as soon as born. Between the great and the common, there are numerous varieties, as there are between the mediocre and the low. Yet they nearly all appear to be blessed with one common feeling—the feeling of their own importance, and the greatness of their own powers and productions.

The egotism of great writers presents a fruitful theme

of comment. The undue ascendancy of thoughts, passions and prejudices purely individual, corrupts many an immortal work. The design of some writers would seem to be, not to place objects before the eye as they are mirrored in their reason or imagination, but as they are modified and changed by their own peculiarities of individual temperament and thought. They aspire to "multiply themselves among mankind." Their ideals are oftener grounded upon personal tastes than absolute principles. In their delineations of character, those imaginary beings whom we are most called upon to love, are but glorified images of themselves. Their epic poems are the epics they have lived and thought; their metaphysics, the philosophy of their own consciousness. Shakspeare and Scott are perhaps the only two great writers in English literature, who have painted outward life, character and manners, with perfect fidelity, and without the admixture of their own feelings and tastes. Milton's egotism touches the sublime. The Satan of *Paradise Lost* is a representation of what John Milton would be, if he were placed "high on the gorgeous seat" of Pandemonium, as the ruler of its powers; and consequently the devil has perhaps a little more than justice done to him. The Titanic might and majesty of that immortal creation, almost reconcile us to incarnate Evil. No man could have drawn such a character unless his whole soul had been in his work. The egotism of Wordsworth colors all his writings. He cannot go out of himself and sympathize with other grades and conditions of being, but "he accommodates the shows of things to the desires of his mind," and makes Nature and man talk in the Wordsworthian dialect. His works are the harvest of his own "quick eye," that "thinks and broods over his own heart." In the personal character of Wordsworth we see the same egotism as in his writings. His poems originally were unpopular, the principles of taste on which they are written were misrepresented and ridiculed, their faults were magnified, and their merits underrated, with a dishonesty almost unprecedented in the history of criticism, and all that irony and sarcasm could effect in making them and their author ridiculous, was unsparingly used, but the result was only to make him more confirmed than ever in his course. His faith in his future triumph extracted daily nutriment from the censures which threatened him with literary annihilation. When he discovered that the regularly constituted arbiters of public opinion on matters of taste, were indisposed to do him justice, he took the task upon himself, and in his prefaces glorified his own powers and works in a spirit of unhesitating self-reliance. Travelers who have visited him, seem to concur in representing his egotism as tending to the colossal. His conversation is of himself and his opinions; interspersed with copious extracts from his own writings, read with great zest and exact emphasis. Perhaps the public has been the gainer by this quality of Wordsworth's mind. A more humble spirit would have been crushed by the opposition he received, and ceased to write with the condemnation of the *Lyrical Ballads*. The world would have gained a very modest, sensitive

and retiring man, and lost Peter Bell, the White Doe of Rhyston, and the Excursion.

Byron's egotism was less deep and spiritually intense than that of Wordsworth, though more showy. Like all his other qualities, it was a "fiery particle." The love of approbation modified it considerably. But still in his poems we generally see it as the animating principle of all, and only saved by the intellectual power with which it is accompanied, and almost justified, from exciting disgust or ridicule. The sameness of his characters has passed into a proverb. From Manfred to Don Juan, one soul flames through them all. The only difference between those poems which are psychological auto-biographies, and those which are narratives of imaginary beings, lies in the variations of the personal pronoun. In one, the first person singular is used; in the other, resort is made to the third.

His characters have been compared to the movable pictures in Mr. Newbury's print shops, where the same face looks out upon us from the furs of a judge, the uniform of a soldier, and the rags of a beggar. In the consideration of this fact we perceive the difference between versatility and universality. The former Byron possessed to a remarkable degree, both in mind and morals, but to the latter he had hardly the slightest claim. He could be "gay, grave, sage, or wild," at pleasure, but it was all Byronic. He had little or no sympathy with universal nature. For a quarter of a century he filled the imaginations of the English people with the portraits of himself, and made them sympathize with his slightest joys, sorrows, humors, and sins. He never lost sight of himself in the contemplation of the grandest phenomena of nature, the mightiest achievements of human genius, the most glorious scenes which have been consecrated by valor, patriotism, and religion. He thrust his form and features into every picture he drew, and evidently felt himself greater and more important than every thing else in it. His sense of personality was a restless, uneasy consciousness. It is constantly obtruded on the reader's attention, and patience. Byron seems at times to have had a dim conception that he was not after all so much mightier than everybody, and every thing else in the world, and was compelled to lash himself into his own good opinion. He never "possessed himself in any quietness." The spectacle of so much lofty self-conceit would have been unendurable in any other than a great genius. His imitators were speedily silenced, though many of them were men of considerable talents. A poetical philosophy which taught that it was the sign of a noble soul to hate "our neighbor and love our neighbor's wife," and which seemed to take it for granted, that the seventh commandment was not made for the protection of "those husbands who labored under the incapacity of making repartees," or of clothing their jealousies in passionate thought and elegant diction, was not likely to receive much favor, unless it were recommended by great power of imagination, and gilded with uncommon richness of expression. Besides, to sympathize with the sorrows and weaknesses of genius, is very different from sympa-

thizing with the pains and follies of mediocrity, and in verse no man has a right to be miserable who is not eloquent and strong. We can tolerate "fine frenzy," but not "mere frenzy." "Byron is the hero who shows his wounds; his imitators are beggars in the street, who cry, 'look at these sores, sir!'"

It would be an easy task to multiply instances of great men and great egotists, but as we are not writing a history of literature and philosophy, the calling of too large a number of witnesses might be considered impertinent. There are two sayings, however, which we cannot refrain from quoting, representing as they do the sublimity of the sentiment—ono from a very small monarch, the other from a very great philosopher. Kepler once remarked, in reference to the inattention or contumely with which his discoveries were received, that "if the Almighty waited six thousand years for one, to see what He had made, I may surely wait two hundred for one to understand what I have seen." But the Portuguese monarch, who said one summer's day, as he quietly enjoyed his siesta, and the disjointed images of things floated lazily through his little brain—that if the Almighty had consulted him in the creation of the world, he would have spared him some absurdities—must be considered the greatest egotist and the most impious, who has left records of himself in speech or composition. Human conceit can go no further than *that*. The remark with which the transcendental professor, Fichte, closed a lecture to his pupils—"that in his next he would create God"—is much modified by the principles of his philosophical creed, and is not so impious a saying as the other, or as it may appear to those who are ignorant of the dialectical subtleties of Egoism.

The prevalence of egotism among great authors is not perhaps a matter on which it is necessary to expend any superfluous wonder. They have had sufficient provocations to personal pride. Egotism has saved many a noble soul from being crushed by ignorant and malignant opposition, or disheartened by untoward circumstances, or "slughtered by pins." Meanness, baseness, and bigotry too often dog the march of great genius, and call forth its withering scorn, and feed its self-reliance. Literature has its martyrs as well as religion; and departures from accredited principles of taste sometimes provoke as much passionate denunciation, as heresies in belief. To inform others, we must not only know more than others, but feel that we know more. The power of the magician ceases when he begins to doubt his power. The life of an original thinker is harassed by a thousand petty annoyances, which nothing but a sense of personal superiority can withstand; and when we complain of a great work, that it is deformed by dogmatism, and personal pride, we should busy our minds in answering the question, whether it would ever have been written at all, if the author had not possessed the stimulating and sustaining qualities which mar its excellencies. The calm, easy contempt with which Bacon often speaks of the moralists and metaphysicians of antiquity, and the quiet assurance he displays in his sententious judgments on their systems, may not appear in the best taste, when

we consider the marvelous endowments of the men who are so cavalierly sentenced; but a less firm conviction of his own capacity, and superiority of aim, might have made the *Novum Organon* a work of comparatively little importance, and prolonged the dominion of scholasticism. The revolutionist must cast off the chains of authority; and when he lifts the standard of revolt, he must not impair the energies of those who flock to it, by suggesting the possibility that the leader of the conservative army may be a better soldier than himself.

The egotism of celebrated poets springs often from their false situation in society, rather than from their natural tendencies. Pure poetry is inspiration. It springs not from volition but spontaneity. It is the out-flowing of the soul, and has little relation to personality. But the lives of most poets are not poems. The harmony of their numbers is an unfit type of the restless and uneasy movement of their actions. They are subjected in the actual world to miseries which coarse minds cannot feel or comprehend. Intense brooding over their own consciousness; habits of solitary thought; a feeling of the noble purposes to which their powers are dedicated, as contrasted with the low aims and aspirations of the generality of mankind; the difference, which is so soon revealed to them, between the world of thought and imagination, in which their happiest hours are passed, and the domain of reality and sense, where they find little to nourish lofty emotions and great thoughts, and in which they are almost always misunderstood and out of place; their frequent struggles with adversity, their sickening disappointments, the jealousies, rivalries, and animosities in which they often become embroiled; at times pampered by extravagant praise, at others depressed with unjust censure; their inward ideals of beauty and excellence brought into rude contact with the outward aspect and relations of society, and forced often to yield to the more vulgar standards of ordinary minds; compelled to write for their daily bread, sometimes under canons of criticism which bigotry prescribes, sometimes at the beck of a narrow-minded and insolent patron, or a tasteless and ignorant public, and sinking often into panders to licentious appetite, and intellectual pimps of a corrupt age; beset with enemies within and without, pursued by the well-bred hatred and contempt of sneering worldlings, the malignity of the envious, and the whole tribe of passions which are storming and crying within them for outlet and gratification—when these multifarious sources of disquietude and misery are considered, it is not surprising that many great poets, after their acuteness of sensibility and grasp of thought have been converted into materials of bodily and mental disease; or their intercourse with the bad, the selfish and the shallow, has resulted in disgust for society and the world; that they should almost forget the existence of such a virtue as humility, and that the sense of individuality should be stimulated into intense and irregular action, and engender a misanthropical or supercilious egotism, in which scorn, pity, or contempt of mankind, blends with an exaggerated estimate of their own powers and importance.

The large heart that sends its feelings forth into the world for sympathy, and finds none, falls back on itself for encouragement and companionship, and reigns with supreme power in the world of its own creation. If, in that state, it palliates its own sins and maligns its species—is blind to its own errors and deficiencies, and lynx-eyed to those of others—society, which caused the enmity and estrangement, must bear the blame and the consequences.

In literature, as in society, the middle and lower classes outnumber the higher. Aristocracy exists in the republic of letters as well as in other republics. The lines of demarcation, however, between the great and small, and between the small and low, would never be drawn, were it not for certain dispensations of Providence in the shape of critics, and for that great democratic body of readers whose judgment in the long run is impartial because unaffected by any literary aspirations of their own. The boundaries between greatness and littleness would never, indeed, be settled by writers themselves. As the monkey thinks its own offspring the most beautiful of created beings, so thinks the poorest bard of those sickly and ugly children of his brain, on whose miserable faces he has stamped his intellectual image. "I can write better prose than Mr. Pope," was the complacent remark of Curll, the bookseller, "but he has got a knack of rhyming which I do not possess." Now this mere "knack of rhyming," or some other equally unimportant knack, is the only division between one writer and another, in the eyes of literary backs. look at "Jacob Tonson's ragamuffins," as Byron irreverently calls the "eminent hands" and "persons of honor," who "did" Ovid and Plutarch into English, and Bathos and puerility into rhyme, for the benefit of that eminent bibliophile's purse, and for the enlargement of the English people's brains—does any one suppose, that they conceived their fame would be of such short duration as it has proved? that they would glide so soon from earthly damnation to spiritual annihilation? that the products of their brains would be out-lived by those of the little Mr. Pope, and the vinegar-souled parson Swift? that their names would only be preserved by the chance-immortality given to some of the more fortunate of them, in the Dunciad? No! every hack among them, from Gildon,

"The raven of the pit  
Who thrived upon the carcasses of wit,"

to John Dennis and Theobald, were sustained by an unalterable trust in their own powers, and a firm inward prescient sense of the justice of posterity. There have been many tears, and much ink, shed over the calamities of genius, but what are these calamities in comparison with the miseries of mediocrity? A great author, hated, reviled, persecuted, starved, in his own age, is almost sure of deification in the next. Even his faults, follies, or, it may be, his crimes, are palliated, if not overlooked. Who thinks, as a fine critic has well remarked, of the unfortunate husbands who found the historian Sallust in their houses at unseasonable hours—of the state prisoners whom Bacon racked, the "gamekeepers whom Shakespeare cudgled, and the landladies whom Field-

ing bilked?" The vices of Burns' life, and muse, dwindle into venial faults as the heart surveys the misfortunes which clogged his life. Byron infused into the polite literature of the 19th century the morality of Rochester and Sedley, and carried impiety to the extent of parodying the ten commandments, yet the hoarse clamor of insulted morality has even now died away, and for one reader who is shocked at his sins, there are ten who weep and whine over his calamities. Posterity, softening the "hoar austerity" of moral rules, and "smoothing the raven down" of spiritual darkness "till it smiles," adapts language to its wishes, and calls the crimes against God and man, which blacken the biography of the great, "the eccentricities of genius." But for mediocrity there is no such hope. The real calamities of authors are the calamities of mediocrity; the most grievous portion of the history of literature, is that devoted to commonplace. There comes a more melancholy wail from Grub street, than from the cell of Tasso, or the dungeon of Galileo.

In view of these facts it is pleasant to think, that in egotism there is provided some balm for the wounds and contumelies of indifferently good and decidedly bad writers. As far as the individual is concerned, a poor bard is as happy, in his self-deceptive consciousness of fame, as those who possess it in reality. He wraps himself up very complacently in the cloak of his conceit, and lies down to pleasant dreams. Very delightful, likewise is it, to see the sympathy which exists among small authors for each other, notwithstanding the many jealousies which tend to divide cotemporaries in commonplace. For the mediocre authors of the past, there is always a chosen clan of ink-wasters in the present, to hold them in remembrance, however nameless they may be to the rest of the world. Thus we often observe the trite and mole-eyed antiquarian, hunting among the dead and damned authors of remote periods, to gather precious morsels of mediocrity, which Time has mercifully rendered scarce, and then attempting to bully his ten readers into the conceit that they are priceless pearls. And we often see small reviewers, standing like so many critical Canutes, to roll back, with their fiat, the waters of Lethe, as they come rushing in to wash away all traces of authors whom the world is very willing to let die; or sending their voices into past time, to bid mouldering reputations burst their ceremonies, and revisit the glimpses of the moon. As deep crieth unto deep, so shallowness crieth unto its like in all ages. If such be the strength of that love which knits commonplace to commonplace, how strong must be the parental love which links the commonplace writer to his own soul's progeny! The affection which a parent feels for his child has been the theme of eloquent composition, ever since the first born of our common parents introduced the sentiment into the human bosom. The depth, the disinterestedness, the purity, the intensity of the sentiment, is too universal a fact to need comment. But what is it when compared with the measureless affection, which an author, good or bad, feels for the children of his brain, from the moment they are born to

the period of their damnation or benitude? The little "wee things" may not receive the most tender treatment from the world; they may fall victims to the bludgeons of haughty literary bullies, in the by-places and lanes of letters, or, in running the muck of criticism, receive many cruel blows and stabs; but whatever be their fate, though the world scoff and spit at them, and tread their slight frames under its "brutal hoof," though they are reviled and persecuted, and sneered at, and obtain from all mouths the worst possible titles, they are ever sure that there is one warm heart which joys in their joy, and sorrows in their sorrow, and that there is one bosom to which they can always return, and find rest and peace, and comfort and consolation. Beautiful and praiseworthy is this feeling of intellectual fraternity; and when we see some young men, with respectable talents, who would acquire much reputation and reward in the grocery or hardware line, smitten with the love of literary distinction, and voluntarily inking upon themselves the responsibilities and cares of the parental office—when we see their idea-children bulked about by newspaper scribblers, and their puny forms, and scantily clothed backs, undergoing the punishment of the knot—we feel how great must that love and courage be, which still impel them to claim paternity for such starvelings of the mind, when such a claim is accompanied with so much ridicule and disgrace.

If there be one fact which strikes the observer of society more than another, it is the melancholy truth that the innate egotism and pride of men converts society itself into a huge band, associated together for the purpose of preventing any of its members from rising above the mediocrity of the rest. Every attempt at rebellion is observed, and, if possible, crushed. The first duty of a new writer is to fight. He must carry the battlements of egotism by storm. But this of course requires great talents, and those who are cursed with the desire without being blessed with the power, are often doomed to much vexation of spirit. For mediocrity, therefore, there is no resource but inward conceit. If it cannot bully society into acquiescence to its demands, it must fall back and repose on the first principles of individual human nature. There is no doubt that many young writers of great promise have been murdered in their first grinding collision with the selfish egotism of society, and the general disposition not to award praise and encouragement if blame and persecution can be with any justice substituted in their place—but this is true very rarely of authors, who show neither the promise nor performance of good. Driven back upon themselves by the bullets or derision of the world, they hug the phantom of their conceit the closer to their own breasts. If their book be condemned, the effect is only to place them in a hostile attitude to society, and to make them lean forward their ears, to drink the rich music of those voices in the future, which are even now crying "like angels, thrum-pet-tongued," against

"The deep damnation of its taking off."

They lean for support on the great right arm of Pos-

terity, and partake of the surprise expressed by a greater than they—

"Strange that the soul, that very fiery particle,  
Will let itself be snuffed out by an article."

There are many remarkable instances in literary history, of this towering self-confidence among mediocre writers, and of their contempt for those of superior merit and wider fame. Their complacency in speaking of their betters is wonderful, and, indeed, the tinkling of their brass often sounds as loud as a breath from the trump of fame—but it gives no echo. Hear the dictum of one Winstanley—a man who "did" the lives of poets in the seventeenth century—on the merits of Mr. J. Milton. After kindly praising *Paradise Lost* a little, he indulges in this prophetic strain respecting the author: "But his fame is now out, like the snuff of a candle, and will continue to snuff to all posterity, for having so infamously belied that glorious martyr and king, Charles I." The vermin of literature, however, soon perish, and their slime in a few years is hardly perceived on the great reputations over which they have crept. That learned fool, King James I, told Bacon that his "advancement of learning" had at least one of the qualities of Christian peace, for it passed all understanding, and his majesty undoubtedly thought that the work itself would not survive his own complacent epigram, or the "Counterblast against Tobacco." Gibbon dedicated the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," to a noble duke. "What! Mr. Gibbon," said his grace, when the author presented him the second volume, "have you brought me another great square book?" "Do not write poetry," said George I—the first of the "foxes and cowards," called George—to Lord Harvey; "tho' beneath your rank; leave that to little Mr. Pope—it is his trade." The beautiful unconsciousness in these several persons of the folly, ignorance, and impertinence they were uttering, only adds a keener edge to our perception of the headless egotism, and comfortable self-importance from which they sprang. Verily, it is a wise provision of nature, that when she denies to a man ability, she compensates for it by endowing him with double quantities of arrogance and self-esteem. "I sworn and spew out," says an old English writer, who has been dead to the world and to literature for two hundred years—the "rakehell rout of our ragged rhymers, which without learning boast, without judgment jingle, without reason rate and foam," yet he, alas! in his nameless and forgotten indignation, is now gathered to the same unhonored and untitled company of the "rakehell rout of ragged rhymers," whom living he so much scorned and hated. Alas! that even the mediocre dispensers of literary damnation cannot outlive the mediocrity they doom!

The limits of this essay might be indefinitely extended by a reference to the egotism of artists and actors, and to that of theologians. The consideration of the former affords matter for the illustration of all forms, shows, and modes of the sentiment; but it would be cruel to attempt even a condensed account of it in a magazine, which, like the patience of readers and Mr. Welier's vision, is limited. In regard to the egotism of theologians, it may be remarked, that it

sometimes extends to a blasphemous substitution of their own mean and bigoted conceptions of truth and goodness for those of the Deity, and is often the inspiration of whole volumes of impious piety and irreverent veneration. The Supreme Being of many writers on divinity, is nothing more than the sublimated idea of themselves indefinitely enlarged and extended. Any one who reads a series of theological works, written in different ages of the Christian era, will perceive that the command, "thou shalt have no other Gods before me," has had fewer followers among theological writers, than is commonly supposed. Idolatry is not confined to heathens; the

"dark idolatry of self," supplies the place of the Fetich and the Mythology. There is not perhaps much moral difference between the worship of material idols of wood, brass and marble, and those idols which exist only in the mind—often the phantasmal creations of a narrow brain and a bad heart, containing the worst qualities of both, amplified to infinite dimensions, and endowed with infinite power. Would that Christian theology were deformed with fewer products of such bigots, as, in the words of Bishop Warburton, "create God after man's image, and take the worst possible models—*themselves!*" X.

## LAYS OF TRAVEL.

## NO. II.—THE POET'S AMBITION.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Not with the thirst for fame—the proud desire  
That lights the warrior's soul;  
Doth his heart glow, who, from a heaven-strung lyre,  
Hids tones of beauty roll!

Not his the joy, when the loud triumph-tone  
Tells of the foe o'ercome;  
When the trump's braying drowns the last death-groan,  
And Mercy's voice is dumb.

Not yet the sterner will of him who sways  
The fortunes of a realm;  
Whom thirst for power, and the world's fickle praise,  
Ere long, will overwhelm!

No; prouder, purer, loftier is his aim,  
Who bends at Poesy's shrine;  
His spirit longs for undecaying fame—  
Whose source is all divine.

The *love* of man—the blessing of the heart  
To which his bright words stoic,  
And breathed the solace of his god-like art,  
As to a brother soul!

The lofty longings for a nobler life,  
That at his voice arise—  
Courage to breast the world's unceasing strife,  
And hope that never dies!

All these—the hearts the bard can touch above,  
Confess his mighty sway;  
What king ere sat upon a prouder throne,  
With vassals such as they?

Yes; this his wish, whose being's breath is love,  
To light his altar-shrine;  
In lonely hearts, whose incense, borne above,  
Shall make his name divine!

## AUTUMN.

BY E. C. CHUBBUCK.

From the hills a voice of sighing  
Steals in mournful measures on;  
From the vales a voice replying  
Tells of treasured beauties gone.

Gray and shapeless mists are hovering,  
Phantom-like, above the plain,  
Like a shroud the dead things covering,  
On the earth's cold bosom lain.

Summer's children there a-sleeping,  
With their faded eyelids down;  
White the pale year, o'er them weeping,  
Twines the cypress in her crown.

Yet another autumn's coming,  
When cold mists shall veil the heart;  
And the hopes that now are blooming,  
One by one shall all depart.

When the flowers of love we cherish,  
At our feet shall drooping lie;  
When our earthly joys shall perish,  
All our earthly pleasures fly.

Then, when wild winds, bleak and dreary,  
Round our trembling souls shall rave,  
Glad we'll turn, tho' worn and weary,  
To a Spring beyond the grave.

## AN INCIDENT AT ROME.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

DURING a sojourn of some months at Rome, Lady C.— kindly offered to take me in her *droski* to Tusculum, a drive, as nearly as I can recall the distance, of some dozen miles. Accordingly, on one of those days, (of which we have often a counterpart in our autumnal months,) when the sky is of its deepest blue, and so serene that the eye seems to penetrate depths never before revealed, we passed the gate of St. John Lateran and entered on the Appian Way. Most

“ Things by season seasoned are,  
To their right praise and true perfection.”

But to the Roman campagna change of season brings no change. In the spring when, elsewhere, there is a general resurrection of vegetable life—a joyous beginning of the procession of the year—this unchanging aspect of the campagna is most solemn. When all the rest of Italy, as far as nature is concerned, has the beauty, gladness and promise of youth, is in truth a paradise regained, there are here no springing corn, no budding vine-stalks, no opening blossoms, scarcely a bird's note. Nature, elsewhere so active, so plastic, so full of life, is here monumental—a record of the inexorable past.

But though there be no look of cheerful habitancy, there is a solemn beauty. You can scarcely turn your eye without a strong emotion, without involuntarily uttering a name that is a charmed word. “ There is Soracte ! ” “ There is Tivoli ! ” “ There is the country of the Sabines ! ” “ There are the beautiful Alban Hills ! ” Behind you is Rome with its natural elevations, its splendid domes, towers and obelisks, its brooding pines, and sad cypresses—surely the most picturesque, the most suggestive of cities. The vast solitudes around you are filled with records of Rome in its magnificent life-time; broken aqueducts sometimes extending for a quarter of a mile, and then standing in fragments of three or four, or perhaps a single arch. On every side are monuments and tombs, by which the poor tenants hoped to perpetuate their names. The high sepulchral grass waves around them, the stones are a blank, or if the name be preserved—as in the still nearly perfect tomb of Cecilia Metella—it is but a name, all the rest is left to conjecture.

Lady C.— had resided several winters at Rome, and was perfectly familiar with its antiquities, and generous in her communications, and so delightfully did the time pass away that we hardly seemed to have emerged from the Porta Jan Giovaanni when we drove into the little town of Frascati. The landlord appeared at the carriage door, with the usual smiles and potency of an Italian host, and answering the ready “ Yes—yes—my lady ” to all Lady C's demands, (the chief one being a parlor with a pleasant

prospect,) he ushered us into the house and up a dirty stairway, and opened the door and windows of a little parlor, exclaiming “ *Ecco, ecco, mi lady, ecco una bella veduta !* ” We rushed to the window, expecting a beautiful view of the campagna, but instead of that we could see nothing but the villainous little piazza we had just left, with the usual accompaniments of an Italian *place*, beggars and an idle rabble. Lady C. smiled, and turning to me said, “ The house affords nothing better, or he would have given it to us,” and bowing to our host as if she were quite satisfied, he took her orders and left us to ourselves.

“ At what are you smiling ? ” she said to me.

“ At your *un-English* way of proceeding, my dear Lady C. Pardon my impertinence, but it would have seemed to me more nationally characteristic if you had broken out upon our host for attempting to impose this piazza on you for a beautiful prospect.”

“ But it is to his eye. You are right, my friend. I have lived long enough abroad to get rid of a few prejudices, and some inconvenient and very unwise English habits. I do not now conclude that a thing is of course wrong because it is not in our Island fashion; and I am just learning to endure with good temper what I cannot cure, and to find out that every country, I might almost say every creature, has a bright side, at which we may look and thank God. Truly I am often ashamed of my snarling, barking, arrogant countrymen.”

I was charmed with the candor of Lady C's concession, but being well aware that such a concession is much of the nature of a personal humiliation, I turned the subject by asking Lady C. if she had been frequently at Frascati?

“ Often,” she said, and the last time she was there was rather memorable, and she proceeded to relate the following story, some part of which I had heard from our consul at Naples. Three years before, letters had been received at Rome, and in those Italian cities most frequented by the English, requesting inquiries to be set on foot for a certain Murray Bathurst, a young Englishman, who had come to the Continent early in the preceding spring, intending to make the tour of Italy chiefly on foot. His mother, a widow, had received letters from him as late as October. He was then on his return from Naples to Rome, purposing to embark at Civita Vecchia for Marseilles. The mother's letters expressed the misery of her suspense and anxiety so touchingly that many persons became interested in her behalf. Her letters were enforced by others from persons of note. I remember Lady C. mentioned Wordsworth or Southey's name. This adventitious aid could scarcely have been necessary to stimulate benevo-

lence. No adventitious aid would ever be in requisition if there were more of the human race like a certain little woman in Boston, who hearing an alarm given of a child being run over, rushed forward to rescue it with such signs of distress that a passer by asked "Is it your child?" "No," she replied, "but it is *somebody's child*." Diligent inquiries were made of the police, and the books of our consuls at the different cities examined. The result was that Murray Bathurst was traced from Milan to Naples, back to Rome, and thence to Civita Vecchia. His entrance from Rome into that most forlorn of all travelers' depôts was duly registered, and there all clew was lost. In vain were the registers of all the steamers and of every craft that left the port examined—there was no trace of him. It must have been the same Murray Bathurst that was noted elsewhere; for his tall, slender, un-English person, his large dark melancholy eyes, his pale complexion, and tangled long dark hair, were all so notable as to be recorded in the reports of the police. Many letters were written to the mother giving this unsatisfactory information, and expressive of condolence and regret that no more could be learned of the lost young man. In a little time the topic became trite, then was forgotten, and mother and son sunk into the oblivion of past things.

A year ran away, when one morning, just as Lady C. was sitting down to her solitary breakfast in the — palace, Mrs. Bathurst was announced. The name and its association had passed from Lady C.'s memory. Mrs. Bathurst presented a letter of introduction, and said—"My apology for troubling you is that you are the only person in Rome whom I have ever seen before, and of whose interest and sympathy I feel assured."

Lady C. was perplexed, but on glancing at the letter she expressed, I have no doubt with the graceful courtesy that characterized her, her readiness to serve Mrs. Bathurst in any mode she would suggest—"But where and when," she asked, "have I had the pleasure of meeting you?"

"It is quite as natural that you should forget as that I should remember it—the meeting was accidental, but the place may serve to recall it to you. Do you remember, seventeen years ago, meeting a young woman in widow's weeds with a little boy, whose beauty I believe first attracted you, wondering about the Druidical remains at Stonehenge?"

"Perfectly—perfectly—and now, though certainly somewhat changed by time—more probably by recent sorrow—I recall your countenance. And that lovely boy, I am quite sure I should know him again. I never have forgotten his extraordinary look of curiosity and investigation as he wandered about amidst those stupendous ruins, nor the intelligent wonder with which he listened to our speculations."

"And do you remember the subsequent evening we passed together at the inn, when our conversation turned on the antiquities of Italy, and you gave us some account of your then recent visit to Rome, and showed us many drawings in your port-folio, and gave my poor boy a beautiful sketch of one of the temples of Paestum?"

"Yes, oh yes! and I remember being exceedingly surprised, and pleased with the child's extraordinary acquaintance with subjects of which few children of his age had ever heard."

"Ah, it was then my pride, my fatal pride to instruct him on these subjects, which had always interested myself, and which had occupied much of my poor husband's life. I developed prematurely, and most unwisely, his taste, and so concentrated his mind on the study of antiquities, that it became a passion. I was gratified by the development of what appeared to me extraordinary genius. Thus I fed the flame that was to consume my poor boy. I found too late that it was impossible to restore his mind to the interests natural, and of course healthy, to youth. My fortune was narrow. I lived with the most rigid economy to supply him with the means of education. He went to Oxford, where he acquitted himself honorably in all the prescribed studies. These were mere task work, except so far as the classics related to his favorite pursuits. His task done, he wasted his health in midnight antiquarian research. At the close of his college career we went into Devonshire at the invitation of my brother-in-law, Sidney Bathurst, to pass the winter." At this point of her story Mrs. Bathurst paused, reluctant to indulge in the egotism of going into particulars not immediately connected with her loss, though greatly aggravating the calamity; but Lady C., full of sympathy, and not without curiosity, begged her not to omit any particular, she proceeded. "Sydney Bathurst had repaired the fallen fortunes of his family by a long residence in India. His mind was thoroughly *mercantilized*. He had rather a contempt for all young men, and such a thorough conviction of the unproductiveness of all learning, that my son's pursuits did not shock him so much as I had feared. His only child, Clara Bathurst, was after his own heart, practical, cheerful even to gaudy, careless of the past and future, and reflecting the present brightly as a mirror does sunshine. I soon perceived that her father's design in inviting us was to give the young people an opportunity of falling in love. He naturally wished to transmit his fortune to one of his own name and family, and I—I trust without a covetous spirit—conscious that my son had no talent for acquiring fortune, was delighted with the prospect of his obtaining, with an amiable wife, the means of indulging his taste. Nothing—I am convinced of it—nothing goes right where fortune is the basis of a matrimonial project. Marriage is the Lord's temple—the money-changers may not enter it with impunity. I must do myself the justice to say that fortune was not my primary object. I watched the indications of the young people's affections with intense interest. There wore few points of sympathy between them. My son seemed hardly to notice his cousin; at times, indeed, glooms from her sunny spirit entered his heart, but as if through a crack—no light was diffused there. With Clara the case was quite different. Affection is a woman's atmosphere. We are flexible and clinging in our natures, and we attach ourselves to the nearest object. We lived in retirement. My



son had no competitor. He was gentle in his manners, refined, graceful—handsome. He had the reputation of learning and talent.

"Clara became quiet and thoughtful. She took to reading, and, poor girl! at last came to poring over the huge old books in which my son buried himself. She seemed winding herself into a sort of chrysalis condition, in the hope of a transition to come.

"The winter passed away without change to Murray. One idea absorbed him. Early in the spring he asked a private audience of his uncle, and when Mr. Sydney Bathurst was prepared to hear a disclosure harmonizing with his favorite project, my son modestly imparted his desire to come to Italy, his longing to explore the Etruscan remains whose riches were just then developing. He perceived his uncle's astonishment, disappointment and displeasure, and he intimated that though poor he was independent. His purpose was to travel on foot, and he had ascertained by inquiries and calculation that the half of his annual allowance would pay for his meat, drink and lodging, which should be all of the simplest.

"And how," his uncle asked contemptuously, "was this ruminating and groping about the dusty old underground ruins of Italy to fit him for any manly career? When was he to set about getting his living?"

"My son replied that what others called a living was superfluity to him, that he would not exchange his favorite pursuits for all England's wealth—for himself he had no favor to ask but to be let alone; but that it would be an inexpressible comfort if, during the six months of his absence, he might leave me in my present happy situation—in the society of his cousin, whom he was sure I loved next to himself.

"The only sensible thing he said," exclaimed my brother-in-law, when he repeated to me the conversation. "Such folly is incomprehensible. But there is no use in interfering. Let him go his own way and take the consequence. Bread and water regimen in perspective is well enough, but, my word for it, he will be tired of it and Italy and its rubbish before six months are past."

"I will not go into more particulars of our conversation. I naturally defended my poor son, but I felt that Mr. Bathurst's objections were sound. It ended in my acquiescing in Murray's carrying out the plan he had made, and encountering the hardships he contended, in the hope they would prove the best medicine for his diseased mind. But I was to learn that a mental, like a physical, condition which has been cherished and fortified by education cannot be changed by medicine. My son left us. Poor Clara, like Udine, had found a soul in the development of her afflictions. Her gaiety was gone. So long as my son continued to write to us she read every thing she could lay her hands upon connected with the scene of his travels and the researches that particularly interested him. Since then she had read nothing. For a time she fell into a deep melancholy. From this she was roused, in part by my earnest entreaties, but more by the force of her own conscience. She is now a sort of lay sister of charity

to the neighborhood, and she finds, as the wretched have always done, the surest solace for her own misfortunes in softening the miseries of others."

So far Lady C. had told me Mrs. Bathurst's story as she recalled it in her own words. Six months had elapsed since young Bathurst had been seen at Civita Vecchia. Mrs. Bathurst had come to Italy in the hope that she might obtain some clue that had escaped the less interested search of strangers. Her brother-in-law had supplied her amply with the means of traveling, and she had resolved never to abandon the pursuit while the least ray of hope remained. The circumstances on which she mainly rested her belief that nothing fatal had happened to her son were, that as he was of the Roman Catholic faith—that as he spoke Italian like a native, and as his complexion and features were much more like the Italian than his own northern race, he might for years wander about the less frequented parts of Italy without incurring the suspicion that he was a foreigner. She conjectured that on arriving at Civita Vecchia he had yielded to an unconquerable reluctance to leaving Italy. She had no very definite idea of what had since been his fate. She alternated between hope and despair without any reason but the condition of feeling she happened to be in. The source whence young Bathurst had derived his antiquarian enthusiasm was soon quite obvious to Lady C. The only mode of drawing Mrs. Bathurst from her sorrowful maternal anxieties was to plunge her into some obscure, unintelligible ruin in Rome. She preferred the dim Therme of Titus, Caracalla's baths, or Sallust's garden, to St. Peter's, and the fragments of the palaces of the Caesars to all the glories of the Vatican. But there were times when she was so steeped in grief, so near despair, that she seemed on the verge of insanity: and it was one evening after trying in vain to rouse and soothe her that Lady C. proposed a drive to Tusculum the next day. They accordingly set forth the next morning, and the mother seemed to be drawn away from her personal sorrows on this monumental road, for who, it is natural to ask here, can escape the common destiny of man "made to mourn?"

They drove into the little town of Frascati, and stopped at this same inn where Lady C. and myself were now discussing our cold chicken. The piazza was as thronged and noisy then as now, as these places always are in Italy, and most noisy in the meanest, poorest, lowest-fallen towns. As the ladies alighted screaming guides and clamorous beggars thronged about them. Mrs. Bathurst hurried into the inn. Lady C., more accustomed to the disagreeable juxtaposition of flesh, dirt and impurity, quietly stopped to make her bargain with a guide, and give, as is her custom, a small sum to the landlord to be dispensed to the poorest poor. Her eye was attracted by a lean and miserable man who stood behind the crowd, and apart from it, and who, pale, emaciated and haggard, with a threadbare cloak closely drawn around him, and seeming most of all to need charity, was apparently unobservant and unconcerned.

"My friend," said Lady C. to the landlord, and

pointing to the man who had attracted her eye, "see to that poor wretch getting the largest share of my charity, and here," she added, again opening her ever willing purse, "here is something more—get him a warm under-garment—he is shivering at this moment."

"Ah, madame," replied mine host, "he is well cared for; his senses are a little astray, and of such, you know, the Holy Virgin has special care. He wanders about from morning till night, and when, at evening, he comes into Frascati, there is not a churl in the town that would not give him a bed and lodging, though he never asks for either. He is innocent and quiet enough, poor fellow!"

"Has he no family—no relatives among you?" asked Lady C.—but she received no reply—another carriage had drawn up, and the landlord with the ready civility of his craft was opening its door.

"Come with me to the other side of the house," said Lady C. to Mrs. Bathurst, whom she found in a little back parlor overlooking the court. "Come with me and see a pensioner of the Holy Virgin—as our host assures me he is—a creature steeped in poverty, but without suffering, and with an aspect that having once looked upon you never can forget." Before she had finished her sentence Lady C. was at the window of "*la bella veduta*," overlooking the piazza. The throng of beggars was at the heels of the newly arrived gentry, and Lady C. looked about, for some time in vain, for the subject of her compassion. "Ah, there he goes!" she said, espying him. "Is there not a careless, objectless desolation in his very movement?"

"I do not see that he differs from the other beggars, except that he stoops, and has a less noble air than many of them."

"My dear Mrs. Bathurst! But you do not see his face, and therefore cannot judge—poor fellow, he is taking to the sunny steps of the church like the rest of them, and there is languidly laying himself down to his best repose."

After cold chicken and a bottle of wine at Frascati, the ladies proceeded on foot to Tusculum, preferring to be discommoded by a walk, somewhat too long, to the perpetual annoyance of clamorous yelling donkey drivers. After having gone up the long hill to Tusculum, they turned into the Ruffiella, Lucien Bonaparte's villa, and finding little to attract them in its formal adornments, they soon left it. As they turned toward the gate Lady C. exclaimed, "There is my poor friend again! he has taken the road to Tusculum; I hope we may cross his path there, I want you to see his face, if I do not mistake, it has a story, and a sad one."

"I am ashamed to confess to you," replied Mrs. Bathurst, "how little curiosity I feel about him; how little I am touched by all the misery I see here. My whole sentiment being is resolved into one distressful feeling. At times, indeed, I am roused from it, and the thought that I am in Italy, sends a thrill of pleasure through my frame. Even here, in Tusculum, at this highest point of excitement, where, under ordinary circumstances, the very stones would burn

my feet, my sorrow comes back upon me like a thunder-bolt."

"Drive it away now, if possible," said Lady C. "It is worth your while, I assure you, to possess your mind in this place—here is a cicerone who will give a name, right or wrong, whenever we ask for it. He told me the other day, in good faith, that the ciceroni all take their name from Cicero, who, in his day, showed the marvellous fine things here to strangers! I asked the fellow who this Cicero was, and he answered '*un gran maestro*, who taught little boys all the languages in the world, besides reading, writing, and arithmetic!'"\* A fair specimen of the veritable information of these gentry."

The ladies proceeded under the conduct of their guide, to survey the broken walls called "*la Scuola di ciceroni*," as some learned expounders conjecture from the philosophical academy, the institution of which at his own house, in Tusculum, is mentioned in one of Cicero's letters.

Mrs. Bathurst's antiquarian enthusiasm began to kindle, her eye dilated, and her pale cheek glowed. In a happy oblivion, for the moment, of her personal anxieties, she left Lady C. seated on the broken fragment of a column almost overgrown by weeds and grass, and followed her talking guide, to look at the reticulated walls of a row of houses, at a disinterred Roman pavement, and among a mass of ruins at the *gradus* of an amphitheatre. While she was thus occupied, the poor pensioner of the Virgin emerged from a tangled thicket near Lady C., bearing and bending over a large flat stone, which he had hardly strength to carry, and with his eye rivetted to it as if he were perusing it, he sat down on the ground apparently without observing her, near Lady C.'s feet. The hair, as he studiously bent over the stone, hung in tangled masses over his face, so as to hide all but its outline. At this moment Lady C. heard Mrs. Bathurst approaching from behind. She pointed to the man, and signified to her not to disturb him. The guide misinterpreting her action, said "Fear nothing, my lady, he's an innocent madman, who passes his time wandering about these ruins, digging and groping—half the world are somewhat in his way—the Virgin muddles their brains and sends them here to spend their money in poor old Italy. By St. Peter!" he continued, going close to the antiquary and bending over him, "he has found something worth while this time. What is it, my good fellow?"

The crazed man, after scraping away the plaster and rubbish that adhered to the stone, had found what he sought, an inscription, defaced, and so far obliterated that no mortal could make it out, but this in no sort abated his joy—it was an inscription made by hands that had mouldered for centuries. Whether it now or ever signified any thing he cared not. He clapped his hands, and as if for the first time conscious of the presence of others, he shook back his hair, and turned his eyes toward the ladies for sympathy—sympathy, the first and last want of human nature. His eyes met theirs—met Mrs. Bathurst's—his mother's. He did not move, but from the gush of blood over the

\* See Rome in the 19th century.

deathlike paleness of his cheek, and a slight tremor that suddenly pervaded his whole frame, it was evident he recognized her, and that he felt at the same moment his changed and strange condition. The mother knew her son at a glance, and exclaiming "Murray!" sprung to him and enclosed him in her arms. A shout burst from him so loud and so protracted, that it seemed as if it must shiver his frame—his mother recoiled and sunk fainting in Lady C's arms.

The story of the unfortunate antiquarian has been already too long and too particular, and I shall only briefly add what remains to be told. A perfect stupor succeeded to Murray Bathurst's recognition of his mother, and his first consciousness of his wretched condition. A fever ensued—medical attendants—tender nursing most remedial, the comforts from which he had long been estranged, nature and youth all combined to do the work of restoration. With the return of reason, came a horror of the passion that had led him astray, and he became as impatient as he had been reluctant to leave Italy. He remembered that after reaching Civita Vecchia, he felt like a lover tearing himself from the object of his passion. His feet seemed to grow to the rich dust of Italy. Day after day he delayed taking his passage. After wandering about late one night, he remembered awaking in the morning

with a high fever, and from that time his memory became more and more obscure. He had dim recollections of being transported from one place to another, of missing, one after another, his articles of dress—of dreams of hunger and thirst—and of finding jugs of water and bread at his bedside—finally, all became a blank, till he awoke in his mother's arms. Mrs. Bathurst, fearful of a relapse into his old habits of mind, lost no time in leaving Italy. She had since kept Lady C. informed of the progress of her son's cure, which she now believed to be radical. He had the good sense to avoid all books relating to his disastrous passion, and every thing associated with it. His uncle had received him with open arms, comforting himself with the verification of his prognostics for the past trials of his nephew, and saying, somewhat coarsely, that to be sure the hair of the same dog would cure the bite, if you ate hide and all.

A more fitting mistress than Italy had taken possession of the young man's imagination, and health and cheerfulness were in her train. The last letter communicated the marriage of the cousins—and now Mrs. Bathurst said they could look back with tranquil minds, to that "beautiful region" where

"A spirit hangs o'er towns and farms,  
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs."

## THE BOOK-WORM.

A youth leaned over a lamp-lit book  
With features of care and pain;  
For a worm was winding through niche and nook  
Of his full and feverish brain:—  
Gnawing, gnawing by night and by day,  
Gnawing his fond young life away.

A wan, worn student sat wearily by  
Where volumes lay piled about;  
And forth from his hollow and haggard eye  
That worm looked stealthily out:—  
Gnawing, gnawing by night and by day,  
Gnawing his earnest life away.

### Du fast getraunt dien Sohn ist abgetragen.

Thy hollow cheek and burning eye  
Are strange to sensual men;  
And pleasure's merry voices try  
To win thee back in vain.  
They strive to wake thee from thy dream,  
By beauty's lure of love;  
Thou seest only eyes that gleam  
Upon thee from above.  
They tempt thy steadfastness with gold;  
It will not buy for thee  
Those visions of delight untold,  
Of fancy's ecstasy.  
They see thy fixed and fervent eye,  
Thy livid lips apart;  
But not how low life's passions lie—  
How thought has starved thy heart.  
The holy voices of thy home  
Have no delights to thee;

A pale old man with a wrinkled brow  
Crouched in a cushioned chair;  
And the worm was wandering restlessly now,  
For the finger of death was there:—  
Yet gnawing, gnawing by night and by day,  
Gnawing that old man's life away.

A withered and silent corpse was laid  
On a cold, white sheet alone;  
And behold that insatiable worm had fed,  
For its dainty repast was done:—  
Gnawing, gnawing by night and by day,  
It had wasted another life away.

And household instincts never come  
To stir thy sympathy.

To feel a presence by thy side  
That whispers half-heard things:—  
To woo veiled spirits as they glide  
About on noiseless wings:—

To tread where none have trod before,  
Or have but trod to die:—  
To hattle by the bolted door  
Of dim futurity:—

To see what others cannot see:—  
To hear what hath no sound:—  
To grapple with the destiny  
That creeps its shadows round:—

These are thy moods. Life's wasting form  
Is but a cage for thee;  
And when it feeds the writhing worm  
Thy spirit shall be free.



POETRY OF THE EAST

Illustrated by the artist who painted the picture above



# THE BOATMAN'S REVENGE.

## A TALE OF EDISTO.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Short be the strife and sure the cord. *Scott.*

THE pretty little settlement of Orangeburg, in South Carolina, was an old and flourishing establishment before the Revolution. It was settled, as well as the contiguous country, by successive troops of German Palatines, who brought with them all the sober industry, and regular perseverance, characteristic of their country. They carried the cultivation of indigo in Carolina to a degree of perfection, on which they prospered, thriving, without much state, and growing great in wealth, without provoking the attention of their neighbors to the fact. To this day their descendants maintain some of these characteristics, and, in a time of much cry and little wool, when it is no longer matter of mortification for a vain people to confess a want of money, they are said to respond to the "I O U," of their more needy acquaintance, by knocking the head out of a flour barrel, and unveiling a world of specie, which would renovate the credit of many a mammoth bank. The good old people, their ancestors, were thrifty in other respects; clean and comfortable in their houses; raising abundance of pigs and poultry; rich in numerous children, whom they reared up in good works and godliness, with quite as much concern, to say no more, as they addressed to worldly objects. They lived well—knew what surpassing moral benefits accrue from a due attention to creature comforts; and, if they spent little money upon foreign luxuries, it was only because they had learned to domesticate so many of their own. Home, indeed, was emphatically their world, and they found a world in it. Frank hospitality, and the simple sorts of merriment which delight, without impairing the unsophisticated nature, were enjoyed among them in full perfection; and, from Four Holes to Poplar Springs, they were emphatically one and the same, and a very happy people.

Our present business lies in this region, at a period which we may state in round numbers, as just five years before the Revolution. The ferment of that event, as we all know, had even then begun—the dispute and the debate, and the partial preparation—but the details and the angry feeling had been slow in reaching our quiet farmers along the Upper Edisto. The people were not good English scholars, preserving, as they did in many places, the integrity of the unbroken German. Here and there, it had suffered an English cross, and in other places, particularly in the village, the English began to assert the ascendancy. But of newspapers they saw nothing, unless it were the venerable South Carolina Gazette, which did little more than tell them of the births, marriages and deaths in the royal family, and, at melancholy intervals, of the arrival in Charleston of some broad

bottomed lugger from Bremen, or other kindred ports in Faderland. The events which furnished materials to the village publican and politician, were of a sort not to extend their influence beyond their own ten-mile horizon. Their world was very much around them, and their most foreign thoughts and fancies still had a savor of each man's stable-yard. They never interfered in the slightest degree with the concerns of Russia or Constantinople, and I verily believe that if they had happened to have heard that the Great Mogul were on his last legs, and knew the secret of his cure, they would have hesitated so long before advising him of its nature, that the remedy would come too late to be of any service. And this, understand me, not because of any lack of Christian bowels, but simply because of a native modesty, which made them reluctant to meddle with any matters which did not obviously and immediately concern themselves. They were, certainly, sadly deficient in that spirit of modern philanthropy which seems disposed to meddle with nothing else. Their hopes and fears, strifes and excitements, were all local. At worst a village scandal, or farm-yard jealousy—a squabble between two neighbors touching a boundary line, or cattle pound, which ended in an arbitration and a feast, in which cherry and domestic grape—by no means the simple juice of either—did the duty of peacemakers, and were thrice blessed accordingly. Sometimes—a more serious matter—the tall lad of one household would fail to make the proper impression upon the laughing damsel of another, and this would produce a temporary family estrangement, until Time, that great cosseter, would furnish to the injured heart of the sufferer, that sovereignty of all emotions—indifference! Beyond such as these, which are of occurrence in the best regulated and least sophisticated of all communities, there were precious few troubles among our people of the North Edisto, which they could not easily overcome.

But the affair which I am about to relate, was an exception to the uniform harmlessness and simplicity of events among them, and the better to make the reader understand it, I must take him with me this pleasant October evening, to a snug farm-house in the Forks of Edisto—a part of the country thus distinguished, as it lies in the crotch formed by the gradual approach of the two branches of Edisto river, a few miles above the spot of their final junction. Our farmer's name is Cole. He is not rich, but not poor—one of those substantial, comfortable men of the world, who has just enough to know what to do with it, and just little enough to fancy that if he could get more he should know what to do with that

also. His farm, consisting of five or six hundred acres, is a competence, but a small part of which is cleared and in cultivation. He has but two slaves, but he has two strapping sons, one of twelve, the other of fourteen, who work with the slaves, and upon whom, equally with them, he bestows the horse-whip when needed, with as bountiful a hand as he bestows the homony. But if he counts but precious little of gold and silver among his treasures, he has some treasures which, in those days of simplicity, were considered by many to be much more precious than any gold or silver. Like Jephthah, Judge of Israel, he has a daughter—nay, for that matter, he has two of them, and one of them, the eldest, is to be married this very evening. Philip Cole was no Judge of Israel, but he loved his daughters not the less, and the whole country justified his love. The eyes of the lads brightened, and their mouths watered at the bare mention of their names, and the sight of them generally produced such a commotion in the hearts of the surrounding swains, that, as I have heard averred a hundred times by tradition, they could, on such occasions, scarcely keep their feet. Keep their feet they could not, on such nights as the present, when they were not only permitted to see the lasses, but to dance it with them merrily. Dorothy Cole, the eldest, was as fine a specimen of feminine mortality, as ever blossomed in the eyes of love, rather plumpish, but so well made, so complete, so brightly eyed, and so rosy checked, that he must be a cold critic indeed, who should stop to look for flaws—to say, here something might be pared off, and here something might be added. Such fine women were never made for such foolish persons. But Margaret, the younger, a girl of sixteen, was unexceptionable. She was her sister in miniature. She was beautiful, and faultless in her beauty, and so graceful, so playful, so pleasantly arch, and tenderly mischievous—so delightful, in short, in all her ways, that in looking upon her you ceased to remember that Eve had fallen—you still thought of her in Eden, the queen of its world of flowers, as innocent and beautiful as the very last budding rose amongst them. At all events, thus was the opinion of every body for ten miles round, from Frank Leidenstein, the foreign gentleman—a German on his travels—to Barnacle Sam, otherwise Samuel Moore, a plain raitman of the Edisto.

The occasion, though one of gaiety, which brought the company together, was also one of gloom. On this night the fair Dorothy would cease to be a belle. All hopes, of all but one, were cut off by her lately expressed preference for a farmer from a neighboring county, and the young men assembled to witness nuptials which many of them looked on with envy and regret. But they bore, as well as they might, with the mortification which they felt. Love does not often kill in modern periods, and some little extra phlegm may be allowed to a community with an origin such as ours. The first ebullitions of public dissatisfaction had pretty well worn off before the night of the wedding, and, if the beauty of the bride, when she stood up that night to receive the fatal ring, served to reawaken the ancient flame in the breasts of any present, its violence was duly overcome in the reflection

that the event was now beyond recall, and regrets utterly unavailing. The frolic which succeeded, the good cheer, the uproar, and the presence of numerous other damsels, all in their best, helped in no small degree to lessen the discontent and displeasure of the disappointed. Besides, there was the remaining sister, Margaret, a host in herself, and so gay, and so good-natured, so ready to dance and sing, and so successful in the invention of new modes of passing time merrily, that, before the bride disappeared for the night, she was half chagrined to discover that nobody—unless her new-made husband—now looked to where she stood. Her sway was at an end with the hopes of her host of lovers.

## CHAPTER II.

The revels were kept up pretty late. What with the ceremony, the supper, the dancing, and the sundry by-plays which are common to all such proceedings, time passed away without the proper consciousness of any of the parties. But all persons present were not equally successful or equally happy. It was found, after awhile, that though Margaret Cole smiled, and talked, and played, and danced with every body, there was yet one young fellow who got rather the largest share of her favors. What rendered this discovery particularly distressing was the fact that he was a stranger and a citizen. His name was Wilson Hurst, a genteel looking youth, who had recently made his appearance in the neighborhood, and was engaged in the very respectable business of a country store. He sold calicoes and ribbons, and combs, and dainties, and the thousand other neat, nice matters, in which the thoughts and affections of young damsels are supposed to be quite too much interested. He was no hobnob, no course unmanly clown; but carried himself with an air of decided *ton*, as if he knew his position, and was resolute to make it known to all around him. His manner was calculated to offend the more rustic of the assembly, who are always, in every country, rather jealous of the citizen; and the high head which he carried, the petty airs of fashion which he assumed, and his singular success with the belle of the Forks, all combined to render the conceited young fellow decidedly odious among the male part of the assembly. A little knot of these might have been seen, toward the small hours, in earnest discussion of this subject, while sitting in the piazza they observed the movements of the unconscious pair, through a half-opened window. We will not listen at present to their remarks, which we may take for granted were sufficiently bitter; but turn with them to the entrance, where they have discovered a new arrival. This was a large man, seemingly rather beyond the season of youth, who was now seen advancing up the narrow avenue which led to the house.

"It's Barnacle Sam!" said one.

"I reckon," was the reply of another.

"It's he, by thunder!" said a third, "wonder what he'll say to see Margaret and this city clup? He's just in time for it. They're mighty close."

"Reckon he'll bile up again. Jist be quiet now, till he comes."

From all this we may gather that the person approaching is an admirer of the fair Margaret. His proximity prevented all further discussion of this delicate subject, and the speakers at once surrounded the new comer.

"Well, my lads, how goes it?" demanded this person, in a clear, manly accent, as he extended a hand to each. "Not too late, I reckon, for a fling on the floor; but I had to work hard for it I reckon. Left Charleston yesterday when the sun was on the turn; but I swore I'd be in time for our dash with Margaret."

"Reckon you've walked for nothing, then," said one with a significant shake of the head to his fellows.

"For nothing? and why do you think so?"

"Well, I don't know, but I reckon Margaret's better satisfied to sit down jist now. She don't seem much inclined to foot it with any of us."

"That's strange for Margaret;" said the new comer, "but I'll see how my chance stands, if so be the fiddle has a word to say in my behalf. She aint sick, fellows?"

"Never was better—but go in and try your luck."

"To be sure I will. It'll be bad luck, indeed, when I set my heart on a thing, and walk a matter of seventy miles after it, if I could n't get it then, and for no reason that I can see; so here goes."

With these words, the speaker passed into the house, and was soon seen by his companions—who now resumed their places by the window—in conversation with the damsel. There was a frank, manly something in the appearance, the face, carriage and language of this fellow, that, in spite of a somewhat rude exterior and coarse clothing, insensibly commanded one's respect. It was very evident that those with whom he had spoken, had accorded him theirs—that he was a favorite among them—and indeed, we may say, in this place, that he was a very general favorite. He was generous and good natured, bold, yet inoffensive, and so liberal that, though one of the most industrious fellows in the world, and constantly busy, he had long since found that his resources never enabled him to lay by a copper against a rainy day. Add to these moral qualities, that he was really a fine looking fellow, large and well made, with a deep florid complexion, black hair, good forehead and fine teeth, and we shall wonder to find that he was not entirely successful with the sex. That he was not an economist, and was a little over the frontier line of forty, were perhaps objections, and then he had a plain, direct way of speaking out his mind, which was calculated, sometimes, to disturb the equanimity of the very smoothest temper.

It was perceived by his companions that Margaret answered him with some evident annoyance and embarrassment, while they beheld, with increasing aversion, the supercilious air of the stranger youth, the curl of his lips, the smirking, half-scornful smile which they wore, while their comrade was urging his claims to the hand of the capricious beauty. The

application of the worthy raftsmen—for that was the business of Barnacle Sam—proved unavailing. The maiden declined dancing, pleading fatigue. The poor fellow said that he too was fatigued, "tired down, Miss Margaret, with a walk of seventy miles, only to have the pleasure of dancing with you." The maiden was inexorable, and he turned off to rejoin his companions. The immoderate laughter in which Margaret and the stranger youth indulged, immediately after Barnacle Sam's withdrawal, was assumed by his companions to be at his expense. This was also the secret feeling of the disappointed suitor, but the generous fellow disdained any such conviction, and, though mortified to the very heart, he stolidly said every thing in his power to excuse the capricious girl to those around him. She had danced with several of them, the hour was late, and her fatigue was natural enough. But the malice of his comrades determined upon a test which should invalidate all these pleas and excuses. The fiddle was again put in requisition, and a Virginia reel was resolved upon. Scarcely were the parties summoned to the floor, before Margaret made her appearance as the partner of young Hurst. Poor Barnacle walked out into the woods, with his big heart ready to burst. It was generally understood that he was fond of Margaret, but *how* fond, nobody but himself could know. She, too, had been supposed willing to encourage him, and though by no means a vain fellow, he was yet very strongly impressed with the belief that he was quite as near to her affections as any man he knew. His chagrin and disappointment may be imagined; but a lonely walk in the woods enabled him to come back to the cottage, to which he was drawn by a painful sort of fascination, with a face somewhat calmed, and with feelings, which, if not subdued, were kept in proper silence and subjection. He was a strong-souled fellow, who had no small passions. He did not flare up and make a fuss, as is the wont of a peevish nature, but the feeling and the pain were the deeper in due proportion to the degree of restraint which he put upon them. His return to the cottage was the signal to his companions to renew their assaults upon his temper. They found a singular satisfaction in making an hitherto successful suitor partake of their own frequent mortifications. But they did not confine their efforts to this single object. They were anxious that Barnacle Sam should be brought to pluck a quarrel with the stranger, whose conceited airs had so ruffled the feathers of self-esteem in all of their crusts. They dilated accordingly on all the real or supposed insolences of the new comer—his obvious volley of meritment, which, in conjunction with Margaret Cole, he had discharged at the retreating and baffled applicant for her hand. Poor Barnacle bore with all these attempts with great difficulty. He felt the force of their suggestions the more readily, because the same thoughts and fancies had already been traversing his own brain. He was not insensible to the seeming indignity which the unbecoming mirth of the parties had betrayed on his retiring from the field, and more than once a struggling devil in his heart rose up to



encourage and enforce the suggestions made by his companions. But love was stronger in his soul than hate, and served to keep down the suggestions of anger. He truly loved the girl, and though he felt very like trouncing the presumptuous stranger, he subdued this inclination entirely on her account.

"No! no! my lads," said he, finally, "Margaret's her own mistress, and may do as she pleases. She's a good girl and a kind one, and if her head's turned just now by this stranger, let's give her time to get it back in the right place. She'll come right, I reckon, before long. As for him, I see no fun in licking him, for that's a thing to be done just as soon as said. If he crosses me, it'll do then—but so long as she seems to have a liking for him, so long I'll keep my hands off him, if so he'll let me."

"Well," said one of his comrades, "I never thought the time would come when Barnacle Sam would take so much from any man."

"Oh hush! Peter Stabley; you know I take nothing that I don't choose to take. All that know me, know what I am, and they'll all think rightly in the matter; and those that don't know me may think just what they please. So good night, my lads. I'll take another turn in the woods to freshen me."

### CHAPTER III.

We pass over much of the minor matter in this history. We forbear the various details, the visitings and wanderings, the doings of the several parties, and the scandal which necessarily kept all tongues busy for a season. The hope so confidently expressed by Barnacle Sam, that the head of his beauty, which had been turned by the stranger, would recover its former sensible position after certain days, did not promise to be soon realized. On the contrary, every succeeding week seemed to bring the maiden and her city lover more frequently together; to strengthen his assurance, and increase his influence over her heart. All his leisure time was consumed either at her dwelling or in rambles with her alone, higher and thither, to the equal disquieting of maid and bachelor. They, however, had eyes for nobody but one another—lived, as it were, only in each other's regards, and, after a month of the busiest idleness in which he had ever been engaged, Barnacle Sam, in very despair, resumed his labors on the river by taking charge of a very large fleet of rafts. The previous interval had been spent in a sort of gentlemanly watch upon the heart and proceedings of the fair Margaret. The result was such as to put the *coup de grace* to all his own fond aspirations. But this effect was not brought about but at great expense of pride and feeling. His heart was sore and soured. His temper underwent a change. He was moody and irritable—kept aloof from his companions, and discouraged and repulsed them when they approached him. It was a mutual relief to them and himself when he launched upon the river in his old vocation. But his vocation, like that of Orhelle, was fairly gone. He performed his duties punctually, carried his charge in safety to the city, and evinced, in its management,

quite as much skill and courage as before. But his performances were now mechanical—therefore carried on doggedly, and with no portion of his former spirit. There was now no catch of song, no famous shout or whistle, to be heard by the farmer on the bank, as the canoe or the raft of Barnacle Sam rounded the headlands. There was no more friendly chat with the wayfarer—no more kind, queer word, such as had made him the favorite of all parties before. His eye was now averted—his countenance troubled—his words few—his whole deportment, as well as his nature, had undergone a change; and folks pointed to the caprice of Margaret Cole as the true source of all his misfortunes. It is, perhaps, her worst reproach that she seemed to behold them with little concern or commiseration, and exulting in the consciousness of a new conquest over a person who seemed to rate himself very much above his country neighbors, she suffered herself to speak of the melancholy which had seized upon the soul of her former lover with a degree of scorn and irreverence which tended very much to wean from her the regard of the most intimate and friendly among her own sex.

Months passed away in this manner, and but little of our rascals was to be seen. Meanwhile, the manner of Wilson Hurst became more assured and confident. In his deportment toward Margaret Cole there was now something of a lordly condescension, while, in hers, people were struck with a new expression of timidity and dependence, amounting almost to suffering and grief. Her face became pale, her eye restless and anxious, and her step less buoyant. In her father's house she no longer seemed at home. Her time, when not passed with her lover, was wasted in the woods, and at her return the traces of tears were still to be seen upon her cheeks. Suspicion grew active, scandal busied herself, and the young women, her former associates, were the first to declare themselves not satisfied with the existing condition of things. Their interest in the case soon superseded their charity;—

"For every weep a tear may claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame."

Conferences ensued, discussions and declarations, and at length the bruit reached the ears of her simple, unsuspecting parents. The father was, when roused, a coarse and harsh old man. Margaret was his favorite, but it was Margaret in her glory, not Margaret in her shame. His vanity was stung, and in the interview to which he summoned the unhappy girl, his anger, which soon discovered sufficient cause of provocation, was totally without the restraints of policy or humanity.

A traditionary account—over which we confess there hangs some doubt—is given of the events that followed. There were guests in the dwelling of the farmer, and the poor girl was conducted to a neighboring outhouse, probably the barn. There, amid the denunciations of the father, the reproaches of the mother, and the sobs, tears and agonies of the victim, a full acknowledgment was extorted of her wretched state. But she preserved one secret, which no violence could make her deliver. She withheld the

name of him to whom she owed all her misfortunes. It is true, this name was not wanting to inform any to whom her history was known, by whom the injury was done; but of all certainty on this head, derived from her own confession, they were wholly deprived. Sitting on the bare floor, in a state of comparative stupor, which might have tended somewhat to blunt and disarm the nicer sensibilities, she bore, in silence, the torrent of bitter and brutal invective which followed her developments. With a head drooping to the ground, eyes now tearless, hands folded upon her lap—self-abandoned, as it were—she was suffered to remain. Her parents left her and returned to the dwelling, having closed the door, without locking it, behind them. What were their plans may not be said; but whatever they were, they were defeated by the subsequent steps taken, in her desperation of soul, by the deserted and dishonored damsel.

#### CHAPTER IV.

We still continue to report the tradition, though it does not appear that the subsequent statements of the affair were derived from any acknowledged witness. It appears that after the night had set in, Margaret Coie fled from the barn in which she had been left by her parents. She was seen, in this proceeding, by her little brother, a lad of eight years old. Catching him by the arm as they met, she exclaimed—"Oh, Billy, don't tell, don't tell, if you love me!" The child kept the secret until her flight was known, and the alarm which it occasioned awakened his own apprehensions. He described her as looking and speaking very wildly; so much so as to frighten him. The hue and cry was raised, but she was not found for several hours after, and then—but we must not anticipate.

It appears—and we still take up the legend without being able to know the authorities—it appears that, as soon as she could hope for concealment, under cover of the night, she took her way through unfrequented paths in the forest, running and walking, toward the store of Wilson Hurst. This person, it appears, kept his store on the road-side, some four miles from the village of Orangeburg, the exact spot on which it stood being now only conjectured. A shed-room, adjoining the store, he occupied as his chamber. To this shed-room she came a little after midnight, and tapping beneath the window, she aroused the inmate. He rose, came to the window, and, without opening it, demanded who was there. Her voice soon informed him, and the pleading, pitiful, agonizing tones, broken and incoherent, told him all her painful story. She related the confession which she had made to her parents, and implored him at once to take her in, and fulfill those promises by which he had beguiled her to her ruin. The night was a cold and cheerless one in February—her chattering teeth appealed to his humanity, even if her condition had not invoked his justice. Will it be believed that the wretch refused her? He seemed to have been under the impression that she was accompanied by her friends, prepared to take advantage of

his confessions; and, under this persuasion, he denied her asseverations—told her she was mocked at her pleadings, and finally withdrew once more, as if to his couch and slumbers.

We may fancy what were the feelings of the unhappy woman. It is not denied to imagination, however it may be to speech, to conjecture the terrible despair, the mortal agony swelling in her soul, as she listened to this cold-blooded and fiendish answer to her poor heart's broken prayer for justice and commiseration. What an icy shaft must have gone through her soul, to hearken to such words of falsehood, mockery and scorn, from those lips which had once pleaded in her ears with all the artful eloquence of love—and how she must have cowered to the earth, as if the mountains themselves were falling upon her as she heard his retiring footsteps—he going to seek those slumbers which she has never more to seek or find. That was death—the worst death—the final death of the last hope in her doomed and desolated heart. But one groan escaped her—one gasping sigh—the utterance, we may suppose, of that last hope, as it surrendered up the ghost—and then, all was silence!

#### CHAPTER V.

That one groan spoke more keenly to the conscience of the miserable wretch within than did all her pleadings. The deep, midnight silence which succeeded was conclusive of the despair of the wretched girl. It not only said that she was alone, abandoned of all others—but that she was abandoned by herself. The very forbearance of the usual reproaches—her entire submission to her fate—stung and goaded the base deceiver, by compelling his own reflections, on his career and conduct, to supply the place of hers. He was young, and, therefore, not entirely reckless. He felt that he lacked manliness—that courage which enables a man to do right from feeling, even where, in matters of principle, he does not appreciate the supremacy of virtue. Some miserable fears that her friends might still be in lurking, and, as he could not conjecture the desperation of a big heart, full of feeling, bursting with otherwise unutterable emotions, he flattered himself with the feeble conclusion, that, disappointed in her attempts upon him, the poor deluded victim had returned home as she came. Still, his conscience did not suffer him to sleep. He had his doubts. She might be still in the neighborhood—she might be swooning under his window. He rose. We may not divine his intentions. It may have been—and we hope so for the sake of man and humanity—it may have been that he rose repentant, and determined to take the poor victim to his arms, and do all the justice to her love and sufferings that it yet lay in his power to do. He went to the window, and leant his ear down to listen. Nothing reached him but the deep sighing of the wind through the branches, but even this more than once startled him with such a resemblance to human moaning that he shuddered at his place of watch. His window was one of those unglazed openings in

the wall, such as are common in the humbler cottages of a country where the cold is seldom of long duration, and where the hardy habits of the people render them comparatively careless of those agents of comfort which would protect against it. It was closed, not very snugly, by a single shutter, and fastened by a small iron hook within. Gradually, as he became encouraged by the silence, he raised this hook, and, still grasping it, suffered the window to expand so as to enable him to take into his glance, little by little, the prospect before him. The moon was now rising above the trees, and shedding a ghastly light upon the unshaded places around. The night was growing colder, and in the chill under which his own frame shivered, he thought of poor Margaret and her cheerless walk that night. He looked down for her immediately beneath the window, but she was not there, and for a few moments his eyes failed to discover any object beyond the ordinary shrubs and trees. But as his vision became more and more accustomed to the indistinct outlines and shadowy glimpses under which, in that doubtful light, objects naturally presented themselves, he shuddered to behold a whitish form gleaming fitfully, as if waving in the wind, from a little clump of woods not forty yards from the house. He recoiled, closed the window with trembling hands, and got down upon his knees—but it was to cower, not to pray—and he did not remain in this position for more than a second. He then dressed himself, with hands that trembled too much to allow him, without much delay, to perform this ordinary office. Then he hurried into his shop—opened the door, which he as instantly bolted again, then returned to his chamber—half undressed himself, as if again about to seek his bed—resumed his garments, re-opened the window, and gazed once more upon the indistinct white outline which had inspired all his terrors. How long he thus stood gazing, how many were his movements of incertitude, what were his thoughts and what his purposes, may not be said—may scarcely be conjectured. It is very certain that every effort which he made to go forth and examine more closely the object of his sight and apprehensions, utterly failed—yet a dreadful fascination bound him to the window. If he fled to the interior and shut his eyes, it was only for a moment. He still returned to the spot, and gazed, and gazed, until the awful ghost of the unhappy girl spoke out audibly, to his ears, and filled his soul with the most unmitigated horrors.

#### CHAPTER VI.

But the sound of horses' feet, and hurrying voices, aroused him to the exercise of his leading instinct—that of self-preservation. His senses seemed to return to him instantly under the pressure of merely human fears. He hurried to the opposite apartment, silently unclosed the outer door, and stealing off under cover of the woods, was soon shrouded from sight in their impenetrable shadows. But the same fascination which had previously led him to the fatal window, now conducted him into that part of the forest which

contained the cruel spectacle by which his eyes had been fixed and fastened. Here, himself concealed, crouching in the thicket, he beheld the arrival of a motley crowd—white and black—old Cole, with all the neighbors whom he could collect around him and gather in his progress. He saw them pass, without noticing, the object of their search and his own attention—surround his dwelling—heard them shout his name, and finally force their way into the premises. Torches were seen to glare through the seams and apertures of the house, and, at length, as if the examination had been in vain, the party reappeared without. They gathered in a group in front of the dwelling and seemed to be in consultation. While they were yet in debate, the hoofs of a single horse, at full speed, were heard beating the frozen ground, and another person was added to the party. It did not need the shout with which this new comer was received by all to announce to the skulking fugitive that, in the tall, massive form that now alighted among the rest, he beheld the noble fellow whose love had been rejected by Margaret for his own—Barnacle Sam. It is remarkable that, up to this moment, a doubt of his own security had not troubled the mind of Hurst; but, absorbed by the fearful spectacle which, though still unseen by the rest, was yet ever waving before his own spell-bound eyes, he had foregone all farther considerations of his own safety. But the appearance of this man, of whose character by this time, he had full knowledge, had dispelled this confidence; and, with the instinct of hate and fear, shuddering and looking back the while, he silently rose to his feet, and stealing off with as much haste as a proper caution would justify, he made his way to one of the landings on the river, where he found a canoe, with which he put off to the opposite side. For the present, we leave him to his own course and conscience, and return to the group which we left behind us, and which, by this time, has realized all the horrors natural to a full discovery of the truth.

The poor girl was found suspended, as we have already in part described, to the arm of a tree, but a little removed from the dwelling of her guilty lover, the swinging boughs of which had been used commonly for fastening horses. A common handkerchief, torn in two, and lengthened by union, provided the fatal means of death for the unhappy creature. Her mode of procedure had been otherwise quite as simple as successful. She had mounted the stump of a tree which had been left as a horse-block, and which enabled her to reach the bough over which the kerchief was thrown. Thus adjusted, she swung from the stump, and passed in a few moments—with what remorse, what agonies, what fears, and what struggles, we will not say—from the vexing world of time to the doubtful empire of eternity! We dare not condemn the poor heart, so young, so feeble, so wronged and, doubtless, so distraught! Peace to her spirit!

It would be idle to attempt to describe the tumult, the wild uproar and storm of rage, which, among that friendly group, seemed for a season to make them even forgetful of their grief. Their sorrow seemed swallowed up in fury. Barnacle Sam was

alone silent. His hand it was that took down the lifeless body from the accursed tree—upon his manly bosom it was borne. He spoke but once on the occasion, in reply to those who proposed to carry it to the house of the betrayer. "No! not there! not there!" was all he said, in tones low—almost whispered—yet so distinctly heard, so deeply felt, that the noisy rage of those around him was subdued to silence in the sterner grief which it expressed. And while the noble fellow bore away the victim, with arms as fond, and a solicitude as tender, as if the lifeless form could still feel, and the cold defrauded heart could still respond to love, the violent hands of the rest applied fire to the dwelling of the seducer, and watched the consuming blaze with as much delight as they would have felt had its proprietor been involved within its flaming perils. Such, certainly, had he been found, would have been the sudden, and perhaps deserved judgment to which their hands would have consigned him. They searched the woods for him, but in vain. They renewed the search for him by daylight, and traced his footsteps to the river. The surrounding country was aroused, but, prompted by his tears, and favored by his fortune, he had got so completely the start of his enemies that he eluded all pursuit; and time, that dulls even the spirit of revenge, at length served to lessen the interest of the event in the minds of most of the survivors. Months went by, years followed—the old man Cole and his wife sunk into the grave; hurried prematurely, it was thought, by the dreadful history we have given; and of all that group, assembled on the fatal night we have just described, but one person seemed to keep its terrible aspect forever fresh before his eyes—and that was Barnacle Sun.

He was a changed man. If the previous desertion and caprice of the wretched Margaret, who had paid so heavy a penalty for the girlish injustice which she had inflicted on his manly heart, had made him morose and melancholy, her miserable fate increased this change in a far more surprising degree. He still, it is true, continued the business of a raftsmen, but, had it not been for his known trustworthiness, his best friends and admirers would have certainly ceased altogether to give him employment. He was now the creature of a moodiness which they did not scruple to pronounce madness. He disclaimed all sort of conference with those about him on ordinary concerns, and devoting himself to the Bible, he drew from its mystic, and to him unathomable, resources constant subjects of declamation and discussion. Its thousand dark prophecies became unfolded to his mind. He denounced the threatened wrath of undesignated ages as already at the door—called upon the people to fly, and shouted wildly in invocation of the storm. Sometimes these moods would disappear, and, at such times, he would pass through the crowd with drooping head and hands, the humbled and resigned victim to a sentence which seemed destined for his utter annihilation. The change in his physical nature had been equally great and sudden. His hair, though long and massive, suddenly became white as snow; and though his face still retained a partial fineness, there were

long lines and heavy seams upon his cheeks, which denoted a more than common struggle of the inner mind with the cares, the doubts, and the agonies of a troubled and vexing existence. After the lapse of a year, the more violent paroxysms of his mood disappeared, and gave place to a settled gloom, which was not less significant than his former condition of an alienated mind. He was still devoted to religion—that is to say, to that study of religious topics, which, among ignorant or thoughtless people, was too apt to be mistaken for religion. But it was not of his peace, its diffusing calm, its holy promise, that he read and studied. His favorite themes were to be found among the terrible judgments, the fierce vengeance, the unexampled woes, inflicted, or predicted, in the prophetic books of the Old Testament. The language of the prophets, when they denounced wrath, he made his own language; and when his soul was roused with any one of these subjects, and stimulated by surrounding events, he would look the Jeremiah that he spoke—his eyes glancing with the frenzy of a flaming spirit—his lips quivering with his deep emotions—his hands and arms spread abroad, as if the phials of wrath were in them ready to be emptied—his foot advanced, as if he were then dispensing judgment—his white hair streaming to the wind, with that meteor-likeness which was once supposed to be prophetic of "change, perplexing monarchs." At other times, going down upon his rafts, or sitting in the door of his little cabin, you would see him with the Bible on his knee—his eyes lifted in abstraction, but his mouth working, as if he then busied himself in calculation of those wondrous problems, contained in the "times and half times," the elucidation of which, it is supposed, will give us the final limit accorded to this exercise of our human toil in the works of the devil.

#### CHAPTER VII.

It was while his mind was thus occupied, that the ferment of colonial patriotism, drew to a head. The Revolution was begun, and the clamors of war and the rattle of arms resounded through the land. Such an outbreak was the very event to accord with the humors of our morbid raftsmen. Gradually his mind had grasped the objects and nature of the issue, not as an event simply calculated to work out the regeneration of a decaying and impaired government, but as a sort of purging process, the great beginning of the end, in fact, by which the whole world was to be again made new. The exaggerated forms of rhetoric in which the orators of the time naturally spoke, and in which all stump orators are apt to speak, when liberty and the rights of man are the themes—and what themes, in their hands, do not swell into these?—happily chimed in with the chaotic fancies and confused thoughts which filled the brain of Barnacle Sun. In conveying his rafts to Charleston, he took every opportunity of hearing the great orators of that city—Gadsden, Rutledge, Drayton and others—and imbued with what he had heard, coupling it, in singular union, with what he had read, he proceeded to propound to his wandering companions, along the road and river,

the equally enthusiastic doctrines of patriotism and religion. In this way, to a certain extent, he really proved an auxiliary of no mean importance to a cause, to which, in Carolina, there was an opposition not less serious and determined, as it was based upon a natural and not discreditable principle. Instead now of avoiding the people, and of dispensing his thoughts among them only when they chanced to meet, Barnacle Sam now sought them out in their cabins. Returning from the city after the disposal of his rafts, his course lay, on foot, a matter of seventy miles through the country. On this route he loitered and lingered, went into by-places, and sought in lonely nooks, and "every bosky bower," "from side to side," the rustics of whom he either knew or heard. His own history, by this time, was pretty well known throughout the country, and he was generally received with open hands and that sympathy, which was naturally elicited wherever his misfortunes were understood. His familiarity with the Bible, his exemplary life, his habits of self-denial, his imposing manner, his known fearlessness of heart; these were all so many credentials to the favor of a simple and unsophisticated people. But we need dwell on this head no longer. Enough in this place, to say that, on the first threat of the invader against the shores of Carolina, Barnacle Sam leapt from his rafts, and arrayed himself with the regiment of William Thompson, for the defence of Sullivan's Island. Of his valor, when the day of trial came, as little need be said. The important part which Thompson's rifle-men had to play at the eastern end of Sullivan's Island, while Moultrie was rending with iron hail the British fleet in front, is recorded in another history. That battle saved Carolina for two years, but, in the interregnum which followed, our worthy raft-man was not idle. Sometimes on the river with his rafts, earning the penny which was necessary to his wants, he was more frequently engaged in stirring up the people of the humbler classes, by his own peculiar modes of argument, rousing them to wrath, in order, as he conclusively showed from Holy Writ, that they might "escape from the wrath to come." This logic cost many a tory his life; and, what with rafting, preaching and fighting, Barnacle Sam was as busy a prophet as ever sallied forth with short scrip and heavy sardal on the business of better people than himself.

During the same period of repose in Carolina from the absolute pressure of foreign war, and from the immediate presence of the foreign enemy, the city of Charleston was doing a peculiar and flourishing business. The British fleets covering all the coast, from St. Augustine to Martha's Vineyard, all commerce by sea was cut off, and a line of wagons from South, and through North Carolina, to Virginia and Pennsylvania, enabled the enterprising merchants of Charleston to snap their fingers at the blockading squadrons. The business carried on in this way, though a tedious, was yet a thriving one; and it gave many a grievous pang to patriotism, in the case of many a swelling tradesman, when the final investment of the Southern States compelled its discontinuance. Many a Charleston tory owed his defection from principle, to this un-

happy turn in the affairs of local trade. It happened on one occasion, just before the British army was ordered to the South, that General Huger, then in command of a fine regiment of cavalry, somewhere near Lenn's Ferry on the Santee, received intelligence which led him to suspect the fidelity of a certain caravan of wagons which had left the city some ten or twelve days before, and was then considerably advanced on the road to North Carolina. The intelligence which caused this suspicion, was brought to him by no less a person than our friend Barnacle Sam, who was just returning from one of his ordinary trips down the Edisto. A detachment of twenty men was immediately ordered to overtake the wagons and sift them thoroughly, and under the guidance of Barnacle, the detachment immediately set off. The wagons, eleven in number, were overhauled after three days' hard riding, and subjected to as close a scrutiny as was thought necessary by the vigilant officer in command. But it did not appear that the intelligence communicated by the raft-man received any confirmation. If there were treasonable letters, they were concealed securely, or seasonably destroyed by those to whom they were entrusted; and the search being over, and night being at hand, the troops and the persons of the caravan, in great mutual good humor, agreed to encamp together for the night. Fires were kindled, the wagons wheeled about, the horses were haltered and fed, and all things being arranged against surprise, the company broke up into compact groups around the several fires for supper and for sleep. The partisan and the wagoner squatted, foot to foot, in circles the most equal and sociable, and the rice and bacon having been washed down by copious draughts of rum and sugar, of which commodities the Carolinians had a copious supply at the time of the invasion—nothing less could follow but the tale and the song, the jest and the merry cackle, natural enough to hearty fellows, under such circumstances of equal freedom and creature comfort. As might be guessed from his character, as we have described it, Barnacle Sam took no part in this sort of merriment. He mixed with none of the several groups, but with his back against a tree, with crossed hands, and chin upon his breast, he lay soundly wrapt in contemplation, chewing that cud of thought, founded upon memory, which is supposed to be equally sweet and bitter. In this position he lay, not mingling with any of the parties, perhaps unseen of any, and certainly not yielding himself in any way to the influences which made them temporarily happy. He was in a very lonely and far removed land of his own. He had not supper, neither had he drink, neither had he thirsted, nor hungered, while others indulged. It was one peculiarity of his mental intimacies that he seemed, whenever greatly excited by his own moods, to suffer from none of the animal wants of nature. His position, however, was not removed from that of the rest. Had his mind been less absorbed in its own thoughts—had he willed to hear, he might have been the possessor of all the good jokes, the gleees and every thoughtless or merry word, which delighted those around him. He lay between two groups, a few feet

only from one, in deep shadow, which was only fitfully removed as some one of those around the fire bent forward or writhed about, and thus suffered the ruddy glare to glisten upon his drooping head or broad manly bosom. One of these groups—and that nearest him—was composed entirely of young men. These had necessarily found each other out, and by a natural attraction had got together in the same circle. Removed from the restraints and presence of their elders, and after the indulgence of frequent draughts from the potent beverage, of which there was always a supply adequate to the purposes of evil, their conversation soon became licentious; and, from the irreverend jest, they soon gave way to the obscene story. At length, as one step in vice, naturally and inevitably—unless promptly resisted—impels another—the thoughtless reproaches began to boast of their several experiences in sin. Each strove to outdo his neighbor in the assertion of his prowess, and while some would magnify the number of their achievements, others would dilate in their details, and all, at the expense of poor, dependent woman. It would be difficult to say—nor is it important—at what particular moment, or from what particular circumstance, Barnacle Sam was induced to give any attention to what was going on. The key-note which opened in his own soul all its dreadful remembrances of horror, was no doubt to be found in some one word, some tone, of undefinable power and import, which effectually commanded his continued attention, even though it was yielded with loathing and against the stomach of his sense. He listened with head no longer drooping, eyes no longer shut, thought no longer in that far and foreign world of memory. Memory, indeed, was beginning to recover and have a present life and occupation. Barnacle Sam was listening to accents which were not unfamiliar to his ear. He heard one of the speakers whose back was turned to him, engaged in the narrative of his own triumph, and every syllable which he uttered was the echo of a dreadful tale, too truly told already. The story was not the same—not identical in all its particulars—with that of poor Margaret Cole; but it was her story. The name of the victim was not given—and the incidents were so stated, that, without altering the results, all those portions were altered which might have placed the speaker in a particularly base or odious position. He had conquered, he had denied his victim the only remedy in his power—for was he to confide in a virtue, which he had been able to overcome—and she had perished by her own hands. This was the substance of his story; but this was not enough for the profligate, unless he could show how superior were his arts of conquest; how lordly his sway, how indifferent his love, to the misery which it could occasion; a loud and hearty laugh followed, and in the midst of the uproar, while every tongue was conceding the palm of superiority to the narrator, and his soul was swelling with the applause for which his wretched vanity had sacrificed decency and truth, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and his eyes, turning round upon the intruder, encountered those of Barnacle Sam!

“Well, what do you want?” demanded the person

addressed. It was evident that he did not recognize the intruder. How could he? His own mother could not have known the features of Barnacle Sam, so changed as he was, from what he had been, by wo and misery.

“You! I want you. You are wanted, come with me!”

The other hesitated and trembled. The eye of the raftsmen was upon him. It was the eye of his master—the eye of fate. It was not in his power to resist it. It moved him whither it would. He rose to his feet. He could not help but rise. He was stationary for an instant, and the hand of Barnacle Sam rested upon his wrist. The touch appeared to smite him to the bone. He shuddered, and it was noted that his other arm was extended, as if in appeal to the group from which he had risen. Another look of his fate fixed him. He shrunk under the full, fierce, compelling glance of the other. He shrunk, but went forward in silence, while the hand of the latter was still slightly pressed upon his wrist.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Never was mesmeric fascination more complete. The raftsmen seemed to have full confidence in his powers of compulsion, for he retained his grasp upon the wrist of the other, but a single moment after they had gone from the company.

“Come! Follow!” said the conductor, when a few moments more had elapsed, finding the other beginning to falter.

“Where must I go? Who wants me?” demanded the criminal, with a feeble show of resolution.

“Where must you go—who wants you; oh! man of little faith—does the soldier ask of the officer such question—does the sinner of his judge? of what use to ask, Wilson Hurst, when the duty must be done—when there is no excuse and no appeal. Come!”

“Wilson Hurst! Who is it calls me by that name? I will go no farther.”

The raftsmen who had turned to proceed, again paused and stooping, fixed his keen eyes upon those of the speaker so closely that their mutual eyebrows must have met. The night was starlighted, and the glances from the eyes of Barnacle Sam flashed upon the gaze of his subject, with a red energy like that of Mars. “Come!” he said, even while he looked. “Come, miserable man, the judgment is given, the day of favor is past, and lo! the night cometh—the night is here.”

“Oh, now I know you, now I know you—Barnacle Sam!” exclaimed Hurst, falling upon his knees. “Have mercy upon me—have mercy upon me!”

“It is a good prayer,” said the other, “a good prayer—the only prayer for a sinner, but do not address it to me. To the Judge, man, to the Almighty Judge himself! Pray, pray! I will give you time. Pour out your heart like water. Let it run upon the thirsty ground. The contrite heart is blessed though it be doomed. You cannot pray too much—you cannot pray enough. In the misery of the sinner is the mercy of the Judge.”

“And will you spare me? Will you let me go if I

pray?" demanded the prostrate and wretched criminal with eagerness.

"How can I? I, too, am a sinner. I am not the judge. I am but the officer commanded to do the will of God. He has spoken this command in mine ears by day and by night. He has commanded me at all hours. I have sought for thee, Wilson Hurst, for seven weary years along the Edisto, and the Congaree and Santee, the Arbley, and other rivers. It has pleased God to weary me with toil in this search, that I might the better understand how hard it is for the sinner to serve him as he should be served! 'For I thy God am a jealous God.' He knew how little I could be trusted, and he forced me upon a longer search and upon greater toils. I have wearied and I have prayed; I have toiled and I have traveled; and it is now, at last, that I have seen the expected sign, in a dream, even in a vision of the night. Oh, Father Almighty, I rejoice. I bless thee, that thou hast seen fit to bring my labors to a close—that I have at length found this favor in thy sight. Weary have been my watches, long have I prayed. I glad me that I have not watched and prayed vainly, and that the hour of my deliverance is at hand. Wilson Hurst, be speedy with thy prayers. It is not commanded that I shall cut thee off suddenly and without a sign. Humble thyself with speed, make thyself acceptable before the Redeemer of souls, for thy hour is at hand."

"What mean you?" gasped the other.

"Judgment! Death!" And, as he spoke, the raftsman looked steadfastly to the tree overhead, and extended his arm as if to grasp the branches. The thought which was in his mind was immediately comprehended by the instinct of the other. He immediately turned to fly. The glimmering light from the fires of the encampment could still be seen fitfully flaring through the forest.

"Whither would you go?" demanded the raftsman, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the other. "Do you hope to fly from the wrath of God, Wilson Hurst? Foolish man, waste not the moments which are precious. Busy thyself in prayer. Thou canst not hope for escape. Know that God hath sent me against thee, now, on this very expedition, after, as I have told thee, after a weary toil in search of thee for a space of seven years. Thou hast had all that time for repentance while I have been tasked vainly to seek thee even for the same period of time. But late, as I went out from the city, there met me one near Dorchester, who bade me set forth in pursuit of the wagon-train for the north, but I heeded not his words, and that night, in a vision, I was yet farther commanded. In my weak mind and erring faith, methought I was to search among these wagons for a traitor to the good cause of the colony. Little did I think to meet with thee, Wilson Hurst. But when I heard thy own lips openly denounce thy sins; when I heard thee boastful of thy cruel deed to her who was the sweetest child that ever Satan robbed from God's blessed vineyard—then did I see the purpose for which I was sent—then did I understand that my search was at an end, and that the final judgment was gone forth

against thee. Prepare thyself, Wilson Hurst, for thy hour is at hand."

"I will not. You are mad! I will fight. I will halloo to our people," said the criminal, with more energetic accents and a greater show of determination. The other replied with a coolness which was equally singular and startling.

"I have sometimes thought that I *was* mad; but now, that the Lord hath so unexpectedly delivered thee into my hands, I know that I am not. Thou may'st fight, and thou may'st halloo, but I cannot think that these will help thee against the positive commandment of the Lord. Even the strength of a horse avails not against him for the safety of those whom he hath condemned. Prepare thee, then, Wilson Hurst, for thy hour is almost up."

He laid his hand upon the shoulder of the criminal as he spoke. The latter, meanwhile, had drawn a large knife from his pocket, and though Barnacle Sam had distinguished the movement and suspected the object, he made no effort to defeat it.

"Thou art armed," said he, releasing, as he spoke, his hold upon the shoulder of Hurst. "Now, shalt thou see how certainly the Lord hath delivered thee into my hands, for I will not strive against thee until thou hast striven. Use thy weapon upon me. Lo! I stand unmoved before thee! Strike boldly and see what thou shalt do, for I tell thee thou hast no hope. Thou art doomed, and I am sent this hour to execute God's vengeance against thee."

The wretch took the speaker at his word, struck with tolerable boldness and force, twice, thrice upon the breast of the raftsman, who stood utterly unmoved, and suffering no wound, no hurt of any sort. The baffled criminal dropped his weapon, and screamed in feeble and husky accents for help. In his tremor and timidity, he had, after drawing the knife from his pocket, utterly forgotten to unclasp the blade. He had struck with the blunted handle of the weapon, and the result which was due to so simple and natural a cause, appeared to his cowardly soul and excited imagination as miraculous. It was not less so to the mind of Barnacle Sam.

"Did I not tell thee! Look here, Wilson Hurst, look on this, and see how slight a thing in the hand of Providence may yield defence against the deadly weapon. This is the handkerchief by which poor Margaret Cole perished. It has been in my bosom from the hour I took her body from the tree. It has guarded my life against thy steel, though I kept it not for this. God has commanded me to use it in carrying out his judgment upon thee."

He slipped it over the neck of the criminal as he spoke these words. The other, feebly struggling, sunk upon his knees. His nerves had utterly failed. The coward heart, still more enfeebled by the coward conscience, served completely to paralyze the common instinct of self-defence. He had no strength, no manhood. His muscles had no tension, and even the voice of supplication died away, in sounds of a faint and husky terror in his throat—a half-stilled moon, a gurgling breath—and ———

## CHAPTER IX.

When Barnacle Sam returned to the encampment he was alone. He immediately sought the conductor of the wagons, and, without apprising him of his object, led him to the place of final conference between himself and Hurst. The miserable man was found suspended to a tree, life utterly extinct, the body already stiff and cold. The horror of the conductor almost deprived him of utterance. "Who has done this?" he asked.

"The hand of God, by the hand of his servant, which I am! The judgment of Heaven is satisfied. The evil thing is removed from among us, and we may now go on our way in peace. I have brought thee hither that thou may'st see for thyself, and be a witness to my work which is here ended. For seven weary years have I striven in this object. Father, I thank thee, that at the last thou hast been pleased to command that I should behold it finished!"

These latter words were spoken while he was upon his knees, at the very feet of the hanging man. The conductor, availing himself of the utter absorption in prayer, of the other, stole away to the encampment, half-apprehensive himself that he might be made to taste of the same sharp judgment which had been administered to his companion. The encampment was soon raised, and the wagoners hurried in high excitement to the scene. They found Barnacle Sam still upon his knees. The sight of their comrade suspended from the tree, enkindled all their anger. They laid violent hands upon his executioner. He offered no resistance, but showed no apprehension. To what lengths their fury would have carried them may only be conjectured, but they had found a rope, had fitted the noose, and in a few moments more they would, in all probability, have run up the offender to the same tree from which they had cut down his victim, when the timely appearance of the troopers saved him from such a fate. The *esprit de corps* came in seasonably for his preservation. It was in vain that the wagoners pointed to the suspended man—in vain that Barnacle Sam avowed his handiwork—"He is one of us," said the troopers; and the slightest movement of the others toward hostility was resented with a handling so rough, as made it only a becoming prudence to bear with their loss and abuses as they best might. The wonder of all was, as they examined the body of the victim, how it was possible for the executioner to effect his purpose. Hurst was a man of middle size, rather stoutly built, and in tolerably good case. He would have weighed about one hundred and forty. Barnacle Sam was of powerful frame and great muscle, tall and stout, yet it seemed impossible, unless endowed with supernatural strength, that, unaided, he could have achieved his purpose; and some of the troopers charitably surmised that the wagoner had committed suicide; while the wagoners, in turn, hurried to the conclusion that the executioner had found assistance among the troopers. Both parties overlooked the preternatural strength accruing, in such a case, from the excited moral and mental condition of the survivor. They were not philosophers enough to see that, believing himself engaged

upon the work of God, the enthusiast was really in possession of attributes, the work of a morbid imagination, which seemed almost to justify his pretensions to a communion with the superior world. Besides, they assumed a struggle on the part of the victim. They did not conjecture the influence of that spell by which the dominant spirit had coerced the interior, and made it do as the squirrel which the fascination of the snake brings to its very jaws, in spite of all the instincts which teach it to know how fatal is the enemy that lurks beneath the tree. The imbecile Hurst, conscious as it were of his fate, seems to have so accorded to the commands of his superior, as to contribute, in some degree, to his designs. At all events, the deed was done; and Barnacle Sam never said that the task was a hard one.

It was reserved for an examination of the body to find a full military justification for the executioner, and to silence the clamors of the wagoners. A screw bullet was found admirably folded in the knot of his neck kerchief, which, it seems, was not withdrawn from his neck when the kerchief of Margaret Cole was employed for a more deadly purpose. In this bullet was a note in cypher, addressed to Clinton, at New York, describing the actual condition of Savannah, evidently from the hands of some one in that quarter. In a few months after this period Savannah was in possession of the British.

Barnacle Sam was tried for the murder of Hurst before a civil tribunal, and acquitted on the score of insanity; a plea put in for him, in his own spite, and greatly to his mortification. He retired from sight, for a space, after this verdict, and remained quiet until a necessity arose for greater activity on the part of the patriots at home. It was then that he was found among the partisans, always bold and fearless, fighting and suffering manfully to the close of the war.

It happened, on one occasion, that the somewhat celebrated Judge B—, of South Carolina, was dining with a pleasant party at the village of Orangeburg. The judge was an Irish gentleman of curious humor, and many eccentricities. He had more wit than genius, and quite as much courage as wisdom. The bench, indeed, is understood to have been the reward of his military services during the Revolution, and his bulls in that situation are even better remembered than his deeds in the other. But his blunders were redeemed by his humor, and the bar overlooked his mistakes in the enjoyment of his eccentricities. On the present occasion the judge was in excellent mood, and his companions equally happy, if not equally humorous with himself. The cloth had been removed, and the wine was in lively circulation, when the servant announced a stranger, who was no other than Barnacle Sam. Our ancient was known to the judge and to several of the company. But they knew him rather as the brave soldier, the successful scout, the trusty spy and courier, than as the unsuccessful lover and the agent of God's judgment against the wrong doer. His reception was kind; and the judge, taking for granted that he came to get a certificate for bounty lands, or a pension, or his seven years' pay, or something of that sort, supposed that he should get rid of



him by a prompt compliance with his application. No such thing. He had come to get a reversal of that judgment of the court by which he had been pronounced insane. His acquittal was not an object of his concern. In bringing his present object to the knowledge of the judge he had perforce to tell his story. This task we have already sufficiently performed. It was found that, though by no means obtrusive or earnest, the good fellow was firm in his application, and the judge, in one of his best humors, saw no difficulty in obliging him.

"Be pleased, gentlemen," said he, "to fill your glasses. Our revision of the judgment in the case of our excellent friend, Sergeant Barnacle, shall be no dry joke. Fill your glasses, and be reasonably ripe for judgment. Sit down, Sergeant Barnacle, sit down, and be pleased to take a drap of the crathur, though you leave no other crathur a drap. It sames to me, gentlemen of the jury, that our friend has been hardly dealt with. To be found guilty of insanity for hanging a tory and a spy—a fellow actually bearing despatches to the enemy—sames a most extraordinary judgment; and it is still more extraordinary, let me tell you, that a person should be suspected of any deficiency of sense who should lay hands on a suc-

cessful rival. I think this hanging a rival out of the way an excellent expedient; and the only mistake which, it sames to me, our friend Sergeant Barnacle has made, in this business, was in not having freed him sooner than he did."

"I sought him, may it please your honor, but the Lord did not deliver him into my hands until his hour had come," was the interruption of Barnacle Sam.

"Ah! I see! You would have hung him sooner if you could. Gentlemen of the jury, our friend, the sergeant, has shown that he would have hung him sooner if he could. The only ground, *then*, upon which, it sames to me, that his sanity could have been suspected, is thus cleared up; and we are made to say that our worthy friend was not deficient in that sanity which counsels us to execute the criminal before he is guilty, under the good old rule that prevention is better than cure—that it is better to hang thirty rogues before they are proved so, rather than to suffer one good man to come to avail at their hands."

It is needless to say that the popular court duly concurred with the judge's humorous reversal of the former decision; and Barnacle Sam went his way, perfectly satisfied as to the removal of all stain from his sanity of mind.

## A NEW ENGLAND DEACON OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

HE WAS A MAN OF CALM AND ANSTERE MOOD,  
And in his sternness showed his pedigree,  
For he was born of Puritanic blood;  
To no one did he ever bend the knee,  
Except to God, and even then expressed  
Less outward homage than his heart confessed.

Though stern his brow, his heart was warm and mild.  
The fountain gushed, though curbed its sparkling rill;  
His eyes, as he chastised a forward child,  
Were oft with nature's gentle dews made dim;  
He struck with those fond feelings he betrayed,  
As found his old armed chair the archer played.

His words were few, select and pertinent,  
Each understood and well performed its task;  
Before their force frivolity grew silent,  
And guilt, in sudden fear, let fall its mask;  
And yet, though strong his bow and sharp his steel,  
He only wounded men that he might heal.

He may have wished, but never worshiped, wealth;  
He sought it as a means, but not an end;  
He deemed the best of "creature comforts" health,  
The best of all God's outward gifts a friend—  
Incomparably so his chosen wife,  
And he, who broke to both the bread of life.

Beneath the pulpit, in his wonted seat,  
He meekly sanctified the day of rest:  
His locks fell on his shoulders like a sheet  
Of snow upon a bending maple's crest;  
His features solemn, meditative, mild,  
Repressed the lightness of the gazing child.

He was a breathing, bold impersonation  
Of moral outlines, which the preacher drew;  
Impressing portraits, framed in Revelation,  
By corresponding features full in view;  
A living picture strikes, when one that's sainted  
Will sometimes fail, however strongly painted.

But if you take the living, let it be  
Some one whose points of character are strong;  
'Tis not enough that he is merely free  
From faults and overt acts of wrong;  
His goodness must be positive, a thing  
Whose echoes ever on life's anvil ring.

This world is full of action; he must ride  
The foremost waye who would direct its motion;  
The timid sailor, on the mind tide,  
Can never feel the mighty heaves of ocean;  
Then lift your anchors, set your strongest sail,  
And speed, with steady helm, before the gale.





*Woman and Child in Indian Dress*

From the collection of the Smithsonian Institution

## SERENADING.

BY MRS. M. F. McDONALD.

WHAT merry girl, escaped from the restraints of the nursery or the school-room, has not known the joys of a serenade? The witching notes of a melodious flute, "discoursing most eloquent music," floating out on the stilly air of a midsummer night, when the moon was riding gloriously in heaven, and every object seemed to sleep beneath the silvery mantle she had thrown over them? Who has not felt the delight of gazing from a half-opened casement on some graceful cavalier below, who struck the trembling strings of a guitar, and aroused the lady of his love from her slumbers with a strain of tender melancholy, disturbing meanwhile the quiet repose of all sensible, well-disposed people, who uttered perhaps an imprecation upon moonlight minstrels, and turned to seek once more the balmy sleep so unhappily broken. Years ago serenading was the very soul of romance, and even now, in this utilitarian age, when men love the jingling of silver coin better than any other music, there is a lingering touch of romantic association connected with the word itself, which throws a charm around it. We are in thought with the Spanish knight, beneath the shadow of the Alhambra, or floating with the Venetian gondolier by the stately palaces of the City of the Sea; one cannot help being a little sentimental now and then, and I know not any thing so likely to awaken it, as moonlight and music.

Shall I tell you a story of serenading? You do not answer, lady, though your blue eye is resting, perhaps half-unconsciously, upon this idle page, and so, "as silence gives consent," I proceed.

"Mary, let me tell you a secret—a grand secret," whispered my younger sister, as she came bounding into the room, with her usual light step.

"And what is it, Laura? Something very important, if I read your eyes aright."

"Yes, very important, and very delightful! We are to have a serenade to-night! Won't it be charming? Such lovely weather, and the moon at full. Charles is coming—Cousin Charles—and Arthur L."

"Delightful, indeed!" I answered, and my sister proceeded to relate how and when she had become possessed of this valuable information.

Laura and I were both in our teens, both full of romance and poetry, and the acknowledged rivals of our richer, though not more aspiring neighbors, the Misses G., who occupied a sumptuous mansion on the opposite side of the street, and in whose eyes we were now, as we hoped, destined to shine, the heroines of a serenade. We spent, moreover, a

goodly portion of our time at the looking-glass, which we believed to be the most useful, sensible, indispensable article of household furniture, and as—in Laura's case, at least—the said looking-glass told, like hope, a flattering tale, we were quite satisfied with our outward appearance, and of course considered our serenaders—two law-students—as young gentlemen of decided taste and talent, particularly as Arthur L. was known to scribble verses sometimes, and, in Troubadour style, to sing them himself.

It may be imagined, then, how anxiously we anticipated our promised pleasure, which was not a little enhanced by the reflection that the Misses G.—if they did not sleep too soundly—would, or might be, somewhat envious of our good fortune, and the night came on too slowly for our impatient ears. At ten o'clock we were ready for bed, but we did not seek our pillows. We sat in the open window, and looked out upon the long street, flooded with moonlight, and watched the gradual closing of the houses in the neighborhood, till by-and-by the city clocks sounded the hour of midnight; the streets were deserted, save by a solitary watchman, and all was silent around us—the world itself seemed asleep. We talked with subdued voices as we leaned from the window, till another hour had passed, and then the faith we had cherished in the valor of our young knights began to diminish, as our physical powers became more and more influenced by the wand of Morpheus.

"Ah! I fear they will not come," said Laura, with a sigh which very nearly resembled a yawn, "and I am so sleepy. Let us go to bed, and the music will surely awaken us."

"No, no," I said, "not yet. Hark! I hear footsteps!" and as I spoke, down the quiet street came a military band, their instruments glittering in the moonbeams, and headed by several officers in uniform. They stopped directly opposite, and suddenly awoke the sleepers far and near with the spirit-stirring music of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

"Delightful!" we both exclaimed; "but this cannot be intended for us."

Alas, no! Our wealthy neighbors, our rivals, claimed as their own this enchanting melody, and we listened with enraptured ears, though a little jealousy crept, meanwhile, into our hearts, as one martial air succeeded another, each in turn more lovely than the last; and when at length the door of Mr. G's mansion was thrown open, and the whole band disappeared, to partake, no doubt, of some sub-

stantial refreshment prepared within, we looked at each other in dismay, horror-stricken at the triumph of our neighbors, and our own defeat.

"I shall certainly go to bed," said Laura, half crying with vexation, "for they will not come now, I am certain;" and I felt quite willing to acquiesce, for my own lids were pressed down by the leaden finger of the drowsy god, when suddenly again, but now beneath our own window, a guitar was touched by a lively hand, and a voice we well knew as that of Arthur L., sang thus—

Softly falls the moonlight—  
Let its gentle beams  
Call thee, lovely Laura,  
From thy peaceful dreams;  
Night's sweet noon is round thee,  
Chase dull sleep away—  
See, the stars above thee,  
Keep bright holiday.  
Swiftly fly, the hours,  
Soon the moon will fade;  
Wake, and listen, lady,  
To my serenade.

Hark! the merry measures:  
Far away they float,  
Echo but repeats them  
From her mellow throat.  
Earth is dressed in beauty,  
Who its charms would miss?  
What can daylight give us,  
Half so fair as this?  
Then, ere night is over,  
Ere the moonbeams fade,  
Wake, and listen, lady,  
To my serenade.

Laura was but fifteen, and her bright eye grew brighter as this school-boy lay was sung to her delighted ear. To find her own name enshrined in the young poet's strain, and given to the summer winds by a voice not unmelodious in its cadences, was

surely enough to fire the fancy and flutter the heart of a wiser maiden than my pretty sister, and we stood with half-suspended breath intently listening, when the Venetian blinds of our next door neighbor were thrown open, a dainty white night-cap protruded therefrom, and the shrill voice of Miss Barbara Barnes exclaimed—

"For mercy's sake, boys! have done with that everlasting screaming and twang-twang; I've been kept awake this hour with the noise over the way, and now, when I was just falling asleep, you must begin."

"The music was n't intended for you, old lady," said the laughing Arthur, as he played a lively prelude, and began another song.

"Have done, I tell you!" cried the enraged Barbara, "or I will call the watch. Shame on you! to disturb decent folks in this manner! Can't you let those poor young things sleep in peace?"

"Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar!"

Sang the undaunted Arthur, in despite of Miss Bab's threats, and might have concluded his song, had not another head popped from another window, and a gruff voice called out—

"We've had enough music for *one* night—so you'd better be off with your banjo, young fellows!"

Alas! for the romance of our serenade. It was all over now. Arthur and Cousin Charles angrily retorted. The gruff voice joined Miss Barbara's shrill tones in a threat to call the watch; heads with caps, and heads without caps, peeped from various casements, and our chagrined serenaders, finding that they were likely to be overpowered by those who had no souls for their sweet sounds, at last marched off to the music of their own guitar; while poor Laura, vexed, mortified, and disappointed, and myself but little less perplexed, sought our pillows, vowing vengeance on Miss Barbara Barnes, and fell asleep to dream of a serenade.

## DACOTA WOMAN AND ASSINIBOIN GIRL.

(WITH AN ELEGANT STEEL ENGRAVING.)

THE Dacotas, as they call themselves, or the Sioux of the French, are one of the most numerous tribes of the North American Indians. They number about 20,000. If the Assiniboins, who are of the same origin, and who number 25,000, are included, we have for all the Dacotas 45,000 souls. They live mostly between the Mississippi and Missouri, but extend across the latter river to the Black Hills. About half of them, comprising those on the Mississippi, live in fixed habitations: the others roam about over the prairies, as far westward as the territory of the Crows, and sometimes even to the Rocky Mountains. They have more strongly marked countenances, and higher cheek bones, than the other Indians of the Missouri.

Their women, when young, are not ill-looking. Our engraving represents the principal wife of a Dacota of the branch of Yanktons, one of the three great families into which the Sioux are divided. She is accompanied by an Assiniboin girl. Her costume is a very elegant leather dress, with stripes and borders of azure and white beads, and polished metal buttons, and trimmed as usual at the bottom with fringes, round the ends of which lead is twisted, so that they tinkle at every motion. The summer robe of this woman was dressed smooth on both sides, and painted red and black on a yellowish white ground. In an early number we shall go into full details respecting the Dacotas.

# THE GLEN OF GHOSTS.

## A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

### I.

NEAR the road-side yawns a dismal glen,  
Where the wolf of yore found a brambly den—  
The fissured rocks rise ledge on ledge,  
And a stream leaps over the precipice-edge,  
That makes, while melting in wreaths of snow,  
A heavy and churning sound below.

### II.

A leaning pine, whose rugged cone  
Is the forest eagle's ancient throne—  
Old birchen trees, that drink the spray,  
Encased in bark that is ghostly and gray,  
And the hemlock's cloak of sombre green  
Comport with the quiet of the scene.

### III.

It is a wild, a fearful spot,  
And the sinless birds they love it not;  
From its dark abyss unclouded day  
Drives never the shades of night away,  
And dungeon low and caverned tomb  
Have less of deep, mysterious gloom.

### IV.

An old companion in the chase,  
A belted son of that red-browed race  
Who ranged, a few brief years ago,  
This realm with feathered shaft and bow,  
Near the "Glen of Ghosts," with shudder cold,  
To me the tale that follows told.

### V.

"Ere felled by axe was forest tree  
On flowery banks of the Genessee,  
Or plough, by cunning white man made,  
Tore the green carpet of the glade,  
Chemokum, bravest of the brave,  
Law to a mighty people gave.

### VI.

"In the chill moon of the falling leaf,  
Declined the health of the mighty chief—  
His stately form grew thin and weak,  
Vanished the war-paint from his cheek—  
Unrimmed he wore his scalp-lock gray,  
And waned the strength of his soul away.

### VII.

"Wise elders of the tribe in vain  
Sought plant of power on hill and plain,  
That might to energy restore  
The flagging pulse of the Sagamore,  
And idly tried low muttered charm  
The sluggish blood in his veins to warm.

### VIII.

"It chanced that from a dream one night (1)  
The sufferer woke in wild affright,

While, by his couch of panther skin,  
Kept watch the man of medicine,  
And with a loud entreating tone  
Pronounced the name of Wah-non-ti-gone.

### IX.

"Next morn throughout the village spread  
From lodge to lodge the tidings dread,  
That lurking wizzard's hellish art  
Had withered Che-mo-kum's arm and heart,  
And crested brave and tottering sire  
Convened to light the council-fire.

### X.

"When pipe had passed the ring around,  
From his mat arose a sage ren-owned,  
And Wah-non-ti-gone against him heard  
The charge of witchcraft foul preferred,  
Then, in fierce tones of scorn and pride,  
His tribesmen to do *their worst* defied.

### XI.

"They doomed the warrior to die  
Ere sunset flushed the western sky,  
And binding with tough thong each limb  
In the Lodge of Judgment prisoned him, (2)  
While stake was drest, and brush upplied  
Beneath high roof of the gray old wild.

### XII.

"Wah-non-ti-gone had proved his right  
To the war-bird's plume in many a fight, (3)  
But woke a haunting wish for life  
When he thought of his newly wedded wife,  
Who soon would desolate be left,  
Of him who reigned in her soul bereft.

### XIII.

"Not long in musing sad and lone,  
All pinioned, lay Wah-non-ti-gone,  
When a foot drew near with muffled fall,  
And cranny wide in his prison wall  
Revealed the face of his 'Summer-Flower,'  
True to her mate in the perilous hour.

### XIV.

"By sentry at the door unseen,  
Her arm she thrust the logs between,  
And severed with keen knife the cord  
That fettered the limbs of her dauntless lord—  
An earnest, meaning gesture made,  
And placed in his hand the trusty blade.

### XV.

"One bound—one well directed thrust,  
And rolled the luckless guard in dust,  
Then brandishing his weapon red  
Wah-non-ti-gone with Oonah fled,  
While cries of fierce pursuit rose,  
And arrows whizzed from a thousand bows.

## XVI.

"Thy Summer-Flower her light canoe  
In the Great Bend hath hid from view,  
And swan-like it will breast the tide,  
Outspoke his young and daimless bride,  
'White the lifted oars drop silvery rain,  
And demons howl for our blood in vain.'

## XVII.

"Unharm'd, the fugitives soon reached  
The pebbly marge by the willow bleached,  
And Oonah swiftly led the way  
To willow'd nook, in a quiet bay,  
Where she moored her bark ere blush of dawn—  
'Oh fell mischance!'—she shriek'd—'tis gone!"

## XVIII.

"One moment brief the luckless pair  
Felt the drear heart-ache of despair,  
While louder on the rushing breeze  
Rose the shrill whoop of enemies—  
Wildly the scene around surveyed,  
Then cover sought in thickest shade.

## XIX.

"When near the brink of a wooded dell,  
Known to the hunted warrior well,  
The foot of Oonah flung in speed,  
And trembled her fruse like a wind-swept reed:  
'Leave me, Wah-non-ti-gone,' she cried,  
'The Master of Life will watch over thy bride!"

## XX.

"To make response the chieftain turned,  
And foeman high at hand discerned—  
In vain he interposed his form,  
His bride to shield from the battle-storm—  
Both fell to earth, their faithful hearts  
Pierced by a volley of feathered darts!"

## XXI.

"In the glen a shallow grave was made,  
And together there were the lovers laid—  
Thenceforth it was a haunted place,  
And shunned by tribes of the forest race  
When the fires of day forsook the west,  
And in darker robe the woods were dressed."

## NOTES.

(1) "It chanced that from a dream one night."

This legend was written to illustrate Indian superstition in reference to dreams. They think that the sick are bewitched by those whose names they mention in sleep.

(2) "In the 'Lodge of Judgment' prisoned him."

Condemned prisoners, while preparations are making for their execution, are confined in a dark hut, called the "Lodge of Judgment" by some tribes, and by others the "Cabin of Death."

(3) "Wah-non-ti-gone had proved his right  
To the war-bird's plume in many a fight."

An Indian takes rank as a warrior when he has slain a foe in battle. A plume of the eagle or war-bird, intertwined with his scalp-lock, is an index of the exploit.

## VICTORINE.—A PORTRAIT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

SHE stands all motionless awhile,  
The head bowed slightly, as in thought,  
Upon the lips a placid smile,  
The glance with quiet meaning fraught;  
By Heaven! 'tis Judith as she lives  
In Guido's nobly-penciled face,  
Made fairer by the spell that gives  
A matchless charm to living grace!

She meekly sits in ardent mood,  
With pallid cheek but eye of fire,  
Too proud to yield, yet half-subdued  
By mournful thought or wild desire;  
At once my fancy's wings unfurl  
To range a bleak but magic soil,  
For as I look upon the girl,  
I start to find her Minna Troil!

Her arms are folded on her breast,  
She smiles half scornful, half in glee,  
Her eyes are closed, but not in rest,  
You every jetty lash may see;  
There is a zest, a relish high,  
In loveliness thus touched with spite,  
Perchance it oftener wakes the sigh,  
But then it makes Love's fetters light!

For none but madmen bow for life  
To beauty which is lapped in pride,  
That coldly mocks affection's strife,  
And yields not to devotion's tide;  
Yet who would shrink from such a fate  
With scorn so lovely ever nigh?  
The very look of shrewish Kate,  
The very air of Lady Di!

Methinks thou frownest at my lay;  
O would that I were there to see!  
"The hateful man"—I hear thee say—  
"To write such saucy things of me!"  
Well, little Cleopatra, now  
I will not trace thy picture more,  
I'll leave thy lip and cheek and brow  
For sweeter minstrels to explore;

But for those windows of the soul—  
Those eyes in which 't is heaven to dwell,  
The stars of fate, hope's brightest goal,  
Methinks I know their language well!  
And were the fairy's powers mine,  
I'd watch beside thy couch to-night,  
And on them squeeze the flower divine  
That makes the dreamer love at sight!

## LUCY DUTTON.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

It was an October morning, warm and sunny, but with even its sunshine subdued into a mournful softness, and its gorgeous drapery chastened by a touch of the dreary atmosphere into a sympathy with sorrow. And there was a sorrowing one who needed sympathy on that still, holy morning—the sympathy of the great Heart which beats in Nature's bosom—for she could hope no other. Poor Lucy Dutton!

There was a funeral that morning—a stranger would have judged by the gathering that the great man of the village was dead, and all that crowd had come out to do his ashes honor—but it was not so. Yet the little, old-fashioned church was filled to overflowing. Some there were who turned their eyes devoutly to the holy man that occupied the sacred desk, receiving from his lips the words of life; some looked upon the little coffin that stood covered with its black pall upon a table directly below him, and perhaps thought of their own mortality, or that of their bright little ones; while many, very many, gazed with cold curiosity at the solitary mourner occupying the front pew. This was a young creature, in the very spring-time of life, a frail, erring being, whose only hope was in Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more." There was a weight of shame upon her head, and wo upon her heart, that, together, made the poor bereaved young mother cower almost to the earth before the prying eyes that came to look upon her in her distressing humiliation. Oh! it was a pitiful sight! that crushed, helpless creature's agony.

But the year before, and this same lone mourner was considered a sweet, beautiful child, whom every body was bound to protect and love; because, but that she was the pet lamb of a dotting old woman, she was without friend and protector. Lucy Dutton was the last blossom upon a tree which had boasted many fair ones. When the grave opened to one after another of that doomed family, till none but this bright, beautiful bud was left, she became the all in all, and with the dotting affection of age was she cherished. When poverty came to Granny Dutton's threshold, she drew her one priceless jewel to her heart, and laughed at poverty. When sorrows of every kind compassed her about, and the sun went down in her heaven of hope, another rose in a holier heaven of love; and Lucy Dutton was this fountain of love-born light. The old lady and her pretty darling occupied a small, neat cottage at the foot of the hill, with a garden attached to it, in which the child flitted all day long, like a glad spirit among the flowers. And, next to her child-idol, the simple-hearted old lady loved those flowers, with a love which pure natures ever bear to the beautiful. It was by these, and the fruit produced by the little garden, that the twin lived.

Many a fine carriage drew up before the door of the humble cottage, and bright ladies and dashing gentlemen sauntered beneath the shade, while the rosy fingers of Lucy adjusted bouquets for them, her bright lips wreathed with smiles, and her sunny eye turning to her grandmother at the placing of every stem, as though for approbation of her taste. Not a child in all the neighborhood was so happy as Lucy; not a child in all the neighborhood was so beautiful, so gentle, and so good. And nobody ever thought of her as any thing but a child. Though she grew to the height of her tallest geranium, and her form assumed womanly proportions, nobody, not even the rustic beaux around her, thought of her as any thing but a child. Lucy was so artless, and loved her dear old grandmother so truly, that the two were somehow connected in people's minds, and it seemed as impossible that the girl should grow older, as that the old lady should grow younger.

Lucy was just booked for fifteen, with the seal of innocence upon her heart, and a rose-leaf on her cheek, when "the Hermann property," a fine summer residence that had been for years unoccupied, was purchased by a widow lady from the metropolis. She came down early in the spring, accompanied by her only son, to visit her new possessions, and, finding the spot exceedingly pleasant, she determined to remain there. And so Lucy met the young metropolitan; and Lucy was beautiful, and trusting, and thoughtless; and he was gay, selfish, and profligate. Needs the story to be told?

When the Howards went away, Lucy awoke from her dream. She looked about her, and upon herself, with the veil taken from her eyes; and then she turned from all she had ever loved, for, in the breaking up of those dreams, was broken poor Lucy's heart.

Nay, censor, Lucy was a child—consider how very young, how very untaught—oh! her innocence was no match for the sophistry of a gay city youth! And young Howard stole her unthinking heart the first day he looked in to purchase a bouquet. Poor, poor Lucy!

Before the autumn leaves fell, Granny Dutton's bright pet knelt in her little chamber, and upon her mother's grave, and down by the river-side, where she had last met Justin Howard, and prayed for death. Sweet, joyous Lucy Dutton, asking to lay her bright head in the grave! Spring came, and shame was stamped upon the cottage at the foot of the hill. Lucy bowed her head upon her bosom, and refused to look upon any thing but her baby; and the old lady shrunk like a shriveled leaf before this last and greatest of her troubles. The neighborhood had its usual gossip.



There were taunts, and sneers, and coarse jests, and remarks severely true, but only a little, a very little, pity. Lucy bore all this well, for she knew that it was deserved; but she had worse than this to bear. Every day she knelt by the bed of the one being who had doted upon her from infancy, and begged her blessing, but in vain.

"Oh! that I had laid you in the coffin, with your dead mother, when all around me said that the breath had passed from you!" was the unvarying reply; "then my gray hairs might have gone down to the grave without dishonor from the child that I took from the gate of death, and bore for years upon my bosom. Would you had died, Lucy!"

And Lucy would turn away her head, and, in the bitterness of her heart, echo, "Ay! would that I had died!" Then she would take her baby in her arms, and, while the scalding tears bathed its unconscious face, pray God to forgive the wicked wish, and preserve her life for the sake of this sinless heir to shame. And sometimes Lucy would smile—not that calm, holy smile which usually lingers about an infant's cradle, but a faint, sickly play of the love-light within, as though the mother's fond heart was ashamed of its own throbbings. But, before the autumn passed, Lucy Dutton was fearfully stricken. Death came! She laid her last comfort from her bosom into the coffin, and they were now bearing it to the grave; she the only mourner. It mattered but little that the grandmother's forgiveness and blessing came now; Lucy scarce knew the difference between these words and those before spoken; and most earnestly did she answer, "Would, would that I had died!" Poor, poor Lucy!

She sat all through the sermon and the singing and the prayer, with her head bowed upon the side of the pew; and when at last they bore the coffin to the door, and the congregation began to move forward, she did not raise it until the kind clergyman came and led her out to take a last look at her dead boy. Then she laid her thin, pale face against his within the coffin, and sobbed aloud. And now some began to pity the stricken girl, and whisper to their neighbors that she was more sinned against than sinning. Still none came forward to whisper the little word which might have been healing, but the holy man whose duty it was. He took her almost forcibly from the infant clay, and strove to calm her, while careless eyes came to look upon that dearer to her than her own heart's blood. Finally, curiosity was satisfied; they closed the coffin, screwed down the lid, spread the black cloth over it, and the procession began to form. Minister Green left the side of the mourner, and took his station in advance, accompanied by some half dozen others; then four men followed, bearing the light coffin in their hands, and all eyes were turned upon the mourner. She did not move.

"Pass on, madam," said Squire Field, who always acted the part of marshal on such occasions, and, though little given to the weakness of feeling, he now softened his voice as much as it would bear softening. "This way—eight behind the—the—pass on!"

Lucy hesitated a moment, and many a generous

one longed to step forward and give her an arm, but selfish prudence forbade. One bright girl, who had been Lucy's playmate from the cradle, but had not seen her face for many months, drew impulsively toward her; but she met a reproving eye from the crowd, and only whispering, "I do pity you, Lucy!" she shrunk back, and sobbed almost as loud as her erring friend. Lucy started at the words, and gazing wildly around her, tottered on after the coffin. Loud, and slow, and fearfully solemn, stroke after stroke, the old church-bell doled forth its tale; and slowly and solemnly the crowd moved on with a measured tread; though there was many a careless eye and many a smiling lip, turning to other eyes and other lips, with something like a jest between them. On moved the crowd after the mourner; while she, with irregular, labored step, her arms crossed on her bosom, and her head bent to the same resting-place, just kept pace with the bearers of her dead boy. Winding through the opened gate into the churchyard, they went trailing slowly through the long dead grass, while some of the children crept slyly from the procession to pick the tufts of scarlet and yellow leaves, which made this place of graves strangely gay; and several young people wandered off, arm in arm, pausing as they went to read the rude inscriptions lettered on the stones. On went the procession, away to the farthest corner, where slept the stranger and the vagabond. Here a little grave had been dug, and the coffin was now set down beside it, while the long procession circled slowly round. Several went up and looked into the dark, damp cradle of the dead child; one observed to his neighbor that it was very shallow; and another said that Tom Jones always slighted his work when there was nobody to see to it; anyhow, it was not much matter, the child would stay buried; and another let drop a jest, a hard but not very witty one, though it was followed by a smothered laugh. All this passed quietly, nothing was spoken above a low murmur, but Lucy heard it all, and as she heard and remembered, what a repulsive thing seemed to her the human heart! Poor Lucy Dutton!

Minister Green stood at the head of the grave and said a prayer, while Lucy leaned against a sickly looking tree, alone, and pressed her cold hands against her temples, and wondered if she should ever pray again—if God would hear her if she should. Then they laid the little coffin upon ropes and gently lowered it. The grave was too short, or the men were careless, for there was a harsh grating against the hard earth, which made Lucy start and extend her arms, but she instantly recollected herself, and, clasping both hands tightly over her mouth, lest her agony should make itself heard, she tried to stand calmly. Then a handful of straw was thrown upon the coffin, and immediately a shovelful of earth followed. Oh! that first sinking of the cold clod upon the bosom we have loved! What a fearful, slivering sensation does it send to the heart and along the veins! And then the benumbing faintness which follows, as though our own breath were struggling up through that damp covering of earth! Lucy gasped and stag-

gered, and then she twined her arm about the body of the little tree, and laid her cheek against its rough bark, and strove hard to keep herself from falling.

Some thought the men were very long in filling up the grave, but Lucy thought nothing about it. She did not, after that first shovelful, hear the earth as it fell; and when, after all was done and the sods of withered grass had been laid on, Minister Green came to tell her, she did not at first hear his voice. When she did, she pushed back the hair from her hollow temples, looked vacantly into his face, and shook her head. Others came up to her—a good-natured man who had been kind to her grandmother; then the deacon's wife, followed by two or three other women; but Lucy only smiled and shook her head. Glances full of troubled mystery passed from one to another; there was an alarmed look on many faces, which those more distant seemed to comprehend; and still

others came to speak to Lucy. It was useless—she could find no meaning in their words—the star of intellect had gone out—the temple was darkened. Poor, poor Lucy Dutton!

They bore her home—for she was passive and helpless—home to the sick old grandmother, who laid her withered hand on those bright locks, and kissed the cold cheek, and took her to her bosom, as though she had been an infant. And Lucy smiled, and talked of playing by the brook, and chasing the runaway bees, and of toys for her baby-house, and wondered why they were all weeping, particularly dear grandmamma, who ought to be so happy. But this lasted only a few days, and then another grave was made, and yet another, in the poor's corner; and the grandmother and her shattered idol slept together. The grave is a blessed couch and pillow to the wretched. Rest thee there, poor Lucy!

## A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Night on the hills and valleys: come with me—

I know a spot within yon silent glade

Where 't will be pleasant for to sit and see

The moonlight struggling through the tangled shade  
That the garbled boughs and young green leaves have made.

Lo! how the gem-like dew-drops sparkle fair—

The wild flowers bend their heads as if they prayed,

And their warm breathings on the evening air

A holy incense seems, a fragrance sweet and rare.

With upraised finger, guarding earth's repose,

SILENCE floats shadowy o'er the moon's pale beam;

From her hush'd lips no breathing murmur flows.

No eyelids veil that fixt eye's changeless gleam.

Not man alone, but Nature sleeps: the stream

Hath lost her merry voice, the winds their moan.

And NIGHT, the dark-eyed night, herself a dream,

Slumbers and dreams upon her starry throne,

While brighter gleam the suns that gem her murky zone.

Here, gazing on this mild and quiet scene,

Reminds me of a night one balmy June—

I had gone forth, as now, beneath the sheen

Of the bright stars and silver-seeming moon.

But, O! my heart was sadly out of tune,

For Sorrow's hand had rudely brushed the strings.

And care had gathered o'er me all too soon.

Darkening my bright hopes with her sable wings.

And covering, as with night, all fair and lovely things.

I stood within the church-yard still and lone,

Beneath me lay the past in shroud and pall,

The present moonlight pale and cold white stone

And tall trees standing by the lofty wall;

And while I mis'd strange shadows seemed to fall

Upon my spirit, in my ears did ring

A murmuring music, like the breezy call

That charms the wild bird to the woods in spring.

When to the bending grass the new-born flowerets cling.

I did not dream, but o'er my spirit came

A cloud-like mystery, a charm, a sleep—

Before mine eyes there played a circling flame.

Casting faint radiance on a boundless deep,

That ever with a wild and lameless sweep

Rocked to and fro, and on its bosom bore

Things shapeless and unformed, a mingled heap

Of ghastly shallows, such as once of yore,

Ere light and time were born, the face of chaos wore.

Wrapp'd in his misty mantle, faint and dim,

I saw the genius of the future stand;

Around him crouching forms, like spectres grin,

And a book open in his dusky hand;

And, ever, when he waved what seemed a wand,

Wild forms sprung forth on whirling wings away,

As bearing in hot haste some stern command.

That brook'd not further lingering nor delay.

And while I wondering gaz'd I heard a voice to say—

“Look well, thy future is before thee now!”

The words fell harshly on my startled ear,

When sudden on that heaving deep a glow

Of pearly light shone beautiful and clear;

I saw a broad and varied scene appear.

Where lately dim confusion slept in gloom.

And the weird shadowings and shapes of fear

Had melted into loveliness and bloom,

As sunny flowers spring up from the dark, loaths-me tomb.

Full many a land I saw in beauty shine,

That then was unfamiliar to mine eye;

And forms, whose after fate was linked with mine,

On looked upon me as they glided by;

And cloud-like shadows, too, at times would fly,

Obscuring as they went the prospect rare,

Much like the changes of an April sky.

Sunshine and shade, bright joy, and gloomy care,

Each following in its turn, and thou, thou too wert there.

I saw thee, as I saw thee once again,

Beauteous and bright within a festive hall,

And jewels bright were sparkling round thee then.

Thyself the fairest jewel of them all!

O, lightly heedless of what fate might fall,

My vision o'er, I left that church-yard wide.

Well knowing that at kind affection's call,

Thou, dearest, wouldst be ever by my side,

My guardian angel fair, my own, my destined bride.

# CARRY CARLISLE.

## OR THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

"DESCRIBE her?" I shall do no such thing. Why don't you ask me to describe the enchanting scene before us now, with all its combinations of glory, grace and loveliness. The gorgeous sunset on one side—the perfect rainbow, so delicately brilliant that we tremble every moment lest it should fade—on the other, the soft, balmy, gentle shower, kissing the earth between them. And the tender, golden light, that glistens over all—sleeping, dreaming on the slowly moving cloud, dancing on the distant wave, and clothing wood and wold with ever changing beauty.

No! I will not attempt to describe her—Willis might do it with that tasteful, graceful, dainty, inimitable pen of his; but I "hide my diminished head." Ask *him* if she was not bewilderingly beautiful, with a smile like a sunbeam, a voice like a lute-tone, and a step like the ripple of a wave. She was not made to be described, any more than the sunset shower. Like it, her beauty was rather felt than seen, with all its shade and shine, its smiles and tears, its glow, its grace, its harmony and truth.

"One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
That waves in every taken tress,  
Or early lightens o'er her face?"

I am not going to tell you her real name, she would scold me if I did. I wish you could hear her scold. She does it to a charm! She curls her beautiful red lip with such dainty disdain, and tosses her head with so airy and saucy a grace that you would be half tempted to tease her for the sake of seeing it. But I gave her my word that I wouldn't tell her name. So we must make one up for her. Let us see—Carry Carlisle, will that do? Well then, one moonlight evening Carry Carlisle was leaning languidly against a pillar in the piazza of the Ocean House, at Newport, surrounded by beaux and belles, as usual. Her dress—I am afraid my friend is a little coquettish about dress. She likes to have it correspond with the tone of her feeling—and her usual choice in summer, is a plain, white muslin; now and then as her mood varies, it is a pale rose, or violet, or blue, always exquisitely simple, but that night it was all black. The sleeves reaching just below the elbow were edged with a narrow frill of black lace, and the same trimming was round the top of the dress, which was cut low enough in front to show a throat and part of a neck of dazzling whiteness. It was clasped on her bosom by a golden bird of rare workmanship, and a braid of

black velvet confined the knot of lustrous, jet-like hair behind.

"Have you lost a friend?" whispered one of her devotees.

"Yes!" she replied with a sorrowful smile, "one whom I ought to have valued, and whom I shall never meet again. I have lost a *day*! I have done nothing but dream and sing, and dance and strive for the last eight hours, and now I am weary and sad, and cannot talk any more," and half closing her eyes, which were full of tears, she turned away.

"A rose-bud for your thought, fair lady!" exclaimed Henry Vaughan, a handsome Virginian, shrewdly suspected of being a prime favorite with the beauty.

"It should be a pure white one, then," said Mr. Charles Courtland, half aside.

"And isn't it?" asked a young Irish officer, as Vaughan placed the fair flower lightly in the velvet braid.

Caroline raised her drooping head, blushing and smiling through her tears, like a wild rose through the rain, as she replied, "It was a foolish, idle thought, and is not worth your beautiful bribe, Mr. Vaughan; but you shall have it, such as it is. I was wishing for a fairy to wait on my will, and to bring me some new delight."

"Name your desire, and let me be your fairy!" said Vaughan.

Carry laughed and shook her head. "Oh! you cannot! for I want to be queen of beauty at a tournament, this very night."

The Virginian's dark eyes flashed with the light of his sudden and happy thought.

"And so you shall, this very night. It shall be a tournament of mind. We'll lay the lance of thought in rest. Our will shall enter the lists, and tilt in your honor, sweet queen, and the victor's prize shall be that golden bird! Is it a bird of paradise? It has lighted in Eden just now."

"What made the gold wings flutter, Carry? Was it the beating heart beneath?"

"Come, Courtland," he continued, "you must tune your light guitar. Two hours hence we are to re-assemble in No —, each of us prepared to sing or recite an original song or poem, in honor of our sovereign lady."

"No, no!" Mr. Vaughan, said Carry gaily. "You are not to have it all your own way. You lords of creation may appropriate the field of battle to yourselves, but on the 'field of mind,' woman shall be your competitor. If any lady-bird can, and will sing, she

shall, and there shall be no queen, except the queen of song. A wreath of flowers for the lady victor, and the golden bird for the gentleman, the latter to present the crown, and the former the bird, their claims to be decided by vote. Shall it not be so, ladies?" she asked, appealing to those around.

A unanimous assent was given, and the party separated to prepare for the meeting.

## CHAPTER II.

I loose the falcon of my hopes,  
Upon as proud a flight  
As those who hawked at high renown,  
In song-enobled fight.—HOFFMAN.

It was a pleasant and picturesque scene. The room was richly curtained, elegantly furnished, and brilliantly illumined for the occasion. The ladies in gay and tasteful costumes, reclined on cushioned sofas; the gentlemen sat at their feet, and the signal was given for the trial of skill to commence. A magnificent woman in a robe of purple velvet, a widow, with an eye like a midnight cloud, in which the lightning slept, was first called upon for a song. Her classic head; her bare, and beautiful arms; her full, majestic form, were all displayed to advantage, as she leaned with regal grace toward her harp, and playing a wild and passionate prelude, recited rather than sung—

## THE LAY OF THE LADY CORINNE.

Oh! tell me at once that you love me no more!  
Oh! say you are weary, and hope will be o'er!  
But let me not fruitlessly waste my soul's life,  
Between doubt and despair, in this passionate strife!  
Implora pace!

It is time, Heaven knows, that I turn from my dream,  
'Tis folly! 'tis madness, tho' sweet it may seem,  
And if once from your lips your estrangement I know,  
I've a pride still at heart, that would rise at the blow.

By all the true tenderness lavished too long  
On your bosom, oh, soul of my thought and my song;  
By all the wild worship I've poured at your feet,  
Oh! soothe me no more with this fatal deceit!

I seek not your pity; 'twill deepen the grief  
That can find but in love all it asks of relief;  
But tell me at once that I trusted in vain,  
And ne'er be those dear eyes bent on me again!

You cannot give back the pure bloom of my soul,  
The freshness, the light that my wild passion stole;  
You cannot restore me the innocent truth,  
That once was the glory and pride of my youth.

They are gone, and forever the joy and the bloom,  
They are fled like the withered flower's blush and perfume;  
If your love has gone with them, oh! listen my prayer,  
Let me rest, tho' it be in the calm of despair!  
Implora pace!

What had Mr. Charles Courtland to do with "the lay of the lady Corinne?" Surely those dark, impassioned eyes were bent upon him more than once during the recital, and the rich voice faltered more and more, the more he tried to avoid them.

A pale, plaintive looking youth came next in turn, and sung—with a sweet, sighing voice, "The Wild

Wood Rose," a simple love-song, which brought tears to the eyes of several young ladies.

The wild wood-rose was blushing,  
Beside our sunny way;  
The mountain rill was gushing  
In light, melodious play;  
When last thy vows I listened,  
When last thy kiss I met,  
And then thy dark eyes glistened  
With fondness and regret!

The wild wood-rose, o'er-shaded  
By clouds, has lost its bloom;  
And Love's soft flower has faded.  
'Neath falsehood, grief, and gloom.  
The waves, in winter falling,  
No more to music part,  
And I but weep, bewailing  
The winter of the heart!

The wild wood-rose, resuming  
Its bloom and beauty gay,  
The fitful gale perfuming,  
Again shall grace the way;  
Again the mountain river  
Its melody shall pour,  
But thou returnest never!  
And Love will bloom no more!

The next was a bright-eyed school-girl, who blushed as she timidly sung,

Too long have I tuned the light strings of my lyre,  
To Love's wayward music that weakens the wire,  
And now like a bird from a flower-chain free,  
My Country! Its song I devote unto thee,  
Nor ask that thy laurel the minstrel repay,  
While I wake it once more to a loftier lay.

My country, my country! How sweet are the words,  
How soft to that melody thrill the light chords!  
Like Memnon's, the harp that is laid on thy shrine,  
Must be touched from on high by a glory divine,  
And sound at the sunrise of Liberty's light,  
Its holiest strain for the True and the Right!

And dearer to me, than the smile I adore,  
Be my fatherland's honor, and fame evermore!  
Tho' not unto woman the glory they yield,  
To combat for thee, in the counsel and field;  
If her voice for one moment thy fame may prolong,  
Be thine, only thine, all the soul of her song!

It was Carry's turn next—how pure and beautiful she looked in her graceful robe of white, as she bent over the quaint old Moorish lute, and murmured in those soul modulated tones—

Would you woo a lady fair!  
Woo her like the knights of old!  
Love was then an ardent prayer,  
Now 'tis but a question bold.

Then the boy on battle field  
Won his spurs and wore a name,  
Ere his lady grace would yield,  
Ere her smile he dared to claim!

Not till glory crowned his brow,  
Not till Fame before him went,  
Came he, with impassioned vow,  
With his knee to Beauty bent!

Those chivalric feats are o'er,  
Yet there 's still a glorious field!  
Lovers! to the lists once more!  
Here are arms you yet may wield.

Fancy's fiery coursers rein,  
Trappings gay and golden bit,  
Wheel them to the charge again!  
Couch the glittering lance of wit!

Hope, the herald, cries "good-speed!"  
Love's light pennon floats on high!  
Beauty's smile your dearest meed!  
Sound the trump! to combat fly!

And now, Mr. Charles Courtland. You desperate  
firt! You gay deceiver! It is your turn—what are  
you looking at the widow for, with that beguiling  
smile? He touched his guitar with a light, and skill-  
ful hand, and sang in a clear, bold voice,

"*Sempre lo steso!*"—the pure stream of feeling,  
May show on its surface all shadows that pass,  
The light summer cloud, thro' the azure air stealing,  
The wild flower that bends like a belle to her glass.

"*Sempre lo steso!*"—the wave may give back, love,  
The bird's sunny pinion, that gleams and is gone;  
The stars' silver glory, the breeze in its track, love,  
The faint smile of twilight, the gray mist of morn!

"*Sempre lo steso!*"—the cloud and the rose, love,  
The skies' changing beauty, the wing's glowing tint,  
Break not for a moment the stream's pure repose, love,  
They touch but the surface, and leave not a print.

"*Sempre lo steso!*"—deep, deep in its bosom,  
Where the world's fleeting pageants ne'er rattle the tide,  
It hoards, like a miser, its own gem and blossom,  
And sings to itself all the love it would hide.

The young Irish officer followed with—

#### THE LORD OF DELMAINE.

The heiress was lovely, the heiress was bright,  
But the heiress was cold as the winter-moonlight,  
And she cared not a straw for the penniless wight,  
The gold-hunting Lord of Delmaine!

'T was night, and the lady had gone to repose,  
Who sings 'neath her window! "Thy dark eyes unclose!"  
With a smile on her lip, Leonora arose,  
For she guessed 't was the Lord of Delmaine.

She leans from the lattice, enraptured he sings!  
But bark! on the pavement what love-token rings?  
Ob! spirit of mischief! a penny she flings!  
Thy guerdon—young Lord of Delmaine!

"Poor, wandering minstrel! for this serenade,  
My thanks, with the copper!" gay Leonor said;  
He gazed at the money, he gazed at the maid,  
And away stalked the Lord of Delmaine.

And then, Henry Vaughan, leaning on the back of  
the sofa where Carry reclined, gave with exquisite  
taste,

#### THE FAIRY IN THE SHELL.

Listen what the fairy sings,  
The loet fairy in the shell,

Clear and sweet, her warble rings,  
If you listen right and well!

"Lady, in the coral hall,  
Of my ocean home afar,  
Where the waters softly fall,  
Where the gold-fish seems a star,

"While the sea-sylphs rocked their child,  
Listen, lady, what befell!  
Came the waves with cadence wild,  
Whispering round my winding shell.

"Wondrous sweet the tunes they played,  
Well I learned each soft refrain,  
Mingling in a music-braid,  
Half of joy and half of pain.

Now, from that dear home exiled,  
It is life and light to me,  
Still to sing the music wild,  
Born of ocean's grief and glee!

"Lady, when in cradle light,  
You, a dreaming baby lay,  
Angels floated through the night,  
With your smile of love to play.

"Hymns of Heaven they warbled low,  
Lady, now, when grief is wild,  
Sing to soothe your woman-wo,  
All they taught the cradled child!"

The last of the competitors was a noble-looking  
Spanish boy, who sat at Carry's feet and gazed admir-  
ingly upon her half-averted face, while he sang to a  
spirited air on the guitar the following song—

The rose—bring the rose breathing sweet thro' the dew!  
The shell—bring the shell, with its soft, carmine hue;  
Bring the blush from the cloud beneath morn's beaming  
eye,  
I will show you a blossom of lovelier dye;  
It is Love's dearest flower, and it blooms to beguile,  
It was born on the bright cheek of Carry Carhale!

Let Love tune the lute to a light, dainty lay,  
Or soft o'er the wind-harp, the southern wind play;  
Let the mountain-rill's low, mellow ripple be heard,  
Or the faint-warbled trill of the far forest bird;  
To music more graceful I listen the while,  
'T is the soul-thrilling laugh of sweet Carry Carlisle!

Bring the rarest and purest of gems from the mine,  
In the depth of whose heart plays a lightning divine;  
Bring the soft ray that beams thro' the blue mist of morn,  
Bring the star-illumed wave ere its glory is gone;  
I will show you a purer, and lovelier smile,  
Beneath the dark lashes of Carry Carlisle!

By an almost unanimous vote, the bird was awarded  
to Mr. Henry Vaughan, and the wreath to Carry.

And as the former—after crowning the graceful  
girl—bent on one knee to receive from her his re-  
ward, their eyes met, and revealed a story which only  
the little bird heard, and told again to me.

## BORDENTOWN.

(WITH AN ACCOMPANYING ENGRAVING.)

THE Delaware River, though a broad and stately stream, is less picturesque than the Hudson, and consequently has not attracted so much the attention of travelers. In the vicinity of the Water-Gap, where the river appears to have broken through the mountains, by some convulsion of nature, at an earlier epoch of the world's history, the scenery on its shores is wild and grand: but after leaving the primitive region, and especially when traversing the flat alluvial plains in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, its banks are comparatively tame, but relieved at intervals by neat villages and towns. The most beautiful of these is Burlington, a country town in New Jersey, about twenty miles above Philadelphia. The river front of this place is a broad green bank, adorned by elegant private mansions, among which the Gothic cottage of Bishop Doane stands conspicuous. Next to Burlington, in beauty, ranks Bordentown, also a thriving town in New Jersey.

This picturesque village is situated on the east bank of the Delaware, about ten miles above Burlington. It is a pleasant country town, with streets crossing each other at right angles. The houses are detached from each other, and shaded by trees. The place is much resorted to in summer by the inhabitants of Philadelphia, on account of its salubrious air. It occupies comparatively high ground; and was settled, rather more than a century ago, by a gentleman named Borden.

The chief ornament of the village is the estate of the late Count de Survilliers, better known as Joseph Bonaparte, the elder brother of Napoleon. After the downfall of his family, the ex-king of Spain sought refuge in the United States, and obtaining a law from the legislature of New Jersey to enable him to hold lands, purchased a tract of fifteen hundred acres, in the vicinity of Bordentown, on a high bank overlooking the Delaware river. Here he proceeded to construct a mansion, stables, and out-houses; at the same time laying out the surrounding grounds as a park. On this estate he lavished immense sums; and for many years continued to increase its attractions, by improving the grounds and enriching his mansion by the most costly works of art.

His gallery of paintings and statuary, though not extensive, embraced several articles of very great merit. He placed particular value on a picture by David, of the Emperor Napoleon, which hung, we believe, over the great mantel-piece. This painting was afterwards seriously injured by falling from the

wall. There was also in the gallery a bust of the emperor, by Canova, one of the most exquisite works of art ever imported into this country. The mansion-house, more than ten years since, was destroyed by a fire, in which this valuable gallery suffered severely.

After this conflagration a white garden pavilion was erected by the count on the lawn, near the river-side, adorned by oleander and orange plants. On an eminence, immediately above the Delaware, he placed a sort of tower, several stories high, upon a terrace, the gallery of which commands an extensive view of the diversified landscape around. This tower, as represented in the engraving, rising above the thick groves on the banks of the river, is the first object that arrests the eye when approaching Bordentown by water. From the top of the bluff on which it stands, a sort of bridge was carried out, a great height above the river; and here seats were arranged, from which the whole country was overlooked. The prospect from this spot is very beautiful. To the right and left is the river, here a broad but quiet stream, which at your feet is covered with water-plants. Before you are the cultivated fields of Pennsylvania; behind is the white village of Bordentown, and further in the distance the vast forests of New Jersey.

From the tower numerous winding paths lead off into the park, which runs along the Crosswick Creek, towards which the bank forms a wild and wooded declivity. The trees are chiefly pine, and grow so thickly that the stranger soon forgets his vicinity to human habitations, and imagines himself in the depths of a gloomy forest. The illusion was formerly increased by the deer and hares that occasionally crossed his path; but since the death of the count these have disappeared, and the park, in other respects, has fallen into decay.

The grounds of Count de Survilliers were at all times accessible to visitors, and for many years have been a favorite resort for pic-nic parties from Philadelphia. In its palmy day, when the residence of the proprietor, the mansion was distinguished for its hospitality, and few foreigners of distinction traveled in the United States without availing themselves of the kindness of the owner.

About a mile below Bordentown is the landing-place for the passengers between New York and Philadelphia, who here leave the steamboat and take the cars in their way to South Amboy, or Jersey City. This landing-place is represented in the fore-ground of our engraving.

## FOREIGN MYSTERIES.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

THE moment previous to New Year is the most brilliant in the French capital, which the people here call "*la capitale des capitales*," (the capital of capitals,) while the English content themselves with calling London "the capital of the world." Certain it is, that London is not nearly so agreeable a city to reside in as Paris, though the police of London offers the inhabitant far greater protection of life, limb and property.

The streets of Paris are infinitely more gay, though those of London are more thronged. This holds, at least, of the Boulevards and the great thoroughfares of London; but then everybody is there, and you can consequently draw a conclusion from them for the whole city. In London, you see depicted on every countenance a fixed purpose—the body moves passively in obedience to the mind, and utterly regardless of all it meets on the way, which gives the English people an air of heartless indifference; while, in Paris, thousands upon thousands rush into the streets without any purpose at all, hoping to receive impressions, and things to reflect on, as they go along. This class of people the French call "*flâneurs*," and it forms about one third of the population of every French city of some consequence. When the French workman has finished his task—when the clerk returns from his *bureau*—the soldier from parade, or the actor from his rehearsal, he hurries to join the body of *flâneurs* on the Boulevards, the passages, the streets *Rivoli*, *La Paix*, *Vivienne*, and the galleries of the *Palais Royal*, "to let himself go"—a walking *camera obscura*, in which the external scenes that pass on the right and left are reflected, not unfrequently upside down.

In observing this listless mass of respectable *lazzaroni*, well dressed and decently behaved, one would suppose that the people are enjoying continual holidays, and that the population of Paris is the happiest on the whole globe. The custom of the French shop-keepers to keep the best part of their wares in the window, enables the meanest persons to make themselves acquainted, at least by sight, with those things which the more aristocratic taste of their British neighbors prefers to keep from the vulgar eye, and which even to look at requires a certain position in society. "Carriage people," in England, are, even in the same shop, shown very different things from those which are exposed for sale to ordinary persons; for the commercial understanding of that egotistical race never admits that the money of the poor is as good as that of the rich: they know it does not go so far. Where the French have studied to beguile

poverty, and to surround it, at least externally, with the appearance of wealth, the English simply slam the door in its face, in order to prevent contamination. Hence the inexpressibly wretched appearance of the poor in England—the self-degradation which is depicted in every countenance—the loathsomeness of the wretched, which disgusts to a degree even to stifle pity. There is no care taken to show a clean shirt where there is none, no substitution of clean white paper for dirty linen, or of glazed cotton for silk, and washed kid gloves for new ones, and there are no hundred thousand people employed, as in France, to prepare *à neuf*, that is, make them do in the place of new ones, without being offensive to cleanliness or propriety. The wretched English "operative" wears his clothes until they rot off his back; the indigent mechanic, until they become threadbare and greased; and it is only the English "gentleman" who is amenable to, and, at the same time, the *slave* of fashion. In France, on the contrary, the meanest person endeavors to save appearances; and, by conformity to a common standard, to become more or less a pattern of nationality. For this reason the street manners of the French are so much more agreeable than those of the English, and life in Paris, even to the poorest person, comparatively tolerable.

Every street in Paris, every public place, every theatre is a sort of drawing-room, in which it is rare to observe a breach of good manners. An Englishman reserves his smiles and his attentions for home or the company of his friends. Hence he may be a very estimable man in a small circle, but there is less urbanity in his general deportment than there is in a Frenchman of the same class. A stroll in the streets of Paris is really entertaining; for a man may there study the French character almost as well as in a drawing-room. The streets of London are dull, and, in spite of the throng in the most frequented ones, cold and cheerless. A feeling of utter solitude and desolation befalls the stranger in the British capital—if the interior of the houses be not thrown open to him—if English hospitality do not warm his heart from the chill of his daily impressions. To be in London without a friend, is to be at sea without a compass, and about as bleak. Paris, in comparison, is a garden where a thousand objects greet the eye, and where even solitude may have its charms. One can live in Paris without society and be well entertained; and what is more, one is always sure of finding that society which is congenial to one's mind.

Such were the thoughts that I communicated to an American gentleman, of French extraction, with

whom I was strolling along the Boulevards. There were a thousand *étrennes pour le jour de l'an*. Presents of all sorts for friends and relations, to serve as evidence of good will and fellowship at the commencement of the year. Among them I also observed "the Shakspeare gallery;" for the British Bard is, now during the presence of Macready and Mrs. Helen Faucit, decidedly the fashion in France. About ten millions of francs are supposed to change hands in Paris on New Year's day, and about three-fourths of all the articles purchasable on that occasion, are exposed on the Boulevards. A total stranger might, on taking his post in or near one of the principal stores, make the acquaintance of every class of society, and form a pretty fair average of the national character.

Of real beauty one sees but little in Paris. Out of twenty faces, ten at least may be said to be less than indifferent, five *rather* pretty, three tolerably so, one quite so, and the last one "an agreeable expression." Of that radiance and transparency, that marble polish which one sees in London or in England generally, not a trace is to be found on this side of the channel. But then, even in England it is only the higher classes who can boast of beauty; the countenances of the laboring orders are nowhere more deformed and degraded than even there.

But after all, there is no city in Europe where you see such legions of handsome women as in Broadway, or Chestnut street, where youth and beauty are almost uniformly united. The milliners of Philadelphia *cover* more beauty, than all the skill of the French "*modistes*" can show off, by candle light. You meet frequently a handsome foot—a pretty hand—fine eyebrows—coral lips—a pretty neck—a fine waist—long jet hair—pearl teeth—a round arm, &c.; but you scarcely ever meet these things, or any number of them, in one and the same person. A Flemish sculptor told me that he required twenty-eight different models to make a Venus, and that after all, his goddess had very ugly toes, which he could not even supply from imagination.

As to form, no women in the world are equal to our own American. If the Greek model is yet to be found on earth, it is, I am sure, in Philadelphia and the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Fools have said that they are deficient in *emboupoint*; but the true poetry of figure consists in being so proportioned that nothing can be added without destroying the harmony of all the parts, and nothing taken away without exhibiting a deficiency. This, too, is the reason why our American women fade sooner than the European. Take a syllable away from poetry, and you destroy the rhythm; prose essays can be handled in any way without losing much of their attractions. The fact is, I scarcely saw a woman on the Continent of Europe that could not spare, or dispose of twenty additional pounds without suffering materially in appearance; the complete anarchy of her proportions is for the most part prevented only by the iron sceptre—of her mantua-maker.

But, if the French women are not generally handsome, they certainly possess the art of pleasing, which they study from their infancy, and which they prac-

tice alike toward all persons without distinction of rank or fortune. Herein they have an immense advantage over the English. Another art which they possess, is the throwing off of a particular part of their persons which is handsome, say a small hand, a pretty foot, a round arm, a fine mouth, and so forth. The moment that a French woman knows that she has a fine hand, the whole attitude of her body will be so arranged as to exhibit it to the best advantage. The hand becomes the centre of a battle-field—the headquarters of all the sallies with which she attacks the impressionable portion of mankind. Now that fans are again in fashion, she will be constantly playing with it; then arrange her curls, because that will give her an opportunity of exhibiting her fingers. In her box at the opera, one of her gloves will be off, and her white *potée* hand placed on the red velvet cushion, which will make it appear twice as white as it really is, and exhibit it in a position fit for a sculptor. If she have a pretty foot, you may rely upon it she will never sit down without uncovering it; her gait will be such as to *compel you to look down*; and you may bet ten to one that she is passionately fond of you. Our American women, thank Heaven! please, enchant, captivate, conquer, enslave, triumph and glorify, without any such efforts. They require no such pitiful retailing of points; no magnetic excitement through hand and feet, to attract such heavy bodies as ourselves. The *natural* sympathies between men and women are yet alive and active, and the latter possess too many of the primitive charms of Eve, to require ought to set them off.

But it is only the higher classes of Europe, as I before stated, that enter into comparisons of that sort. The lower ones have no separate existence, and serve only as panders to the rich. The wife and daughters of the European mechanic are mere domestic slaves; in America their comparative ease and comfort improve both mind and body; every countenance shines with intelligence, and every person you see, is more or less self-balanced. You can pick out ten thousand girls in Philadelphia, from those who do not visit in society, and adorn with them the drawing-rooms of a European countess. Above all, it is the cerebral developments for which our women are distinguished as a mass. It is something exceedingly rare in Europe, and especially in France, to see a well developed female forehead; and the anterior portion of the head, the seat of the domestic affections, is universally deficient. Dissipation among the upper classes, and domestic slavery among the lower, seem to have diminished the intellectual qualities of the race.

The only thing for which the French women are really distinguished, is the agreeableness of their manners. They are less restrained than the English, and what few Americans would believe, less affected. For though the abstract regard for truth is much greater with the Anglo-Saxon, and Saxon race, than with any people of Romanic extraction, yet the forms of English society are so extremely rigorous, and so little based on the natural condition of men and women, that to comply with them, it is necessary, in many instances, to check the best feelings, and to



appear all but what men and women really are. The artificial distinctions of society, too, are so arbitrarily drawn, that an Englishman, or an Englishwoman taken out of the circle they have been accustomed to move in, is like a suspended body removed from its centre of gravity, swinging to and fro, now unnaturally elevated on one side, and now unnaturally depressed on the other, till it has found its equilibrium. Hence the ridiculous airs of English women on the Continent; their inordinate desire for position in society, and their extreme jealousy of each other. An English woman, to be loved and admired, must be seen at home; her poetry lasts until "she is out." From that moment she pleases by her beauty, her rank, or her fortune, seldom through the natural grace of her manners. To please through any thing else, would be a deviation from the rules of aristocracy, and betray a vulgar extraction, or at least a relationship to a city Alderman.

In France, the desire to please is manifested on the part of the women in every act of their lives, and has become so generally mixed up with the ordinary rules of politeness, that it requires a nice discrimination in a stranger to distinguish between the passive obedience to an universal law, and the special regard of which it may be expressive toward an individual. There is no place in the world in which the vanity of men is more apt to be deceived than in Paris, and none, where the people are so keenly alive to ridicule. As an illustration of it I will mention but one case.

My friend and myself, after having dined at a new restaurant opposite the *Roché de Caucal*, went to the *Gymnase*—one of the many theatres of the Boulevards which the taste of the Parisians has condemned in good society, but which, nevertheless, continue to attract crowds of spectators. It was a benefit of a favorite actor, and some of the best performers of the other theatres—a custom of Paris which is very laudable—had volunteered their services on the occasion. We came rather late, having been delayed by taking coffee, and reading the *Revue de Paris* and Mr. Thiers' last hope of the ministry. On entering, we found that the stalls of the orchestra were all gone, so that we were obliged to take a seat in one of the third tier of boxes. Each box contained seats for about six persons, and by a partition wall is entirely separated from the rest. The box-keeper showed us to one nearly placed in the middle, and opening the door handed us the bill, for which, as usual, she claimed *un petit bénéfice* of some sous.

We found the box occupied by two ladies, without any attendance whatever. We thought at first that there was some mistake; but when, from the noise we made, they turned their heads, and without the least embarrassment, returned our very respectful salutations, we concluded that after all every thing was in order, and that the mistake could not be on *our* side.

One of the ladies was quite young, certainly not more than nineteen or twenty years, and the other well old enough to be her mother; but still a woman that might have had some pretension to please. Their dresses were exceedingly simple—plain silk and straw

bonnets, nothing but very white fine kid gloves, and a couple of rich cashmere shawls huddled together in a bundle and placed on a bench in a corner of the box, indicated that they were persons who might have seen good society. The old lady had an expression of *bon hommie* in her countenance, which was rather agreeable; the young one, anybody not directly from the United States might have called handsome. Her neck was of the gracefulness of a swan, the fall of the shoulders was gradual and making a gentle curve; and what appeared through her dress of the dimensions of her arm, was of the most perfect circular form, and the fore part gradually tapering toward the wrist. One of the hands was entirely exposed in a delightful attitude, while the gloved mate by its side rather enhanced than diminished its whiteness.

My friend and I, with becoming modesty, took up our position two benches removed from them, leaving the one immediately behind them for their friends, in case they had not yet arrived, and in order to avoid as much as possible a proximity which might prove a source of embarrassment. The old lady immediately observed our deference, and with a gentle smile "assured the gentlemen" that they expected no addition to their party. My friend, encouraged by this politeness, ventured a step forward; giving me with a significant air to understand, that he was an *habitué*; but I kept my place and only bowed in token of acknowledgment.

At the close of the first act, both our ladies, in the usual fashion, turned round in the box so that we could see the full light of their countenances. The young lady was really one of the best specimens of French womanhood, with eyes as mild as the sky in May, and lips as red as a rose in the month of June.

"May I venture to disturb the gentlemen, by requesting them to let me and my companion pass to the gallery; it is really excessively warm," she said in a voice as pure and melodious as a flute; and as I made room and offered her my hand to assist her stepping over the benches, she gracefully bowed, put her hand in mine as if on the point of being led off to a cotillon dance, and, gently leaning on me, bounced over the seats without scarcely touching them with her toes. The mother, though less alert, followed in the same manner. At the door they both thanked me for my attention, and disappeared. My friend and I looked at each other; but neither of us ventured to speak, both, however, seemed to say, by the expression of our countenances: "We are very green; are we not?"

Before the second act commenced, the ladies returned, accompanied by two gentlemen with red ribbons in their button holes. The distinction of the Legion of Honor is so common that persons are rather distinguished without it; but the general appearance, and especially the thin, elegant *maistaches* of our heroes, rather showed an advanced grade in the army.

"We are very much indebted to your kindness," observed the old lady, as she took leave of them with a careless bend of her body; "but really we are so well here, that we have concluded to remain."

I know not why, but I felt as if a load were removed from my breast when the gentlemen departed, and

more thankful than ceremoniously polite, I again offered my humble assistance to conduct the ladies to their seats. In the second act, that was now performing, the Polka was introduced; and the young lady perceiving that I still kept my reverential distance, observed to me with a smile, "You must come nearer to the stage, or you will see nothing, mamma and I are entirely alone here."

I obeyed. I know not how, stammered a few words of thanks, and attempted, as far as my embarrassment permitted, a conversation. But being fearful of giving offence, I addressed myself principally to the mother, not without perceiving, as I thought, that this manner of entertaining them was the most acceptable. But what was my astonishment when at the end of the second act, the old lady quitted the box and left her pretty daughter to the care of an entire stranger! Again I exchanged looks with my companion; but neither of us venturing on a remark, I thought it best to improve my time in conversation with the young lady. One of her hands was still ungloved; but, as if too bashful to look in her face, I modestly cast down my eyes on her hand, she gradually withdrew it from my gaze, and was about to glove it, when the extreme embarrassment which her motion caused me, and which must have been depicted on my countenance, made her relent. Again the glove was taken off; and the hand placed on the soft velvet cushion, which, as it seemed to me, blushed more deeply as it kissed it with elastic delight.

In the course of the conversation she mentioned to me that she had been in England, (she *must* have taken me for a *Milord Anglais*,) but that she did not understand enough of the language to appreciate Maccready. She had seen him also in the *Salle Ventalour*, but had not been more fortunate. Meanwhile her mother came back, and the piece being finished, the ladies prepared to withdraw. Again I helped them over the benches—again I felt the young lady's hand in mine. And again she thanked me for my attentions. That manner of giving me her hand, puzzled me! It was not an affected touch of one or two fingers; but whole palm, which, however, remained straight, with

the fingers extended; it was impossible in that position, had I ventured on a thing so bold, to squeeze it. Arrived at the door, my friend and I aided them in putting on their shawls—other tokens of acknowledgement—at last a most graceful smile—an apology for having caused us so much trouble, and in another second, mother and daughter had reached the large *Colloir*. My friend was in a sort of stupor. He looked alternately at me, and on the ground. At last he exclaimed,

"Let us try to learn who they are."

Instinctively I consented.

We rushed out of our box, in which we had remained motionless until the chandelier was about to be extinguished, and, with a bound, landed on the staircase. Here the crowd impeded all farther progress; but we thanked the multitude for their perseverance; our ladies were but a short distance before us. Arrived at the vestibule, they halted—perhaps for us? (men always flatter themselves that they are the objects of woman's particular attention.) No! the weather was too bad; the rain poured down in streams; and the poor creatures (we already began to feel pity for them) had no umbrellas! "Let us offer them a carriage," vociferated my friend. But this was rather unnecessary; for at that moment, a *chasseur*, in the richest livery, announced to them that their own was ready. We rushed involuntarily to the door. A splendid equipage drove near, down went the steps, and as again—the door closed, the *chasseur* took his place behind, and off rolled the vehicle at the top of the coursers' speed.

"What carriage was that!" demanded I of the footman belonging to the next equipage.

"That of Madame la Marquise de S\*\*\*; she was here this evening with her daughter."

Could one, I ask, be mystified in this manner in London? I think not. A British marchioness would not venture to go to the theatre alone; and, if attempting to do a thing of the kind, would take care to have the door of her box locked. Yet were we not better off for the adventure than without it, although we were allowed to dream of it the whole night, and as in my case to commit it even to paper.

## THE LOVE-LETTER.

The knight has come to the latticed bower,

With its clustering vines abounding—

The knight has come at the midnight hour,

And his lute is softly sounding!

He tells of deeds he will proudly dare—

Of fame that shall go beside him,

And all for love of the lady fair

Whose cold heart has denied him.

"Thou' poor," he sang, "yet my soul is true,—

But you look for nobler wooing,—

I go, since I may not longer see,

Where glorious deeds are doing.

But ah! you'll think, when my fall you hear,

How different, if I'd won thee,

Had been my fate, and you'd shed a tear

That in death I thought upon thee."

He turns away with a broken sigh—

The crescent moon is fading.

And its plaintive face, with a sad, sweet eye.

On the casement looks upbraiding.

He turns away, but a flutter low

Is heard by the lattice o'er him,

And light and soft as the evening snow

A letter falls before him.

The morn has come, but the lady fair

Her bower has left deserted—

And many a knight who waited there

Shall be no more light-hearted.

But a mighty prince with the lady wed—

To a palace proud he bore her—

"Thou art queen of this, and my realm," he said,

As he led the way before her. E. M. SIDNEY.

# NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—NO. I.

## THE BLACKFEET.

(Concluded from page 93.)

BETWEEN the Blackfeet and the trappers a constant war is maintained; and death is the certain fate of the solitary hunter if discovered by a roving band of these savages. They made no secret to Catlin of their enmity to the beaver hunters; but justified their conduct, because, year after year, they had warned them from their grounds, and threatened them with death in case of further trespass. Hence the traders usually go in company, and bloody encounters often happen between them and the Indians. The savages, however, rarely begin a fight unless certain of victory: their common practice is to lie in wait for detached parties, and fall upon them with overwhelming numbers. Wied says as many as eighty men in the employ of the Fur Company have been known to be thus cut off in a single year. Often the innocent traveler is mistaken for one of these obnoxious men, and falls a victim to the error. Catlin asserts, however, that if their hospitality is invoked, they regard the claim as inviolate, and will suffer no peril to come nigh their guest. During a residence of eight years among them and other western Indians, he never ran any risk of his life, and was robbed but of a few trifling articles. Other travelers, however, have found the Blackfeet, especially the Blood and Siksikai tribes, treacherous, thievish and sanguinary. The manner in which the Blood Indians obtained their present name establishes their perfidious character. They were originally called Kahnas, and were encamped with the Piekianns, when a small party of Kutas pitched their tents nigh. The Kahnas insisted on attacking their weaker neighbors, but the Piekianns magnanimously declared against it. In the dead of night, however, the Kahnas rose from their sleep and fell on the defenceless Kutas, whom they massacred in bed, and after taking the scalps of their victims, and smearing their faces with blood, they returned to their tents. But this cruel and perfidious action aroused the anger of the Piekianns, who separated from the murderers and refused longer to acknowledge them as of their tribe. From this circumstance the Kahnas have ever since gone by the name of the Blood Indians. The agents in the trading forts never trust either them or the Siksikai.

Duels often occur among these savages, and like the ancient Highlanders, they regard revenge as a sacred duty. If a relation is killed his nearest connection takes the life of the murderer at the first opportunity: if this cannot be done a member of his family becomes the victim. Sometimes the offender, however, purchases immunity by the payment of a large ransom to the relatives of the deceased. A similar practice was known to the ancient Gauls; and in the early days of English jurisprudence, every man in the realm, from an earl to a peasant, had his price

fixed by law, on the payment of which his murderer was suffered to go free. In examining the habits and customs of the North American Indians we are continually struck with points of similarity between them and the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus.

The Blackfeet hunt the buffalo, on whose flesh they chiefly subsist, and of whose skins they construct their best robes and tents. In the winter they build large parks into which they drive herds of these animals. From the antelope and mountain sheep they derive the leather of which they fabricate their finer articles of dress. Wolves they hunt for the sake of the skins, which they sell to the whites.

The Blackfeet, being hunters, live in movable tents, with which they roam about. These are made of tanned buffalo skins, and never last beyond a year. Their household goods consist of buffalo robes and blankets; wooden dishes; large spoons, made of the horn of the mountain sheep; painted parchment bags; drinking vessels, of horn; the harness of their horses; kettles, and sometimes tin utensils, obtained from the merchants. In the centre of the tent is a fire, over which the cooking is done, the smoke being left to find its way out through an aperture in the top. Over the door of the tent is generally hung the medicine bag,\* or conjuring apparatus, one of which belongs to every warrior of the tribe. Near the tent are piled up the dog-sledges, on which are placed their shields, saddles and traveling-bags; while, from a pole erected on the top, hangs the meat, out of reach of the dogs, fifteen or twenty of whom usually belong to the head of every family, and are employed to draw his baggage when the camp moves from one location to another. The first thing visitors notice, on approaching their villages, is the vast number of these animals. The same peculiarity has been mentioned to us, in reference to the Arabs of Africa, by more than one traveler. The Blackfeet, however, rarely imitate the example of the Sioux in eating the flesh of this animal.

When a visitor arrives at a Blackfeet encampment, he is immediately led to the tent of a chief; his horse is taken care of, and his baggage is considered sacred. He enters the house of his entertainer in silence. The pipe is then introduced; the master of the house taking a whiff, hands it to the stranger, who is expected to pass it to his left-hand neighbor, and in

\* The term "Medicine" has something of the meaning of a spirit. A medicine bag is a bird, animal, or other object, in which the owner's guardian spirit is supposed to reside, and which is thence worn as an amulet or charm. Among the Mandans, every young man, before entering upon life, chooses his medicine bag. For this purpose he fasts three or four days, retires to a solitary spot and does penance, howling to the lord of life, beseeching him to point out his guardian spirit. In this state of mind the supplicant continues till he sleeps and dreams, when the first object that appears to him is chosen for his guardian or medicine. Nothing will induce an Indian to sell his medicine.

this manner it circulates around the group. Sometimes the chief blows the smoke towards the sun and the earth. The tobacco in common use is composed of the dried leaves of the sakakoni plant (*Arbutus uva ursi*.) On solemn occasions their tobacco is the leaf of the *nicotiana quadrivalvis*. On very important occasions, such as a treaty, or festival, they use a large medicine pipe, or calumet, adorned with the red beads of the woodpecker and a large fan made of feathers.

Like all the other savages of the Missouri, the Blackfeet occupy themselves in war and hunting, leaving to the women the making of tents and ornaments, beside their usual household avocations. Many of the braves have six or eight wives, one of whom, however, is usually the favorite; the others the husband is willing to barter with the whites, often for a very small compensation. But, although thus indifferent to their wives, infidelity on the part of the woman is punished very severely. The offender's nose is first cut off, and then she is thrust from her husband's hut. No one, after this, will marry her, and she is condemned to eke out a miserable existence by performing the most menial offices in the camp. Often the wife is killed in the first moments of rage, on the discovery of her faithlessness; in this case no one interferes; and if the husband avenges himself on the paramour by taking away his horse or other valuable property, the offender must quietly submit.

Among the Blackfeet, when a man wishes a wife, he sends a friend to the father to make the bargain. A price is soon fixed on, and when this is paid, the lover takes the girl to his tent, and she becomes his without any ceremony. When the husband wishes a divorce, he has only to send his wife back to her parents. She takes her property with her, the children remaining behind, and no disputes ever arise in consequence of the repudiation.

They do not bury their dead in the ground if it can be avoided, but sew the corpse up in a buffalo robe, after dressing it in its best clothes and painting the face red. It is then laid in some retired place, in a ravine or forest, sometimes in the cleft of a rock, and often on a high, steep bank, where it will be safe from the wolves. The Blackfeet never bury weapons with the dead. When a warrior dies, however, his favorite horses are killed over his grave. At the funeral of a distinguished chief, Suchkonnapob by name, who was said to own from 4000 to 5000 horses, 150 were shot with arrows. The relations of the deceased cut off their long hair, smear their faces with a whitish clay, and wear their worst clothes in token of mourning. Sometimes they sever a joint of a finger. The relations assemble at the tent of the departed, and even the men lament and wail. The corpse is usually interred on the first day; in case of death during the night, it is removed on the ensuing morning.

Less is known of the religion of the Blackfeet, than of that of any other Indian nation. Some travelers are of opinion that they worship the sun. Indeed this people is comparatively unknown to us. Lewis and Clarke mention merely their names, and later tourists for a long time confounded them with the Sioux.

We cannot close this article without a few words

on the peculiar dances of the Blackfeet. These are—1. The Mosquito Dance—2. The dog Dance—3. The Dance of the Buffalo, with shin bones—4. The Dance of the Prairie dogs—5. The Dance of those who carry the Raven—6. The Soldier's Dance—7. The old Bull's Dance—8. The Dance of the Imprudent—9. The medicine Dance—10. The Scalp Dance. They are described by a late traveller\* in the following words.

"The first seven are all danced in the same manner, the only difference is in the singing. This is usually sometimes loud, sometimes soft, now high, now low, always consisting of short, frequently repeated tones, and extremely monotonous, often interrupted by loud exclamations of 're, ri,' or 'hey, hey, hey,' repeated three times, nearly the same among all the Missouri tribes, and interrupted by the war cry. The medicine dance by the women does not occur every year. It is a medicine feast for the latter, at which women, and some men likewise appear. A large wooden hut is erected, the women dress themselves as handsomely as they can, and all wear a large feather cap. Some of the women take no part in the dance, and these, with the men, are spectators. Men beat the drum, and shake the *sahisahikoré*. The last day of the feast, when the dance is finished, the buffalo is initiated, the men, the children, and the remaining women form two diverging lines, which proceed from the medicine lodge, out of which the women creep, crawling on all fours, and endeavor to imitate the buffalo cows. Several men represent buffalo bulls, and are at first driven back by the women; but then, as is the practice in this kind of hunting, a fire is kindled to windward, and the women as soon as they smell the smoke, retreat into the medicine lodge, which concludes the festival. They sometimes perform this dance in summer, when the fancy takes them."

"The scalp dance is performed when they have killed their enemies. The women then dress like the men, and likewise carry their arms. If women have taken part in the warlike expedition in which enemies have been slain, they paint their faces black. A woman sometimes carries the scalp, or several, according to the number they may have; sometimes it is carried by an old woman, who then remains outside and dances alone, and drums and *sahisahikoré*, played by men, accompany the dance. There is likewise a dance by the braves, or warriors, who form a circle, within which several dance, imitating all the movements of a battle, and firing their guns, on which occasion their faces are painted so as to give them a fierce expression."

In the terrible year of 1838, when the small pox nearly destroyed the Assiniboins, and left but thirty Mandans alive, the Blackfeet suffered severely. They fled in every direction to escape the scourge; mothers abandoned their children; the dead were denied funeral rites; and when, in the autumn of the year, a band of travelers visited that country, they saw everywhere the tents of the victims standing in the hills, and heard the howl of the wolves disturbed from their prey. In one season sixty thousand Indians perished by that frightful disease.

\* Maximilian, Prince of Wied.

# DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

MUSIC BY G. ROMANI.

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The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *larghetto* tempo marking. The melody in the upper staff features a series of eighth notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking appears in the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff maintains the melodic line with eighth notes and some rests. The lower staff features a more active accompaniment with eighth notes. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the lower staff, and a *f* (forte) dynamic marking is placed above the upper staff towards the end of the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes. The lower staff has a dense accompaniment of eighth notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the upper staff, and a *decres.* (decrescendo) marking is placed above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains the lyrics: "Un - der neath the sod low ly - - ing,". The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is placed above the lower staff, and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the upper staff towards the end of the system.

Dark and drear, Sleep - eth one who left in dy - ing, Sor - row here.

*cres.*

Yes, they're ev - er bend - ing o'er her. Eyes that weep,

*pp*

Forms that to the cold grave bore her, Vi - gils keep.

## SECOND VERSE.

When the summer moon is shining  
 Soft and fair,  
 Friends she loved in tears are twining  
 Chapiers there.  
 Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
 Thron'd above.  
 Souls like thine from God inherit  
 Life and love.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR GRAHAM:—Since my last I have the following "literary news" to communicate. In England Miss Martineau's Mesmeric publications seem to have made some sensation, principally among the novices. What Miss Martineau writes on this subject is merely valuable as additional evidence to the work on the subject by the Rev. Mr. Townshend; in a scientific view, the work is entirely destitute of merit. Miss Martineau describes the Mesmeric state not like a person familiar with the laws of nature, but as a person who has never been at a theatre would describe a scene on the stage. Both magnetism and phrenology have suffered in the consideration of the learned by the inordinate number of quacks who meddled with it, and the impostors that were among their number. The best and most complete work on Animal Magnetism is that of Ennemoser, "Mesmerism in Its Relation to Nature and Religion," published lately at Leipsic, in Germany. Ennemoser is Professor of Medicine at the University of Tubingen, and has written the work for young physicians, and not in the way of an entertaining treatise, to make money by it. He admits that the theory of magnetism, in its present state, is as yet far, very far from being a science, and is afraid that the quackery to which it so easily gives encouragement, and the gross impositions which have been practiced will, for many years yet, prevent men of properly constituted minds from meddling with it at all. The practice of animal magnetism ought, in his opinion, to be strictly prohibited to all who are not regularly bred physicians, and where extraordinary symptoms are exhibited, such as clairvoyance, prophecy, &c., legal witnesses are to be procured, and the truth sifted by magistrates and lawyers. In this manner the science of magnetism would be rendered possible, and animal magnetism could be treated of as electricity, mineral magnetism, galvanism, and other like phenomena, which are no less accountable. The degree of heat produced by the mere contact of metals submitted to the action of an acid is, in inanimate nature, as great a phenomenon as the extraordinary action on the nervous substance of the brain and the cellular membrane by the process of Mesmerism: the quasi self-illumination of the mind without the external operation of light is not more wonderful than the white heat produced instantaneously by the contact of the two poles of a galvanic battery, which is sufficiently intense to melt a platinum wire. At least so says the professor; and there in, I confess, some plausibility in his argument. But not only the fact itself, but the history of magnetism is equally instructive. It is not a new discovery or invention. Animal magnetism is as old as the hills. The Egyptians were well acquainted with it, and the Greeks made use of it in their oracles. The Chinese, who never theorize, but content themselves in all cases with simple empiricism, use it as we would a bath, a ride on horseback, or any other exercise. The science is there practiced by the barbers, and magnetizers are as common as are corn-doctors and pill-manufacturers with us. Nor need we smile at the credulity of these people when casting up the suns annually expended in America and England on quack medicine.

Bentley, in London, has just published "Memoirs of the Reign of George III. By Horace Walpole. Now first published from the Original Manuscript. Edited, with

Notes, by Sir Denuise Marchant, in 2 vols." This is not only a most interesting historical work, pleasantly and instructively written, but full of interest to the American reader, as the springs of the American Revolution, and its progress and final triumph are there faithfully and truly pictured forth. The first seven years of George Third's reign decided the question. The character of the King, who, by all historians, is described as a religious bigot and a hypocrite—a man of small intellect and great dissimulation—stands forth in bold relief in these memoirs, and with him the unworthy and insignificant ministers that presided over the destiny of the greatest nation on earth. Walpole, in these memoirs, spares neither friend nor foe; nay, one would suppose that his friends fare rather worst; because with them he was most intimately acquainted. As the work will no doubt soon appear in an American edition, I will abstain from all comment. Suffice it to say that it ought to be in the hands of every American reader, as it will no doubt make him love the institutions under which he lives, and where such gross and scandalous abuses of power, and such an imbecile and corrupt administration as that which distinguished the reign of George III. are impossible. To her gracious majesty we would particularly recommend to glance them over, that she may take a warning from the history of her ancestors.

"The Wandering Jew," which was about being translated into every European language, begins to be a drug. The gross anti-religious, and, I may add, anti-moral tendencies of the work have justly disgusted the public. In Belgium no one could be found willing, for a considerable sum of money, to translate it. The German papers describe the work as indecent, and unworthy the genius of Eugene Sue; and the clergymen and priests have preached against it from the pulpit, and interdicted the reading of the work to their parishioners. It is certain that "The Wandering Jew" is no longer an entertaining novel, but a political tract, preaching in a most subjective form the principles of Communism, and the re-organization of labor. Eugene Sue seems to look upon religion as opposed to his views, and for this reason attacks it and its functionaries wherever he can, and with weapons which are far from being novel. The work, moreover, is carried out to an unreasonable length, and has already infringed on all the laws of composition, good breeding and taste. The *feuilleton* literature of France will finish by undermining all the true sources of the art, and by crushing even real genius, such as Mr. Eugene Sue undoubtedly possesses.

One of the most entertaining works just published is one of Prince Suckler Muskau, bearing the title, "From Mehemet Ali's Empire." It is decidedly the best and most agreeable production of the well-known author, whom Miss Austin has so admirably rendered into English. It is less of an English parlor book, but it is infinitely better written, and more instructive than any of his former papers. Instead of laughing irony you find observation and judgment in his new work, which you cannot lay aside without feeling that you have gained some new information. The subject, too, is a historical one, and the prince more entitled to credit in his just praise of an oriental sovereign, as he left his court not on the best terms; having previously been the object of great auspicion on the part of Mehemet. According to the work, Mehe-







met, with infinitely less means, has done that for Egypt which Peter the Great did for Russia. He was born a simple Albanian peasant, who only learned to read when he was thirty-five years of age—and so poor that he did not know where to lay his head. Yet this peasant, by the mere force of his genius, became a prince, whose army shook the throne of Byzantium, and whose country became a power of the world. He introduced order and safety in the most barbarous portion of the globe—an administration of justice superior to that of any Asiatic state—tamed the fanaticism of the people—introduced a degree of tolerance greater than is practised in many a Christian land—created commerce and industry—established schools and other institutions of learning, of which, for centuries past, all idea had fled from that portion of Asia—did more for the general welfare of the people than was done in Egypt by any man since Saladin, and found the means—he, who never owned a ship or a regular soldier—to arm 12 ships-of-the-line, 24 frigates and corvettes, with 1100 guns and 20,000 sailors, and to raise an army of 100,000 troops, armed and disciplined after the model of the best European. "Such a man," adds the prince, "is not a mere successful adventurer; he is an oriental genius of government."

The introduction to the work was written four years ago. Since then, to be sure, the *pasha* had to yield to the combined efforts of Great Britain, Austria and Turkey; but his power is still a formidable one; and, besides, he must be judged not with regard to Europe or America—Charles V., measured by the present standard, would be a smaller man than Mehemet Ali—but in reference to the country he sprung from—to Asia, and the Turkish empire. We must compare Egypt under the Mamelukes and Egypt under Mehemet. The author is satisfied that the ruler of the ancient empire of the Pharaohs has a special mission to fulfil, and refers, in addition to his own observations and impressions, to Sir John Malcolm's (Governor of Bombay) account of his audience with Mehemet Ali.

According to Prince Puckler Muskau, the greatest fault of Mehemet consisted in not pursuing his victory over the sultan. He ought not to have negotiated. Then, again, he seems to feel that he is a parvenu, and on that account, perhaps, favors the Turks instead of the Arabs in his army—a foible similar to that which Napoleon was guilty of when he filled the most important diplomatic posts with descendants of the old families.

Our author landed, in 1837, in Alexandria—describes his reception, and the personal characters of Bessou Bey and Coghos Bey, the antiquities of the city, and the fellah, whom he considers to be better off than the peasantry of Ireland or the weavers in Silesia.

Bessou Bey is, as many of your readers will know, a Frenchman by birth, and was one of the most devoted friends and adherents of Napoleon. He has lately published his memoirs, which throw additional light on the last unfortunate catastrophe of the French emperor. After the battles of Waterloo and Mont Martre, Bessou, then a French naval officer, offered the emperor a safe passage to America, which the selfishness of the followers of Napoleon, or his own generosity, induced him to decline. Then followed the catastrophe on board the *Bellerophon*. It is a remarkable fact that the ships selected by Bessou actually proceeded to America on the route suggested by the faithful officer, and arrived in safety, without meeting on his whole passage a single British cruiser. The memoir in question is quite a historical document, showing the demonic fate which pursued Napoleon in the latter portion of his government. But, after all, the great historical drama of which he was the hero required a tragic end. It also appears from Bessou's memoir that Napoleon, in his latter

days, had no longer the force and energy of will which distinguished the period of the consulate and the early portion of the empire; he took counsel from his friends and adherents and—perished!

Mehemet Ali's creations, like those of Peter the Great, are naturally those of foreigners; but it required the talent of appreciation to employ them. The Arsenal at Alexandria is the work of a Frenchman by the name of Cereso—the fleet was created by Besson.

The voyage from Alexandria to Cairo, on the Nile, the author describes with his usual admirable talent for landscape painting, and he is equally felicitous in the painting of the city itself—its architectural grandeur, its palaces and gardens. The portrait of the vice-roy and his court is admirably drawn, and the etiquette ruling there described as less obsequious and more manly than that which is in vogue in many a European residence.

The book is certainly worth translating; being more entertaining and instructive than any of his former publications, that have won him perhaps an unenviable distinction in England.

A work which, were it translated into English, would at this moment be read with some interest in the United States, as corroborative of the publication of Mr. Braun Meier's *Two Years in Mexico*, is that of Mr. Mühlendorff, bearing the title "An Essay Toward a Faithful Description of the Republic of Mexico." It exhibits the utter incapacity of that country to take care of itself; its necessary downfall and dismemberment, and, what is more, the necessity of these events, if the fertile and most beautiful portions of the globe over which its government nominally extends are ever to be subject to the civilization and dominion of man. The author resided many years in the country, and describes what he has seen without pretension or feeling.

A mass of religious publications, for and against the Catholics, the Ultramontanes and Cisalpiners, the Pietists, Lutherans and Liberals, are leaving the press in Germany, France, Italy, and even England. As the subject is too delicate to be cursorily spoken of in a periodical, I refrain from farther comment than to say that we are, in this respect, living in a strange age; and, what is still more strange, it is not religious fanaticism, but political intrigue, which calls forth these productions which disgrace the spirit of tolerance and moderation by which the nineteenth century ought to be distinguished.

The German "*Kunstblatt*" (*Journal of Art*) contains a most beautiful essay on the theory of sound and music, and the origin of the Greek fable of Ation. I have no room to-day to make extracts, but will do so in my next. I think it is impossible to write more in accordance with the physical theory, and, at the same time, with a degree of imagination and a fund of allegory which show the author to be a thorough enthusiast in his profession.

De Fontenais has lately published, in Paris, a most skillfully arranged "Biography of the Painters."

Kendell's *Santa Fe Expedition* is making the tour of Europe, and is translated into all the European languages. It has already passed through several editions on the Continent.

Mr. Alston's novels have just appeared in Leipzig, translated into German.

Mittermayer, the celebrated German jurist and commentator on Justice Story's "*Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*," has just returned from Italy, and has given the public a glowing description of the arts and sciences of that country. What is more, he expressed himself satisfied with the *morals* of the Italians, compared with those of other Europeans. *Jusqu'à tantôt.*

Brussels, January 15, 1845.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Conversations on Some of the Old Poets.* By James Russell Lowell. Cambridge: John Owen. 1vol. 12mo.

This volume contains many obvious beauties, and some no less obvious faults. It is, in the main, a delightful book, conveying much correct feeling, striking thought, and delicate criticism, in a style of singing sweetness, and, in general, illustrating that spirit of humanity and love, which characterizes most of Mr. Lowell's writings. Passages might be selected of singular beauty and eloquence. The book, indeed, is so good that we are somewhat provoked with the author for not making it better. Some impertinences and rash assertions might have been advantageously omitted. In the remarks on several of the reforms of the day, Mr. Lowell ceases to be a voice, and becomes an echo. A less clumsy mode of introducing his quotations, and a little more modesty in delivering some of his judgments, would have been an improvement. But, especially, the author should have forsworn humor and satire at the commencement, and saved his readers from the melancholy consequent upon perusing his jests. His sarcasms stand out on his page like warts on a handsome face. Nettled, probably, by some squibs fired from flash newspapers at his earlier poems, he squibs in return at critics and criticism. He involves the whole "ungentle craft" in one sweeping condemnation; hinting, not very dimly, that critics are evidences of the fact, that men can still live after their brains have been taken out. This, with other witticisms equally brilliant and original, are only valuable, as all things old are valuable. They suggest antiquity, and antiquity suggests sobriety. If Mr. Lowell looks to the future for his readers, he must not repose on the past for his jokes. But in hissing at critics, he seems to forget that he is placing weapons in their hands. His own work is critical—in some respects in the best sense of the word, and in others, the worst. He often displays a true poet's tact in detecting in an author those subtle shades of meaning, which a common mind would overlook. He understands, to a considerable extent, the signs of that freemasonry, by which poet speaks to poet through all ages. But the intensity of his sympathy with some bards, makes him unjust to others. When he judges those for whom he has little intellectual sympathy, he becomes narrow and presumptuous. He sees them, not as they are, but through the medium of his own mind. He is about as just to them as they would be to him; and thus places himself on the level of those he despises. He mistakes his likes and dislikes for Taste; and does not condescend to give reasons for his opinions, especially when they happen to be rash and untenable. Contemning critics who review authors they cannot appreciate, he belongs to the class, just as much as Johnson or Gifford. He often decides on an author's position, with a nonchalance which Jeffrey might envy, and dogmatizes where he should examine and quote. To Pope he denies any poetical merit at all, and Pope would have classed him in the Dunciad with Ambrose Phillips—neither doing justice to the other. There is a Lynch law in criticism as well as in politics; and if Mr. Lowell wishes to be consistent in his horror of the code of Vicksburg, he should indulge in no lawless hatred against Pope.

Mr. Lowell tells many new things about Byron and Napoleon; and informs us that Keats is the rival, and some-

times the superior of Milton. But we gladly pass over such information as this, to come to the real merits of the book. The subjects of the conversations are Chaucer, Chapman and Ford, who are treated with much genial eulogy, and some of their prominent traits illustrated with many choice extracts. The episodes in the conversations, however, are not woven into the body of the book with much skill, and the return to the main subject is often bungling and unsatisfactory. The faults to which we have referred are not only bad in themselves, but they break the harmony which characterizes the general tone of the meditation. Ford is the most meagerly treated of the three. But Chaucer and Chapman are allowed considerable space. Neither is painted at full length, but the portrait of each is a miniature, done in water colors. Mr. Lowell is a poet, even in criticism, and where his sympathies are attracted by any peculiar beauties in an author, he knows how to make the accompanying mediocrity look like genius. If he is forcibly struck by a very common thought, it soon

"Suffers a change  
Into something rich and strange."

and the baldness of the original is covered all over with beauty, drawn from the suggestive fancy of the critic. He has, to a great extent, *Loewelized* the poets on whom he discourses. His individuality unconsciously blends with his perceptions and modifies the appearance of the objects on which his eye is fixed. This is a great beauty when outward nature is to be described, but is not admissible in the representations of character. The poets whom Mr. Lowell attempts to describe, had other elements in their character besides those his own mind has perceived or projected. His remarks on them, therefore, do not convey a distinct or accurate notion of them as individuals, or cover the whole scope and character of their minds; but they are still replete with fine elucidations of particular traits, and enriched with much wealth of his own. The criticism in which Mr. Lowell excels is not the most correct as criticism; but it is the most pleasing to read, and requires finer faculties, perhaps, than usually find their way into reviews.

There is much fertility of mind displayed in Mr. Lowell's book. It teems with images, and fine sayings. It is one of those volumes, which, when once read, we like to have by us for reference. We have already referred to the melody of the style, and the winning eloquence of expression to which it occasionally rises. Some of the passages in praise of poetry have a heart-reaching sweetness, which makes the ink of the critic turn dry on his pen. "The angel who has once come down into the soul, will not be driven thence by any sin or baseness, even much less by any undeserved oppression or wrong. At the soul's gate sits she silently, with folded hands and downcast eyes; but at the least touch of nobleness, those patient orbs are serenely uplifted, and the whole spirit is lightened with their prayerful lustre. Over all life broods Poesy, like the calm, blue sky, with its motherly, rebuking face."

"It is the high and glorious vocation of Poesy as well to make our own daily life and toil more beautiful and holy to us by the divine ministrings of Love, as to render us swift to convey the same blessing to our brother. Poesy is Love's chosen apostle, and the very almoner of God. She

is the home of the outcast, and the wealth of the needy. For her the hut becomes a palace, whose halls are guarded by the gods of Phidias, and kept peaceful by the maid-mothers of Raphael. She loves better the poor wanderer whose bare feet know by heart all the freezing stones of the pavement, than the delicate maiden for whose dainty soles Brussels and Turkey have been over careful."

We hope to have more of Mr. Lowell's musical prose. The present volume will undoubtedly be successful, and its success should embolden him to collect several other essays he has contributed to the magazines. Those on "Massinger" and "Song Writing," especially the latter, are well worthy of preservation. In his next volume we trust he will avoid some of the faults which slightly mar the beauty of the present. He should never attempt to decide dogmatically on poets for whom he has no sympathy. He is most successful in delineating the objects of his love, but he fails utterly in his endeavor to make proselytes to his taste.

*Neil's Klein's Journey Under Ground.* By Louis Holberg. Translated from the Danish by John Gierlow. New York, Saxton & Miles. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this book, we are told by the translator, was the most eminent writer among the Danes in the eighteenth century. If the present volume is a specimen of his genius, the Danes of the eighteenth century were entitled to the pity of all good Christian men. Holberg, it seems, showed a surprising versatility of genius, comprising "Histories, and Treatises on Jurisprudence, together with Satires and Comedies." We wish the translator had "Englished" his histories and treatises instead of his satires. The time expended in translating this specimen of his "versatility" has been woefully wasted. The book is an attempt at a satire on the world, after the manner of Gulliver's Travels, but it does not possess a ray of Swift's wit or humor. It is dull, stupid and commonplace, with an occasional touch of vulgarity, unrelieved by any brilliancy or point. Trees are gilded with the tongues and follies of men, only that they may be the vehicles of ideas, moral or satirical, which have been worn threadbare by English authors, and which are now too trite for fifth-rate newspapers. The attempts at humor are puerile in the extreme. There are, undoubtedly, many works in the Danish language which the translator might render into English, to his own advantage and the advantage of the public; but in his next effort we trust he will show more discrimination in his selection.

*The Waif: A Collection of Poems.* Cambridge, John O'Brien. 1 vol. 12mo.

Professor Longfellow has brought together, in this elegant little volume, a number of beautiful poems, most of which are not familiar to the general reader. Several exquisite "drops of song," from Lovelace, Herrick, Crashaw, Vaughan and Daniel, we are glad to see included in the collection. Mr. Emerson's curious "Each in All" forms one of the extracts. The following stanza bears the undoubted stamp of his mind:

I sought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home in his nest at even;—  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;  
For I did not bring home the river and sky;  
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.

The "Death-Bed," by Thomas Hood, is a very beautiful consecration of the saddest reality of life. The "Proem," by the editor, contains some of the finest stanzas he ever

wrote, and is a most appropriate introduction to the collection. May the readers of the volume experience the truth of the last verse:

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

*The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This biography is the production of one who saw Dr. Arnold much, and knew him well. It is an interesting and instructive narrative—a heartfelt tribute to the memory of a good and accomplished man. The letters and journals of so eminent a scholar as Dr. Arnold would be an important contribution to literature, even if there had been nothing in his personal character to endear his name to benevolence. One of England's greatest scholars, and one of her most prominent historians, he was, at the same time, one of her best and largest hearted men. So much knowledge, combined with so much integrity—so wide a grasp of understanding, and so delicate a perception of moral distinctions—it is rare to see. The book may be commended to all who feel an interest in human progress, and who love to observe strong qualities of mind and character exercised in promoting the welfare of the race. To those engaged in the cause of education, the work cannot but afford both information and inspiration.

Dr. Arnold's correspondence was extensive, and his letters embrace a large variety of topics. Many of them relate to theology and church government, particularly to Puseyism, of which he was a sturdy opponent. English politics are likewise discussed with much discrimination and candor. The condition of the laboring classes occupied a considerable portion of Dr. Arnold's thoughts, and his letters are replete with sound speculations on the subject. His political principles were liberal. We find in his correspondence a more accurate insight into the real nature of Toryism, condensed in more pregnant sentences, than we have seen in any other publication. We trust the book will find readers wherever philanthropy and freedom find disciples.

*Woman in the Nineteenth Century.* By S. Margaret Fuller. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 250. Greeley & McElrath, New York.

This is a discussion of the position, capacities and opportunities of woman in our age and in Christendom, by one of the most independent, free-spoken and large-souled of the sex. The author is known to a circle of cultivated minds in the metropolis of New England as a gifted, earnest and thoroughly informed woman—an embodied Intellect—whose writings in "The Dial," and elsewhere, though they have shunned popular channels, and have not appealed to popular appetites, have deeply impressed and signally illumined those minds to which they have addressed themselves. In the work before us, Miss Fuller has appealed more directly to the general heart. The reader will be charmed by the wealth of intellect, the exuberance of illustration, drawn from the whole range of ancient and modern literature, with which she invests her subject. Others have appeared as the champions of "woman's rights," so termed, and the combatants or bewailers of her wrongs; she discusses them in a comprehensive and catholic spirit, and exhibits the whole ground in the clearest and fullest lights without partisanship or passion. Her book will be widely read and cherished.

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, Complete: With a Memoir of the Author, by Washington Irving. And Remarks upon his Writings, by Lord Jeffrey. With illustrations. 1vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1845.*

This is an elegantly finished volume, highly creditable to the Philadelphia press, and very nearly equal to the London edition of which it is a copy. With the exception of a portrait of the poet in mezzotint, the illustrations are from neatly executed wood engravings, a style of illustration which, we may remark, is becoming miraculously popular among economists. The copy before us is indifferently bound in cloth.

At this day it would be wasting words to discuss the rank of Campbell as a poet. His early cotemporaries with one accord assigned him a station, which the criticism of more than forty years has left unchanged. As a lyricist he stands first. His more extended poems display high powers. His versification is polished elaborately. There is a nerve and fire about him that quicken the blood like the Greek *Iliad*. He glows with enthusiasm. His imagination is sometimes strikingly bold. And to these we may add a facility for different styles of poetic composition, such as this age has nowhere else witnessed; for neither Byron, Scott, nor Coleridge, although each his superior in their several walks, can produce three poems such as "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Battle of the Baltic."

The first of these, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published when Campbell was but twenty. It is an imitation—as most poems produced at that age are; and bears marks of a juvenile taste and ignorance of art. But it is full of animated pictures, some of which, especially the fall of Poland, will live forever. This was followed by several short lyrics, the best of which, "Hohenlinden," is like the blast of a trumpet sounding a charge. Then comes "Gertrude of Wyoming," the most finished and elegant of all his works, a poem brilliant with fancy, musical as a lute, and everywhere tearful with pathos. Its reception was less enthusiastic than "The Pleasures of Hope," and it was first properly appreciated in this country; but long since it has become the favorite composition of the poet, with all persons of delicate taste. Soon after appeared "O'Connor's Child," an elegant poem, but inferior to its predecessor in every respect; and at intervals followed others, each successive one worse than the former, until the last were absolute trash. Whether it was that the reputation he had already gained unerved him, as the shade of a full grown tree withers the shoots that would spring up beneath it, or whether it was that the physical excesses in which for many years he indulged, destroyed his originally fine powers—certain it is that the Campbell of our generation, and the Campbell of our fathers, were no more alike than high-souled manhood and drizzling old age.

We could almost, at times, regret that he did not die in youth, like Byron. There were many points of resemblance between the two poets; but it is a pity Byron did not live to redeem his reputation, a still greater pity that Campbell did not find an early grave. He should have died in the first flush of fame, when "Gertrude of Wyoming" was still new and fresh, when the heart of Britain yet thrilled with his "Mariners of England." To have gone down to the grave with his fame unaltered, and the belief that his genius was yet only in its dawn, would have been a glorious destiny; but to live on, as he did, until reputation was a thing wholly of the past, and the man of to-day was but the inanimate effigy of what he had been yesterday, a living body with a dead soul, this was a doom too ignoble! Once Campbell might have been laid

fitly to rest amid the dust of mighty kings and consecrated poets, with the knowledge that the old banners of that proud mausoleum looked down on no one more gilded by genius, or who had run so splendid a career. Alas! it was not thus fated.

Although the public taste has somewhat changed since the poems before us were written, and although that taste is destined to still further modifications by events now silently at work, the earlier works of Campbell will be sought for so long as the language endures, polished elegance has a devotee, or a single bosom warms with noble and generous emotions. And men will venerate his name, though with a regretful feeling, as when we think of a dimmed and sinking star.

*The History of the Consulate and Empire Under Napoleon. By M. A. Thiers. Translated from the French, by D. F. Campbell and H. W. Herbert: With Notes and Additions. No. 1. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1845.*

The history of Napoleon is the history of a great crisis in human affairs. He was at the head of a revolution, which, like a destroying deluge, while it swept away all the old landmarks, and involved everything in one common ruin, left behind it a rich and fertilizing soil, from which a new world was to be constituted. The France of to-day and the France of 1799 are almost as different as western Europe under the Roman empire and the same Europe under the feudal system. And the revolution which worked this change, though originating before Napoleon, was seized and controlled by him, so that not only France and Germany, but all Europe, retain, to this day, traces of his gigantic genius.

The life of such a man is well worthy of study. To understand thoroughly his character, to appreciate the causes of the revolution he was the head of, and to learn the series of consequent events which hurled him in the hands of an irresistible destiny, on the snows of Moscow and thence on St. Helena, is a task more instructive than the reading of a thousand dry books of annals, such as the Universal History. But few really undertake the labor, for to know Napoleon thoroughly it is requisite to peruse not only the general histories of our day, but at least a hundred biographies, memoirs, &c., among which the most prominent are the volumes of Bourrienne and Madame Junot, and the various military journals of his generals. Few have leisure for this; but as a summing up, however, for the general reader, the history by Thiers, read in connection with Alison's volumes on the same theme, is all that can be asked. M. Thiers, though a partisan of the emperor, is generally fair, and by no means so blind to his faults as many other French writers. The translation is well executed, and the notes convenient to refresh the memory.

**HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.**—We have received from the Harpers Number XVII. of their elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures. There is no falling off in the beauty of the work.

**"GRAHAM" FOR 1845.**—The great increase in our edition for the present year, and the warm encomiums bestowed upon us by the American press, are sources of just pride to us. Upon no previous volume have we expended money so liberally, and, from present indications, we are likely to reap our reward, in a large list of new subscribers. One great secret of our success is, that we perform what we promise, and have carried successfully out our *Battle-Fields, Indian Scenes and Portraits of Authors*.





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My dear Evaham,  
Yours very truly  
Geo. Morris.

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XVIII.

GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE distinction with which the name of General Morris is now associated, in a permanent connection, with what is least facetious or fugitive in American Art, is admitted and known; but the class of young men of letters in this country, at present, can hardly appreciate the extent to which they, and the profession to which they belong, are indebted to his animated exertions, his varied talents, his admirable resources of temper, during a period of twenty years, and at a time when the character of American literature, both at home and abroad, was yet to be formed. The first great service which the literary taste of this country received, was rendered by Dennie; a remarkable man—qualified by nature and attainments to be a leader in new circumstances; fit to take part in the formation of a national literature; as a vindicator of independence in thought, able to establish freedom without disturbing the obligations of law; as a conservative in taste, skillful to keep the tone of the great models with which his studies were familiar, without copying their style; by both capacities successful in developing the one, unchangeable spirit of Art, under a new form and with new effects. In this office of field-marshal of our native forces, General Morris succeeded him, under increased advantages, in some respects with higher powers, in a different, and certainly a vastly more extended sphere of influence. The manifold and lasting benefits, which, as Editor of the *Monitor*, Mr. Morris conferred on art and artists of every kind, by his tact, his liberality, the superiority of his judgment, and the vigor of his abilities—by the perseverance and address with which he disciplined a corps of youthful writers in the presence of a constant and heavy fire from the batteries of foreign criticism, the rare combination, so valuable in dealing with the numerous aspirants in authorship with whom his position brought him in contact; of a quick, true eye

to discern in the modesty of some nameless manuscript the future promises of a power hardly yet conscious of itself, a discretion to guide by some advice, and a generosity to aid with the most important kind of assistance—the firm and open temper which his example tended to inspire into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land—and more than all, perhaps, by the harmony and union, of such inappreciable value, especially in the beginning of national effort, between the several sister arts of writing, music, painting and dramatic exhibition, which the singular variety and discursiveness of his intellectual sympathies led him constantly to maintain and vindicate, these, in the multiplicity of their operation, and the full power of their joint effect, can be perfectly understood only by those who, like the present writer, possessed a contemporaneous knowledge of the circumstances, and who, knowing the state of things at the commencement of the period alluded to, and seeing what existed at the end of it, is able to look back over the whole interval, and see to what influences and what persons the extraordinary change which has taken place, is to be referred. If, at this moment, the literary genius of America, received in youth, and quivering like the eagle's limbs with excess of vigor, seems about to make a new flight, from a higher vantage-ground, into loftier depths of airy distance, the capacity to take that flight must, to a great degree, be ascribed to those two persons whom we have named; without whose services the brighter era which appears now to be dawning, might yet be distant and doubtful.

Besides these particulars of past effort which ought to make his countrymen love the reputation of the subject of this notice, we regret that our limits forbid us to speak at large of those more intimate qualities of personal value, which, in our judgment, form the



genuine lustre of one who, admirable for other attainments, is to be imitated in these.

For the success of our special purpose, in this notice, which is to consider and make apparent the specific character which belongs to General Morris as a literary artist and a poetic creator, to explain his claims to that title which the common voice of the country has given to him, of THE SONG WRITER OF AMERICA—it would have probably been more judicious had we kept out of view the matters of which we have just spoken. It is recorded of a Grecian painter, that having completed the picture of a sleeping nymph, headed on the foreground the figure of a Satyr gazing in amazement upon her beauty; but finding that the secondary form attracted universal praise, he erased it, as diverting applause from that which he desired to have regarded as the principal monument of his skill. There is in this anecdote a double wisdom; the world is as little willing to yield to a twofold superiority, as it is able to appreciate two distinct objects at once.

In a review of literary reputations, perhaps nothing is fitted to raise more surprise than the obvious inequality in the extent and greatness of the labors to which an equal reward of Fame has been allotted. The abounding energy and picturesque variety of Homer, are illustrated in eight-and-forty books: the remains of Sappho might be written on the surface of a leaf of the *laurus nobilis*. Yet if the one expands before us with the magnificent extent, the diversified surface, the endless decorations of the earth itself, the other hangs on high, like a lone, clear star—small but intense—flashing upon us through the night of ages, invested with circumstances of divinity not less unquestionable than those that attend the venerable majesty of the Ancient of Song. The rich and roseate light that shines around the name of Minnervus, is shed from some dozen or twenty lines: the immortality of Tytanius rests upon a stanza or two, which have floated to us with their precious freight, over the sea of centuries, and will float on, unsubmergible by all the waves of Time. The soul of Simonides lives to us in a simple couplet; but that is very stuff of Eternity; which neither fire will assail; nor tempests peril; nor the wrath of years impair. The Infinite has decrees; wherever the world sees in any human spirit the fire of Everlasting, it bows with equal awe, whether that fire is displayed by only an occasional flash, or by a prolonged and diffusive blaze. There is a certain tone which, hear it when we may, and where we may, we know to be the accent of the gods: and whether its quality be shown in a single utterance, its volume displayed in a thousand bursts of music, we surround the band of spirits whom we there detect in their mortal disguise, with equal ceremonies of respect and worship, hailing them alike as scraps of a brighter sphere—sons of the morning. This is natural, and it is reasonable. Genius is not a degree of other qualities, nor is it a particular way or extent of displaying such qualities; it is a faculty by itself; it is a manner; of which we may judge with the same certainty from one exhibition, as from many. The praise of a poet, therefore, is to be determined, not by the nature of the work which he undertakes, but by

the kind of mastery which he shows; not by the breadth of surface over which he toils, but by the perfectness of the result which he attains. Mr. Wordsworth has vindicated the capacity of the sonnet to be a casket of the richest gems of fame. We have no doubt that the song may give evidence of a genius which shall deserve to be ranked with the constructor of an epic. "Scorn not the Song." We would go so far, indeed, as to say that the success in the song imports, necessarily, a more inborn and genuine gift of poetic conception, than the same proportion of success in other less simple modes of art. There are some sorts of composition which may be wrought out of eager feeling and the foam of excited passions; and which are therefore to a large extent within the reach of earnest sensibilities and ambition's will; others are the spontaneous outflow of the heart, to whose perfection, turbulence and effort are fatal. Of the latter kind is the song. While the ode allows of exertion and strain, what is done in it must be accompanied by national and inherent strength.

Speaking with that confidence which may not improperly be assumed by one who, having looked with some care at the foundations of the opinion which he expresses, supposes himself able, if called upon by a denial, to furnish such demonstration of its truth as the nature of the matter allows of, we say that, in our judgment, there is no professed writer of songs, in this day, who has conceived the true character of this delicate, or peculiar creation of art, with greater precision and justness than Mr. Morris, or been more felicitous than he, in dealing with the subtle and multifarious difficulties that beset its execution. It is well understood by those whose thoughts are used to be conversant with the suggestions of a deeper analysis than belongs to popular criticism, that the forms of literary art are not indefinite in number, variable in their characteristics, or determined by the casual taste or arbitrary will of authors—they exist in nature; they are dependent upon those fixed laws of intellectual being, of spiritual affection, and moral choice, which constitute the rationality of man. And the actual, positive merit of a poetical production—that real merit, which consists in native vitality, in inherent capacity to live—does not lie in the glitter or costliness of the decorations with which it is invested—nor in the force with which it is made to spring from the mind of its creator, into the hands of others—nor yet in the scale of magnitude upon which the ideas belonging to the subject are illustrated in the work; but rather, as we suppose, obviously, and in all cases, upon the integrity and truth with which the particular form, that has been contemplated by the artist, is brought out, and the distinctness with which that one specific impression which is appropriate to it, is attained. This is the kind of excellence which we ascribe to Mr. Morris; an excellence of a lofty order; genuine, sincere, and incapable of question; more in this class of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult. For the song appears to us to possess a definiteness peculiarly jealous and exclusive; to be less flexible in character, and to possess less variety of tone than most other classes

of composition. If a man shall say "I will put more force into my song than your model allows, I will change it with greater variety of impressions," it is well; if he is skillful, he may make something that is very valuable. But in so far as his work is more than a song, it is not a song. In all works of Art—wherever form is concerned—excess is error.

The just notion and office of the modern song, as we think of it, is to be the embodiment and expression, in beauty, of some one of those sentiments, or thoughts, gay, moral, pensive, joyous, or melancholy, which are as natural and appropriate, in particular circumstances, or to certain occasions, as the odor to the flower; rising at such seasons, into the minds of all classes of persons, instinctive and unbidden, yet in obedience to some law of association which it is the gift of the poet to apprehend. Its graceful purpose is, to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment: it is the refracted gleam of some wandering ray from the far orb of moral truth, which, glancing against some occurrence in common life, is surprised into a snail of quick-darting, many-colored beauty; it is the airy ripple that is thrown up when the current of feeling in human hearts accidentally encounters the current of thought, and bubbles forth with a gentle fret of sparkling foam. Self-evolved, almost, and obedient in its development, and shaping to some inward spirit of beauty, which appears to possess and control its course; it might almost seem, that in the outgoing loveliness of such productions, sentiment, made substantial in language, floated abroad in natural self-delivery; as that heat which is not yet flame, gives itself forth in blue wreaths of vaporing grace, which unfold their delicateness for a moment upon the tranquil air, and then vanish away. It is not an artificial structure, built up by intellect after a model foreshaped by fancy, or foreshadowed by the instincts of the Passions; it is a simple emotion, crystallized into beauty by passing for a moment through the cooler air of the mind; it is merely an effluence of creative vigor; a graceful feeling thickened into words. Its proper dwelling is in the atmosphere of the sentiments, not the passions; it will not, indeed, repel the sympathy of deeper feelings, but knows them rather under the form of the flower that floats upon the surface of meditation, than of the deeper root that lies beneath its stream. And this is the grievous fault of nearly all Lord Byron's melodies; that he pierces too profoundly, and passes below the region of grace, charging his lyre with far more vehemence of passion than its slight strings are meant to bear. The beauty which belongs to this production, should be in the form of the thought rather than the fashion of the setting: that genuineness and simplicity of character which constitutes almost its essence, are destroyed by any appearance of the cold artifices of construction, palpable springs set for our admiration, whereby the beginning is obviously arranged in reference to a particular ending. This is the short-reaching power of Moore—guilty, by design, of that departure from simplicity, by which he fascinated one generation at the expense of being forgotten by another. The Song, while it is general in its impression,

should be particular in its occasion; not an abstraction of the mind, but a definite feeling, special to some certain set of circumstances. Rising from out the surface of daily experience, like the watery issuings of a fountain, it throws itself upward for a moment, then descends in a soft, glittering shower to the level whence it rose. Herein resides the chief defect of Bayly's songs; that they are too general and vague—a species of pattern songs—being embodiments of some general feeling, or reflection, but lacking that sufficient reference to some season or occurrence which would justify their appearing, and take away from them the aspect of pretension and display?

The only satisfactory method of criticism is by means of clinical lectures; and we feel regret that our limits do not suffer us—to any great degree—to illustrate what we deem the vigorous simplicity, and genuine grace of Mr. Morris, by that mode of exposition. We must introduce a few cases, however, to show what we have been meaning in the remarks which we made above, upon the proper character of the song. The ballad of "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE," one of those accidents of genius which, however, never happen but to consummate artists—is so familiar to every mind and heart, as to resent citation. Take then "MY MOTHER'S BIBLE." We know of no similar production in a truer taste, in a purer style, or more distinctly marked with the character of a good school of composition.

This book is all that's left me now!—

Tears will unbidden start—  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;  
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear;  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who lean'd God's word to hear.  
Her angel face—I see it yet!  
What thronging memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried;  
Where all were false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

Or take "WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER." In manly pathos, in tenderness and truth, where shall it be excelled?

We were boys together,  
And never can forget  
The school-house on the heather,  
In childhood where we met—  
The humble home, to memory dear;  
Its sorrows and its joys,  
Where woke the transient smile or tear  
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,  
And castles built in air;  
Your heart was like a feather,  
And mine weigh'd down with care.  
To you came wealth with nautical pride,  
To me it brought alloys.  
Foreshadow'd in the printrose time  
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;  
The friends we loved of yore,  
With leaves of autumn weather,  
Are gone for evermore.  
How blest to age the impulse given—  
The hope time ne'er destroys—  
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,  
When you and I were boys.

"The MINIATURE" possesses the captivating elegance of *Vouivre*.

William was holding in his hand  
The likeness of his wife—  
Fresh as it touch'd by fairy wand,  
With beauty, grace and life.  
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed  
Upon the treasure still;  
Absorb'd, delighted and amazed,  
He view'd the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane;  
'Tis drawn to nature true;  
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,  
It is so much like you."  
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"  
"Why—no—my love," said he.  
"Then, William, it is very clear,  
'Tis not at all like me!"

"WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE" is a glorious burst of poetry, modulated into refinement by the hand of a master.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Cronos like a monarch stands,  
Crown'd with a single star;  
And there, amid the billowy swells  
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,  
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,  
A nymph of mountain birth.  
The snow-fluke that the cliff receives,  
The diamonds of the showers,  
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,  
The sisterhood of flowers,  
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,  
Her purity debate;  
But Ida's dearer far than these  
To this fond breast of mine.  
My heart is on the hills. The shades  
Of night are on my brow;  
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,  
My soul is with you now!  
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where  
My Ida's footsteps roam—  
Oh! for a fateem's wing to bear  
Me onward to my home.

Where will you find a nautical song, seemingly more spontaneous in its genial outbreak, really more careful in its construction, than

#### "LAND-NO!"

Up, up with the signal! The land is in sight!  
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!  
The cold, cheerless ocean in surety we've pass'd,  
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last,  
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,  
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.  
Land!—land-oh! All hearts glow with joy at the sight!  
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is waving! Till morn we'll remain,  
Then part in the hope to meet one day again  
Round the hearthstone of home in the land of our birth,  
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!  
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,  
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.  
Ho!—land-oh! We near it—we bound at the sight!  
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd! The foam-sparkles rise  
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!  
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,  
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!  
One health, as chiming gayly the nautical bells,  
To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!  
'Tis error's on noxins!—and, thank Heaven, all's right!  
So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

How full of joyous madness, of absolute independence, yet made harmonious by instinctive grace, is

#### "LIFE IN THE WEST."

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—  
Merry and brief will the narrative be:  
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—  
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.  
Where once frow'd a forest a garden is smiling—  
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;  
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling  
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.  
Then enter, boys, cheerly, boys, enter and rest;  
The land of the heart is the land of the west.  
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,  
Where man like the wind romps impulsive and free;  
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary.  
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-robing sea.  
A hue in the woods, boys, is even as changing;  
With proud independence we season our cheer,  
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,  
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.  
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;  
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the west.  
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,  
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;  
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,  
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.  
We never know want, for we live by our labor,  
And in it contentment and happiness find;  
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,  
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.  
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;  
You know how we live, boys, and die in the west!  
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

That the same heart whose wild pulse is thrilled by the adventurous interests of the huntsman and the wanderer, can beat in unison with the gentlest truth of deep devotion, is shown in

#### "WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

When other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine,  
When other boys have crown'd thee,  
More fresh and green than mine,  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This deating heart will be,  
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,  
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
I know thy truth remains;  
I would not live without thee,  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's changing sea;  
And whate'er fate befalls me,  
This heart still turns to thee.

"I LOVE THE NIGHT" has the voluptuous elegance of the Spanish models.

I love the night when the moon streams bright  
On flowers that drink the dew,  
When cascades shoot as the stars peep out,  
From boundless fields of blue;  
But dearer far than moon or star,  
Or flowers of gauzy hue,  
Or murmuring trills of mountain rills,  
I love, I love, love—you!

I love to stray at the close of day,  
Through groves of maiden trees,  
When gasping notes from song-birds' throats  
Are vocal in the breeze.

I love the night—the glorious night!  
When hearts beat warm and true;  
But far above the night I love,  
I love, I love, love—you!

Were we to meet the lines "OH, THINK OF ME!" in an anthology, we should suppose they were Suckling's—so admirably is the tone of feeling kept down to the limit of probable sincerity—which is a characteristic that the cavalier style of courting never loses.

Oh, think of me, my own beloved,  
Whatever cares beset thee!  
And when thou hast the falsehood proved,  
Of those with smiles who met thee:  
While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,  
Who never can forget thee;  
Let memory trace the trusting place,  
Where I with tears regret thee.

Bright as yon star, within my mind,  
A hand unseen hath set thee;  
There hath thine image been enshrined.  
Since first, dear love, I met thee;  
So in thy breast I fain would rest,  
If, happily, fate would let me—  
And live or die, wert thou but nigh,  
To love or to regret me!

"THE STAR OF LOVE" might stand as a selected specimen of all that is most exquisite in the songs of the *TRONNEURS*.

The star of love now shines above,  
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;  
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves  
Its serenade for thee.  
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,  
Their minstrelsy unite,  
But all are dear till thou appear  
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon.  
Though with a milder ray;  
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,  
It cheers us on our way.  
Thus all, that's bright, the moon, the night,  
The heavens, the earth, the sea,  
Exert their powers to bless the hours  
We dedicate to thee.

"THE SEASONS OF LOVE" is a charming effusion of gay, yet thoughtful sentiment.

The spring-time of love  
Is both happy and gay.  
For joy sprinkles blossoms  
And balm in our way:  
The sky, earth, and ocean  
In beauty repose,  
And all the bright future  
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love  
Is the bloom of the heart.  
When hill, grove, and valley  
Their music impart,  
And the pure glow of heaven  
Is seen in fount eyes,  
As lakes show the rainbow  
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love  
Is the season of cheer—  
Life's mild Indian Summer.  
The smile of the year;  
Which comes when the golden  
Ripe harvest is stored,  
And yields its own blessings—  
Repose and reward.

The winter of love  
Is the beam that we win  
While the storm scowls with out,  
From the sunshine within.  
Love's reign is eternal.  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.

The song, "I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE," is, of itself, sufficient to establish General Morris's fame as a great poet—as a *potens magister affectuum*—and as a literary creator of a high order. It is a thoroughly fresh and affective poem on a subject as hackneyed as the highway; it is as deep as truth itself, yet light as the movement of a dance.

I never have been false to thee!  
The heart I gave thee still is thine;  
Though thou hast been untrue to me,  
And I no more may call thee mine!  
I've loved, as woman ever loves,  
With constant soul in good or ill;  
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,  
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops  
To bind the captive in my train!  
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,  
But smiles when comes her god again!  
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,  
Could once my heart-strings sadly thrill!  
Love's golden chain and burning vow  
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,  
When love dispell'd the clouds of care,  
And time went by with birds and flowers,  
While song and incense fill'd the air!  
The past is mine—the present thine—  
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,  
Think what a destiny is mine,  
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

We had almost forgotten, what the world will never forget, the matchless softness, transparent delicacy, of "NEAR THE LAKE." Those lines, of themselves, unconsciously, court "the soft promoter of the poet's strain," and almost seem about to break into music.

Near the lake where droop'd the willow,  
Long time ago!  
Where the ruck threw back the billow,  
Brighter than snow;  
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,  
By high and low;  
But with autumn's leaf she perished,  
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,  
Long time ago!  
Bee and bird and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know!  
While to my fond words she listen'd,  
Murmuring low,  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd  
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever!  
Long time ago!  
Can I now forget her? Never!  
No, lost one, no!  
To her grave these tears are given,  
Ever to flow;  
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,  
Long time ago!

It is agreeable to find that, instead of being seduced into a false style by the excessive popularity which many of his songs have had, General Morris's later efforts are in a style even more truly classic than his earlier ones, and show a decided advance, both in power and ease. "THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS," and the "INDIAN SONGS," of which last we have room only for one verse, are a very clear evidence of this:

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,  
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;  
On that holy altar they kindled the fire,  
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.  
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,  
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand;

The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy powers,  
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given  
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love;  
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven;  
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.  
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—  
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—  
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,  
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

They come!—be firm! In silence rally!  
The long-knives our retreat have found!  
Hark!—their tramp is in the valley,  
And they lean the forest round!  
The barbed bows with pale scouts quiver,  
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,  
While across the coldyng river  
Their harks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!  
The bloodhounds darken land and water!  
They come—like bundles for slaughter!

We would willingly go on with our extracts, as there are several which have equal claims with these upon our notice, but—*claudite jam rivus*. Such are the compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, which may challenge for their author the title of the Laureate of America.

The life that is devoted to letters—says Dr. Johnson—passes silently away, and is but little diversified by events. The particulars of General Morris's personal history are soon told. He was born in the second year of the present century. The brilliancy of some youthful efforts in connection with the daily press displayed his fitness to take a leading part in the literary action of the country; and accordingly, in 1822, he became the Editor of the *New York Mirror*. The storm of financial embarrassment which, about the years 1827 and 1828, rode over the whole country, prostrating every interest, and wasting all classes, visited even the poet and the editor. The *New York Mirror* passed out of his hands; and in 1833, its existence came to an end. In 1844, the *New Mirror* was established by the original proprietor, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Willis; and this has recently been changed into the *Evening Mirror*, a daily gazette of much spirit, elegance, and popularity. The *Mirror Library*, under the same control, presents far the best selection of *littes-lettres* that can be found in this country or in England. It is about to re-commence its issues under improved advantages. In the beginning of the present year, the professional corps of surgeons and musicians in New York, as a testimony of esteem to General Morris, gave him a complimentary concert—a valuable token of their respect—appropriate and deserved—which enabled the most distinguished persons in the city of his birth to exhibit, by their presence, the interest and regard which they had for him. It was understood that the profits of that concert had a vital connection with General Morris's continuing to be the possessor of the modest and beautiful seat of "Under Cliff" on the Hudson—the residence of his family—the birth-place of most of them, and the cherished home and seat of his affections. Upon that subject, it is not our warrant to speak; nor

indeed have we the power to speak with accuracy. Should it be, as is reported, that a "damp" has "fallen around the path" of this sweet poet and amiable man, we are sure that the people of this nation will be prompt to dispel, by offers more truly voluntary than the "aids" and "benevolences" of royal ages, all discomfort from the evening of his days, and, "in recompense" of many an hour of the purest pleasure, and many an abiding sentiment of truth and goodness, for which they are his debtors, to

"Give the tribute, Glory need not ask."

We should not consider the biography of Morris complete, without a word from Mr. Willis. In reply to a wish of ours, we have a dash of his pencil in the following letter:

*New York, Feb. 1, 1845.*

MY DEAR SIR.—To ask me for my idea of Mr. Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the "Braggadoc"—known him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him, (except by precedence of ferrage over the Styx,) that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try, however, and, as it is done with but one foot off from the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

Morris is the best known poet of the country by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism, as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact, that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling.

It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is a truth—that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep diving or high-diving. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is probably toil of the poetry of everyday feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed by taking the world's breath away with rhetoric and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical episcopate, well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

As to the man—Morris my friend—I can hardly venture to "burn incense on his mountain," as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but, as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellencies. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet, and a fine fellow—fill up the picture to your liking.

Yours, very truly,

N. P. WILLIS.

## “NICKIE BEN.”

BY FANNY FORESTER.

We have a lawyer at Alderbrook—three of them, indeed—but one we have worth talking about, one who has been talked about—one who has been blown upon, if not by “the breath of fame,” by that gossiping breath which is fame’s stage-coach—one, in short, who deserves a historian. Now, do not “think you see him,” dear reader, before I begin, and so place before your mind’s eye a little, spare, cunning, smooth-tongued fox of an attorney, whom it will be my bounden duty to demolish.

“A face like a wedge, made to force its way through the world, eyes like black beans a-boiling in milk, and a step like a cat’s—”

Not a bit of it. Oh, no! you do *not* see *our* lawyer.

Benjamin Nichols, or “Nickie Ben,” as he has been irreverently re-baptized by some wag, with the consent of everybody, has a voice—oh, *such* a voice! the north wind is an infant’s whisper to it—stands very nearly six feet in his stockings, and is of dimensions never scoffed at. In good sooth, that brawny arm might have wielded the genuine old Scottish claymore by the side of Robert Bruce, and other worthies of the times that were, and never have been ashamed of the muscles in it. Nickie Ben, however, was reserved for more elegant diversions than hewing off men’s heads, and slicing down their shoulders; and he rewarded fate for her flattering favors to himself by entering with great zest into the spirit which governs the modern world. In place of such boisterous eries as “A Bruce! A Bruce!” “A Richard! A Richard!” or “Beau-scant!” he slipped his fingers quietly to the bottom of his celt-skin purse, laid his thumb against the pillars, and his forefinger against the kingly head upon the sixpences there; while his eye twinkled, and his features worked in a way fully to prove his loyalty to that little piece of coin, and his determination to die, if need be, in the service of *the family*.

Nickie Ben’s boyhood was none of the easiest. He never laid his head on a pillow of down, poor boy! nor had a softer covering than a heavy patch-work quilt, stuffed with cotton—indeed, it used to be shrewdly suspected by some inquisitive neighbors, that even the quilt was sometimes lacking, and that young Nickie might have rolled up his day-wearables to rest his head upon. However that might be, the Widow Nichols managed to keep up appearances to the level of humble respectability; and, though she and her daughter Betsy and her son Ben might all have breakfasted on a smaller allowance than would have served Squire Risdell for lunch, not an intimation to that effect ever crossed the lips of one of the family. Nothing about them bespoke the meagre fare, unless it was the meagre frame; the preponderance of bone and sinew over flesh and quick blood. If you would

see the really *suffering* poor, do not go to the wretched hovel where famine dwells confessedly, and poverty draws the outlines of its own quaint figure on lintel and casement, but turn to those who are ashamed to say they *want*; whose brows knit while their lips smile; who, wearing the pinched look, find their cares increased by laboring always for its concealment. There is poverty unmitigated—unmitigated by the hope of human sympathy; a thing, however, which galls oftener than it soothes.

I do not know that the Widow Nichols belonged entirely to the above mentioned class—indeed, I rather think that if she did, she maintained the character on a particularly small scale; she was seldom pinched in her allowance of entables more than enough to give her a good appetite, and never laid claim to any thing higher than respectable, industrious independence. The good widow was a genuine *worker*; and, as industrious clever women usually have some little foible, she could not be expected to be exempt. It was, accordingly, reported at Alderbrook, that, during the lifetime of the elder Benny, (who, by the way, was a remarkably “stiffest man”) this “crown to her husband” was, to all intents and purposes, the head of the family; and, in her love of rule, not unfrequently drove from the door the *head* which she should have graced, with such weapons as the broom and the poker. But old Benny was “gathered to his fathers,” and the sceptre remained undisputed in the hands of the widow. And now, indeed, she wielded it to good purpose.

Betsy was older than young Ben, old enough, indeed, to “do a deal of work;” and it was soon decided in the mind of the widow that the daughter should sacrifice herself to the son’s advancement. To be sure, Betsy was a girl after the mother’s own heart, industrious and pains-taking, and Ben was rather inclined to saunter in his father’s footsteps, but the widow was of the opinion that the bent twig might be braced and straightened; and, after all, it must be owned that a son may be “the making of a family,” while the daughter only holds a candle to him. Ben’s education was the thing to be accomplished, and Betsy and Betsy’s mother heeded neither aching eyes nor aching fingers while earning, stitch by stitch, the scanty pittance which was to make the son and brother great. Ben was indolent, but he was grateful; and when he thought of the two busy needles, the scanty board and hard bed at Alderbrook, he would have had more than human selfishness to neglect his studies and waste his time. Ben did not, however, believe that gratitude precluded yawning, and as the difference between *slumming over* a book and *dicing into* it had never been made quite clear to

his perceptions, he may be forgiven for preferring the first method, which, I have been told, is much in vogue now, since accomplished scholars are no longer the fashion. Ben *skinned* successfully at college, and brought away a degree and the pre-nomen of Nickie. By this time there was one needle less at Alderbrook. Poor Betsy had finished her work, and the widow was alone.

It is doubtful whether Nickie Ben would have made much use of his lore but for the pushing that was still kept up by the widow; but with her own single hand she put him in the way of a profession, and pushed him through into the very bar. I say *she* did it, and I say correctly; for, although Nickie Ben was beginning to imitate her shrewdness and energy, he never would have performed the feat of his own accord. Of Nickie Ben's legal knowledge I say nothing; for what can women know of such things? but I have heard he was not very long in obtaining practice. He had a peculiar gift at pettifogging, (a very essential qualification in such out-o'-the-way places as Alderbrook,) and great professional *acumen*, for he snuffed a *case* in every fresh breeze that visited him; and kindly pointed out to his neighbors insults and abuses which they would never have seen but by the help of his superior discernment. No quarrel was so small but he found room to thrust in a finger; no matter so contemptible but the suit of the law, applied by Nickie Ben, preserved and dignified it into something, to stay on men's memories; and no coin was so trilling but our lawyer esteemed it worth a full hour's bickering. His pillow was now as hard, and his dinner as light as in boyhood; but it was no longer from necessity. Ben was economical. Some said he was mean, penurious; men spoke of him with a curling lip, and not a single woman knew him. But what was all this to Nickie Ben? He was effectually aroused from his boyish indolence, and he was determined to be rich—*rich—rich!* The word had been dinned in his ear by his mother until he knew all the changes that could possibly be rung upon it; and no slavery was too abject to be made a stepping-stone to the golden throne which he saw in the far-off future. Not that Ben Nichols "sold his soul to Mammon;" he sacrificed his manliness and independence to—*public opinion*. You do not see how it is, dear reader. I will show you.

Years went by, and our lawyer became "*Auld Nickie Ben*," though his head had a less weight of time upon it than his appearance indicated. But he was as plodding, as careful, as penurious as ever. Everybody said that he was a confirmed bachelor; and everybody sneered at him as a detestable miser. Yet do not think for a moment that Nickie was a thin, cadaverous man, with a face the color of his gold, and shoulders graced with a consumptive curve—he was any thing but that. I think, however, I have before mentioned his physical capabilities.

Every morning before the sun was up, in summer and winter, rain and sunshine, our lawyer might have been seen, by any early riser, out taking his habitual exercise. He always walked up a green lane, about a mile west of the village, whence he

proceeded along the border of the woods, over the top of Strawberry Hill, and down into the ravine beyond, until he reached the toll-gate at the foot of the hill on the east. The remainder of his walk was on the side of the road back to Alderbrook. By this means Nickie Ben made himself visible in the course of the morning to all the villagers who chose to look at him; and many were the impertinent little misses whose giddy eyes took the measure of his short-waisted coat, and feasted their love of fun on his heavy boots, with their clumsy shape, and the iron nails in their heels, and mimicked his gait, and talked mockingly of the piles of pennies in his collars. Everybody despised Ben Nichols; and yet he had never, like many an *honorable man*, defrauded the widow of her dues, or been a canker on the orphan's birthright; he had never taken a penny that was not justly his own; but he had never given away, or wasted or bartered without due consideration, even the hundredth part of the smallest coin current.

The little brown cottage occupied by the widow and her son was never visited by the villagers; for the old lady had no interests in common with them; her "boy" was the centre of all her thoughts, wishes and affections, and his doings their circumference. But she did not doat as other mothers do. She did not offer his head a resting place when he came home wearied, and endeavor, by presenting pleasant subjects, to divert his mind from the toils and cares of the day; but she inquired after his clients, what business had come to him since the morning, how the matters of yesterday were adjusted, and how much money they had brought him. Sometimes a vague suspicion entered the mind of poor Nickie Ben that he was not living to the best purpose; that there was something other men enjoyed which he did not; sometimes he even *felt* the dog-like treatment which he received at the hands of his fellows; but then, with a hard drawn breath, he would repeat to himself, "hereafter—hereafter!" and go on his way perseveringly. Thus, year in, year out, Benjamin Nichols breathed his proportion of air, and filled his proportion of space, until he reached "life's meridian height," and traveled the distance of five years on the downward slope; and then, all of a sudden, "a change came o'er the spirit of his" selfishness. The widow was alarmed, and interposed her maternal authority—then reasoning—then entreaty; but it was useless. The sceptre had passed from her hand—her reign was at an end.

One day the village was thrown into great amazement by the report that Mrs. Nichols and her son had taken seats in the eastern stage-coach, for the old lady had not been out of Alderbrook within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the lawyer never moved but at a business call. The matter was a nine days' wonder, and scarcely grew stale afterward. Two, three, and four weeks passed, and, finally, late of a Saturday night, the stage brought back the unusual travelers. The news soon spread through the village, coupled with rumors of a wondrous metamorphosee. Indeed, it was reported that the widow and her son could scarcely be recognized by those who had been accustomed to seeing them every day.

All Sunday morning, not an eye in church but was prone to wander to the pew where sat the Nicholises—they could not help it; who could blame them? The enormous bonnet, of a rusty black, that the old lady had worn ever since the day of her daughter's funeral; the scant, old-fashioned gown, with its gored skirt, waist of a finger's length, and sleeves nearly meeting in the back; and the thin shawl, embroidered all over with darns, and always bearing the print of the smoothing-iron, were displaced by articles richer than any shopkeeper in Alderbrook would venture to purchase. Every body was amazed; almost every body felt inclined to smile; a great many touched their neighbors on the arm, and indicated by some slight gesture the direction that the eye should take; and a few of the least reverent in the congregation whispered, “Bless me! how young the Widow Nichols looks!” And they had reason, for the old lady seemed to have taken a new lease of life. Brussels laces and fashionable bonnets *will* meddle with Time's pencil, though they cannot stay his scythe. But the widow attracted a very small share of attention in comparison with her son. Every thing about him was new—the cut of his coat had changed his figure completely, and the inward hilarity consequent upon emancipation from the slavery\* of penny counting, had changed his face so that he was really handsome. But there was another thing which aided the transformation of the face not a little. The short, coarse hair, standing out from his head like the quills of a porcupine, had been turned by some magic into luxuriant curls, smooth and glossy and black as the wing of a raven, straying back from his forehead as though too much at home there to think of a better resting place. Those beautiful curls! Why, there was not a young beau in the village who would have ventured to show his head beside them. And, really, Nickie Ben was a fine looking man—quite the gentleman—with nothing exceptionable about him, from kid gloves to French boots—even the tie of his cravat was *comme il faut*. We watched him—Ada Palmer and I—after the services were over, as he tucked his mother under his arm, *not* very gently, and strode, with even more than his usual swing, down the street.

“He has not been to a walking school,” whispered Ada.

The gnit was pretty much all that was left to prove Nickie Ben's identity.

“They stop at the ‘Sheaf and Sickle,’” continued Ada, still looking after them. “It would be wonderful if they have gone into the extravagance of taking rooms there.”

Wonderful, indeed, but it was none the less true. The little brown house was quite too small for the metamorphosed lawyer; and though the old lady groaned a little, and talked of ruin, she submitted with a much better grace than could have been expected. And now it somehow happened that two or three neighbors looked in upon her; and, though the widow talked a great deal of her son, and seemed to forget that there was any body else worth caring for in the world, they bore with the foible very patiently. As for the son himself, he began to evince a strong ten-

dency to sociableness, and even managed to obtain an introduction to several ladies of the village, individuals who had grown up around him entirely unobserved before.

One bright morning Ada Palmer and I were out with our baskets, despite the little night jewelers that had left a string of diamonds on every grass blade; and it chanced to be precisely the hour that the lawyer was in the habit of crossing Strawberry Hill. I will not assert that we were ignorant of this peculiar habit of his, nor that our glances were *all* directed to the knoll spotted over with crimson, while he passed along the edge of the woods; these are irrelevant matters. But it chanced that the bachelor lawyer, after walking over the top of the fence like an emperor, came, with his swinging arms and swinging person, and long, hasty strides, to the very part of the hill where we were demurely engaged in picking berries, like two sensible, industrious girls, and—Did you ever see a glowing sunlight bursting from the edges of a black storm-cloud? Then you may have some faint notion of the magical effect of a smile on such a face as Nickie Ben's. Who could resist it? Not Ada Palmer or her friend Fanny. I much doubt if the lawyer had ever been smiled upon before, or had ever heard a voice softer than his mother's, for his face was full of a pleased, bashful wonder. We had supposed, when placing ourselves in Nickie Ben's path, that if his new humor should lead him to notice us, he would consider us little children, with whom he might frolic if he chose, and for a frolic we were fully prepared. But not so—what had he to do with children's play?—that is, real, genuine cure-for-nothing play. Life had been a sober, earnest term to him thus far, and now he was as sober and earnest in looking for pleasure as he ever had been in looking for money. Now he was a *rich man*, he would *pay* for his enjoyments, and should he stoop to pick up those which the beggar might possess? Of course all these thoughts did not pass through the lawyer's mind while crossing Strawberry Hill. They did not *pass through*, because they remained there all the time; they had resolved themselves into ever-present *feelings*; and he had no disposition to be any thing but *in earnest*. We did not altogether understand this, however; and when the lawyer doffed his hat, and smiled, and in his best tones bade us a good-morning, though we smiled in return, and bowed, and said “good-morning,” too, the embarrassment was all on our side.

“How stupid!” exclaimed Ada, as soon as he was out of hearing.

“Who? we or Nickie Ben?”

“Both, I think. Here we have lost a morning nap, got our dresses dragged with dew, and turned the lugh of every body against us, (for nobody will ever believe we came for strawberries,) just for the sake of hearing a stupid old Jew of a fellow, who ought to have had that new wig of his when we were in our cradles, remind us that we are *young ladies*. Come, Fanny, we may as well go home and take a dish of coffee upon it.”

“With a dozen berries each?”

“We will hide the baskets in the grass, and say we



came out for the benefit of the dew, to brighten our complexions. But I will never laugh again about Nickie Ben, not even his walk and his bow. We are the snufflers."

Could you have seen, dear reader, the expression of amused vexation on the face of Ada Palmer! Somebody that carries a more skillful pencil than Fanny Forester should have been there to sketch it; and then I would have made interest to present it to you among the other gems of art beautifying "Graham."

Ada and I did not go to Strawberry Hill again in the morning; and in a few days, I began to observe that her belle-slip took a deal of extra pains to avoid, without downright incivility, meeting the lawyer in the street. Next, it was rumored throughout the village that Nickie Ben had called at Deacon Palmer's, next, that he was in the habit of calling frequently, and, finally, that he, as often as twice a week, spent an entire evening there. But I chanced to be in possession of a secret of which the villagers were ignorant. I suppose it is a well-known fact that country people cannot be "not at home," with impunity, like dwellers in the town; so Nickie Ben's tremendous knock was always a signal for Ada's slipping through the back door, and bounding across the clover-field to Underhill. It was a disagreeable state of things—very; and Ada declared she would never return a bachelor's smile again, till she had first asked his intentions. But the lawyer was on the shady side of forty, and he had now no time to lose in chasing the butterfly caprices of a spoiled belle; so he decided on a single bold stroke.

The two evenings formerly spent with good Deacon Palmer (and very often whole days and nights) were now devoted to the study of architecture; and he could talk of nothing (Nickie Ben had really become a conversationist) but Grecian cottages, beautiful country residences, and such like subjects to make rustics stare, from morning to dew-fall. And Nickie Ben was not one to talk in vain. A fine meadow on the west of Alderbrook, without a stone upon it, and so smooth and even that a Yankee would have invented a machine for mowing it at a single slice without grazing earth, was finally selected and purchased of its owner. And now came parties of workmen and loads of lumber, and the beautiful meadow was turned into a scene of wild confusion. But it was a confusion that had the elements of order in it; for soon there arose in the centre of the green a most graceful structure, which hands a-plenty were employed in adorning. No fault could be found with it; it was simple and convenient and exquisitely beautiful; and well it might be, for Nickie Ben's purse had paid for the taste which planned, as well as the labor which reared it. And the lawyer rubbed his hands right gleefully when people praised his cottage, and blessed—*himself* that he was rich. The cottage was finally finished, and then more than one head was employed in furnishing it. Marble, and rose-wood, and mahogany, and Brussels, and Turkey, and crimson damask, and chandeliers, and others words belonging to the vocabulary of luxury, were now very

common on the lips of Nickie Ben; and, after talking for a proper time, he set out, with a *paid friend* at his elbow, for New York. By this time gossiping neighbors began to measure, mentally and with their tongues, the depth of his purse, venturing surmises concerning its exhaustion; but they had forgotten the quiet little streams which keep the ocean full, and the lawyer had good reason to smile at their surmises. Nickie Ben's next extravagance was a carriage—a "splendid affair"—with all the belongings necessary and unnecessary, by no means omitting the "gentleman" to hold the ribbons. This last was a master stroke of policy; and, by the way, O ye half-despairing, half-hoping lovers, take the advice of one who has a right to know the heel of Achilles in a woman's heart, and, when every thing else fails, *set up a carriage*. It was really provoking to see the lawyer whirl through the streets, his fine blood-horses prancing, his harness glittering, and his carriage sweeping the air with such conscious, indisputable superiority, with nobody younger and finer than the widow by his side—it was tantalizing, and many a pretty belle was heard to acknowledge that if they were Ada Palmer it would be very tempting. To be sure the fine carriage in our muddy, uneven streets looked a little like a Canary bird in a quagmire; but that was something that the elderly people could appreciate better than we; and the carriage gained the lawyer more respect from those whose respect he valued just now most, than even his rare cottage with its luxurious furniture.

And Ada?

Oh! Ada laughed, and jumped into her father's big hay-wagon, and rode wherever she chose; and so the laugh of the whole village was on her side. Alas! poor Nickie Ben!—Alas!—no, I recall the sympathy. What has a man with plenty of money in his purse, and a head rife with plans for enjoying it, to do with sighing? The rich lawyer was not discouraged; he was only disappointed; and his most painful feeling was regret for the loss of time. He immediately installed the widow mistress of the new cottage; procured an array of servants, probably in order to gratify her love of rule; and then stepping into his carriage, he turned his horses' heads eastward. In a few weeks he returned in high spirits; and, though he bowed to every body, and smiled, and appeared more social than ever, nobody, not even Ada Palmer, crossed the street to avoid meeting him.

Spring came in trippingly, full of playful freaks and sweet caprices; and before many buds had opened, the lawyer's carriage had whirled him away from Alderbrook. We were on the *qui vive*. Who was to be mistress of the beautiful cottage? how looked she? was she old or young? pretty or plain? Of course she would be *purse proud*, for who would marry Nickie Ben but for his money?—and she would be vulgar and showy—and nobody would like her—that was certain. But the satisfactory certainty did not silence curiosity.

It was Sunday morning, and every lid was up in Alderbrook; for the lawyer had returned with his bride.

“Now for velvets and ribbons and laces,” whispered Ada Palmer, though in a place where she should not have whispered, as she caught a glance of Nickie Ben’s carriage from the window.

The next moment every eye in the church was turned to the door, and the lawyer opened it and entered. *That* his bride! or had the little white violet nestled in the moss by the brook-side stolen a pulse from the grass, and a form from the guardians that bend over it in the night-time? Where had Nickie Ben found that pure, living dew-drop? and how came it in his possession? The sweet bride opened her innocent blue eyes as she entered; and then immediately the long lashes drooped over them, and rested meekly on the dainty pillow below, and, with a startled, timid look, she instinctively drew a little nearer her husband. It would have required an Amazon to meet the stare of that surprised congregation. And she was a simple, lovely creature, just emerged from childhood; a yet unfolded bud that the breeze had never kissed, nor the sun ruffled of a single sweet. Had money bought this treasure? It was hard to think it, and yet—we did.

The next day the whole village called upon the gentle girl that our own despised lawyer had given a home among us. It was late in the day when Ada Palmer and myself followed the fashion set us, and proceeded to the cottage. The bride was evidently wearied with the tedious ceremonies to which she had been subjected, and had flung herself on a sofa to rest. There was something like vexation, with a slight dash of merriment in it, on her countenance when more visitors were announced, and we saw it in a moment, and saw, too, how infinitely amusing to one as young as ourselves must have been the day’s grave formalities. I do not think we smiled, at least more than was proper—we certainly spoke as the deacon himself might have spoken; but, somehow, (and I shall always put implicit faith in Mesmerism therefor,) the lady became aware of the presence of sympathy and appreciation, and her pretty, childish face grew bright with its expression of frank pleasure. Not a word had been spoken but strictly ceremonial ones; not a tell-tale muscle moved; but there was a shining out of the heart upon the face, and we all comprehended the delicate pantomime. So we drew up our chairs, forming a close group, and—where is ever the use of confining the tongue after one has used a more expressive language?—we were friends and confidants past recall, and we were children enough to trust each other as wiser people never trust. We talked of Alderbrook, and the people in it, and made plans for the summer, and laughed and chatted on till the twilight grew very gray; and then we beyed of our new acquaintance not to send for lights, and threatened to go away if she did, and spoke and acted in all respects like privileged friends. So she sat down by us again, and the pensiveness of the hour mellowed our gayety into something no less happy, but a little holier. And then sweet Mrs. Nichols told us something of herself. She was an orphan, not yet out of mourning, and that was why she wore no bridal ornaments. She talked of her mother—how she had

faded day by day; and how she had laid her thin hand lovingly upon the forehead of her only child, and talked to her of the dark, dark future, when there would be a coffin and a heap of earth between them two—and, as she talked and wept, we wept too, as though the loss had been our own. Then she told of a kind man who came to them, and how generously he acted, and how nobly promised, and how she had loved him from the first moment, though it was a long time before she dreamed of becoming his wife. And then she smiled, and blushed, and looked half frightened, as though doubting if she had not said too much. But we told her we were glad that Mr. Nichols had been so kind; and that was touching the right chord. Oh! so kind! we could know nothing about it. Her poor mother had blessed him with her last breath, and had said that he was certainly sent of God. She did not know that the world contained such good people before—he had done every thing for her—and now he had brought her to such a sweet home—it was fit for a princess. She could never thank him enough, and (blushing again) love him enough—all she could do would be to watch carefully that no trouble came to him which she could charm away, and to study his wishes always—but that would be no return—could we think of any thing she could do more? There was a well-known step on the stair, and the face of the pretty young wife lighted up with animation; so we pressed her bright lips like old friends, and, promising to “come again to-morrow,” turned away.

It was very late that night before Ada and I parted, for the gentle, guileless stranger had grown quite to our hearts, and we talked over her prospects with doubt and trembling. But there was no need. Love had been dew and sunshine to the delicate plant, and now the very consciousness on the part of Benjamin Nichols that he could not understand nor fully appreciate her, only made him worship her the more. He had sought her to please himself; he was interested by her gentle sweetness, and her gratitude touched a chord in his bosom that had never before been stirred—it reached below the encrusting selfishness of a lifetime. He had never loved any thing before, and now his love became idolatry. All this was so new and strange that he seemed to himself a fresh-hearted boy, just beginning the world; just learning the alphabet of life, such as God intended we should have it; and he turned to his unsuspecting teacher with new devotion every hour. Ah! what a feeling of self-respect came with the certainty that *she*, at least, preferred himself to his riches; that, were he a beggar, she would be the same; and how trivial appeared his possessions in comparison with the pearl that he had at first sought only to adorn them.

The moral? Nay, reader mine, you had no promise of that. It is scarcely fair to attempt to turn a lady’s boudoir into a laboratory. I have a little garden—a very little one; and I will gather you bouquets from it of such flowers as I can cultivate, begging you kindly to fling aside the weeds, and forgive the oversight of their admission. But I am only a florist, and have no skill in the arts of chemical analysis and combination. Accept then my simple offering of flowers, since these

perishable things are all I have, and fling them into your own alembic. Though their life pass with my own summer, I would fain hope that some heart may thus extract a perfume, that will lie upon it when the florist and her humble labors are alike forgotten.

## THE TOILERS.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

"I saw a widow who was yet young—perhaps forty—but whose form, once fresh and healthful, had become exactly the reverse. It was now nothing but skin, sinews, bones, and no flesh. She had three sons at work in the mills, and although they toiled incessantly, they could scarcely earn enough to keep the heads of famine from the door."

*English Factory Report.*

Hark! 'tis the early bell—  
Awake—my children—wake!  
Oh! would to God another hour  
The weary ones could take!  
But no—it cannot be—  
Morn brightens in the east,  
And I must rouse the sleepers  
From their unbroken rest.

Again—the bell rings out  
Upon the morning breeze—  
And see the toilers rushing forth  
Like startled human bees—  
Like startled human bees, alas!  
The honey of the hive  
Is often wrung from youthful hearts  
That wither as they strive.

Up—up—my sons, the lark  
Is soaring to the sky—  
Willie, my joyous little one,  
Open your laughing eye!  
Come kiss your loving mother,  
Then whistle on your way—  
Oh! that your father were but here  
To kiss you too to-day!

Away—away they speed  
To watch with faithless eye  
Each spindle with its circling thread,  
And every break supply—  
To watch within you upper grave  
From dawn till welcome night,  
Grave for the bud and bloom of youth,  
For all that makes life bright.

How rosy once was I—  
How smooth my girlish brow—  
Health gushed and glowed in every vein,  
Alas! what am I now!

Kind fortune failed, and then  
Death took our prop away—  
Oh! woe at a fearful blow was that—  
How sorrow-fraught the day!

Five years I toiled with them,  
And often cheered them on,  
Rallied them when about to fail,  
And smiled love's benison;  
But now the faded cheek—  
The cough—the ceaseless pain—  
I feel that life is ebbing fast,  
And yet I ne'er complain.

Oh! no, to Him alone  
Whose quick ear from on high  
Bends down to catch the widow's moan,  
And hear the orphan's cry,  
My silent prayer I pour,  
My sorrow I reveal,  
While—God forgive me for the wrong—  
From them I all conceal.

They know not of the worm  
That eats my life away—  
They dream not that their mother  
Is dying, day by day.  
I would not vainly darken  
A lot already drear,  
And pour despair upon their hopes  
Ere life's green leaves are sear.

Oh, God! is it their doom,  
From year to year the same,  
To toil and toil thus wearily  
To feed life's titful shame!  
And yet, forgive me, Father,  
For though to them 'tis given  
Thus bitterly to earn their bread,  
They will be thine in Heaven!

## THE RUSTIC.

BY ELIZABETH OKER SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

Poor was the girl, yet still to grief unknown,  
Save when a hazel-stone she careless pressed,  
Or trod on humble-herb, withouten gloom,  
Or thorn projecting pierced her sun-burnt breast  
Or tore the ruggles from her brow away,  
Which after limed the active robin's nest,  
Who sang for her a more melodious lay.

What though these tangled locks might half disguise  
The sparkling lustre of her soul-full eyes!  
What though were darkly stained her childish brow;  
No inward pang its form of grace had given;  
And though its hue be fatter, softer, now,  
Oh doth it turn as innocent to Heaven!  
Doth it now bend in prayer as sure to be forgiven!





## CHIVALRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

"The Age of Chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever." Thus wrote Edmund Burke, something more than half a century ago.

The Age of Chivalry is indeed gone, that long, dark age, which few stars illumined, and those few the stars of a winter sky, which tell of a Heaven above, but warm not the freezing wanderer below. The age of eternal broil and battle, and bloodshed—the age of iron-cased men, and braying trumpets, and clashing steel—the age that saw three-fourths of the national masses in brutish serfdom, holding substance, limb and life at the mercy of feudal superiors—is in truth gone, and gone, we trust, forever. But the *spirit* of chivalry—that spirit which could shed a magical beauty on what was else so repulsive, is *not* extinguished. It *cannot* die, but with that human soul in which it germinates, and that Christianity which is its natural nurse and guardian. True it is, it has put away the warrior form, and warrior weapons that matched an iron age. But *itself* is surviving yet, and, in perpetual metempsychosis, animates other shapes, and works deeds akin to those immortal achievements of old.

The *spirit* of chivalry, we repeat, still lives. But what *is* this spirit? And what *was* the spirit actuating that chivalrous institution, which so impressed itself on the interval between the 11th and the 15th centuries? It was simply, and neither more nor less than, the spirit or principle of humanity, philanthropy, benevolence—a principle prompting the protection of the weak, the vindication of the wronged, the defence of the helpless, which were sworn obligations of the knightly order, on the sole ground that the *need* of such services made out a sufficient *title* to them. In a word, it was the second of the two great Christian laws—"love of the neighbor"—put in active exercise and taking such outward form, and such instruments as befitted that peculiar age.

Not, indeed, that humanity—a large humanity—has belonged *exclusively* to any period. In every time *individuals* have appeared embodying an *unusual* share of that compassionate sympathy, which is never perhaps totally extinct in any heart. To remove or mitigate existing evils, is with such a passion and a pursuit. Their deeds are embalmed in tradition and fable, and so live on from age to age. Thus it is, that Hercules, the destroyer of monstrous beast and cruel tyrant—Orpheus, the tamer of rock and tree, and savage animal—and Minos, the more than mortal-wise, and impartial minister of law and justice—have come down to us, as representatives of the world's early benefactors.

But it was *peculiar* to Christianity, to exalt benevolence from a simple *sentiment* or *impulse*, to the rank of a *duty*, and make its culture and exercise an imperative and universal obligation. The chivalry of the 11th century was an embodiment of this Christian principle. Its exterior organization, and the means and methods it adopted, were the product of the times.

The times, as every one knows, were peculiar. The rude Northern tribes had overthrown the debilitated Roman power, and the consequent intermingling of decrepit civilization, and vigorous barbarism, had anew brought "chaos and old night,"

"Where hot, cold, moist, and dry, those champions fierce  
Aye strove for mastery, and to battle brought  
Their embryon atoms."

Christianity was the only power wielding any *general* influence over these jarring social elements, and even *its* influence was very feeble and intermittent. Too often *brute force* overmatched all powers beside, and bloodshed, and violence, weakness trodden down, innocence despoiled, and right laughed to scorn, put a dreary aspect on the world's condition. The humanity of some finer spirits was strongly moved at the view. They naturally combined, and so grew stronger, and more zealous for their enterprise. The church, by timely interposition, prevented the dying away of this spontaneous impulse, and transformed it into settled principle and habit. And so it came to pass, that chivalry stood forth as Christian benevolence, steel-clad and furnished for conflict, bending against the champions of wrong their own weapons, and sworn to a war of extermination against the powers of darkness. Its mission, like that of the Hebrew host led by Moses, was the rescue, from a godless race, of a fair heritage usurped and defiled, and its banner, like theirs, was inscribed with the name of the "God of Battle." Like all human institutions, *this* must be admitted to have had no small admixture of error and evil. But it must equally be admitted to have wrought a good and very important work.

With the lapse of time, however, came time's customary changes. The revival, and more general diffusion of learning—the invention of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, the discovery of a new continent in the west, and of a passage around the "Stormy Cape" in the east—were causes working powerfully toward civilizing the nations by giving a peaceful direction, as well as ample occupation, to the restless, conflicting energies of society. The scattered, wandering lights of chivalry gathered themselves into central stationary orbs. The principles of humanity and justice, guarded so long—and not unfaithfully, or ineffectually—by a small living order, became em-

bodied in systems of civil polity and law, upheld by the force, physical and moral, of nations. The shield to protect, and the sword to punish, were transferred to the state, and the institution of chivalry became a fair memory of the past.

"The knights' bones are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

It is not, however, the disappearance of the *knighthly order*, that Mr. Burke laments. He mourns the supposed extinction of *chivalrous sentiments* and modes of thinking. Is he correct in this supposition? Without wasting words on unimportant matters, let us briefly examine two or three essential points.

The condition of woman, for example, is supposed to have been materially elevated by chivalry, and the comparative state of the sex in the east and the west is appealed to as evidence. On this point we think there has prevailed much exaggeration, and no slight misapprehension of *causes*. We hold that not chivalry exclusively or mainly, but Christianity generally, was the author of woman's redemption. By dethroning brute strength, and assigning to moral power the rightful sovereignty of the world, it removed the sole bar to a virtual equality of the sexes. The very errors (if errors they were) pertaining to the predominant religion contributed to the same result. If through woman came the *full of man*, through woman came also his *restoration*, and the mother of the world's Redeemer was raised to universal veneration and worship. From this her exaltation, a *reflected* light was shed on her whole sex, and an humble mother's smiles over the cradle, and her tears by the sepulchre of her child were a mighty instrument in striking the elbows from half our race. Principles and sentiments like these, concerning woman, chivalry found already existing, and did but give them distinct form, and carry them more palpably into effect. For this service it should receive all merited commendation.

But has woman *in fact* lost in station, with the passing away of the chivalrous age? So far from it, the sex at large has immeasurably *gained* in estimation. Save through her own dereliction, a woman cannot be wronged in our time without the whole community being banded in her behalf, and this, too, with no special reference to her social position. Whereas, in the Middle Age the wife or daughter of the serf was far less likely to wake the zealous sympathy even of the *truest* knight, than the lady of baronial rank. Moreover, even the loveliest of the sex were not so much companions and friends of man, as eynosures of the imagination, and idols of exaggerated homage. A noble-minded, high-hearted woman *now* stands incalculably higher, and wields an immeasurably larger influence, than in any foregone time. As wife, she is companion, counsellor, and truest friend, making for her husband life's rough places plain, its burdens tolerable, and its dark passages bright—as mother, she may all but absolutely pronounce what the coming age shall be—as arbiter of manners, fashions, and social proprieties, who can measure her agency in moulding that public opinion, which in our day is more despotic than ever the word of king or kaiser of old?

As touching love, (which, as all know, was a paramount sentiment of chivalrous times,) love, that not very *dangerous*, though considerably *distressing* malady, which appears from history to have been endemic to every people of every zone, and which sets at nought even the most improved medical science—the symptoms, we believe, continue the same substantially as laid down in the Pathology of old Froissart. "The course of true love" runs not more "smooth" or less frothy than of old. "Nods and becks and wretched smiles" are by the best judges pronounced as *infectious* as ever. And most certain is it, that in "woful ballads to a mistress' eyebrow," and so on, our age may fairly challenge competition with Richard the lion-hearted's own, nor did troubadours and minnesingers "startle night's ear" with strains more *erudely* touching than are *executed* by bards of our day. A lady's "no" means "yes," precisely as it did in the time of St. Louis, and now, as of yore, the maiden who builds a "temple to friendship" is very apt to install love as the presiding divinity. We have, indeed, no *cours d'amour* to settle judicially, as in the days of Burgundian Philip the Good, such important questions as, "Should you rather see me *leave* your mistress as you *approach*, or *approach* as you *retire*?" But they are settled, nevertheless. If John Lobieski, king and hero as he was, more dreaded the one little weapon wielded by his lady spouse, than the whole leveled lances of "Mahound and Termagaunt," we apprehend our age is heroic enough to match him even here.

All things considered, then, we think it a fair conclusion, that as touching her condition and estimation woman has no cause to lament that "the age of chivalry is gone."

But how stands our time as regards that adventurous, all-hazarding humanity which in theory was an essential of the old chivalrous spirit? Surely our age, in *this* respect, need fear no comparison with the 11th or the 14th centuries. There is no evil afflicting mankind, however deep-rooted or appalling, which does not *now*, as promptly as *then*, band together a host of generous hearts for its extermination. We might cite in abundance modern examples even of that *military* daring and achievement, which chivalry prized so dearly, and examples, too, worthy its brightest days. But a distinction of our age, still more glorious, is that high-toned, enthusiastic courage, which "*wrestles*" not with flesh and blood, but "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

For example, what *knighthly* enterprise of old, in disinterested benevolence, and even boldness, outshines that of the modern missionary to a barbarous people? To break asunder the ties of home, and kindred, and country—to surrender all the prerogatives of civilization and refinement—and without the "pomps, pride, and circumstance" of war inflaming the senses, or dreams of glory dazzling the imagination, to wage a wearisome, life-long conflict with ignorance and vice in all their repulsive varieties—here is exhibited a spectacle, which no feats of arms, however brilliant,

can parallel. It was, in truth, a noble impulse that urged the crusading hosts to the rescue of their Christian brethren in Palestine from Saracen oppression. But, then, from those *brethren*, at least, they might reckon on sympathy and cordial welcome. Whereas, the missionary toils for those who regard him, at best, a *stranger*, and sometimes an enemy. He must brave the arousing of that most pitiless of human passions, *religious hate*. He must often "do his devoir," not in the presence of applauding *peers*, but of covert ill-wishers, or open scorners. With his sweat and tears, and may be his blood, he must moisten a soil which, after all, may not show a single green blade in requital of his toils. Amid all sacrifices, privations, obstacles, and discouragements—in perpetual jeopardy of falling unpitied and unsung—*this* soldier of the cross must fight through his long battle-day, content if he hear not the inspiriting shouts of men, but the low whispers of approving conscience.

In a word, the modern chivalry is of far wider scope and loftier aim, than the ancient. It essays the redemption of men from *spiritual* as well as *physical* evils. It would strike the fetters from the mind and heart, not less than from the limbs. It compassionates such as have no pity for themselves, and would save those who are bent on their own destruction. And many, and most glorious in these days, have been the trophies of its achievements. Intemperance itself—that foul, prodigious birth to which the world, despairing of resistance, had so long submitted to yield an annual sacrifice, often of its brightest and hopefulest—has found at last a second Theseus to attempt its mastery, and the destruction of the monster is matter of cheering hope. And madness—that fearfully mysterious thing, before which, as it were an incarnate fiend, other times have quailed in helpless awe—has by modern benevolence been looked steadily in the eye and *tamed*. The dungeons and chains, which inflicted on *calamity* the pains of *crime*, have disappeared, and simple kindness, while found the best of *curatives*, has also been found a more effectual *restraint* than all such.

Nor have the victims of crime been overlooked. No longer like the lepers of old, are they shut out from all contact with *sound*, and abandoned, as beyond recovery, to die without intervention on their behalf. It was remembered that a condemned malefactor rendered homage to the Son of God, while the leaders and honorable ones of the people flouted and murdered him—that to *him* was Paradise opened, while over the self-complacent ones, who decreed and witnessed his fate, a doom was impending so horrible as to draw tears from the guiltless victim of their barbarity. That most illustrious of all chivalrous banners—the banner of Howard, the Godfrey of the crusade for redeeming the *outcast*—has gathered about it a host of congenial spirits, and many a prison *now*, like that of Paul and Silas, echoes with triumphant hymns of praise—the hymns of those "born into the glorious *liberty* of the sons of God."

Nor is there a nook or covert so obscure, which the blessed light of this spirit does not penetrate. From the sordid garrets and cellars where crouches poverty

—*vicious* poverty perhaps—issues the cry of hunger, and cold, and sickness. And why do fortune's *favoured* ones—they who clothe and lodge warmly—they whose hearts are light, and whose frames buoyant with health—why do *such* pause and turn aside at this cry? They are moved by the spirit of humanity of the modern *chivalry*. And so moved, you behold men—aye, and women too—the very minions of worldly prosperity—climbing the dark staircase, or plunging into the squalid cellar, bearing the wholesome food, the nourishing drink, the comfortable garment, and, best of all, carrying the balm of kind words and looks to the worn and desolate of heart.

And from the far isles of the sea is wafted the faint moan of a people stricken with famine. That faint moan is heard above all the din of business and clashing personal interests, and the whole community is agitated thereby. Behold the munificence of the rich, the mite of the poor, and even the tribute of the self-indulgent, pouring like a flood into a common treasury! Behold ships freighted, and their canvas all spread *eagerly* to the winds, to bear relief to those who are alien in blood and strangers even in name!

Knowledge, too, has *its* errant knights, not less distinguished than those of old for love of adventure and the readiness to dare all peril for its gratification. The diary of the modern traveller often equals, in romantic interest, the fictitious narrations of the exploits of the round table, and the paladins of Charlemagne. Park, and Clapperton, and Bruce, Humbolt, Burckhardt, and Caillé, Parry and Ross, and Franklin, are in daring and fortitude as genuine examples of chivalry, as the fabled Amadis and Roland, Huon, Bordelais, and Arthur Pendragon. To cross difficult mountains, and unfamiliar torrent-streams, to traverse unexplored forests and burning Zaharas; to risk the encounter of beast and reptile, and savage men still fiercer and more dangerous than these, demands a combination of that adventurous enthusiasm and unflinching hardihood, which made the very essence of knight-errantry. The *fabulous* champion was furnished for his conflict with giant and dragon, with weapons and harness forged by superhuman art. *Our* champions go fearlessly forth with no resources save those lying in their own resolute will and indomitable patience. The crusading knights brought back from the east some contributions to the civilization of the west. This, however, made no part of their original plan, but was merely a *casual* result of their enterprise. But of *our* crusades it is a *distinctive*, and often the *sole* aim to redeem the world's waste places to the dominion of enlightened man—to enlarge the boundaries of truth and science—to connect distant regions by that mutual acquaintance and interchange, from which each shall reap solid advantages.

The "Incidents of Travel," by a cotemporary countryman of our own, were of itself evidence enough, that the old adventurous spirit is not extinct. From the chosen land of "economists and calculators" has issued one, who, outwardly stamped with the unmistakable signature of the nineteenth century, and of Puritanic Yankee land as well, yet shows himself as



completely possessed with the genius of errantry, as ever was ancient knight to whom

"*Danger's self was lure alone.*"

The droll good humor he carries with him alike through the wilds of the ancient Scythian, and the decayed Homestalls of Ham and Esau—the self-relying composure with which he pic-nics with the robbersons of Ishmael and occasionally defies them to their beard—are a flight above St. Dennis and St. George. The interest, too, attracted to his narrations so widely and instantly, shows plainly that, notwithstanding all declarations to the contrary, to "dicker" and to "swap" are not all that Brother Jonathan cares for.

But as a crowning disproof of the imputation cast on the chivalry of our time, we may instance the *Democratic spirit* which pervades it so widely, and which is fast growing to universal predominance. No one will suppose we mean, by Democracy, what often usurps the name. We mean not that Florimel of the poet, who was as *false as fair*, and whose harlotry was manifest from her vain attempts to clasp on the consecrated girdle. We mean the Florimel, alike lovely and *true*, on whose bosom shines the well-fitting cestus wrought by art divine—that cestus, emblem of order and wholesome law, which wakes in the beholder a love alike permanent and chaste. It is the spirit prompting to "undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free," and to break every yoke from all wearing the shape of man.

However incomplete the prevalence of this spirit even now, however many the oppressions and glaring the inequalities yet existing in fact, it cannot be denied that there lies at the heart of this age, struggling incessantly for fuller and clearer manifestation, the idea that all men are in *essentials* originally equal, having a valid claim to all the means and opportunities needful for such a development of their capacities, as shall make life a *blessing* instead of a *burden*, and every child of Adam a *man* and not a *beast*.

Now the age capable of entertaining and cherishing an idea so large and glorious as this, need not, even were this its *sole* distinction, shrink from comparison with *any* age foregone. Originally promulgated by Christ in an abstract form, the world was not *then* ready to embody it in political institutions, or in fact to *apprehend* it, save very partially. And what age, until our own, has been fitted to receive and endeavor to realize it? Certainly not the "Age of Chivalry." The knight was level with the thought of purging the land, hallowed by the Redeemer's footsteps, of those who *denied* that Redeemer, and of unrivoting from those who, with themselves, rallied under the venerated emblem of the cross, the fetters imposed by such as flouted and trampled on the cross. And *this* was much. But the conception of breaking the bands of vilenage—of elevating to the dignity of *men* and *equals* the immense masses of serfs that encompassed him—was utterly above his measure.

Moreover, an outrage perpetrated within the bounds of his domain—for example, a lady, or even an itinerant merchant, robbed and shut up to ransom in the stronghold of some neighboring marauder—summoned him not in vain to punish the wrong and deliver the

captive. But that whole race, under the very shadow of his pennon, should wear out life in the prisoning stronghold of ignorance, subject not merely to the reasonable commands, but to the *wildest caprices* of masters who were such by no title save that of the *gawleted hand*, never seems to have struck him as a wrong calling for his interposition, or even his compassion.

From this *partial* character of chivalry many an evil has come down to our time, imperatively needing reform and yet exceeding difficult to be reached. It has left a stigma on labor—that which always has engaged and always *must* engage the majority of men. Nor does the task promise to be easy of redeeming the very employments indispensable to man's existence from the brand of *vulgarism* left upon them by the chivalrous past, and of vindicating for useful industry a superiority of regard above unproductive idleness or even activity in the work of destruction.

To sum up our parallel. The elder chivalry commencing with the redress of individual wrongs and grievances nigh at hand, reached its culmination in a grand, combined enterprise to deliver from oppression a province and a people. The modern chivalry musters its forces to extirpate evil, *wherever* and *however* it appears, and to redeem *all* lands and the *whole* race from every bond, whether restricting their freedom, their dignity, or their general well-being?

And *this* chivalry, we may confidently hope, will not, like its predecessor, die out with the times that gave it birth, but will endure while man and earth endure. And not *endure* only, but go on from triumph to triumph, and glory to glory, till it "hath put all enemies under its feet." The day of *physical* battle and carnage would seem to be nearly gone by, to return, let us hope, no more. Let us hope that the noblest genius and the most transcendent powers are no longer, as heretofore, to be decelerated to the service of the war-demon, and their whole efficiency put forth in the work of destruction, nor the lyre, the pencil, and the pen, to lavish their marvelous skill in garlanding with beauty and splendor the *intrinsic* ugliness of bloodshed and devastation.

"Peace hath its victories  
No less than war,"—

sang the poet three centuries ago, and the hour is coming, and now is, for prizing *these* victories aright. Thrice happy we that ours is a time when the sceptre is passing from iron nerves and mere *animal* vigor and hardihood, to those higher qualities, which act serenely and in silence—that the noiseless sunshine and soft-falling dews, and not the crashing thunder-pool and the watery deluge, are the proper symbols of the "powers that be,"—that now the warrior *literally* goes out to battle guarded and weaponed, as described by one of the earliest, as most eminent of their line, "putting on the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation," and grasping in his hand the "sword of the spirit."

And to what glorious *results* does the warrior, so armed, go forth to battle? How often has the obscure *man*—yea, and *woman*—clothed solely with this *moral* force, stricken a blow before which the

world's foundations have shaken! How often, at the voice of such an one, have the wrong-doer's knees been loosened and his blood stood still, in the very centre of his guarded citadel! And how often, in our day, have they, of whom the world's great ones make no account, achieved by *this* instrumentality what philosophers and even sceptred monarchs might envy—returned, for example, the light of joy in a hundred homes, long shrouded in black midnight, and bidden a hundred dwellings, in lieu of jangling broil or anguished sob and wail, peal out harmonious songs of thanksgiving and gladness! The old prophetic word is fulfilling. "He hath chosen the *weak things* of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Such being the fact, is it without *arrant* that we turn with high anticipations to the future? Is it mere *fancy*, the thought that we, *even now*, are standing in the glimmering dawn of a brighter than any foregone earthly day?—such an one as "kings and prophets desired to see, but died without the sight." Is not a time drawing nigh, which shall verify the *sanity* of those higher and purer aspirations, which have always flamed up amid the darkness of man's troubled soul? May we not now *rationaly* indulge the thought, that this magnificent platform of earth, canopied by yon majestic silver-gushing sky, is fitted for the exhibition of something richer and nobler than the hitherto paltry, prosaic life of man? What *means* the poet's magic inspiration, the plastic power of the sculptor and painter, whereby they bring before us scenes brighter and lovelier than mortal eye ever witnessed, and human beings majestic and admirable as very gods? Is this our unquenchable yearning after higher and better than *present* existences, a mere *disease* of the

soul, making of man a Tantalus burning with an everlasting thirst?

We cannot so think. We *must* believe that the most gorgeous dream of the poet, the most splendid conception of the artist, the most exquisitely beautiful scene the romancer ever drew, are after all but the shadowing of absolute truth—truth, possible too, to man's attaining, and his attaining in *this present stage* of being. We are buried, and smothered, and blinded by evils of our own, and our fathers' creating, and so catch hardly a glimpse of the glorious possibilities wooing us on every side, and waiting only to be clutched.

But, as we said, our hope is, that these dark, wearisome days are passing away, that from the moral forces now in such triumphant operation, the time is drawing on which shall join man's ideal and actual in everlasting marriage—when the tradition of a golden age, universally and perpetually existing, shall become *living fact*—when the gates of the once forfeit Eden shall be unbarred, and man's singing, sorrowing, yearning, passionate heart shall enter into its rest! The words by which Holy Writ pictures forth that coming day, are too familiar to need quoting. Not so familiar, perhaps, are the strains in which the heathen poet thus nobly sang of it:—

"The last great Age, foretold by sacred rhymes,  
Renews its finished course; Saturnian times  
Roll round again, and mighty years begun  
From this first orb, in radiant circles run,  
Unlabored harvests shall the fields adorn,  
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn;  
No keel shall cut the wave for *foreign* ware,  
For every soil shall every product bear.  
The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin,  
No plow shall hurt the glebe, no pruning hook the  
vine."

## THE BRANDYWINE.

BY T. B. READ.

Nor Juniate's rocky tide,  
That bursts its mountain barriers wide,  
Nor Susquehanna, broad and fair,  
Nor thou, sea-drinking Delaware,  
May with that lovely stream compare  
That draws its winding silver line  
Through Chester's storied vales and hills,  
The bright, the laughing Brandywine,  
That dallies with its hundred mills!  
It sings beneath its bridges gray  
To cheer the dusty traveler's way;  
Or, courting for a time his glance,  
It rests in glassy stillness there,  
And soon gives back his countenance  
Beguiled of half its care.  
Or wide before some cottage door  
It spreads to show its pebbled floor;  
And there, while little children meet,  
To gather shells at sunny noon,  
Its ripples sparkle round their feet  
And weave a joyous tune.  
Yet I have seen it foam when pent  
As wroth at the impediment;

For, like our noble ancestry,  
It ever struggled to be free!  
But soon along some shady bank  
In conscious liberty it sank,  
Then woke and sought the distant bay  
With many a blessing on its way.

Oh! when our life hath run its course,  
Its billowy pulses lost their force,  
Then may we know the heavenly ray  
Of peace hath lit our useful way;  
Yet feel assured that every ill  
Hath sunk beneath a steadfast will.  
May we, when dying, leave behind  
Somewhat to cheer a kindred mind,  
That toil-worn souls may rather bless  
Than curse us in their sore distress;  
For oh! his is a hateful lot  
Who dies accursed, or dies forgot;—  
But sweet it is to know the brave  
May conquer, with good deeds, the grave;  
And leave a name that long may shine  
Like that of memory divine,  
The far-famed "Banks of Brandywine!"

# PRECAUTION NOT ALWAYS PREVENTION.

## A LOVE STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

### CHAPTER I.

It was a large room opening into a delightful shrubbery redolent with all the sweet odors of June—the windows, over which the sweet-brier and clematis united their graceful tendrils, were curtained with rose-colored damask—the walls displayed the finest paintings from eminent masters—book-cases of carved oak highly polished were filled with volumes in the most costly bindings, and tables covered with portfolios, etchings, drawings half finished, manuscripts, &c. The only occupant of this room was a gentleman apparently about fifty years of age—to pronounce him a minute older would only be to impugn the skill of his tailor, his hair-dresser, his dentist, and of the faithful John, who daily presides over the mysteries of his toilet—*fifty* then be it. His dress was scrupulously neat; a coat of dark navy blue contrasts well with the pantaloons of light kerseynere—a vest of exquisite pattern—linen white as snow, and elaborately plaited, and a neck tie of faultless elegance, completed the dress of this gentleman. But for the ceaseless smile of self-complacency the countenance of Mr. Rivers would have been highly pleasing, while the suavity of his manners was almost unparalleled. A widower, free from all parental obligation, save whatever of that quality he might deem sufficient for the wants of an orphan ward, and the son of a deceased brother. Such was Mr. Rivers.

He was seated at one of the windows, apparently sketching the beautiful scenery it commanded, (an elegant employment, by the by, in which he delighted to be often surprised.) The hue of the rose fitted from the curtains to his cheek—the soft morning wind just kissed his temples—his white hand wielded the pencil most gracefully, and—in short, he formed quite a picture himself. For some time he remained with pencil in hand, yet, as it unfortunately happened, no one entered the room to observe him but the old housekeeper and the coachman; he at length, tired of attending, rang the bell.

"John, tell your young mistress I request her company in the library."

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments a sweet voice was heard singing a lively little air—there was a light tap at the door—then first a roguish pair of eyes peeped in—next a little head with a redundancy of dark brown tresses—a dainty foot next rested its tiny proportions on the rich carpet, and finally the whole person of a laughing Hebe bounded like a fawn into the room, and running to Mr. Rivers—her two little hands were placed on each cheek, and a sweet kiss rested on his forehead.

"Sit down, my love," said Mr. Rivers, with the sweetest smile, "I have something to say to you of the greatest importance."

And snatching up a little tabouret, Jessie complied, her eyes fixed demurely upon the countenance of her guardian.

"Jessie—hem—Jessie, how old are you, Jessie?" premised Mr. Rivers.

"O I am *so* old," replied Jessie, pretending to look very grave, "why only think, dear gurdy, to-morrow I shall be *seventeen*!"

"Seventeen—hem—very well, Jessie, my love, how should you like to be married?"

"*Married!* why, gurdy—*me* married!"

"Yes, my love," with another sweet smile; "how would you like to have an establishment of your own—to be your own mistress—do as you pleased, and—"

"O delightful!" interrupted Jessie, "to be my own mistress! do what I pleased! delightful! let me see what I *would* do—first, I would get Claude—"

"Never mind Claude, my dear," said Mr. Rivers, with the slightest possible tone of impatience. "I have sent for you on a more important topic. Marriage, Jessie, was ordained for the good of man—for the bliss of man—for the happiness of man—"

"And not for *woman*?" provokingly asked Jessie.

"Yes, for woman—I should have said *mutual* happiness," continued Mr. Rivers, still more sweetly. "One of the greatest English poets, Jessie, thus eulogizes this blissful state:

"The Nymen brought his love delighted hour  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy tower."

Thus you see, my dear, even Paradise was *not* Paradise 'till woman smiled"—hem—answer me, Jessie—should you like to be married?"

The affair grew serious, and so Jessie grew serious too. At length she said:

"And suppose I should say 'yes,' where am I to find a husband?"

"That is a question I am happily prepared to answer," replied Mr. Rivers, with honeyed voice and smile to match—"but cannot you guess, my dear?"

But Jessie could not—and so Mr. Rivers proceeded to the enlightenment of her dull comprehension by premising:

"My love, you already know, and knowing, I trust already love him—for he has ever been near you—he is one who—"

"O it is Claude!" cried Jessie, clapping her little hands and blushing like a rose.

"No, it is not Claude." (and this time there was no

smile,) "and sorry should I be to see you wedded to that hair-brained, wild nephew of mine."

"But who is it then, dear gurdy? (although I know I shall not like him!)" she added, in a low voice.

Mr. Rivers took her hand, pressed it very gently, and said:

"In *me*, dear Jessie, behold him! Yes *I, I* will be that happy man—your husband."

"*You!* gurdy, *you!*" and then such a laugh! clear and musical as the notes of the sky-lark it burst from her merry heart.

Why she should laugh Mr. Rivers could not imagine, so he patted her little head and said:

"Be quiet; my dear, do, and hear what I have to say: In marrying me you at once become your own mistress—my fortune shall be at your disposal—house—servants—equipage, all are yours—and in me you will possess a husband ever but too happy to anticipate your slightest wishes. Speak, then, my dearest girl, and tell me you will be mine."

But when Jessie looked up and met the countenance of her guardian so *done* to represent a sentimental lover, her mirth again burst forth, until the patience of even the imperturbable Mr. Rivers was moved. The result was, smiles were exchanged for tears, and flying to her chamber poor Jessie wept as if her little heart would break. The native buoyancy of her disposition, however, soon chased away the tears, as flit the clouds of an April day before the cheerful sun—so springing from her seat she bathed her tell-tale eyes, arranged her disordered toilet, and then began to contemplate seriously the prospects before her. She had been accustomed to consider the words of her guardian as laws she must obey—his wishes ever to be regarded in preference to her own. But now, alas! it is no longer the guardian, the father, who speaks—no, these wishes are now revealed to her in the guise of a lover! The tie which has so long bound him to her vital affections he himself now rends, that she may be his by a nearer, dearer bond!

"What am I to do?" thought Jessie, "and what will Claude say! Ah, right, I will run and ask dear Claude all about it." And the next moment she was tripping through the shrubbery, and the next, arm in arm with a handsome young man in a green hunting-jacket. Do you see now how Claude stamps his foot—now hear her merry laugh—he raves—she entreats.

"But what could I do, Claude? I could not tell dear gurdy he was too old, and too foolish—no, nor I could not tell him I did not love him, for I do love him dearly."

"Indeed! Miss Jessie," pettishly interrupts Claude.

"Yes, indeed! Mr. Claude—and so do you too—but then I do not want to marry him, do I?"

"No! nor you shall not! O the old fox—marry my little Jessie—not he indeed! no, not if I have to marry you myself. I say, Jessie," cried Claude, turning his laughing face toward her, "suppose we run away and get married just out of spite."

But Jessie places her little hand over his mouth, which it seems as if he would devour with kisses, and now they are sauntering toward the shore of yonder little lake, which lies like a mirror carelessly thrown amid fruits and flowers.

## CHAPTER II.

The rays of the declining sun stole through the fragrant honeysuckles at the window, and blending with the rosy hue of the silken hangings diffused a soft, mellow light around the pleasant apartment wherein Mr. Rivers was first discovered by the reader. He is sitting there still. The close fitting coat, however, of the morning is exchanged for an elegant flowered dressing-gown, and reclining within the yielding cushions of a luxurious chair—a table before him on which books and papers are confusedly mingled, as if by press of business, with an open letter in his hand, Mr. Rivers is again before us. Our young friend of the green hunting-jacket is also there—he stands near one of the windows, with an arch and mischievous expression of countenance, carelessly leaning upon his gun, while Turk, his favorite pointer, has made himself comfortable by appropriating a sofa exclusively to his own use. Mr. Rivers still smiles—but with the smile there may also be detected a look of perplexity and vexation—the business before him is evidently embarrassing.

In fact, Mr. Rivers had found out that the presence of such a handsome, sprightly lad as his nephew would prove no auxiliary to his designs upon the heart and hand of Jessie. Not that he by any means doubted the fascination of his own person, or that Jessie would be so unwise as to resist all the tempting *et ceteras* of wealth which he had thrown into the scale—neither would she now, for the first time in her life, exert a will of her own in opposition to his wishes—all these things were as utter impossibilities to the vanity-pampered mind of Mr. Rivers. But there was no necessity that Claude should always be reading with Jessie—or that Jessie should always accompany Claude in his rambles—none at all—and so, to put a quietus at once upon such folly, Mr. Rivers determined as soon as arrangements could be effected to send his nephew to Europe, and in the meanwhile to despatch Jessie to visit an old lady residing some ten miles from the Grove. These discreet resolves all prove that Mr. Rivers had cut his wisdom teeth.

But how to announce this project to his nephew occasioned his present perplexity. Turning at length toward Claude with an air which seemed to say, "you see how much I am ever exerting myself for you," he began—

"My dear nephew, it is a source of great happiness to me to be the instrument of happiness to you. (I wish by the bye, Claude, you would remove the dirt of the fields from your boots, and not suffer Turk to follow you into this room!) To the eyes of youth, Claude, the vista of life is ever adorned with flowers of the most brilliant dyes, and to inhale, (look, Claude, that beast of yours is absolutely *ruining* my drawings!) to pluck the delights of this beautiful perspective is naturally the wish of every youthful mind—therefore it is I am so much delighted at having it in my power to remove you from this dull sphere. (You will injure the carpet by twirling your gun in that manner!) I have this day received a letter from one of my many Parisian correspondents upon matters which require immediate and personal attention. There are reasons

why I cannot leave at present," (here Turk received a kick from Claude,) "and therefore to you I shall entrust the affair, and it is one of such importance as must make you feel honored by the charge. You can make your arrangements, nephew, to sail for Liverpool in the next steamer.

"May I be hanged if I do!" thought Claude, but he only said with much coolness:

"I thank you for your kindness, uncle, but really I do not feel disposed to accept of your offer, advantageous as you may consider it."

"Not accept my offer! You astonish me." And Mr. Rivers rubbed his forehead, as if he doubted his own sanity.

"And besides, uncle, I have promised Jessie to take her to Boston next week."

"No matter about Jessie," answered Mr. Rivers, rather hastily; "she will not go—and neither has she any inclination to visit Boston at present."

"That is very strange, sir," said Claude, "it was only last night we were speaking of it."

"Hem!—Claude—there is an event—ahem!—in short, something has this day occurred which—which will probably influence all Jessie's future movements."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Claude, looking profoundly innocent.

"Yes, nephew—in fact, Claude, I expect to marry Jessie in a few weeks."

"Marry Jessie!—you astonish me—to whom?" said Claude.

"Myself."

"You! impossible! you!" And if Jessie had laughed in the morning, more merrily laughed Claude now—it might have been the wind, but it seemed as if a sweet voice under the window caught up the notes and sent them trilling through the shrubbery, like the low warbling of a bird.

"Excuse me, uncle, but really the idea struck me at first as being very laughable."

"And why so, sir?" and if ever Mr. Rivers looked black, this was the time.

"Why, Jessie is but a child as it were"—answered Claude  *suavely*—"and you are not so very, very young, uncle."

"That, sir, permit me to say, is no affair of yours."

"O no, but Jessie is only seventeen!"

"Well, you need not trouble yourself about her age, it is not you who are to marry her."

"Ahem!"

"When you have reflected a little more upon the peculiar eligibility of the plan I propose for you, you will thank me that I now *insist upon your compliance*—therefore make your arrangements at once."

Claude made no answer, but carelessly whistling to his dog, bowed to Mr. Rivers, and, with "a lurking devil in his eye," left the apartment.

### CHAPTER III.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful; and long before the elegant Mr. Rivers had deemed it necessary to summon to his toilet the trusty John, Claude and

Jessie held a long, and we may presume interesting, conversation in the little summer-house, and the result was that Claude seemed suddenly to be aware of the immense advantage which would accrue to him by accepting the proposals of his uncle; at least we may infer this from his making known to Mr. Rivers immediately after breakfast his readiness to comply with his wishes. Delighted at the prospect of being speedily relieved from the presence of one whose influence over the mind of Jessie he so much dreaded, Mr. Rivers with great alacrity commenced making all the necessary preparations for his nephew's departure, in which Claude himself, with unwonted zeal, assisted. Jessie was already a welcome visiter with the old lady whose roof was considered an asylum so much safer than his own by the prudent Mr. Rivers—her presence being removed, the work went rapidly on. It was the evening before Claude's intended departure that he stood before his uncle, (and this time, from policy, Turk was excluded the conference,) evidently in some embarrassment, as if he wished yet feared to speak the subject on his mind. To the inquiries of Mr. Rivers, however, he at length made answer:

"Why, the fact is, my dear uncle, I have got myself into a foolish predicament, and all for helping a young friend of mine in a silly love scrape. Will you be so kind as to assist me with your advice, or at least assure me that you do not condemn my rashness."

"O certainly, certainly, what is it, my dear Claude?" blandly answered Mr. Rivers, laying down his book.

"A very particular friend of mine, whose name from motives of delicacy I must for the present conceal, has been foolish enough to fall deeply in love with a young and charming girl—perhaps, however, you, uncle, will not deem him so foolish as would those whose hearts have never been touched by Cupid's arrows."

"Go on, Claude," said Mr. Rivers, gently smiling at the "soft impeachment."

"This love she sincerely and ardently returns," continued Claude, "but, as another proof that the 'course of true love never did run smooth,' they are now forbidden—aye, forbidden—by the arbitrary decision of relatives, to indulge longer their bright dream of happiness! Is it not an outrage, sir? for they have long known and loved each other. Think, sir, if it were your *own* case what your feelings would be!" and Claude strode angrily across the room, as if he were in reality the aggrieved party.

"It is, indeed, a painful business," answered Mr. Rivers, "but is there no reason assigned for this cruel severing of hearts?"

"O yes, uncle, a capital reason—they wish to marry her to some other person whom their wisdom has discovered—a capital reason, is it not?"

"Great injustice, Claude!"

"Yes, sir, so I say, great injustice—I am glad to hear you speak thus. Ah I feel for my friend as if it were myself, and for the poor young lady too. Now, uncle, to let you into the secret—they have determined upon an elopement—there is no other way—

they are to be torn asunder to gratify the whims of a third party, and to avoid this they are resolved to flee and be happy."

"Spirited, at any rate—but yet, nephew, I cannot say that I exactly approve of their course—it does not look right thus to—"

"No, it does not look, as you say—but what can they do? *You*, uncle, surely, with your present prospects of domestic happiness, can pardon them, and not judge with too much severity!" and here Claude assumed such a rueful face, that a tear *almost* trickled down the classical nose of Mr. Rivers.

"True, Claude, they are to be pitied, and under such circumstances I should feel unwilling to condemn the propriety of their intentions. But as yet I do not see wherein you are a party concerned."

"I was just going to tell you, sir, that, carried away by my feelings upon the subject, I have promised to aid them all in my power. Now, my dear uncle, as I am going to town in the morning, and as there is plenty of room in the carriage, why—why—in short, unless you forbid me, I have promised to take charge myself of these unfortunate lovers."

"No, Claude, I do not forbid you, yet I am sorry to find you implicated in an affair of so delicate a nature."

"But do you not think they will be forgiven? for it appears to me that it would be egregious folly to nourish resentment against them after the affair is finished."

"Yes, Claude, I agree with you—it would be absurd—still there are many who, to their dying day, would never forgive a thing of this kind—never."

"But were the case your own, uncle?"

"Why, I should forgive them, certainly, and however much I may disapprove of elopements in general, there are many allowances to be made for your friend—the parties are young—have long loved each other—ahem!—the heart, Claude, cannot be controlled."

"No, sir."

"And now, at this unfortunate crisis, their only resource seems to be in flight."

"Precisely so, sir."

"But do you think your friend is worthy the affections of the young lady?"

"I think so, sir—I have an excellent opinion of him! Have I then your consent to make use of your carriage to aid the lovers in their flight?"

Mr. Rivers having signified his assent, in a few moments the subject was dismissed in order that all business arrangements pertaining to Claude's Parisian trip might be closed. At an early hour the following morning Claude bade his uncle farewell."

"You will stop and say 'good-bye' to Jessie?" cried Mr. Rivers, putting his head into the carriage window, feeling unusually complaisant to his nephew now that he was about to depart for so long a time.

"Well—yes—perhaps I will, it will not detain me long," answered Claude, rather indifferently—and then reclining back in the carriage, as it rolled away from the door, he indulged in a long and hearty laugh.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was very considerate in Mr. Rivers to allow two whole days to intervene between his nephew's departure and that whereon he destined to bring Jessie home. He always paid great deference to the "*eyes of the world*," and there were some who possibly might have looked upon an *instant* return of his ward as indicating that jealousy alone had tempted him to remove her from under his own roof until Claude had departed also. Be that as it may, on the third morning Mr. Rivers seated himself in a pretty little gig, and taking the reins in his own white-gloved hands, rolled gently along toward the residence of his old friend. The thistle down floating lightly over the dewy fields—now poised for a moment on some silvered blade—now resting in the bosom of some wild flower—was not more buoyant than the heart of Mr. Rivers. Never before had the face of nature appeared so beautiful. The birds warbled in the thickets—the grasshoppers chirped by the road-side, and myriads of butterflies sported on rainbow wing before him. Mr. Rivers was a happy man—his smile more sweet than usual!

At length the little white cottage of the widow appeared in sight, and in a few moments the horse was fastened to a thrifty maple, and Mr. Rivers walking up the shady path leading to the door. The good lady received him very cordially, although evidently with some surprise—the usual compliments passed, and then inquiries were made for Jessie.

"Jessie! she is not here—bless me, is not she at home?"

"Not *here*! Jessie not here!"

"Why no—bless you—she left two days ago in your own carriage with Master Claude!"

The truth flashed at once upon the mind of Mr. Rivers. Yes, it was too true—they had eloped—the fable of Claude's sentimental lovers illustrated! Rage, mortification and disappointment beat about the heart of the poor man by turns, until he was almost stifled—no one that had seen the courteous Mr. Rivers one hour before would have recognized the suddenly grown-old old gentleman who now stormed and raved about the narrow confines of Mrs. Knight's parlor. Could he have annihilated time and space to reach the truant lovers he would have done so—but all he *could* do was to rush out of the house, mount his gig, and drive like one demented to the first inn, where, engaging a carriage, he bade the driver haste with all speed to Boston.

The first question Mr. Rivers asked on alighting at the Tremont was if the steamer had sailed—she had not. Somewhat relieved by this assurance, he next cast his eyes over the late arrivals at the hotel, and there, sure enough, in his nephew's own handwriting, he read, "*Claude Rivers and Lady*." *Claude Rivers and Lady!* O what a whirlpool raged in his brain for some moments! entering his own, he requested a private room, that he might collect his disordered senses ere he appeared before the fugitives. He had not been there long when a note was put into his hands: It contained simply these lines:

"But were the case your own, uncle?"

"Why, I should forgive them certainly . . . There are many allowances to be made . . . The parties are young—have long loved each other . . . *The heart, Claude, cannot be controlled!*"

"Fool! fool! dupe that I have been!" exclaimed Mr. Rivers. "Forgive them! *no*—never!"

There was a light tap at the door—the arms of Jessie were around his neck, and Claude had seized his hand.

"Ah, dear gardy, forgive us!" cried Jessie.

"Dear uncle, pardon!" said Claude.

In vain Mr. Rivers strove to free himself—he turned from the beautiful, humid eyes of Jessie, but he met the fine manly countenance of his nephew—he turned again to Jessie—again to Claude—and,

finally, perfectly subdued, he folded his arms around them and exclaimed:

"Well, well, my children, I forgive you—I have been fairly duped! yes, I forgive you."

The consequence was, Mr. Rivers concluded that the Parisian business, which he had considered of so much importance a few days previous, might now be deferred for awhile—and the next day the trio returned happy to the Grove.

I must beg the reader's kind feelings for my little heroine—she was a naughty girl I acknowledge—but then Claude was such a *tease!* and as Mr. Rivers (himself the only really aggrieved party) has forgiven her, will you not extend to her the same indulgence?

## THE FAN.

### A LOVER'S FANTASY.

BY FRANCES G. OSGOOD.

DAINTY spirit, that dost lie  
Couched within the zephyr's sigh,  
Murmur in mine earnest ear  
Music of the starry sphere!  
Softest melody divine  
Send unto each lyric line,  
Till the lay of love shall seem  
Light and airy as its theme.

Ah! not unto mortal wight  
Wilt thou whisper, frolic sprite!  
Fancy! wave thy fairy wing,  
White the magic Fan I sing!

Airy minister of Fate,  
On whose meaning motions wait  
Half an hundred butterflies,  
Idle beaux—more fond than wise—  
Basking in the fatal smile  
That but wins them to beguile!  
Beast be they who fashioned thee,  
Beauty's graceful toy to be!  
Virgin gold from Orient cave—  
Veined pearl from ocean's wave—  
Showing like her temples fair  
Through her curls of lustrous hair—  
Tints of richest glow and light  
From a master's palette bright,  
On the parchment rarely wrought,  
Till the painting *life* has caught,  
All have made thee plaything fit,  
For a maiden's grace and wit.  
She can teach thee witchery's spell,  
Make thy lightest motion *tell*,  
Bid thee speak, though mute thou art,  
All the language of the heart.

When her eyes say softly "yes,"  
Thou canst hide and yet express  
All th' enchanting blush would speak  
While it warms her modest cheek,  
And thy motion well can show,  
With one flutter to or fro,  
Her disdain's indignant "no."

Queen of fans! the downy pressure  
Of her snow-white, dimpled hand  
As it clasps the costly treasure,  
Wrought in India's glowing land,  
Has it not a soul impressed  
On the toy by her caressed?

Oh! what ministry divine,  
Frail yet love-taught fan, is thine!  
Thou shouldst be a beautiful bird,  
Flying at her lightest word,  
Nestling near her silken zone,  
Like a gem on Beauty's throne,  
Or a young aerial sprite  
Watching every smile of light:  
Art thou not? Methinks I trace,  
Now and then, an angel face  
Gleaming, as thy painted wing  
Flies before her—happy thing!  
Sometime I could almost swear  
Love himself had hidden there,  
Aiming thence his shafts of fire,  
Now in sport and now in ire.  
Hearts obey each proud behest  
By thy lightest touch expressed,  
As thou glaucest to and fro,  
Fluttering in her hand of snow.  
So, fair spirit, fold thy wing  
While thy ministry I sing!  
Softly wave each careless curl  
O'er her brow—the radiant girl;  
Fan each pure and precious tint  
Feeling on her cheek doth print;  
Wake it from its pure repose,  
Till the dear blush comes and goes;  
Shade the dimple's frolic grace  
Sporting o'er her sunny face;  
Hide the smile of playful scorn  
From her spirit's buoyance born;  
Veil the timid sigh that parts,  
Trembling, from her "heart of hearts;"  
Aid the glances—words of light—  
Flashing from her eye's blue night,

And her dearest bidding do,  
Like an Ariel foud and true!

All sweet airs and incense wait  
On thy wave, fair wand of Fate!  
Soft and balmy, as her sigh,  
Be each zephyr thou dost wake,  
Round her graceful head to fly,  
Blest be thou for Beauty's sake!

Yef, oh spirit! fold thy wing,  
While thy ministry I sing!  
Show her how some touch, too bold,  
Marred thy robe of pearl and gold,  
Whisper as thou waviest by,  
Beauty's light like thine will die  
If she waste its bloom divine  
On the idlers round her shrine;  
Warn her that *her* spirit's wing  
Be not ever fluttering;  
For if *that* should break, or show  
Lightest shade upon its snow,  
Lives no mortal artisan  
That can make it bright again!

Tears may bathe the broken plume,  
Sighs may mourn its early doom—  
Only may it hope for rest  
Folded on the Father's breast.

So, fair spirit, wave thy wing,  
And my message softly sing!  
"Do thy spiriting gently" there,  
Lest thou wound a soul so rare,  
And be this the warning dear  
Murmured in her ivory ear—

"Lovely lady, have a care!  
Words are more than idle air,  
Smiles can surer wound or heal  
Than the stars, whose light they steal.  
She whose power is undenied  
Should have pity with her pride,  
Should remember, while her frown  
Clouds the hope she may not crown,  
Rarest skill and subtlest art  
Cannot mend the *broken heart*!"  
So, fair spirit, wave thy wing,  
And thy warning softly sing!

## S U D D E N   D E A T H .

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHERE are ye, spirits of the dead?  
That erst with us held converse kind?  
Bright o'er our hearts your sunlight shed  
And with strong influence moved the mind?  
At morn, with tender smite and word,  
Ye cheered us on our devious way—  
At eve, we marked, with terror stirred,  
A ghastly form of breathless clay.

This hour, beside the cheerful hearth,  
Or at the household board ye sit,  
The next, dissolve the ties of earth  
And like the impassive shadow flit.  
On your sealed lip the unfinished phrase  
With trembling agony we trace,  
And shudder as with stony gaze  
Ye shut us from your foud embrace.

We vainly search your viewless track—  
We call, ye deign us no reply—  
We weep, and yet ye turn not back  
To kiss the tear-drop from our eye.  
Ye hide from us the robes you wear,  
The path you take, the page you read,  
And coldly lock the mansion where  
A strange, mysterious life you lead.

Ah! why is this? What fault is ours?  
That silent thus he haste away,  
And heed no more the cherished flowers  
That in your pulseless hand we lay?  
Heed not the piercing cries that swell  
From the lone infant's wild despair,  
And leave to those ye loved so well  
The load of undivided care.

Oh, spirits of the viewless dead!  
If nought within this world of pain  
May hope to lure your backward tread  
To love's sweet intercourse again,—  
Yet bend, and teach us how to mourn,—  
Unfold the hovering wing, and show  
How at one rush the nerves were torn  
That bind so close to joys below.

We knelt beside your shrouded clay,—  
And long invoked the untrifling ear,—  
And now, the self-same words we say  
Beside your grave that yawns so drear.  
It closes!—Must we homeward go,  
The desert-void of life to try?—  
And miss, amid our toil and wo,  
The solace of your answering eye!

Bereaved, and shelterless, and lone,  
There still remains one place of trust,—  
The footstool of our Father's throne,—  
The humbled lip laid low in dust;—  
There let us cling, though tempest-tost,—  
There let us breathe the comfort prayer,  
Till, spirits of the loved and lost,  
Like you, an unknown flight we date,—

From orb to orb, from sphere to sphere,  
Shall what your eyes behold discern,—  
What your purged ear hath heard shall hear,—  
And what your thoughts conceive shall learn;—  
And if, like you, with lowly zeal  
This dim probation-path we trod,  
Shall at your side enraptured kneel  
Amid the paradise of God.



## MONOLOGUES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

### NO. II.

WHEREFORE should the soul of man droop or be disquieted within him, while God has vouchsafed to us such sublime sources of consolation as the mountains, the sea, and the splendors of the sun-rise? The watches of the night are over: Silence guarded the stern vigils of suffering and gloom, till, like a gush of love, the melody of morning burst from the skies, and scattered the coward troop of solitude. Calm with the confidence of joy—happy as he to whom his friends have returned—I have stood upon this mountain-rock, from the budding dawn of light, till now, when the full-expanded flower of day is blooming on the stalk of Time, shedding the odor of brightness through the universe. Exalted scene of might made beautiful by boundless Love! There are, to whom Night with her stars and stillness is a fascination: the deepest, wildest throeb of delight that quivers through *my* being, is when the first red gleam of the sun is flashed across the abyss of air, like the signal-gun of a monarch's coming. Beyond every living thing in Nature, my feelings are with *him*: when I behold his shining, all the faculties of my existence swell forth to meet his forces. The slackened nerve of energy once more is bent up, and "a short youth runs warm through every vein."

August and sovereign Sun! Presence of grandeur! Image of high command! Thy rising is a sacrament of strength; and in our soul's communion with thy rays, the eternal covenants of Hope are renewed, and our being's high sympathy with Truth and Virtue is again established. Power is born within thy palaces of Light, and influences of Pleasure ride on thy rushing beams. Stern star of Destiny! what issues attend upon thy coming! Thy motions are our Fate, and thy progress up yonder blue arch of Heaven shall be the Anguish or the Joy of Nations. Fierce firstling of omnipotence! in whose form Infinity grew palpable in splendors, when earliest its excess of energy overflowed into creation. Almost titles of divinity are thine. Thy changes are earth's epochs: our passions and our actions wait on thee; thou goest up in glory, leading the hosts of Being. Author of order! Token of Him that made the universe! To thee it is given daily to renew the wonders of the primal miracle, and call the earth into beauty, from the deep of Night and Nothingness: Nay, even beyond the marvel of that type, thou makest each morning as many worlds as there are minds within it, for that dawning which seemed as general as the heavens is as particular as each human heart. The mingled music of thy seven-toned lyre rolls over the earth; childhood's gentle spirit, light-slumbering on its violet-bed of visions,

catches the *finest* sound of the rich symphony—the joy-note of the strain—and, trembling into fine accord with it, wakes to its fairer, falseer dream of real life: the strong, full tone of Duty sounds, swells, and echoes through the soul of manhood; the laxer ear of age faintly hears the deep, harsh note of Custom, heavily vibrating with weight of memories. From thy golden fountains, wells forth that perennial stream whence all drink Life and Consciousness; to different lips, too, various is the taste; to some, as sweet as praise; to some, more bitter than the draughts of Death. Proud, melancholy orb! lone in thy lordliness! thou dwellest in thy solitudes of splendor, and pourest thy bounty ceaselessly on all things, and meekest with no return. Sublime in thine unsocial greatness! beyond the sympathies of those on whom thy blessedness is lavished! sustained by the great happiness of doing good without reward! satisfied, through a thousand ages, with the pure consciousness of duty! Thou art the type and teacher of the life of man. Shine on, most glorious orb; we hail in thee the elder brother of our souls, in whose grandeur our nature is ennobled.

Wearied by the fret and wretchedness of society—vexed and saddened in spirit by its miserable monotony of littlenesses—I have come to dwell amidst the expanses of Nature, that I may find that companionship which the world does not afford me, and inhale that bracing air of loftiness and force by which my youthful soul was nurtured. From the exhausting fervors of action—the rage of ignoble passions—the excitements which convulse—the experiences which deprave the heart—I turn, with what large relief of feeling, to these wide, kingly scenes, which, while they stimulate and stir, still raise, invigorate, and calm. I have ever loved to have my being the subject of *great* impressions; and I find nothing that is great in the politics, the business, or the literature of this time. But when I seek the forests or the hills, I am sure of being in a majestic presence. Severe or soft, serene or in storms, Nature at least is always grand. In all her moods, she wears an aspect of sublimity. Qualities of might dwell among her retreats. The springs of energy are amidst her depths. Peace spreads her courts of mystic power within her valleys: sentiments of Purity float, like their snowy mists, around her monumental hills. As we breathe her atmosphere of greatness, that generosity of feeling, which the world had well nigh strangled, lives again within us. From her fellowship, we knit to our souls that magnanimity which is the noblest treasure of our nature, the ornament and crest of character, a god-like quality above

the name of virtue. Her solitudes are inspiration; in them we meet with sensations which are not of Time—impressions, weird, startling, not exempt from terror—suggestions of the Eternal. Her breezes, to me, are spirits of power from the far home of the soul, issuing forth with ghostly visitation, to whet the almost blunted purposes of Ambition, and sting the mind into Resolution through Remorse; they search the chambers of the spirit, and champion all its strength. Flushed into tameless force, by those influences which light the gy-eagle's blazing eyes, and charge his feathers with swiftness, Thought springs into the boundless vast, and, with sounding pinion, wings the wide, silent deep. From her chairs, the poet's strain scatches sounds that out-voice the tempests of a thousand years. Those endless, ever-swelling harmonies that roll in upon the soul from the broad sea of Homer's verse, were fashioned of her echoes. Hers are the eternal fires that kinde up the soft transparencies of Spenser. Mighty as were Lord Byron's native faculties, it was to his communion with nature, chiefly, that he was indebted for that flashing grandeur of imagination, that rush of soul and torrent-strength of an unblenching mind, and the charm of a spirit magnificently changeful.

In my earlier days, while the cloud of the Infinite yet hung around the soul, informing it with the electric might that dwells in mystery, I needed not the sight of outward objects to delight, nor the force of outward agencies to strengthen me. My youth is to me a recollection of delight. Existence then was energy; Thought was beauty; Consciousness was joy. The nursing spirit teemed with creations of loveliness and light; I thought that its spontaneous wealth could never be exhausted. *Felsere quantum candili tibi soles.* That time is gone—that pleasant time, when, every morning, soft, budding thoughts were clustering round my mind—when, within the inward empyrean of meditation, shapes of enchanting elegance, sparkling as morning on the blue Ezean, spotted with splendor, rose and floated through the sapphire atmosphere, as the wreathed clouds beneath a stainless sky, slowly unweil themselves out of the invisible air. But though the day of that ethereal susceptibility is gone, in which the pulsations of the blood were impressions of the Intellect, when I *felt* Fancies, and Thought was almost a physical sensation, yet my sensibility to the effects of excellence in outward things is as quick and tumultuous as ever. The faintest appearances of that nameless divine essence wake my feelings into kindling life. There still remains within me, undiminished by calamities and cares, that calm, intense, and exquisite perception which can distill from beauty the drops of ecstasy. Time, who as often plays the sudden robber as the subtle thief, has snatched from me many a gift of strength and many a grace of pleasure; but he has left me still the power daily to hang against the eastern sky a picture whose glow of gorgeousness fires my nature into rapture; the power to be delighted almost to delirium with the rising of the sun; to apprehend in the beautiful a majesty which almost bows down and prostrates my being before it. And though that mantling luxury of strength which for its own

relief threw forth the forms of grace, and that warm flush of sentiment which colored them into celestial loveliness, have vanished—not fading by their own weakness, but burned out by the blaze of the passions—their removal has discovered stronger and more enduring faculties in the resources of the resolute Will. And I have learned to see in the fictions of the mind a far deeper value and significance, and a far loftier office, than I had conceived of in the wantonness of boyish fancy. Let no man regret the decline of youthful fervor; for the world brings to us a knowledge and a power beyond all that our birth bestowed. The revelations of Time are full of wisdom. I have learned to see in that dreaming which was the idleness of childhood, the true dignity and highest destiny of man.

There is in Life an idea above Life. The being of man is infected with the apprehension of a state and character of existence beyond the experience of his daily consciousness. Toward this condition, his nature is stung by a perpetual and inherent uneasiness; and in it alone it rests. This Life above Life is Beauty; and the mean of its realization is Art.

When we attain to the Beautiful, we pass to a different region—we rise into another world. For though the Ideal is, in its direct analysis, but the development, completion, and perfectness of the actual, yet in impression and effects the change is of essence. In those subjects of more complex and intricate relation which lie above the range of mechanical considerations, form constitutes character. The chymist can reproduce the substance of every element and every organ in animal life; the form, he cannot produce. In the capacity to impart Form, consists the mystery of creation.

Sensible images being the most dominant in our constitution, the Beauty of material shape is that with which we are most conversant; and to the laws of its existence and evolution, we give, by emphasis, the name of Art. But to every faculty of our nature, and every subject of our cognizance, belong its peculiar beauty, and its appropriate Fine Art. Truth is the beauty of Intellectual form, and Science is the art which deals with it. Coolness is the beauty of the affections, and Religion is the fine art which undertakes to produce it. Virtue is the beauty of morals, and Philosophy is the aesthetics of that perfectness. Society is the beauty of the grand *ensemble* of human action, and Politics is the sublime and profoundly difficult art by which it is attained. There are minds to which the abstract beauty of mathematical forms presents itself so objectively that they perceive in it a richness beyond even the luxury of pictures; but they are rare souls, fashioned in Nature's pride.

To evolve the Beautiful, in all its various departments, is the end and object of man's existence; it is the great duty of our species. We were formed, not to enjoy, but to produce. The life of the race is a grand and continuing process of creation, in which Deity acts, not directly, but through the medium of man's nature. And this glorious purpose of our being is accomplished mainly by those things which we blindly call the defects and evils of our nature and

condition. For, suffering is the source of action, the moving power of the moral being. Man never moves, and cannot move, but upon the impulses of suffering; even when led on by foregoing pleasures, he advances because the thought of a pleasure unpossessed is pain. Were we happy, we should be cyphers. Moral evil is therefore the servant of God's design, and a minister of man's greatness; for goodness renders men happy, and wickedness is necessary to fill their souls with the forces of wretchedness. It is thus, by throwing imperfection and the consequent power of pain into the world, and evil with its attendant energy into the human heart, that the sublime career of life has been set going. Beauty is in its own nature immortal, serene and satisfying; and its immortality is the appointed refuge of our souls from the stings and punishments of Time. Our disappointments and our sorrows are our truest friends; for they compel us to create. Our sufferings are our glory. Pain is the kindly discipline of him that would have us to be great. We are hunted into greatness; we are whipped and scourged into Fame. Cast thine eyes upon the splendid productions of the past, thou that murmurest at the dispensations of Providence, and see the sublime monument of man's woes and wants, his privations, his inward agonies; and behold the justification of creative love. Persons may be destroyed; hearts may be crushed; but the beaming ear of Intellectual Life moves on in glittering majesty and sounding pomp. God is glorified; and man, made honorable in despite of his wishes, leaves the tracks of Time strewn with the spoils of Eternity.

The treasures of Art are the trophies of our race. Of an essence beyond mortality—gleaming with an inherent, star-soft lustre—they hang on high along the firmament of Fame, the appropriate and imperishable evidences of the lofty destiny of him from whom they emanated. They are the sublime and silent signals by which the Past converses with the Future. Time, whose touch is the tarnish of the earthly, is to them a handmaid and a beautifier. They gather those rays of another sphere which are wandering through our atmosphere, and reflect them down upon our spirits. They are a presence of Eternity amid the changeful stripes of the world.

And why has not this age and country given forth

its contingent of immortal works? Why should we remain forever apalled and paralyzed by the perfections of Grecian excellence? Who shall set up the pillars of literature, and say "Beyond the daring of the Past, Futurity shall never go?" Men still are men; the inspiring forces of sky and earth, of rock and water, are not diminished. On each new morning of creation the majestic life of Nature rouses itself in all its beauty, and, shaking magnificence from all its motions, goes forth in power, and joy, and thrilling youth; shall not our spirit attend its march, and be incorporate with it in ever-living force? There is no lack of energy in the character of our country; but it is wasted upon interests, transitory and deciduous. The power of the modern soul, swept by passions which the elder world knew not of, often foams into splendor; but it is a flash as wild and evanescent as the yellow gleam of the morning ray upon the dashing waves of the Adriatic. Instead of that intense concentration of power and purpose which brought all the light of Being to one star-like focus, we behold, in the instincts of the modern character, a tendency to disperse and scatter the rays of mind. Single, almost to narrowness, calm, self-controlled, and patient, the Greek sought ever to turn every shape to beauty, to garner up every feeling into the perpetuity of art; hence, while our results are fragmentary and fugitive, his productions have a character of Everlasting.

The causes of the inferiority, or rather the utter and absolute failure, of modern effort, I think that I can in some slight degree unfold. They consist mainly in our not understanding the true nature of Art, in what it consists, and of what dignity it is. I love my fellows, and I love my country; though I associate not with the one, and extol not the other. I cherish, above every other wish, the desire to see my countrymen come forward into the line of the true greatness of the race; and at some future time I hope to find, among the youthful men of genius in our land, a few hearers of the views which I have to offer. Taking up their writings, and those which have been their models, I shall suggest to them that they have not yet attained one correct conception of what Art is—that they have still to acquire the first elements of æsthetical education.

## A SHANTY ON LAKE CHAUDIERE.

Oh! a hunter's life is the one for me,  
I could ever roam in the wildwood free—  
To rouse the deer at the morn we go  
Where the thick leaves drop o'er the waters low,  
And we chase the prey till the sun's decline,  
Then feast and sing by the gay moonshine,  
And wrapt in furs, with the stars above,  
We sleep, and dream of the girls we love!

Oh! we start the heron from reedy lair,  
Or the wild swan watch in the depths of air,—  
We lure the trout from his jcy nook,  
And snare the pike in the arrowy brook,

We spear the salmon, in bark canoe,  
Our torch-light skimming the darkness through;  
And sink at last to our wildwood rest,  
To sleep as sweet as on maiden's breast!

We build our hut by the forest lake,  
Where the lilies blow, and the violets wake.  
When the purple grapes tessel the trees,  
And we hear at night the cold north breeze;  
When the brown nuts fall on the frosty ground—  
Oh! then by the hearth-fire gathering round,  
We sing old songs, and we laugh at care,  
And we drink the healths of our maidens fair!

## TRUE LOVE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. ENMA C. EMBURY.

"'Tis but an old world tale :—for Love and Truth  
Are dreams, from which we weave a fair romance,  
Imagining that which earth has never known,  
Or, knowing, has not valued."

GENTLE reader, do you like a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end? If so, turn the page, for this will not be to your taste. I am weary of treading the same track. I will tell my tale in my own way, even if it be like a child's first experiment in knitting, where, though the thread be left unbroken, many a stitch is dropped—or, like old Dr. —'s sermons, which contain broken bits of a golden chain of thought, but are always wanting in connecting links. My story begins in the middle, and finishes after the end: now read if you will, I have given you an honest warning.

In a spacious apartment, whose low ceiling and carved panels were in keeping with the quaint and cumbersome furniture which the Patricians of Albany fancied at the beginning of the last century, sat two persons engaged in deep and earnest conversation. The lady was young and very beautiful, but there was pride in every motion of her stately form; pride in the curve of her graceful neck, pride in her broad, high brow, pride in the cold clear light of her superb eyes, pride in every lineament, save in the curve of her sweet mouth—that only feature which cannot be educated to false seeming. There was an expression of exquisite tenderness in the full softness of her lips, which was strangely at variance with the calm and statue-like character of her commanding beauty. It needed but little skill in physiognomy to discover that she was one to whom the world had early taught its lessons of concealment, and that whatever might be the impulses of her strong nature, yet the power of repression was stronger still than they. Her companion was a man in the prime of early manhood, with a tall, commanding figure and a face full of noble ingenuousness. Even the most careless observer might have discovered how much more easily the seal of worldliness is stamped on the ductile character of woman, than on the less impressible nature of man; for his cheek flushed and paled, his lip quivered, his eye flashed and filled with tears, while the calm, earnest gaze of the lady seemed to reproach him for such unrestrained emotion.

"You must learn prudence, Horace," said she, in a low clear voice. "I love you, and have been weak enough to confess to you my regard for you, but remember, that my pride is as strong as my affection. You drew upon us the eyes of a gaping crowd by your reluctance, and I cannot submit to be the laughing stock of fools."

"Do you mean to say, Gertrude, that I must tamely submit to see others claiming rights where I dare not ask privileges? Why did you refuse me your hand, and then, five minutes afterward, allow that puppy Saunders to lead you to the dance?"

"It might be sufficient to say, that such was my pleasure; but I will give you another reason. Your attentions to me had been so marked, so exclusive all the evening, that something very decided was necessary in order to silence the tongues of gossiping friends."

"Then we must forever play each other false, lest the world should suspect our truth."

"Nay, Horace, let us understand exactly our position. We are both poor and proud—we have been nurtured in high notions, and we have to secure our position in society—you by your talents and your education—and I, by my poor beauty and my woman's tact. Your family are ambitious for you, and they anticipate your future marriage with wealth, as an essential means of acquiring distinction. Something of the same kind is expected of me. Nay, never frown and shake your head—it is even so. They would fain barter us for that which they most need, nor do I blame them for trying to preserve their time-honored station in society, by all lawful and proper means."

"Even by the sale of true hearts, I suppose," was the bitter reply.

"You forget, Horace, that they know nothing of our real feelings, and that therefore they anticipate no such sacrifice. But such being the plan with regard to us, you well know what fierce opposition we might expect if our secret were suspected. It may be that I carry my womanly pride too far, but I am sure that I could never endure the ridicule, or the contemptuous pity of the world. I am content to wait for better times, Horace, and I only ask you to be as patient as myself. With me love is a sacred and holy thing, it must not be blazoned before the eyes of every one; I will cherish it in my heart, but I will not bear its badge upon my breast."

"You mean to say, Gertrude, that you would rather sacrifice me to the world than give up the world for me?"

"You talk of giving up the world as if we lived in the days of romance. We must live in the world, and as the world does, at least as far as appearance goes. I will not sacrifice a principle to the whims of society,

but I will always repress an impulse in order to avoid its censure."

"How can you reason so coldly, on a matter which to me involves something dearer than life?"

"I tell you, Horace, that all affection's richest store of gifts could not repay me for the loss of that dignity which is only to be preserved by self-governance."

"Good Heavens! Gertrude, how can you place the cold evilings of a set of gossips, in competition with love, and hope, and happiness?"

"I must be frank with you; I love you with my whole heart, yet I will not risk the world's dread laugh for you. Any thing else I would do—the sacrifice of my life—the slow martyrdom of the heart—all would I suffer; but not the contumely of those among whom my lot is cast. I may be wrong, but education has confirmed the innate pride of my nature. You must trust me, Horace, trust my love and my word, but there must be no bond between us which can be converted into a fetter, clanking in the ears of society. I will not be pined as a loveborn damsel pining with hope deferred."

"Gertrude, you never loved me, you do not now love me, or you could not reason thus."

"If you think so, Horace, we had better never recur to the subject," was the calm rejoinder.

"Only let me appear before the world as your lover, Gertrude, and I care not for every trial. I will go forth and win the means which can enable me to claim your hand; but I cannot bear this stinging of all true emotion, this daily acted lie. Let us at least be true to our natures."

"I am so, Horace; I tell you, pride with me is as strong as love; our secret must be buried in our own hearts, and each must be content with a consciousness of recognition, that allows of no outward sign. If this content you not, it is better that we part at once."

The young man gazed earnestly on the fair face before him, but not a trace of emotion was upon it. The position of her delicate hand hid from his view the pained and sorrowful expression of her tremulous lip, while her cold, calm eyes looked quietly out, as if they were never illumined with other than external light. His impetuous temper could bear no more.

"Be it so, madam," he exclaimed, "you speak of parting as if the thought were a familiar one. It shall be as you will; I will no longer thrust myself between you and your hopes of worldly honors. We will part, and at once."

He turned toward the door as he spoke; but the lady sat still as a statue. "You had better not leave me in anger, Horace," said she, in a voice as unflinching as if she had been bidding him to a banquet. "You had better not leave me thus; there are some things which cannot be forgiven."

"Yes, there are things which the heart can neither forgive nor forget," exclaimed Horace, vehemently. "Proud, cold, unfeeling woman, may you yet learn the value of the true affection you now cast from you; my presence and my hopes shall no longer trouble your repose." He turned, gave one look at the wonderful beauty of that calm face, and then, the

heavy closing of the door signaled his hurried departure. With a face pale almost to ghastliness, yet with unflinching step, the lady slowly arose and left the room. On the staircase a servant detained her by some household question. She answered it as calmly and collectedly as if no deeper subject had ever occupied her thoughts, and then, entering the sanctuary of her own apartment, and securing herself from all intrusion, she flung herself upon the floor, in all the bitter anguish of despair. Fearful was the power of passion in that woman's heart—more fearful still that almost superhuman power of repression.

Ten years have passed away since the scene already depicted, and we will once more lift the curtain.

In a magnificent library, fitted up with all the appliances of taste and luxury, sat Horace L\*\*\*\*\*. His companion was a woman, fair and delicate, and bearing that high refinement, both of look and manner, which makes one so readily pardon the want of symmetry of feature. She was much younger, and far less striking in personal beauty than he, yet there was a similitude, rather of expression than of lineament, which betrayed their relationship. Horace had been gazing abstractedly in the fire, for some moments, when he suddenly turned to his sister, and said:

"Will you answer me one question frankly, Julia?"

"Certainly, did I ever hesitate to do so?" was the immediate reply.

"No, my sister, you have ever been full of truthfulness, but tell me—this new admirer of yours, who comes armed with all the powers of intellect and courtly grace—your traveled friend—what do you really think of him?"

"That he would be one of the most captivating of men to most of my sex."

"Have you found him so, Julia?"

A merry light shone in her eyes as she looked up from her needle-work, but the sad earnestness of her brother's countenance checked her gaiety. She arose, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said:

"He does not reach my standard of perfection, Horace, he is some inches shorter, both in bodily and mental stature."

Horace smiled mournfully. "I have long wanted to speak to you on this subject, Julia, and yet I have shrunk from it with a kind of childish dread. I am afraid that time has made me selfish, and I will not yield to so mean a feeling. The frosts of forty winters have chilled my heart far more than they have silvered my brow; I am weary of the hollowness of society, but to you, who are yet in the early season of womanhood, it may still offer charms. It is wrong in me to suffer you thus to devote your best years to a wayward brother."

"I am happy, perfectly happy with you, Horace."

"But, are you not resigning, for my sake, the hopes so dear to every woman's heart? Tell me—and mind, I must be answered truly—have you never felt the stirrings of an impassioned nature—never recognized the first dawning of an affection which might have brightened into happiness?"

"Never, dearest brother, never have I known that bewildering emotion which is called love. From my childhood I revered you as a being of lofty order, you were my girl's ideal of all that is beautiful, and good, and noble in manhood. I worshiped your image instead of fashioning for myself some hero of romance, as maidens do. As I grew older and saw something of society, I found that there was none other like you; all other men shrunk into pigmies beside you—you were as the King of Israel, towering above his future subjects, in physical as in moral grandeur. I cannot love where I do not reverence, Horace, and you already possess the deepest veneration of my spirit. I have loved you with all a sister's affection, with all a woman's devotedness. The whole thought of my nature has been expended here, and never has a thought proved traitor to you. At your side I would fain live and die. One thing only sometimes overshadows my spirit: mine is a jealous love, and I dread lest a being unworthy of your high excellence should at some future time claim, as a wife, the privilege of ministering to your comforts, while I shall be cast out."

"Fear not that, Julia; I have no faith in woman; I know your truthfulness, your nobleness, your unselfish devotion, but you are the only being of your sex whom I would trust. You are one, but the name of the false is Legion. Yet is it not strange that the same vague fear of future separation should have come to the hearts of both of us, my sister? Among all that have loved you, I have found none worthy of you, and I have sometimes doubted whether I was not blinded by my selfishness."

"Let us then quiet all such anxieties, Horace; let us make a spiritual marriage—let me bind myself to be the companion of your future life, the partner of all your fortunes, sharing with you every sorrow and every joy."

She knelt before her brother as she spoke, and her countenance was almost beautiful, illumined, as it was, by the pure enthusiasm of affection. The eyes of Horace were suffused with tears as he bent forward and pressed his lips to her fair and open brow.

"Be it so, sweet sister," he said, "we will live for each other. It shall be my privilege to guard you from every sorrow, while you shall share my every joy." With smiles on her lips, while tears yet stood upon her cheeks, Julia, half playfully, half seriously drew from her finger a plain gold ring, and exchanged for an antique chased one, worn by her brother.

"Now we have pledged our troth," said she, "death only can sever us if we are true to our pledge;" and the words uttered in jesting mood were remembered by both during many future years.

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Another period of ten years has passed away.

Horace L\*\*\*\*\* reclined in his easy chair, his zany foot rested on a cushion, and beside him sat his devoted sister. Time had touched both with a gentle hand, and the brow of Julia was still as smooth as in days of girlhood, for there had been no passions to deepen the light foot prints of quiet years. Her brother's noble bearing was still unchanged, his eyes were still bright, his forehead wrought over by "the

intersected lines of thought," rather than of age, and the almost womanish beauty of his mouth was still unimpaired.

The door opened, and a handsome youth entered, with a merry laugh and joyous greeting. "Ah, uncle Horace, is your foot still wrapped in 'fleece hosiery?' you must fling off those fetters next week; your presence cannot be dispensed with at Elmsdale."

"So you are really going to be married, next week, Frank?"

"I hope so."

"Well, well, boy, I do my duty by you all, in the way of warning and remonstrance; but I don't see that it is of much use. Pray what do you want of a wife?"

"I want some one to love, some one to love me all my life."

"Natural enough; but do you expect this in a wife? Then, take my word for it, you never were more mistaken. A woman is brought up even from the nursery to the belief that it is her destiny to be married. For this she is trained, for this she is ushered into society. Mind you, I did not say she was educated to be a wife; she is instructed in the art of getting married. She sings, and plays, and dances, and dresses, and looks pretty, until some flax is taken in the net, and no sooner is he hooked and fairly caught, than she has fulfilled her vocation."

"You are too general, uncle, in your remarks," interrupted Frank.

"I tell you, Frank, there is no faith in woman," was the reply. "She is a creature of moods and impulses; there is no stability in her feelings, no duration in her sentiments. Trust to the waves your richly freighted bark, waste upon the winds your richest music, and your sweetest perfumes, and you will yet be wise, compared with him who puts faith in woman. She will, she must disappoint your trust. Her nature is full of variability, and until the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots, woman must ever be faithless and fickle."

"You are severe, uncle, I wonder how you dare utter such heresies in the presence of such a sister."

"She is the exception that proves the rule. Do you remember the saying of Solomon? 'One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all these have I not found.' I have known hundreds of women, but I never found one who could keep her faith. Ambition, pride, the love of display, the petty vanity of personal decoration, all such mean, base feelings muzzle with a woman's love. She offers not to the thirsting soul the full rich draught of unminuted tenderness; the cup may sparkle, and the bead-drop may woo the lip, but there are bitter dregs beneath."

Frank bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed his vexation at his uncle's unusual mood.

"No, Frank, there are plenty of people in the world, who look not beneath the surface of things; people who snail smoothly over rocks and quicksands, and escaping them all by the aid of that especial providence which always takes care of children and fools. Let such marry, and incur the risks of shipwreck; they have not much to lose even if they are

stranded. But one like you, boy, who will send forth so much in the adventure, should never dare the treacherous element. Love is a very pretty ornament of one's life, but then it must be worn only as gold lace upon a garnish, which can be thrown off when it becomes tarnished."

"If you were anything more than a speculative philosopher in these matters, uncle, you would almost make me forswear matrimony; but I think you love your freedom too well to be able to judge correctly of the pleasant thralldom of married life. You should remember that your bachelor's life has been one of peculiar enjoyment. You have been for the last five-and-twenty years, a man of independent fortune; the resources of books and travel have been open to you; the society of a sister has saved you from the isolation which usually falls upon a single man as he advances in life. Your affections, your tastes, your very caprices have been the study of one who was devoted to you, and how then can you know any of the necessities of the heart?"

A shadow gathered over the brow of Uncle Horace as he replied:

"No one can judge another's heart; the distrust which you seem to regard as the vague moodiness of a recluse, is the result of my experience. I have lived much in the world, Frank; I have seen its allurements through the rose-colored medium of youthful hope, as well as in the sober, gray tints of later life. I know well the worth of woman's love, and bitter indeed was the lesson that taught me my present skepticism. It was a bitter lesson then, but I am thankful for it now. I was an ardent, passionate being, full of deep, strong, fierce emotion, but one single blow changed my whole nature, and crushed all my refined sentiments of love, all my yearning sympathies. The fountain was not frozen in its flow—it was dried up—wasted on the sands of worldliness, and I do not now regret its loss."

There was a deep and thrilling earnestness in the voice of the speaker which went to the hearts of those who listened. Tears glittered in the eyes of Julia, while a shade of sadness dimmed the joyous face of the young lover, as he rose to take his leave.

"Don't look so grave, Frank; I'll come to your wedding, my boy, and dance with the bride, notwithstanding my gouty foot. You deserve to be happy, and you will be so if you don't expect too much. But remember an old man's words; let the love of woman be only one of the *luxuries*, not one of the *necessities* of your being."

Again another ten years fled by, and for the last time we lift the curtain that veils one of life's mysteries. Horace L\*\*\*\*\* had not reached the psalmist's span of life, but he had numbered more than threescore years when, like a shock of corn, fully ripe, he was gathered into the garner of Heaven. The respect of worldlings, the regard of nobler minds, the love of sympathizing hearts had been his, and many a brow was clouded with grief when it was known that he was no more. He had won for himself the highest of all titles—he was truly a Christian gentleman, for

in his character were combined the purest elements of love to God and good-will to men.

In a dimly lighted room—the room in which he had read, and studied, and reposed—surrounded by all those familiar objects on which his eyes had daily rested for more than twenty years, lay the lifeless form of Horace L\*\*\*\*\*. His brow was furrowed, his hair was silver-white, and time had deepened though it could not harden the lines of his fine face. Yet beauty, the noble beauty of spiritual being, lingered on his countenance, as if the freed soul had left upon his brow the last earthly trace of its lofty destiny. It was the day preceding that appointed for the funeral, and Julia, worn with excitement, had prayed to be left alone with her grief for a few brief hours. Everything had been prepared—there was nothing more to do until the last sad rites should be performed, and a stillness, like that of the grave, pervaded the whole household.

Suddenly the quiet was broken—a carriage drew up to the door, and a lady muffled and veiled, so as to defy all scrutiny, asked to be admitted to the chamber of death. The old housekeeper, who had been for years in the family, had no disposition to refuse such a request, and the stranger was accordingly conducted to the apartment where lay the cold remains of the once gay and gallant bachelor. At the threshold the lady paused;

"I would be alone," she said, "alone with the dead; give me one hour of unbroken commune with my own thoughts in this silent chamber. You surely do not fear to trust me in the presence of death," she added, as the old servant hesitated; "go to your lady and ask her to admit me to her presence when I have finished my task here."

With these words she entered the apartment, the key turned in the lock, and the strange visitant was safe from intrusion.

Shall we follow that heart-stricken mourner into the solemn presence of the dead? Shall we number the tears that seemed to burn the eyes from which they fell, the sighs, the bitter groans that seemed to rend the heart whence they were uttered? Shall we watch her as she bows herself in bitter anguish above the coffin lid, while her whole frame is shaken with the convulsive throes of a mighty grief? Shall we note the strange wandering of the mind, which comes to us all in the midst of some fierce anguish—that vividness of perception which impresses so deeply upon the memory the most trivial thing which meets our tearful gaze? Shall we mark her glance wandering over the apartment consecrated to the dead—now resting on the antique chair where he was wont to sit—now looking down upon the traces worn by his footsteps in the thick carpet—now gazing with agonizing earnestness upon the Bible, still lying on his desk—the best book he ever read, and on whose pages his head was found resting when the stroke of death fell upon him? But no! there is a species of sacrilege in such intrusion. The concentrated agony of a strong heart; the anguish which curdles a long life into an hour, was there witnessed by an Omniscient eye alone. Let us not, even in fancy, invade the sanctuary of a human soul.

The allotted hour passed away, and the watchful attendant was heard at the door. A moment's delay, and then the strange lady, muffled and veiled as closely as before, came forth and desired to be conducted to the presence of the bereaved sister. When alone with her, the visitor unveiled her face, and Julia, in the midst of her absorbing grief, was struck with astonishment when she discovered in the person who had strangely intruded a lady well known to her, whom, in earlier days, she had frequently met in the gay circles of society.

"You are surprised, madam," said the lady, while her trembling voice and quivering frame showed that the storm of emotion had not yet passed away; "you are surprised at my presence in the house of mourning, but there are times when the senseless restraints of form and ceremony must be cast aside. Oh Heavens! that I should have lived till now, gray-haired with anguish more than with years, ere I could be brought to believe this truth! Tell me, Miss L\*\*\*\*, did you ever hear your brother speak of Gertrude Van —?"

"Never, madam."

"Yet we have frequently met in society; did nothing ever induce him to speak of me as something more than a mere worldly acquaintance?"

"Until this moment, I never suspected anything beyond."

"Then look on me, and wonder that a creature, so worn and withered by time and sorrow, could ever have possessed charms to win such a heart as his. He loved me passionately, but I was proud, weakly, and wickedly proud. A foolish quarrel arose between us, he left me in anger, and I would not summon him back. Yet I awaited his return, for I knew his tenderness would lead him to conciliate the pride he had wounded; but there were those who suspected our hidden attachment, and sought to destroy it; malicious tongues were set in motion, and the first cause of grievance was forgotten in the heavier offences which each was made to commit against the other. Horace went abroad without attempting to see me; I buried my anguish deep within my heart, and appeared in society the gayest of the gay."

"I have said that I was proud, but I have not told you that my family were poor, striving to keep up ancient dignity with limited means, and by petty subtleties. I was galled by the pressure of little wants, met on every side by small annoyances, compelled to maintain pretensions in despite of a narrow income, and in the face of jealous and richer rivals, while my heart seemed frozen within me by the cold neglect of him whom I really loved. I fancied myself dead to all true affection, and when my hand was sought by a man of wealth and respectability, I obeyed the wishes of my friends and became a wife. I fancied that I could perform my duties without the strong bond of reciprocal tenderness, and I knew my husband had not the perceptions which could lead him to look beneath the calm surface of external life. A few months

after my marriage I learned that Horace had succeeded to the estate of a rich uncle, and thus the only obstacle, which had originally existed between our union was removed. My anguish of mind then led me to understand my true position. I had fancied my capacity for love was gone, but now I learned, when too late, that my future life must be an acted falsehood. My husband was kind, indulgent, and as considerate as he knew how to be, but he had no power to fathom the depths of my nature. I lived on amid the cold glitter of wealth and luxury, without giving out one single emanation from my true soul.

"Oh, madam, yours has been a lot of quiet happiness. Passions have not darkened over the placid waves of thought—wild and tumultuous emotions have not stirred the quiet waters of affection. You have been suffered to minister to the comfort of one whom you loved with the pure tenderness of a sister—you have watched his every look, and anticipated his every wish ere his lips could fashion it into words. You have lived for another, not for yourself, yet have you escaped the anguish which ever awaits her who gives her own soul into the keeping of another. Can you not pity one who has watched year after year over the slow withering of her own heart? To the world I seem one of the most favored of my sex. My children have grown up around me—they are prosperous and happy—and *their* children now gather around me in the joy of their young life. But one bitter consciousness has poisoned every spring of enjoyment. For thirty years have I hidden this deep sorrow in my bosom; for thirty years have I played the liar to my own soul, until I have waxed gray and ghastly, and withered with grief, even more than with the decrepitude of age.

"Oh, weep not for him whose blessed spirit now looks down upon my agony and my remorse. Weep not for the sainted dead, but pray that peace may come to her who has worn out her life in secret and bitter yearning—to one who hides within a time-worn heart the clinging curse of blighted affection."

Horace L\*\*\*\*\* had lived and died a skeptic to woman's faith. A single blow had paralyzed one portion of his noble nature, and destroyed forever "the strong necessity of loving," while the lady of his love, though offending against her own heart, and wearing upon her brow the painted mask of falsehood, yet cherished truth within the secret sanctuary of her soul, and atoned for the sin of her youth by a life-long martyrdom, compared with which the faggot and the flame are but a pastime.

Alas! gentle reader, we live in a degenerate age. We hear much of the earnest, substantial, massive character of our forefathers, and it may be doubted whether the strength of sentiment, here depicted, has survived the hardy virtues which we know are almost obsolete. Remember that we have not been dealing with the puny fantasies of modern times, but with *true love a hundred years ago!*



# THE MASQUERADE.

## A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR.

THE breezes of the morning were pressing upon the shore with fresh and crowding strength, renewed in vigor by their slumbers on their far-off couch of waters. Fluting with white-winged feet over the waves—seeming to proceed from the bosom of Infinity—they wafted with them the fragrant life and forces of Immortality. Old ocean felt that inspiration; and, lifting his snowy main and sending on high his voice of power, the beach echoed to the neigh of the breakers, while the wide expanses of the deep twinkled with ten thousand smiles.\* A young man stood upon the lofty bank and gloried in that eager joy of the elements. The thoughts and passions that flashed within his bosom were akin to the influences with which the winds were teeming: for his breast throbbed with strong youth and the consciousness of force; with happiness, and hope, and confidence. Abandoning his spirit to the absorbing sway of the spirit of nature, and making her life his own, the exultation of that hour thrilled through all his being, and carried to the recesses of his soul the brightness of purity and the rapture of freedom.

A favored being, indeed, was Edward Carleton; young—the master of a large fortune—eminently handsome in face and figure—gifted with the best accomplishments of person, morals and mind—and fortunate, more than all, in the possession of that “generous, guileless and free disposition” that “dalls”<sup>†</sup> aside the arrows of care and morbid vanity, and takes “those things for bird-bolts, that some deem cannon-bullets.”<sup>‡</sup> Frank, cordial, hearty, though refined and delicate in his perceptions, he brought to life a keen sense of enjoyment; a spirit to search for lofty, ardent pleasures, vigor for their pursuit, and a taste to appreciate them. He had come home a few weeks before from the tour of Europe, which had been to him an intense delight; but so fertile were the suggestions of his fancy, so exhaustless the wealth of his spirits, that he felt scarcely less satisfaction in the simple, quiet amusements of his present mode of living than when he was whirling along in the post-chaise, with new tracts of noble scenery opening momentarily around him, and new adventures awaiting him wherever the splendid spire and historic tower glittered in the distance. He possessed naturally a poetic temperament; but, saved by his position from needing the uneasy stimulus of poetic creation, his faculties spent themselves more wisely in a poetic enjoyment of that which was around him. Quick, dashing—winning in his manners—with a touch of recklessness—he had

an instinctive felicity in hitting on the clues of pleasant adventure, and tact in following them up; and his glowing imagination and ardent temper often realized that romance with which he loved to invest his feelings. Gentle, pleasant, perfectly amiable, the delights which he sought were of a simple, pure kind; the more elegant exercises of the mind, and those which spring from natural feeling and the action of an undisciplined fancy. His parents had been dead for some years, and he was quite alone in the world, save in the many friends his agreeable manners and his liberality had gained for him. His residence was at his country-seat, bordering on the sea, a few miles from one of the southern capitals. It was a beautiful spot, commanding a fine prospect on every side. The house was built in the best style of English cottage architecture; a style irregular, yet orderly; in which a rustic form permits the utmost elegance of finish to be used without losing simplicity of effect. The casements descending to the ground, the projecting roof, the latticed porches, the wide hall, rendered that style suitable enough to that sunny climate. The whitened exterior was gracefully relieved by the climbing jasmine, the variegated honeysuckle, and the more robust yet beautiful tendrils of the apricot. The evenings Carleton usually passed in society in the gay city, which was distant a pleasant drive of two or three miles, and which, this spring, his own presence, perhaps, had made gay<sup>er</sup> than common. He passed his mornings in the country, generally alone; strolling by the sea-side, looking after his flowers, or within his tasteful library, musing over the more classic forms of English poetry, or occasionally penciling a stanza or two of his own, or noting in his journal such observations or reflections as occurred to him. It suited the healthy, versatile temper of his mind to join meditation with the active enjoyment of society; to carry to the drawing-room the refined interests of the study, and bring back to solitude the more lively impressions of the drawing-room. Taste is so much acted on by the passions, that almost one's moral character may be judged by one's literary preferences. Carleton's favorites were the Fairy Queen, the unrivalled lyrics of Ben Jonson, and the smaller pieces of Milton. These are compositions in which, in purer youth, we taste delicious beauty; but to excited manhood they seem tame and vapid, and the light of memory that still lingers around them seems lifeless; yet we feel, too well, that it is not from their defect, but our fault.

Carleton lingered for some time beside the sea, watching the wondrous tints, violet, yellow, white,

\* The many-smiling ocean. *Æschylus*.

† *Twelfth Night*.

green, that played along the sky and the waters, as shadowy and spirit-like as the weird Boreal lights: for, when overhanging the waters, the heavens display an ethereal life and motion, and a changeful brilliancy of colors which they do not shed over the land; and, as it might seem, of the vitality of the waves, and of the myriad ocean-lutes that gleam over the deep, and are garnered more enduringly in the carme and silver of its shells. Willingly would he have stood there till evening; for it is the prerogative of nature to engage the attention powerfully, without exhausting it. But he returned to the house, for an interest of a very opposite kind awaited his thoughts, but one which to him was equally captivating. The opulent and elegant Mrs. R. that evening threw open her numerous magnificent apartments for that most delightful, that enchanting, though somewhat dangerous, entertainment, a masked ball. Carleton, who was always caught by what was novel and adventurous, entered into the thing with the keenest spirit, and was full of bright expectation. Most of the guests were to go in character: the part he had selected was that of a gentleman of the court of Charles II. Carleton's great usage of society abroad and at home, his facile manners, polished, ready wit and natural gallantry, and his thorough familiarity, through literature and history, with the taste and tone of that period, rendered him every way qualified to sustain that character. His costume had been arranged, and tried again and again, several days before; and he now seated himself in his luxurious library-chair to think over the requirements of his part, and to imbue his mind with the literary models in which alone "the form and pressure" of that age still lives, and will live forever. He first read a few of the choice scenes of *Sir Charles Grandison*; after all, the best embodiment we have of the *permanent* qualities of a gentleman, apart from the fugitive shades of mode and fashion. With higher zest he opened the sparkling, ever-faunting volumes of the peerless, the immutable *De Grammont*. Among the curses which have fallen upon this age, for its sins, one of the heaviest is that it cannot appreciate such books as these. The world has become a great factory, and the inhabitants thereof its operatives: and certainly it is not the horny, sooted finger of Toth which should be laid upon the ivory tablets which effigiate the soul of the fastidious *Comte de Flandre*. The elect few who still can taste such things, are neither known nor valued but by men like themselves; but as the vanity of that refinement they aspire to, has in it something of insolence, perhaps their enjoyment is not less for being unshared by the multitude. As delicate as the forms of Decembrer frost, yet as enduring as the marble of Carrara, are the imitations which there set forth to us the likeness of the gay, uncareful courtier, whose thoughts and feelings dwell always in the higher ether of elegance and ideal grace, never descending to the heavier regions of business and utility. Those who do not look at such models to admire or imitate, may yet be interested to contemplate so nice and curious an object, thus preserved in priestly number. With these volumes, and others of a like cast, Carleton amused

himself till it was necessary to look after the more important preparations of the toilet. When the time arrived for setting out, he threw himself into his carriage, and was rapidly whirled to the scene of display.

When he entered, there were a great many in the rooms, but the number and noble extent of those apartments—the most palace-like I have seen in America—rendered it scarcely possible that they should seem crowded. As Carleton came in, bending slightly forward on the points of his feet, with a courteous, conciliating air, there was something so striking and distinguished in his tall, stately, yet thoroughly graceful figure, that, occupied as every one of the company was with their own part, a momentary impression, at least, was produced on the gay assembly, and many an eye was fixed upon that courtly form. If I had the brilliant pen of the author of *Pelham*, I would gladly describe the varieties of silk and colors that were made to harmonize in his elaborate attire: But as I cannot do justice to the subject, I shall but allude to the coat of white mout velvet, the silver-colored small clothes, the embroidered stocking which set off the proportions of the faultless leg: but chiefly, the perfect finish and elegance of all the *points* of the apparel and person, in which lies the rarest secret of dress. He carried a *chaqueon bras* under his arm, and in the button-hole of his coat a small bouquet of half a dozen choice flowers. A large silver star glittered on his breast, attached to a broad white ribbon passing over his shoulder; which decoration, by the by, was not fictitious. While Carleton was spending a winter at Naples, it happened that a celebration of extraordinary splendor was to take place in honor of *St. Januarius*, which he was extremely anxious to see. He ascertained that the best places for seeing were those assigned to a certain fraternity of knights—a distinguished order, consisting of about five-and-twenty persons. All sorts of honors are purchasable on the Continent; Carleton took it into his head to become one of the brotherhood. The influence of certain friends, all-powerful at court, and the payment of a considerable sum of money to the chamberlain, for the use of the king, procured him the privilege; and the badge, having served its purpose, was thrown aside to be reproduced on this occasion. It was a showish decoration, and aided the effect greatly.

A masked ball is admitted by the best philosophers to be the brightest, richest, happiest invention of civilized wit; contrived in the very wantonness of a fancy pleasure-spoilt. Delight, which in this chilly atmosphere of our common life is only a bud tightly bound by a narrow calyx, there blooms into a full, warm flower, fragrant with enchanting perfume. Society finds itself relieved from the superstition of etiquette, and revels in that unchartered freedom. The still more fretting restraints of vanity are taken from the individual; and every one walking invisible among his neighbors, gives himself up to the unchecked guidance of freak and whim and gay caprice. In the ordinary intercourse of men superior persons are kept below their level, by fearing to be charged with affectation, if, yielding to the strong upwardness

of their own spirits, they should rise to loftier heights of mind, of temper or of manner: Under the liberty of an assumed character one can attain the ideal without reproach. It was the very scene for Carleton, and his powers were in the finest state of excitement. He went about with animated ease and graceful spirit, scattering around his quaint compliments, his polished jests, his courtly flatteries, with that condescension and suavity for which, as Mr. Hume remarks, the followers of Charles were long remembered. He inspired new life into the circles he passed through, and you might trace his progress by the livelier movement and more mirthful laugh that followed him like the bubbling wave of a ship. He met in that glittering throng with many a one well able to cope him in his fine displays; the furnished man of society; the quick and apt resources of practiced women. He amused himself for an hour or two strolling through the rooms, making and marring many a little plot, till he felt fatigued with the delightful exertion. He turned aside through a gothic door into a smaller room which seemed to be empty. It was but dimly lighted by a single chandelier, hanging near the lofty ceiling. Two or three large pictures covered the walls beneath the pointed arches; and under them were slabs containing flower-pots. On the opposite side a tall window, descending to the floor, gave air into a conservatory. Carleton approached it; and as he advanced saw a lady, who before had been concealed by a pillar. She was in an attitude to have seen him, but her face was turned round in another direction, and she seemed to be occupied in looking attentively at some object in that quarter. Carleton paused involuntarily, fixed to the spot by amazement at the graceful beauty of that form. There is no beauty like that of the female figure: none so complete in its sway over the observer's feelings, none so lasting. A lovely face is a delight of the fancy; in absence, it lives only as a picture in the fancy. The more essential fascination of the person acts on the whole being of the spectator, and rests, as a direct influence, on his heart. Such, doubtless, must have been the source of that Egyptian sorcery which wooed away the stern combatants for the Roman world, to a softer rivalry by the margius of the Nile: and such was the charm of a De L'Enclos, who inspired the strongest love long after every vestige of youthful fairness must have vanished. The brightness of the countenance may rise to the brilliancy of a flower: but his feelings have not been fully opened, who has not felt, even to trembling sensibility, the far more elevated and abiding influence of the beauty of a tree. The luxurious, swelling curves of this figure seemed cast in the very lines of grace; while a virgin neatness of form and elastic freshness threw over all a light and sparkling elegance, which made her seem native to a more ethereal sphere. This impression sunk at once, and deeply, into the bosom of Carleton. For the first time since he came into the room he felt a mastery; a feeling was upon him which he could not wear as a mere plume of vanity, but which made him subject to itself.

He paused for a moment to contemplate this enchanting vision, and another moment to meditate how

he should address it. Over her face was thrown a scarf or veil of silver lace, and, as her look was averted, he was unseen by her. He advanced and threw at her feet the little bouquet which he wore, and, when her attention was drawn to it, he took it up and presented it to her.

"At last," said he, with a courtly bow, "I am convinced of the old tradition that flowers spring up beneath the footsteps of Venus."

"At least," replied the lady, "she is attended by all the graces, in the person of her flatterer."

"Not forgetting," laying his hand upon his heart, "the inseparable follower, Love."

"A service as genuine, I doubt not, as the divinity it would wait upon."

"Will, then, your celestial majesty prescribe with what ceremonies you will be worshipped? With what sacrifices shall your altars be crowned, and with what votive offerings shall we deck your shrine? The heart of the victim already burns."

"Whatever ceremonies be adopted," replied the lady, "I am sure, that with so perfect a courtier for priest, the rites will not want that salt without which no sacrifice of old was sanctified. Salt of the most Attick purity."

For the first time in his life, perhaps, Carleton felt himself a little at a loss in his replies. The rapid ease and fine control with which she turned back upon him the glittering little shafts he aimed, somewhat baffled his confidence; and in the play of compliments, when confidence is lost, all is. For that exercise, the intellect should be unembarrassed by feeling: now he felt himself disturbed and oppressed by it. There was, too, something so great and high and powerful in her presence and spirit, that these prettinesses of the mind seemed unworthy. He led the conversation off to regions of purer and stronger air; the flowery regions of poetry and exalted sentiment; and was more and more astonished at the brightness which flashed from every motion of her mind. Her soul was like the quick diamond, which gathered to itself in the gloom of earth every ray of a divine light that wandered there, and shot them back in fire. How instantaneous the changes of the spirit! that soul which lies within our human frame, like the eye of the stone-like seed, swells forth resistlessly when it is warmed by the genial rays of "the primal sympathy," and flowers into something heavenly.

In a moment the trim, precise courtier had vanished: the boy, with his wild, gay hopes, the poet, with his keen, earnest feelings, stood before her who had made this change. The rich and varied nature of Carleton could outdo the finical in the quaintest affectations of taste: but with a rush of joy, and a sense of power and freedom, it returned to the far well-earned occupation which was opened to it, in the life and action of the heart. The scene he had just shone in dropped from his memory; he was in a world wherein the spirit beheld nothing but the still, blue sky of hope, and nothing was heard but the soft, clear breezes of love. The youth dashed off into this fresh and glorious atmosphere; and fancy, thrilled with enthusiasm, grew brighter and stronger at every

wave of its wing. His soul was all inspired, with romance—the goddess who is known by the vast, glowing eye, and breath as rapturous and exalting as the breezes of old ocean. He ran on with quick, successive bursts of genius, and many a sparkling spring of poetry. The lady listened to him with deep interest for some time, until the odd contrast between the language and apparel of the speaker seemed to strike her, and then she began to laugh.

“Why do you laugh?” said he.

“I am admiring the versatility of the performer, who, at the same time, can dress Mercutio and enact Romeo.”

“Ah!” said he impatiently, “if you will be to me a Juliet, I shall be all a Romeo. I pray you to judge me not by these trappings, which are the livery of a service I but sport with for a moment. Know that I have a soul that is full-charged with the inspiration of the highest passions:—passions which, startled by your kindling presence, flush together into the fire of a resistless love.”

The lady stood for a moment as if surprised and doubtful, then turned toward the conservatory and retreated slowly into its shades. As she parted from his view, he caught a side-long glimpse of her face, beneath its veil. It was bright as a star, soft as a cloud, pure and clear and stainless as the fountain that oozes to the lonely forests in June. He would have followed that departing vision, but a closing door told him that it would be vain.

How happy was the heart of Carleton as he stood there almost stunned and dazzled by that delightful splendor. It seemed as if a flood of sunbeams had gushed into his spirit and filled it with the gladness of day. He felt as light and airy as if he had wings upon his breast and wings upon his feet. It was with him as it might be with one who, roaming under many a canopy of forest, roof or dome, straightway finds himself free beneath the blue cope of the sky; the pure, soft heavens shedding their dewy freshness around his temples; his soul traced by the flash and play of the snowy star-beams. As the voice of the western wind swayeth over the sea, boding it change the dark, cold frown of the storm for the cerulean brightness of its sparkling smiles, and openeth the treasures of the air and poureth beauty and fragrance over the scene, thus doth the energy of love transform our nature: for it is power, and it is energy; the power of Rapture and the energy of Hope. All the fresh springs of life are in it.

As Carleton walked back through the glittering rooms, the gaiety of them sounded to his ear as flat as the notes of a cracked bell. It struck him as quite strange—something that came from a far distance beneath. But he was too delighted to quarrel with any thing, and he mingled in the shining throng; brilliant, yet careless; successful as before, yet unconscious of it: the seeds of genius were scattered as freely as ever, but vanity, which should have reaped the flower admiration, was gone off in the tram of a superior influence. He looked frequently about for the lady whom alone he cared for, but she came not; and at length he sought his carriage.

It was long past midnight when he reached home. He dismissed all the servants to bed, and threw himself down in a large chair in the parlor, to think over the matter with which his breast was turbulently full. A shaded lamp stood on the table beside him: the odor of the jasmine was borne in through the large window, which descended to the floor. At a little distance in front was the road, along which a carriage was occasionally heard, of persons, probably, returning from the *fête*: for the rest, all was still. Think, or reason, or determine, Carleton could not: one bright image was before his view, one feeling rested on his heart: he could only sit absorbed and silent; his spirit drinking in the fullness of a calm yet exquisite joy; thrilled with the possession of a happiness which bowed down and exhausted the mind. While his thoughts were thus “lapt in Elysian pleasures,” and waited far away from the scene which was around him, the fatigue of the long excitement he had gone through, insensibly overcame him, and he sunk into a gentle slumber. But the vision of his joy did not forsake him. He thought that he saw the lady, veiled as before, come noiselessly in through the terrace-window, and bend over him and gaze in his face for a moment; then fling a shower of flowers over him, and vanish as she came. He opened his eyes, and, to his amazement, there lay on the table before him three flowers, which were certainly not there before. He took them up and found that they were part of the bouquet which he had given the lady that evening. They were too rare and peculiar to be mistaken. That bouquet had consisted of six flowers, which he had grouped according to the eastern lore which belongs to the subject: three of them expressing the entire devotion of a lover, and three others, denoting “all your love is returned.” It was the latter three which were now before him. He ran out to the road, and thought that he heard the sound of wheels in the distance; but he saw no one. He returned to the house, and placed the flowers in his bosom, wondering much. He then closed the shutters, extinguished the lamp and retired to his room.

He threw himself on the bed and slept soundly for some time. But toward morning, from the ivory gates of dream-land, there issued another vision, brighter than any that, either waking or slumbering, had yet visited him. The room seemed to enlarge its limits; a roseate light filled it, and an atmosphere whose fragrance and pleasantness ravished his senses. Suddenly the lady stood before him; her figure presenting the same unrivalled and exquisite proportions, but enlarged to an unearthly stature. She was unveiled; her countenance glorious almost to divine; her limbs arrayed in dazzling vestments. As he gazed on the glowing softness of that face—those large, deep, liquid eyes—the cheek vermilioned with the tenderest hues of the rose—the glittering hair that curled around a brow which Sculpture’s self could not have reared—his soul could scarcely endure “the beauty still moreauteous.” She began to smile, and the brightness grew more dazzlingly bright. The languishing flash of that large, loving eye, the blaze of that kindling lip, pressed upon him with an

ecstasy which grew to pain. He could no longer bear it. He started up, and found the sun shining in his eyes through the open eastern window.

Carlton rose, and, throwing his dressing-gown about him, looked out from the balcony over the sea as it sparkled in the beams of the morning. His own spirit was as bright, as fresh, and as full of power. The love which he had felt the night before had grown to a stronger, vaster, more elevated emotion. That glorious vision stood in the place of the remembered image, and his fancy and his feelings were sublimed by it. His soul was expanded to a greatness proportioned to it. The passion which before had disturbed his bosom, was raised to a kind of angelic sentiment, mingled of joy and adoration and sympathy. The craving and the impatience which he had felt were gone, and instead of them, was a large and calm and lofty contentment. Thus does a great soul re-cast within itself the images it idolizes, and reproduce them with exalted forms more worthy of itself.

Let us now turn to another scene. A few miles further up the same coast stood a mansion of more stately pretensions than the simple abode of our hero. At no great distance from it were the remains of an old Gothic church, which, a century before, had memorized the piety of the early settlers of that country. The main building had fallen into ruin, and was overgrown with wild vines and flowers which court the shade; but an apartment which had once served perhaps as a vestry, was entire, and had been repaired and fitted up with luxuriant elegance, as a lady's boudoir. A few choice pictures—such tasteful furniture as accorded with the architecture of the building—some instruments of music—books—flowers—adorned the room. The faint murmurs of the sea, which, at that point, formed a secluded bay, might be heard there.

On the evening of the same day, the lady whom we have already spoken of, was sitting alone in that apartment, her eye raised to the pointed window through which the yellow moonlight, long struggling with the paling day, at last made itself visible, her hand irregularly reviving fragments of various airs upon the piano before her, or running over the successive keys, sometimes faintly, sometimes with hurried energy. That whole day her spirit had been in a dream—indefinite and formless, yet shedding an indescribable joy through her bosom. She now sat in a mood of deeper meditation, while a feeling, wonderfully strange and yet familiar, startling and yet delicious, rose stronger and more widely through her being. Her mood was that of an exquisite calmness, which yet seemed to have within it the elements of a deep disbalance—a contentment that still was unappreciably restless—a rapture that might hardly know itself from pain. She had attained to something of which before, at moments, her spirit had had vague glimpses—flashes of a marvelous but transitory vision. She had felt that there was a place within her soul for something which would make the light and glory of her existence; but of what essence, form or nature this something was, she could no more conjecture

than she could figure the properties of a new sense. She had heard of it from the winds as they swayed the white blossoms of the jasmine, or sighed among the fragrant branches of the shrubbery. The sea had spoken to her of it, when the snowy fringes of its swelling waves diffused themselves along the bosom of the land. In the sky and in the landscape she read of it. It breathed in the warm twilight; it shone in the quickening lustre of the dawn. Delightful to her fancy as was the poetry which she loved to follow, she felt that it still kept from her the deepest secret of its meaning: the music which she played had a significance which she could not wholly fathom. In art and nature, in the world of sense, and in the creations of the mind, she knew that there was a glory which was veiled to her—a soul from which her soul was severed. But now that hieroglyphic veil had vanished: the secret of the universe was hers. That glowing soul of life embraced with hers; the rush of that glory was within her spirit. Love lay like a solid mass of light, a living shape of joy, upon her heart; it was a joy as palpable as a thing that might be seen and felt; real as a thing of sense, eternal as the mind itself. There is no rapture upon earth like that when, for the first time, the sensitive, refined, pure soul of woman blossoms into love. Those who have quaffed the ecstasy of that moment should in the next moment die.

No great length of time elapsed before the outer door of the room was opened, and a gentleman came in. He was tall and well made, and bore in his countenance and carriage the unmistakable marks of high birth and breeding. But his face was pallid with the withering effects of early dissipation, and was traced with the vestiges of fierce and bad passions. He fixed his eyes for a few moments with a keen and deadly glance upon the beautiful creature before him, as he saw her abstracted mood and knew that her thoughts were wandering toward an object far different from himself; then subduing his manner to the softest and most conciliating expression it could assume, he approached her slowly and bent one knee upon a bench which was near her feet.

"When Otello wooed the lovely lady of the Adriatic," said he, "he sought a 'pliant hour' to press his suit. May I not hope to find, in the softening influences of this scene and time, an ally not unpropitious to my prayer?"

The lady made no other reply than to place both of her hands upon the keys of the instrument and play an air from one of the operas with considerable animation.

"My fair cousin," he renewed, "you know the ardor and sincerity of my attachment to you. I have been a long and patient wooer. Can I be deemed unfortuniate if I entreat you to fix a day to which I may look forward as the most favored of my life?"

She played to the end of the piece which she had begun, and then exclaimed, "Cousin, it cannot be. At least not yet—not now."

It was well that she did not see the fiery scowl that darkened his features as she spoke. A flush of passion vibrated through his frame. He started up and seemed about to stamp his foot.

"It cannot be!—It—"

He was going to add, "It must be," or "It shall be." But he controlled himself in an instant, and his savage mood passed as quickly as it came.

"Well, well," he said playfully, "if it be so, I must submit. A lady who is sure of her lover's heart may sport with his feelings as she pleases. I must wait till another day—perhaps another week. I hope for the honor of attending you to-night. Are you going soon?"

"Not very; and I beg you will not wait. Martha will go with me in the chariot; I have promised to let her go to see the ladies' dresses; and the old chariot, you know, will only hold two. Besides, with faithful old Hubert there can be no possible danger."

"As you please. I shall hope to meet you there."

As he spoke he smiled, and, bowing kindly and gracefully, withdrew.

It is necessary that we should explain the relation in which these persons stood to one another. By the death of her parents Mary Temple had become, at an early age, the heiress of one of the largest estates in the Southern country. Her cousin Frank and herself had grown up together as playmates from their earliest infancy. No formal engagement had ever taken place between them, and yet it seemed to have been always understood by both that at some future time they were to be united. Of late he had repeatedly pressed for the settlement of some definite time at which she should become his bride; but though she never went so far as to indicate that she deemed herself at liberty to decline his proposals altogether, she constantly interposed some delay or started some difficulty. At one time, undoubtedly, she had been sincerely attached to her cousin, but of late years he had fallen into very irregular habits, especially of play, and the little influence which her earnest entreaties had had to induce in any degree a correction of his faults, had greatly shaken her confidence in his affection, and made her look forward with increasing reluctance to a prospect of their union.

But much as she knew of his errors of conduct, and much as she was compelled to suspect his integrity, she neither knew nor suspected the worst. In truth, Francis Temple was a bad man. From his infancy there had been a germ of depravity in his nature, which, as he advanced in years, had developed with added virulence. Even from childhood, he had possessed extraordinary powers of dissimulation, and was enabled to maintain the character of a virtuous and excellent boy among those who saw him but occasionally, while his familiar comrades knew him to be selfish, unprincipled and false. The present moment was a crisis in his affairs. He was desperately involved at the gaming-table; the broad lands adjoining his cousin's, which he had inherited from a too indulgent father, were consumed with mortgages; he really cared nothing at all for Mary, but their immediate alliance had become to him a matter of indispensable necessity; it was the only thing which stood between him and immediate and utter ruin. By various arts and unceasing efforts he had hitherto been enabled to fight off his creditors; but his utmost resources were now exhausted. He had procured an indulgence thus

far but by agreeing that, if on the very day on which this meeting took place he was not authorized to announce his speedy alliance with his cousin, every thing should be given up. He had been present at the masked ball on the previous evening. His eye had been constantly upon the lady on whom all his hopes depended, for he feared every thing from her romantic temperament. From a concealed place, his ear had caught every word that had passed between Edward Carleton and herself, and he saw the impression that had been mutually produced. When he entered the favorite retreat of his cousin, doubt and fear lay like a mountain upon his breast; when he came out he felt that his doom was sealed. Despair wrung his spirit almost into madness. He mounted his horse and rode away, meditating the worst things. As he passed over the estates of his cousin and came upon the fair fields which he could no longer call his own, and heard the ploughman caroling some cheerful tune, and the mower whistling as he went home from his toils, his heart withered away within him. He felt himself a stranger in the home of his forefathers. Unhappiness softens some tempers: it makes the souls of others harder than iron.

Mr. Temple had not been much deceived as to the impression which the meeting with Edward Carleton had produced upon his cousin. Living much alone, in a region almost of ideal beauty, occupied with those refined pursuits of poetry, art and music, which make the fancy high and sensitive, and give quickness and glow to the feelings, every thing that breathed of romance had for her a spontaneous charm. Often had she dreamed of a life beyond that of those who dwelt around her, and of beings more exalted than the common sons of men; and when she beheld the noble grace of Edward Carleton, and listened to his animated accents breathing all the charms of gallantry, made divine by genius, her imagination conceived of him as the brightest and least earthly thing in all the world. His conversation was an intoxication to her; and when at last he had declared his love for her, so overpowering was the agitation of her spirit, that she would not trust herself to make any reply, but hastily withdrew. As she rode home she began to fear lest her abrupt departure might have seemed like a rude repulse, and might drive him away from her forever. Her own residence lay beyond his on the same road, and as she passed by, and through the open window caught a glimpse of him slumbering in his chair, it was the wild thought of a moment—fascinating from its very danger—to send her maid to throw in upon his table a responsive portion of the flowers which he had given her. A second thought would have made her shudder at the impropriety of such an act, and would have driven it to an infinite distance from her designs; but the direction was given, and the thing safely achieved before the sober dullness of that second thought had time to interpose. There was to be on the next evening, at the house of another lady, a selected portion of the guests at the ball, who were to come in the same costume that had been worn before. Partly that she might deny her identity, if this rash act had forfeited the respect of her admirer, and partly that she might try his sincerity and

penetration, Miss Temple determined to go in an entirely different costume.

The moments of that day passed by Edward Carleton as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold. He had always been happy. In his ardent, expanded nature, the play of the passions had ever been like the free roll of the waves, which crest themselves with beauty against every object upon which they are thrown; but now, there came down from far a ray which tinted this fine mantling of the feelings with a heavenly lustre, and flashed through the earthly hues of immortality. He felt a serenity that was beyond all joy. The air was teeming with powers more balmy than the spices of Arabia. That delicate sensitiveness to high pleasures which always before it had been an effort of the faculties to obtain, was now native to his being, and the repose of the mind was the rapture of the spirit.

Of course Edward was present at the party that evening. When he entered, he looked carefully about for the well-remembered costume of the previous night; yet in vain. But as he mingled with the various groups upon the floor, watchful and attentive, his ear at last caught the sound of a voice, whose first tone had power to make his heart throb deeply, and almost his frame to shiver with agitation. That voice seemed a delight of all the senses, and not of the ear only. To him it was not an airy sound, but intelligence and feeling made audible in pleasure. It moved upon his soul with a quivering touch of joy. When she was alone he approached to make his bow.

"The memory of the eye, it would seem, is at fault," said he, "but the instincts of the heart *will* not be deceived."

They stood conversing together nearly the whole of that evening, but the animation and brilliance of the preceding night were gone from both. Both seemed spiritless and dull; yet both were happy through all the depths of their existence. Excess of feeling had clogged the wings of fancy.

When Miss Temple withdrew, Edward had but little motive for remaining; and it was not long before he retired also. His servant, in waiting, informed him that Miss Temple had gone home, not by the usual road which passed by his house, but by another rather more circuitous. This latter route also led to his residence after passing Miss Temple's, and Edward, without any very definite reason, determined to go that way himself, and accordingly gave directions to his coachman to that effect. It was a very fortunate thing that he did so.

When they had reached the distance of four or five miles from the city, and were crossing an unfrequented and lonely part of the country, he was suddenly startled by a sound which seemed to him like the scream of some one in distress, proceeding from a remote part of the open field which adjoined the road. He ordered the carriage to stop, and listened attentively for a repetition of the sound; but all was profoundly still. In a house, however, which stood off the road, in the same direction, lights were seen rapidly moving for a few moments, and then appeared to be extinguished. Edward was alarmed; the voice had certainly been

that of a female, and his fears instantly connected it with some danger to Miss Temple. As it was very likely, however, that he might have been mistaken in the character of the noise which he had heard, he did not deem it advisable to go at once to the house where he had seen the lights, but ordered the carriage to drive as rapidly as possible to Miss Temple's, which was not more than a mile farther on. When he reached there, he found a servant at the door, from whom he inquired if Miss Temple had returned. The man replied in the negative. He instantly ordered the coachman to turn, and taking Miss Temple's servant with him, drove back with the determination to visit the house, toward which his suspicions were now strongly excited. He arrived there at a very opportune moment.

It was without any direction from Miss Temple, that her carriage took the unusual road which it did. Her thoughts, however, were too much engaged to permit her to give any attention to the subject, and she drove on for some time without in fact being aware which way they were going. At length, looking out of the window, she was astonished to find that they were not proceeding upon the high road, but driving through a narrow lane which ran directly through the field. She called to Hubert, whom she supposed to be upon the box, but received no answer. She looked out, and to her horror found that Hubert was not there at all, but that the reins were in the hands of a man whom she had never seen before, and beside him sat a person closely disguised. At the same moment the carriage began to drive faster and faster, till at last they were whirled along with fearful rapidity. She sank back on her seat faint with terror, too much agitated to scream. Presently the carriage stopped in front of a large dilapidated house, which appeared to have been long abandoned as a residence; the doors of the vehicle were opened; her maid, who rode with her, was taken out of one door, and disappeared from her sight; while two persons lifted her out of the other and carried her into the house. She gave one scream, and became insensible.

When Miss Temple recovered from the stupor into which she had fallen, she found herself in a large desolate apartment, which seemed to be an upper room of an antiquated country house. Francis Temple stood beside her. She shuddered as her glance read the stern passion that had blanched and petrified every feature of that face. The glance of that stony eye, and the rigidity of the frame proclaimed a deadly resolution.

"Be not alarmed, my cousin," said he, in language which formed a revolting contrast with the manner and tone in which it was uttered. "You are in perfect safety. I have rescued you from the violence of the ruffians who would have done you harm. I trust that I have acquired some claim upon your gratitude."

Unconscious as she had been during the considerable time that had elapsed between her leaving the carriage and her finding herself in that room, she was satisfied of the falsity of the view which he now sought to put upon the transaction.

"Francis!" said she, with energy, "I request, I entreat, I beg to be taken from this place."

"There is no restraint upon you," said he, "you are as free as you ever were in your life."

She arose, and tried to open the door. It was fastened.

"Since accident, and the act of others," he continued, "have placed you in my power, you cannot be offended if I turn these circumstances to the hastening of an event to which I have long since had your consent. I pledge you my word that if now, and upon this spot, you will become mine, not one act or one breath of violence or danger shall molest you."

"Never, never! here nor elsewhere, now nor hereafter."

"And let me add," said he, taking no notice of her determined refusal; "that there is no other possible manner in which you can escape from the perils which surround you; till you become mine," he added, in a lower and sterner voice, "you never shall pass beyond these walls. You will pardon, my fair cousin," assuming a more playful manner, "the compulsion of a love too earnest and too eager to submit to longer delay. Every thing is in readiness, and the ceremony may be performed at once."

As he spoke another door opened, and a man, apparently belonging to the lower order of Catholic priests, came into the room, with a book in his hand. Temple motioned to him to begin, while the unhappy lady, seized with a cold and deadly terror, sank upon her chair incapable of articulation.

"Proceed, proceed!" he cried, "her silence you see is consenting. I protest by Heaven," said he, in a bitter, mocking tone, and with an increased wildness of manner, taking up a sword that lay upon the mantel, and partly unsheathing it, "that she will make no objection."

The priest, or the man who acted that part, began the sacred office, but after reading a few lines suddenly stopped. A noise at the front door, which the excitement of Francis Temple prevented his observing, reached the more timorous ear of his companion.

"Villain, proceed!" cried Temple, stamping his foot with rage. "Why these delays?"

"Listen," said the other, raising his finger and preparing to make a hasty retreat through the door by which he had entered.

The noise of several persons coming rapidly up the stairs, now became audible. In the next moment the door was forced open, and Edward Carleton sprang into the room. For a few moments no one spoke. Carleton looked sternly around, to possess himself of the character of the scene into which he had intruded. He then approached Miss Temple, and raising her from the chair, said to her servant who by this time had followed him into the apartment, "attend your mistress to the carriage." He then drew his sword, which, as a part of his costume at the ball, he still wore, and approached Francis Temple, who stood motionless and abstracted, in the middle of the floor. "You are armed," said he, "draw and defend yourself."

"This," replied the other, throwing his sword

away from him, "this is but a pointless plaything."

"It seems," said Carleton, "that you are ready to terrify a woman, but dare not defend yourself from the attack of a man."

"Not so!" cried Temple, still remaining in the same unmoved and absent manner; "meet me to-morrow, by the sea shore, upon the hill beyond the ravine. I will be there at sunset, and alone."

"I shall be there," said Carleton, "and unattended."

With these words he withdrew, and followed Miss Temple to her carriage. At her request he proceeded to effect the liberation of her maid, whom he found alone in another portion of the house, the villains who had been set to guard her having fled at the first alarm. Miss Temple's chariot was found uninjured in the yard. Edward left his coachman in charge of it, while he drove Miss Temple home in his own. When they reached there, she was so much exhausted that Edward was obliged to assist her to the drawing-room. When she had reached a seat, she burst into a flood of tears. They were tears of joy and gratitude, more than of distress. Edward made no attempt to check that flow of feeling. He knelt upon one knee beside her, and when her agitation had somewhat subsided, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. It was not withdrawn. In the confidence of that hour the union of their lives was sealed.

On the following afternoon Edward Carleton rode forth to meet his appointment with Francis Temple. A high mane of hills which was abruptly stopped by the sea, was divided near its termination by a deep and narrow ravine, through which a small rivulet flowed into the ocean. The road along the coast, which was very little frequented, crossed this ravine by a slight bridge, composed of a couple of beams resting upon the rocky edge on either side, and covered with a few planks. Beyond this bridge, the road wound for a short distance round the hill, at the summit of which the meeting was to take place. It was a calm and silent summer evening, as Edward slowly approached the spot. The sun was preparing to sink below the horizon, and was already partly obscured by the haze which gathered over the sky. There was a solemnity in the scene which suited the temper of his thoughts. He had that day become acquainted with the circumstances of Francis Temple, and the unalloyed indignation which at first he had felt against him on account of his attempted outrage, had yielded to a sentiment of compassion. The fields which on one side extended as far as the eye could reach, belonged to Mr. Temple's estate; and Edward could realize how bitter, how maddening must be the feeling of the descendant of an old and wealthy family, as he found himself a disgraced and ruined outcast, on the spot where, but for his own folly, he might have lived in happiness and honor. Sympathy for the overthrow of an ancient name, softened the natural feeling of resentment against the last and least worthy member of it. Edward determined that Francis Temple should suffer no injury from his hand.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he suddenly caught the sound of a horseman ad-



vancing toward him around the hill, and at a very rapid rate. When he came in sight on the crest of the elevation it was obvious that the horse had taken fright—and was altogether beyond the control of his rider. In the latter, Edward at once recognized the person of his rival, and antagonist. The animal, frantic either with rage or terror, bounded forward with successive leaps down the hill, till he sprang at last directly upon the middle of the bridge. The moment his weight was upon it, the whole structure gave way, and the horse and his rider were precipitated to the bottom of the ravine. Carleton was satisfied at a glance that the bridge had been tampered with, and had been prepared for such a catastrophe.

He sprang from his horse and descended the ravine as hurriedly as he could, to the place where the steed and his master lay motionless together. The former had been killed by the fall. The unhappy gentleman was lying upon his back, his face stained with dust, and his eyes fixed upon the opposite bank of the ravine.

"Ha! is it you?" he said, as Carleton approached and bent over him. "The death which I had prepared for you has fallen upon myself. It is just. So may some portion of my sin be forgiven. It was not I, but the madness of my despair and jealousy, that contrived this wrong against you. Think upon Francis Temple as one whom folly made miserable, and whom misery rendered wicked. Farewell, and may you be happy."

Carleton gazed intently upon the faint, lingering tokens of life in the face of his rival. In a few mo-

ments the struggle was over. As he stood immovable with amazement and grief, one of Mr. Temple's attendants came down the ravine from a little grove of trees in which he had been concealed. He confessed to Carleton that a little while before, by order of his master, he had sawn asunder the timbers which supported the bridge, in order that the former as he rode to the place of meeting might be precipitated from it. That fate would have befallen him but for the accident of Mr. Temple's horse taking fright, and carrying his rider forward to the fatal spot before Carleton had reached it. The man entreated his forgiveness. He promised to forgive him on condition that he would never divulge the conduct of his master. Pity for the dead, regard for a living name, and his own high sense of dignity, determined him never to allow the last act of the guilt of Francis Temple to become known. No man in that region has ever suspected by what means that unfortunate man met his untimely end.

We may draw the curtain upon our drama after this scene. No hearts were more deeply touched by this melancholy occurrence than those against whose happiness the victim of it had so wildly conspired.

The union of Edward Carleton and Mary Temple took place ere long. Romance, passion, and genius, rendered it brilliant as fancy itself could desire; while virtue mingled with the brightness of the scene a light prophetic of a prolonged and increasing happiness. Their wedded life, I am confident, contradicted the cynical remark of La Rochefoucauld, that there are marriages that are agreeable, but that there are none which are delicious.

## THE FALLS OF TALLULAH.

THE scenery of Georgia is among the finest in the New World, especially that in the northeastern section, embracing the county of Habersham. The Falls are twelve miles from Clarksville, and are formed by the Terrora, "a small stream which rushes through an awful chasm in the Blue Ridge, rending it for several miles. The ravine is a thousand feet in depth, and of a similar width. Its walls are gigantic cliffs of dark granite. The heavy masses piled upon each other in the wildest confusion, sometimes shoot out, overhanging the yawning gulf, and threatening to break from their seemingly frail tenure, and hurl themselves headlong into its dark depth. Along the rocky and uneven bed of this deep abyss the infuriated Terrora, or in the beautiful and expressive language of the Indians—the Terrible—frets and foams with ever varying course. The most familiar point of observation is the Pulpit, an immense cliff which projects far into the chasm, commanding the view presented in the engraving. From this position the extent and depth of the fearful ravine, and three of the most romantic of the numerous cataracts, are observed. Deep and unutterable are the emotions which master the spirit of the beholder when he first gazes on the

scene we are attempting to portray. He is filled with admiration amounting to awe as he ventures, clinging to some object for support, to approach the edge of a projecting crag, to fathom, with his half averted eye, the depths of that terrific chasm. That scene would bow the heart of the strongest man with terror, and inspire him with sensations kindred to those of 'Shakspeare's man on Dover Cliffs.' An anecdote is related of the late distinguished Judge C—, which illustrates the effect of this scene upon the beholder. Visiting the Falls, with some friends, he approached the edge of the Pulpit, to gaze into the chasm, and was so overpowered by the view that he turned hastily away, and clasping his arms closely around a tree which grew near by, exclaimed, with almost exhausted voice, 'Now I am safe!' A point some distance up the stream commands another familiar view, and thence a somewhat dangerous path leads to the bottom of the chasm. Many visitors, and among them ladies, are induced by curiosity and a love of novelty to make the descent. The position gained is at the foot of the lowest falls seen in the engraving. It affords the grandest conception of the extent and depth of the tremendous gulf."

## TWILIGHT HOURS.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

THE twilight hours, fair winged hours,  
Now with the fading light  
All silently do usher in  
Their elder sister night,  
The shrouded queen through whose deep veil  
The smiling stars gleam bright.

How soft their misty forms glide up  
The spacious vault of blue!  
They clothe the hills and vales and plains  
In robes of dusky hue,  
And from their marble urns do cast  
On earth the glistening dew.

A changing flood of angry light  
Moves slowly down the west,  
Before the stately march of her  
Who bears upon her breast  
A shield, inlaid with stars, and on  
Her head a silver crest.

A drowsy hum steals on the air  
From ocean's ceaseless flow,  
As when some daring peasant hears  
In murmurs strong yet low  
The voice of some great multitude  
Far in the vales below.

The robin's dirge to parting day  
Hath ceased upon the hill,  
The laughing brook that all the day  
Rolled down with hearty will,  
Beneath the dusky wings of night  
No longer turns the mill.

At such an hour as this men flee  
From care and bitter strife,  
To seek beside the social hearth,  
With love and beauty rife,  
That calm which true affection throws  
Around the toils of life.

For love likes not the glare of day,  
But, like a gentle flower,  
That fainting droops its head beneath  
The heat of noon-day hour,  
Yet sweetly glows when evening mild  
Comes with its soothing power.

The poor and honest man, whose form  
Beneath oppression bends,  
Feels life leap through his care-worn limbs;  
Such strength to him love lends  
He half forgets his daily task  
As home he lightly wends.

E'en I, whose path lies far away  
From man's accustomed wrong,  
Who seldom mingle with the mass,  
The fevered thoughtless throng  
That hurrying sweep in countless droves  
The pent up streets along,

Do greet with joy, oh gentle night,  
Thy calm and full control,  
For through the firmament of thought,  
That strange yet perfect whole,  
Like stars at night the rays of truth  
Look in upon the soul.

## LIFE A MYSTERY.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

If I be wicked, wo unto me; and if I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head. I am full of confusion. Job.

ALAS! unhappy me! oppressed and care be-spent,  
Weighed by the dull, cold seeming of the world,  
I spread my hands, like vine from its supporting rent,  
Seeking a prop, yet backward rudely hurried.

And thou, weak heart! thou dost not comprehend this maze;  
The changeful pugeantry of this dim sphere  
Bewilders thee, like startled deer, that stays to gaze  
Upon the hunter's torch, and dies through fear.

One lingering hope, one source of life to me remains—  
The sea-borne wretch in icy regions bound,

With but one quivering flame, guards it with ceaseless pains:  
Spreads wide his wasted hands to shield it round:

Gathers the stunted shrub to feed the precious spark;  
Fans with his breath, and trembling stirs it o'er—  
And thus puts out the flame with over care: the dark  
Cold vapor shuts him in, and he awakes no more.

Ah! thus do I, with an unwise and jealous care,  
Guard the pale embers of mine altar-fire—  
Great God! I will no more; I come to thee in prayer.  
Take thou me hence ere Love and Trust expire.

SONG—"I DO NOT ASK TO OFFER THEE."

WORDS BY L. E. L.

MUSIC BY G. ROMANI.

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**Andante Cantabile.**

The first system of music is a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth-note patterns.

The second system continues the piano introduction. The treble staff has a *fp* (fortissimo piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment, ending with a series of chords.

The third system marks the beginning of the vocal melody. The treble staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. Dynamics include *mf. cres.*, *sf.*, *p*, and *pp*. The lyrics for this system are "I do not ask to".

The fourth system continues the vocal melody. The treble staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics for this system are "of - fer thee A ti - mid love like mine, I lay it as the rose is laid, On".

some im - mor - tal shrine, I have no hope in lov - ing thee, I on - ly ask to

*cres.*

*ritard.*  
love: Ah - - - I brood up - on my si - lent heart As on its nest the dove. I

*cres.*

*pp*

brood up - on my si - lent heart, As on its nest the dove.

*p* *ritard.* *cres.*

*mf* *p* *mf* *p* *ritard.*

## SECOND VERSE.

But little have I been beloved,  
 Sad, silent, and alone,  
 And yet I feel, in loving thee,  
 The wide world is mine own.  
 Thine is the name I breathe to heav'n,  
 Thy face is on my sleep:  
 Ah! I only ask that love like this  
 May pray for thee and weep.  
 I only ask that love like this  
 May pray for thee and weep.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

London, February 10, 1845.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—Three remarkable works have just appeared, treating of political sciences—the leading one of the present day. First comes that of Mr. Macgregor, the well-known British Agent, who has published a work also on the United States, and whose efforts, for the last ten or twelve years, have been constantly directed toward commercial treaties between England and the people on the Continent. Some five years ago, shortly after the American Congressional publication of the different treaties and commercial regulations of the countries trading with the United States, Mr. Macgregor published a work on "Tariffs," which was placed before parliament, and printed at the expense of the government. This forms the basis of the two volumes which have just left Colborn's. As books of reference, they certainly deserve to be frequently consulted; for Mr. Macgregor had the archives of government opened to him, and was, in other respects, aided by all the official sources of government. He is not a speculative genius, but an honest and conscientious compiler, and a gentleman who evinces much judgment in his selections.

The two volumes before us treat of the commercial statistics of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, the Zollverein, Holland, Italy, Turkey, Greece, the African States, Arabia, Persia, Russia, Sweden, Spain and Portugal. The principal topics touched in the work are the population of these countries, the budget, agriculture, commerce, commercial treaties, duties, navigation, coins and weights. The treaties with England are given in full; of the treaties with other nations he gives ample extracts. The third volume is to treat of China and the United States. Whether a fourth volume, containing the commercial statistics of England, is to be added we know not; but it would almost seem as though he would gladly leave this labor to Mr. McCulloch, by whom it has hitherto been so ably performed.

Mr. J. R. McCulloch himself is just out with a new work, published at Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green & Longman's, bearing the title of "A Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation and the Funding System;" a work which seems to be destined to do much good in a department which, indeed, was not neglected, but in which so many indifferent persons had inflicted essays on the public, that it was with difficulty they found readers either in or out of the legislative halls of their country. Mr. McCulloch, I think, proves by very forcible arguments that the British funding system originated in a great error of Mr. Pitt, and that had a high interest been first agreed to instead of a low interest, with a proportionally large capital, the interest might have been reduced, and the public burthens lightened to a very great extent some twenty years ago. He also shows that a very small increase of taxation might have kept down the debt, and, by diminishing the amount of annual interest, fallen lightly on the taxable community.

"The total expenditure of the country," he says, (p. 421.) "on account of internal government, colonies, the war, and the debt contracted previously to 1793, and from 1793 to 1816, both inclusive, was only £151,327,407 greater than the revenue derived from taxes during that period. It

further appears that this deficit principally took place during the first ten years of the war; and that but for the interest of the debt contracted to meet this deficit, the revenue in several of the latter years of the war would have considerably exceeded the expenditure. It is difficult to say what proportion of the expenditure of the first period might have been provided for by an increase of taxation, had a vigorous effort been made with that object. But, though we are inclined to dissent from those who think that it might have been wholly provided for in this way, there are not, we apprehend, any good reasons for doubting that the revenue raised by taxation might have been very materially increased. And had only half the deficiency been made good by additional taxes, it would, by proportionably diminishing the amount of the loans, and enabling them to be negotiated on preferable terms, have been of singular advantage; and would, by lessening the necessity for further loans, have reduced the debt contracted during the war to less than half its actual amount."

All these things, it is true, we have learned before from other sources; but there is a patient, honest investigation, a clearness of style and reasoning, and an exactness in quoting data in all the works of this author, which entitle him justly to the attention of the public. More important than the present, to our American community, is a work on which he is now spending a great deal of time and labor, and which is in a fair way of being soon put to press. It is a work on negro slavery, which will contain the most valuable information as regards the earlier accounts of the race, the slave-trade, and the commercial statistics of the British colonies since the emancipation, and will be read with great interest both in America and Europe. I have been promised a peep into it before the manuscript goes into the hands of the printers, and perchance shall report a few striking passages. All I can tell you now about the work is that Mr. McCulloch, with his usual calmness and patient investigation, has come to the conclusion that the negroes are, as a race, much inferior to the whites, and wholly incapacitated to live under the same government. The conclusion is remarkable from such a man, who, in other respects, has certainly not been afraid to speak his opinions, where they were most offensive and cutting to our feelings. He shows that the emancipation has not benefited either the whites or the negroes, a circumstance which will at least go as far as statistical details go, to which he had ample access in his connection with the government.

The third remarkable work published on the subject of political economy is a work to which I believe I alluded in my last. It is written by the Director of the Belgium Museum of Industry, Mr. J. B. A. M. Jobard, and published in Paris under the title "*Nouvelle Economie Sociale ou Monopole, Industriel, Artistique, Commercial, et Littéraire, Fondé sur la Perennité des Brevets d'Invention, Desseins Modèles et Marques de Fabrique.*" It proposes, as the title announces, nothing less than an entire radical reform of the laws of property, by creating a sort of fee simple, which should descend by inheritance, like real property, in all claims to patents, copyrights and inventions of an industrial, artistical or scientific nature. By this means he hopes not only to protect talent and the highest description of industry from the undue preponderance of the money power; but to create by the new species of property itself a balance or counterpoise against real estate. The idea is ingenious, and is carried with a great deal of spirit through



Swiss Alps. From a sketch by T. Schindler.

Painted by J. M. W. Turner, 1817.

Brumby's Magazine 1834



468 pages; but it is, after all, I fear more theoretical than practical. The French people are, no doubt, pleased with the creation of an "intellectual property," the most neglected and ephemeral in the world; but, in reality, such a thing is almost impossible, and, what is worse, the property itself must become worthless by every subsequent improvement and the natural progress of the age. The work, however, is rich in philosophical speculations, though the style of the author is rather aphoristical.

Sir Harris Nicolas, G. C. M. G., has published, at Colburn's, the first volume of "Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson," with notes. They form a valuable appendix to Southey's life of the admiral, and exhibit him as a kind, amiable man, who, though a great disciplinarian, treated his subordinates with great liberality, and exhibited nothing of that haughtiness and van-gloriousness in his official correspondence which were reproached to his conversation in private life. He was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest commanders, though there are stains on his private character which no puny-gic, even from the official sources, will efface.

In France the whole literature of the day is condensed in the newspapers, and has assumed a frightful character. It appears as if nothing but the vices and enormities of the present system of civilization formed the subjects of these editorial efforts, and as if their object was not only to undermine the present forms of government, but also the faith of men in a retributive justice. Eugene Sue is passing for a moment with his publication of "The Wandering Jew," against which the Protestant and Catholic clergy have found it necessary to hurl their anathemas. Eugene Sue publicly avows that one object he had, since the revival of the Jesuits, was to expose their crimes and the views and objects of their order to the world. But he is equally unsparing of religion itself, and is, in fact, a Communist orator of the most powerful, and, perhaps, dangerous kind. He lives now, by the product of his industry, in princely style; but his enjoyments are troubled by the constant fear of being poisoned by his political and religious adversaries. He has, therefore, contracted an intimate friendship with two large, beautiful Newfoundland dogs, who are his constant dinner and breakfast companions, and who always eat first of every dish that is brought on the table. If these judges of gastronomy pronounce in favor of it, by first eating a large quantity, with apparent relish, the author of "The Mysteries" and "The Wandering Jew" himself partakes of it without further scruple. He believes dogs much more faithful than men, and the sagacious instincts of a regular Newfoundland superior to the science of chemists and physicians.

Perceiving that the pictures which Eugene Sue draws of vice, and the secret seductions which such pictures always contain, gave his writings an immense circulation, a host of imitators sprung up to share with him these doubtful laurels. Each journal in France is the representative of at least a political clique, if not a party, and as the party or the clique will not pay for its organ, the only means to sustain it is to make it attractive and spicy by its literature. Thus, since the publication of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," in the Constitutionnel, the "Presse," another opposition journal, has commenced the publication of *la Reine Margot*, (Queen Margot,) which, were an attempt made to translate and re-publish it in New York, ought certainly to produce the interference of the proper authorities. Vice has never been depicted in more glowing colors, nor have the great evils of our present social system been described with such an unsparing hand and such an unblushing countenance.

The third publication of rather a libidinous kind, and

somewhat after the manner of Paul Prv, only with more taste, and conceived in the choicest terms of the French language, is going on in the ministerial organ (?) *le Journal des Débats*, and bears the mysterious title of "*Les Dramas Inconnus*," (The Unknown Dramas.) These profess to give an accurate (poetical) description of what is actually going on in the great capital of France, and are, on that very account, perhaps, more exceptionable than the productions of Eugene Sue, which have, at least, the advantage of defending a great principle, though the means by which this is accomplished are more than objectionable.

A Spaniard, by the name of Carlos d'Algarra, has written a new tragedy—"Le Chute d'un Ministre," (the fall of a minister,)—which exhibits considerable talent, though its political outgivings are not very generally relished by the French press.

A new drama, "Guerrero," by Ernest Legouvé, the scene of which is laid in Mexico at the time of the war of Independence, has been well received—principally, I believe, on account of its politics. It is a fact, which, indeed, expresses the singular condition of French society at the present moment, that the political articles in the leading organs of the press—those criticisms of men and measures, which are written *ex professo*, are exceedingly feeble, and, on account of their being beneath mediocrity, read by few, and those without effect. Not so with *belles-lettres* and the periodical literature of the present day. These, adorned with refinement, imagination and taste, and, on that account, capable of riveting the attention of the reader, are almost uniformly political or religious in their tendencies, and by that means effect, in a much shorter time, what the political sermonizers would not have accomplished in a century.

M. Thiers, it appears, is not permitted to be the sole French historian of the empire; De Lacretelle, a Bourbonist, but who professes now to be truly impressed with the administrative talent of the emperor, and the wisdom of his legislation for France, has just published "*L'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*." The work may be remarkable as one containing the views of a person all his life opposed to Napoleon and his doctrines; in other respects, it is, as an historical work, without instruction. Thiers, nevertheless, seems to be jealous of his competitor, as appears from the attacks which are made on the latter by the journals devoted to the late, and perhaps future, minister's interests.

Having mentioned the name of Thiers, who, though he cannot immediately succeed to M. Guizot, has, nevertheless, in the present ministerial crisis, a chance of succeeding ultimately to M. Guizot's successor, I deem it not out of place, and perhaps interesting to some of your readers, to reproduce from a German periodical a parallel between Guizot and Thiers, which is drawn by a person of high standing and some ability.

"The celebrated French diplomatist was a powerful protector of young Thiers. He assisted him at first in founding "*Le National*," the present republican organ of Paris, and remained after the Revolution of July his constant friend and adviser. Talleyrand has not a little contributed to induce Thiers to write his History of the Revolution. Prince Talleyrand was pleased by the original, bold bearing of Thiers, his highly colored conversation, his quick perception, and the great facility with which he would conquer all manner of obstacles in the way of his progress. The calm, noble statesman, who never spoke his opinion, but merely conversed in elegant *bons mots* and satirical reflections; who was motionless, and comprehended the art of mastering the features of his countenance, was pleased with the lively, original manners of M. Thiers. Thiers' first partisanship for England must have been caused by the influence of Talleyrand. Talleyrand was the instructor of Thiers; he taught him diplomacy, and first introduced him into the higher circles of that body.



Thiers was a good scholar in this, as in every other, branch of knowledge. When, during the latter part of Talleyrand's life, the king did not deem the support of the prince a matter of great importance, the great diplomatist revenged himself in graceful *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of the omnivulence of the King of the Barricades. Talleyrand had no passion. Thiers has never yet had a moment's calm reflection.

"The liking of Talleyrand for Thiers is easily accounted for. Thiers is dexterous, Guizot learned; Thiers full of motion, Guizot cold and immovable; Thiers insinuating, Guizot stiff, Thiers unyielding, Guizot earnest; Thiers a son of the southern provinces of France, full of animal spirits, fond of the arts, of an easy temper, and always ready to forget and to forgive; Guizot pitilessly severe, a man of strict private morals, from the same school of Geneva which has formed Anselme, proud and repulsive in his manners, when compared to the easy access of Frenchmen, and somewhat pedantic in his philosophical lectures. The latter character is evidently better suited to and respected in England than in France. Guizot is a strict theoretician; Thiers is more available and practical.

"In the *Hôtel* of the *Place St. George* (M. Thiers' domicile) there is elegance, luxury and artistic display: in the small apartments, *Rue Villedo*, (M. Guizot's dwelling,) puritanical simplicity, ordinary furniture and little expensive manners. In the antechamber is a full length picture of Guizot, painted by Delacroix. The features are earnest and strongly marked, with a pale, gray complexion, high forehead and piercing eyes. There is something ascetic compressed in this countenance—a power which is not easily spent, but which knows how to control itself.

"If Thiers were less liberally endowed by nature he would have been ruined long ago; but the infinite resources of his mind make him rise by these things which would entail the inevitable downfall of others. Guizot does not easily pardon; Thiers is a remarkable Frenchman. Guizot has more logic, Thiers more humanity; one understands history, the other France and the French character. Guizot's is a greater personal character, guided by a higher ambition, and not by interest; Thiers loves enjoyments, spends his fortune agreeably, and exhibits in his expenditures the paragon of genius. Yet neither of them have scrupled to use bribery as a means of retaining power, and neither of them has, as yet, done justice to the other. In society Guizot is the quiet English aristocrat, Thiers is all motion. In conversation Thiers is brilliant, Guizot conscious of his superiority and dictatorial. Thiers is attractive as a writer and a historian, but often superficial; Guizot profound, and marked in manner and style. Thiers knows the men among whom he lives, the journalists and publishers among whom he grew up; Guizot is a man of more character, but far less sociable. Guizot is, by his opponents, called 'a pedant,' Thiers 'a rope-dancer.'"

With the exception of political and religious literature, of which we have enough in our own country, there is nothing new in the republic of letters. The Germans are a singular people, and have all sorts of "notions," like the Yankees; but their political and religious notions are sometimes as dangerous as they are queer. One religious work, however, I must mention, which I would advise the German scholars in America, and, especially, the theological student, to read. It bears the title, "Historical and Critical Reflections on the Successive Formation and Peculiar Conformation of the English Episcopal Church in Relation to the Principles and Pretensions of Pure Protestantism."

In regard to *Belles-Lettres*, the Germans at this moment seem to be seized with an American mania, which is quite flattering to our young literature. The new novel "Afloat and Ashore," by Fenimore Cooper, has just been translated, and been received with the greatest enthusiasm. It is pronounced equal, if not superior, to the best of his former novels, and very generally read. Were Mr. Cooper in Germany, he would at this moment, I feel assured, receive the most flattering public manifestations of regard. The translation is far better than those which have been published with stentorian hurry of his earlier works, and those of Walter Scott.

Alston's novel has also been published in a very fine translation; and is much admired by the critics. That Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States is translated into German, no one will doubt; a work containing so much

instruction would naturally commend itself to the German scholar. But it is the poetical effusions of our poets—who, in England, are denied the very name, that engage not the curiosity of the public, or the speculation of a few enterprising publishers, but the poets of Germany, who alone can do them justice.

One of the most popular German bards, Freiligrath, whose late publications have met with a very friendly reception also in England, and who lives in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen, is translating the poems of Bryant and Longfellow; but in reference to Mrs. Frances Ann Butler, the German poets and critics are less enthusiastic. The German Literary Gazette (*Literatur Zeitung*) published at Leipzig, speaking of that talented lady's poems, is so ungracious as to say that a person "who writes poetry for the same reason that Mr. Lover tells us the stars shine, viz: because they have nothing else to do, has no business to publish her poems." He pronounces their "fine imitations of Byron and Moore," with an attempt at being masculine; but without a single original or strong thought. Such publications may form the necessary lumber of a newspaper; but collected they fall heavily and unnecessarily upon the reader. The same opinion has been pronounced by an English critic; I cannot myself form an idea of them, as I have not yet had time to peruse them; and with my present occupation, probably never shall.

A new, noble work, "Oriental Letters, by Ida, Countess of Hahn Hahn, Berlin, 3 vols., 1844," which has just left the press, and is also announced in a translation in England, is also roughly hauled by the critical press of her countrymen, who maintain that she lacks three great points to write a good book of travels, viz. first, a proper education which would fit her to write her language with correctness and elegance; second, a proper mind, properly stored, to see things as they are, and to compare them with those she has treasured up in her memory, and lastly, proper attention to the subject of her work. She is partially placed in the same category with Prince Puckler Muskau, who is guilty of the same faults of style and language, though he possesses far superior talents. I have no doubt that the German Countess' work will read quite as well in a correctly written English translation, as in the original. The style is slovenly, of the pulling and tearing fashion of Miss Fanny that was, and "goesippy" (is not that a bran new word?) as the celebrated "journal." It will no doubt have a run, and do well for a cheap publication at home. So you see the German *littérati* treat their own countrywomen no better than the rest.

In the book line, properly speaking, I have nothing further to report that could, just at this moment, be interesting to the readers of the Magazine. One thing, however, I cannot refrain from mentioning, which relates to one of the largest dépôts of books in the world. I mean the Royal Library, at the *Hôtel Richelieu*, in Paris, from which the ancient and modern imprints are shortly to be removed to the other side of the Seine, where more airy and fashionable quarters are to be provided for them in a building to be erected for that purpose. The old *Hôtel Richelieu*, in the street of that name, looked more like a dark prison than a temple of science and literature, and could not, in fact, in architectural grandeur, rival with the tombs in New York, or Moyamensing prison in Philadelphia. The new library is to be situated on the left bank of the river, *Quai Malaquais*, between the streets *Peris Augustus* and *St. Pierre*. Those of your readers who are acquainted with the *Quartier de l'Université*, will appreciate the locality.

The French Academy of Sciences has just held one of its most interesting sessions; a synopsis of which I will furnish for your next number.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Chimes: A Goblin Story, or Some Bells that Ring an Old Year Out and a New Year in.* By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This story has been universally conceded to be inferior to the "Christmas Carol," but it still has sufficient merit to make it a delightful work, and one worthy of the genius of Dickens. William Fern is a character wholly new, and drawn with great force and distinctness. Tobey Veck and his daughter are delineated with much skill. The satire on the different classes of British politicians, in the persons of Mr. Filer, Sir Joseph Bowley, and Alderman Cuzie, is keen and uncompromising. "Young England," and the whole batch of sentimental politicians, are well caricatured. The mingled hypocrisy, heartlessness, and ignorance with which the lower classes in Great Britain are too apt to be viewed by the higher, is exhibited in the most vivid light. We can hardly complain of Dickens for the bits of spleen he threw at American manners and institutions, when we see how much his own country suffers from his satire. It was well said in the London Examiner, that the worst character, morally speaking, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," is Pecksniff, and that character is wholly English.

In the "Chimes," Dickens displays the same qualities of mind and character, the same originality, freshness, and life, the same humor, pathos, and humanity which characterize all his later works. No one, in reading the work, can fail to be struck with the originality it evinces. Indeed Dickens seems to write altogether from his own observation of nature and life. His pen chronicles only what his eye sees, or his fancy suggests. He seems to obtain nothing from books. Were it not that he occasionally caricatures, or parodies the sentiments of other authors, it would be difficult to say that he had "read" any thing at all. His style comes directly from his own heart and brain. He never quotes even a felicitous phrase. His fancy and humor mould his diction into forms exactly corresponding to his feeling of the moment, and his subject for the moment. He therefore is the master, not the vessel of language. He says what he means, not what his words compel him to say. When he describes an object it becomes apparent instantly to the reader's eye, and is seen and felt as a reality. His style is full of poetical expression. His senses are fine and accurate, detecting the minutest appearances of things; and his fancy follows them step by step, suggesting a throng of images and emotions which give to those appearances life, personality, and human feeling. He makes nature speak the language of the soul; he unaries matter to mind. Few of the readers who shake their sides over his humor realize the poetical element which is so marked a characteristic of his writings. In the "Chimes" there is a description of the freaks played by the night-wind in an old church, which well illustrates what we mean when we speak of his poetical power. To us it seems to display a remarkable blending of humor, pathos, sensibility, observation, and fancy—almost every word being instinct with mind, and bearing the print of the faculty from which it proceeds:

"For the night-wind has a *diabolical trick* of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and *meaning* as it goes, and of trying, with its *unseen hand*, the windows and

the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; *as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be*; it wails and *hoists* to issue forth again; and not content with *stalking* through the aisles, and *gliding* round and round the pillars, and *combing* the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: *then flings itself despairingly on the stones below*, and passes, *muttering*, into the vaults. Again, it comes up *stealthily*, and *creeps* along the walls: *seemingly to rool*, in *whispers*, the inscriptions sacred to the dead. At some of these it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and, at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting."

This passage, including some sentences which follow it, seems to us one of the finest specimens of Dickens' genius. It would be difficult to find its match for the rare combination of creative fancy with the most exact and delicate observation. It is one of those descriptions which feel their way into the heart and imagination, and "shiver along the arteries"—more perfect as descriptions, because they are something more than mere description.

We cannot, limited as we are in space, do fit justice to the profound and earnest humanity with which the "Chimes" is pervaded. The loving spirit which breathes in every page, is worthy of all praise. Dickens can make few enemies in any part of the wide world through which his writings travel, however strong, in some transient and trivial fit of spleen, may be his desire to provoke friends and well-wishers.

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*A Chronological Introduction to the History of the Church. Being an Inquiry into the True Dates of the Birth and Death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; and Containing an Original Homily on the Four Gospels. Now first Arranged in the Order of Time.* By the Rev. Samuel Forman Jarvis, D. D., LL. D. 1 vol. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. New York, 1845.

This profound work had its origin in a resolution of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, appointing the Rev. Dr. Jarvis their historiographer, to prepare, from the most original sources now extant, an ecclesiastical history, reaching from the days of the apostles to the formation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. On beginning his task Dr. Jarvis found it would be a necessary preliminary to settle several contested points, among others the exact dates of the birth and death of our Savior. This could only be done by laying before the public the original evidence, hitherto locked up in foreign and mostly dead tongues. But the space required for the task was such as to require a separate volume; and accordingly, under the sanction of the Convention, he has published the work before us as an introduction to his general history of the church, yet to follow.

The subject treated of naturally divides itself into two parts. The first is devoted to ancient profane history, and chiefly relates to the method among the Romans of computing time, as well as to the laws by which they are connected with modern computations now in use. This inquiry was necessary in order to establish a basis for the second part of the work, which is an examination into the personal history of our Lord, chiefly with the end of determining the exact dates of his birth and death.

In conducting this investigation Dr. Jarvis availed him-

self of all the learning that has been collected on the subject whether here or abroad. He determined, however, in no case to rely on modern authorities, but to go at once to original sources, and consult the earlier Heathen and Christian writers. After settling the chronology of the Romans, he proceeded to the subject of more immediate interest, viz., that relating to our Savior. Here he has shown considerable acumen and more research. He proves that the records, transmitted to Rome, of persons suffering death in the provinces, were preserved to the fifth century, and adduces the authority of Tertullian and others, who had probably seen these records, and who wrote as if perfectly informed of the fact, as to the date of the crucifixion. This is placed in the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar's reign, when the Gemini were consuls, or the tenth day before the Calends of April, answering to our twenty-fifth of March. The date of our Savior's birth, by a similar process of reasoning, is fixed for the twenty-fifth of December, six years before the beginning of the Christian era.

We must bear testimony to the great satisfaction with which we have perused this volume. It is clear, logical, and impartial. Dr. Jarvis set out with no preconceived view of his subject, with no leaning for any peculiar set of authorities, but with a determination to free his mind of every thing that had been written disputatiously on the subject, and to seek carefully for the truth. After much labor he arrived at his opinion. Nor do we see how any one, who will dispassionately peruse this treatise, can differ from its author. The work will be a lasting monument of the patience, acumen, and erudition of Dr. Jarvis. It is an enduring proof of the high rank, as scholars, of our American divines.

The volume is very elegantly printed, and, in this respect, would do honor to the English press.

*Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy.* January, 1845. Published under the Direction of the Philadelphia Society for the Alleviation of the Miseries of Public Prisons: Instituted 1787.

This is a new quarterly journal, intended to defend the system of prison discipline as it exists in Pennsylvania. The articles are written by men who appear thoroughly at home on the subject, and we must confess that most of the charges made against the system seem to us disproved. This is the case especially in reference to the alleged tendency of solitary imprisonment to produce insanity. In the second paper of the number, a review of a memoir read before the French Academy in March, 1844, this subject is ably handled. The writer availing himself of the statistics of M. Lebut, as well as of facts occurring under his own observation, shows conclusively that all prisons contain a greater number of lunatics in proportion to the inmates, than are found in the world at large, and that this results from the tendency of the disgrace of conviction to unsettle the mind, as well as from the known fact, that many crimes are the result of a partial insanity which becomes afterward developed. But that the solitary system conduces to mental aberration more than the systems pursued elsewhere, is disproved by the testimony of all the physicians at the Lausanne Institution, backed by the verdict of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, and the opinions given after a candid examination, by such men as Dr. Johnson, Baehle, Darrach, and Lechupe. Indeed the whole current of opinion among the French physicians, is adverse to the idea that solitary confinement either abridges the life, or unsettles the reason.

On this subject the British consul at Philadelphia has lately published a statement, intended to remove the prejudice against solitary confinement which Dickens' record of his visit to the Eastern Penitentiary of this State, in a

measure created. The peculiar intellect of that popular author unfitted him for a scrutiny requiring comprehensiveness of mind; his imagination blunted his reason and even blinded his perceptions. The highly colored pictures he drew might have applied to terrified children passing a grave-yard at midnight, but not to full-grown men, on whom steady occupation of both mind and body was enjoined, and who, in prison, led a more regular life than out of it, and were, therefore, not so liable to nervous derangement, a fertile source of insanity, and which is the almost inevitable result, sooner or later, of excesses. If, indeed, a man were shut up in a cell, as Luther shut himself up to study night and day, he might fancy he had visions, as Luther did, that savor of madness; but reasoning a priori, we cannot conceive how regular exercise of mind and body, and the consequent preservation of the due equilibrium between the physical and nervous systems, could lead to such a result. And the fact sustains our logic. Mr. Peter, the consul alluded to, has shown that the scenes mentioned by Dickens, are pictures of his own brain, and that the men alluded to were not goaded to insanity by solitary confinement. The subject then is put at rest until some new evidence is adduced.

We do not mean to take sides in this controversy. Philadelpia is no more to us than Auburn. But the Pennsylvania system originated with good and noble men, and is now upheld by some of the most single-minded philanthropists of Europe and America. It has spread rapidly abroad; it must tame its popularity at home. We are glad, therefore, to see a journal devoted to the explanation of its principles, for assuredly it has within the last three or four years suffered not a little from misrepresentation. No great truth ever yet died by discussion.

*Little Stories for Little Folks.* From the German. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol.

*Mother's Lessons for Little Boys and Girls.* Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol.

We once saw an elderly woman cheapening bad figs at a street bazaar, and end a long colloquy by purchasing a considerable number for a penny. She remarked that though they were somewhat dry and old, "they would do for the child." On this old lady's principle, a large proportion of children's books are constructed. They are bad, but they "will do for the child." The plates with which they are "ornamented," generally rival in deformity the nonsense with which they are stuffed. The poor children! Condemned to an intellectual diet of the most tasteless pap, at those periods in their lives when they are most open to good or bad impressions. Much of the bad taste in the community, which is displayed in the patronage given to poor books and miserable paintings, may be traced to the ill-effects of beauty and grandeur which were obtained through children's books, when the community was in its infancy and youth. There are few classes of publications which should be more narrowly watched than these. A person who writes a worthless book for children should be denounced as a "corrupter of youth."

The little volumes issued by Ticknor & Co., are specimens of the better sort of children's books. They are intended for "little folks," and the second on the list has some baby talk in it; but in general they have considerable beauty as well as simplicity. They have evidently been got up with great care, and with some sense of responsibility. If they only succeed in pushing out of the market some of the deteriorating trash with which the minds of children are filled, we shall be more than repaid for the trouble in reading them.





THE PROPOSAL.

Illustration by the artist - M. J. G.

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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## ZULEICA.

### A TRUE STORY OF THE MOORS.

BY ANN A. STEPHENS.

MARA, the noble Moorish widow, lay upon her mattress of rose leaves, lonely and sad as a bird in its golden cage. The atmosphere around her was laden with perfume, and the soft, bell-like tinkle of distant fountains fell soothingly on her ear. Mara had been beautiful, the blood of the prophets flowed in her veins, and among her people she was revered for her descent, her wealth and the lofty qualities of mind which are so seldom found among the women of the East.

Amid all the homage and luxury that surrounded her, Mara was unhappy. Her soul yearned with an unsatisfied want which nothing could appease. Amid all her splendor she was childless; there was nothing in the forms of her religion, nothing in all her wealth and the homage which it brought to minister to that craving thirst for affection which is the great necessity of a woman's heart.

It was near the sunset hour, when all that is sweet and pure in the heart seems pressing most urgently for utterance; when tears spring naturally to the eyes, and the soul of woman grows child-like in its thirst for affection. The great want of Mara's life was strong within her at the moment; tears started to her eyes, and turning her face on the *danask* cushion, she wept aloud over her utter loneliness. As she wept, Mara rose gently to her knees and bowing her forehead to the east, prayed fervently to Allah; the words of devotion were yet trembling on her lips when a shout—a sweet silvery tumult, as if the joy of some childish heart had gushed forth while at play—rang for an instant over the fall of water-drops and the sweet rustling sound of flowers that filled the harem.

Mara started up, tore open the curtain of myrtle and roses that shut in the harem from the garden, and looked eagerly forth, in the full belief that Allah had listened to her prayer, and some bright being would

spring to her embrace from the wilderness of roses without. But no, the cool spray of the fountains raining down among the blossoms, the crimson-winged birds in their glittering cages, and a Georgian slave lying half asleep at the entrance of a myrtle arbor, were all that met her gaze. She was turning away sad and disappointed, when the childish laugh broke upon her ear once more, not from the garden, but afar off, and half-smothered by thick walls. Mara seized her veil, and going up to the terrace on the house-top, resolved to follow the sound. She threaded an archway of stone that connected her mansion with a range of more humble dwellings, and, forgetful of all Moorish etiquette, looked down into an open court from whence the sounds of gleeful laughter came more and more distinctly.

At first the haughty Mooress drew back with an exclamation of disappointment, for she was looking down into the privacy of a Jewish household. Almost for the first time in her life she had turned her eyes, willingly, on the members of a race that was despised, trampled upon, and execrated by all her own people. But that sweet, bird-like voice came ringing to her ear once more, and, spite of herself, she turned and looked down on the court again. A dark-browed Jewish woman stood in a door of the harem, watching a little girl some ten or twelve years old, who had been chasing a bird up and down the court, and was now about to force it back to its cage. She was laughing and chatting with the frightened little creature, and putting its bill beneath her red lips, to all appearance as bright and happy as the bird had been. The woman disappeared as she saw the bird safe back in his cage, and the little girl turned away singing snatches of a Hebrew melody, smiling to herself and waving her pretty head to and fro as she crossed the court.

"Allah, how beautiful!" exclaimed the widow,

clasping her hands over her bosom and looking down with kindling eyes on the child. "Alas, that this bright flower should be planted in the garden of an unbeliever, while a daughter of the faithful is left to eat her heart alone."

She was indeed a beautiful creature—that little Hebrew maiden—the dark and sparkling Jewish eye was subdued by lashes of inky blackness, and rendered still more intensely expressive by that clear, pearly complexion which is so rarely found in one of her race. A loose muslin robe was girded at her waist by a chain of variegated flowers, linked in front by a red rose bud and falling in light wavy wreaths nearly to her feet. A chain of tiny crimson blossoms lay upon her neck, and as she ran across the court her progress was marked by the leaves and buds that were shaken from a cloud of raven tresses that fell loose in beautiful disorder almost to her tiny feet. Even the pretty ankles that rose above her slippers were girded with flowers, and a pile of the blossoms with which she had so profusely decked herself, lay scattered and half crushed on the mosaic pavement.

The little maiden sat down among her flowers once more, and placed the bird-cage at her feet, and shaking her head at the fluttering prisoner began to sing as she wove garlands and hung them over his cage till her pet was completely shadowed by a tent of blossoms.

Mara stood gazing on the beautiful child till a harsh voice from the harem startled the little creature from her play. She sprang up, placed the cage on a pedestal in a corner of the court and darted into the house.

The Moorish widow went home, spread her carpet, and kneeling upon it prayed till daylight.

Every day for a week, the sunset hour found Mara on the terrace which overlooked the dwelling of the Jew. Sometimes she found the child at play with her birds, or singing among the garlands which she seemed never tired of weaving. Sometimes she would be sitting rapt and in tears, in a corner of the court as if some trouble oppressed her young heart, and at such times the Moorish widow heard high words in the harem with now and then a cry, when some slave was struck across the mouth by the strong hand of the Jewess.

All that she observed sunk deep into the Moorish widow's heart; her love of the beautiful Hebrew child had become an infatuation, a portion of her thought, the best half of her religion.

One day when the pretty child sat among her flowers sorrowful and heavy hearted, her fingers mechanically weaving the crimson buds of her favorite blossoms into a necklace, Mara saw that she was weeping, and could not resist the temptation of making the lovely creature aware of her presence and sympathy; she unwound a string of pearls from her turban and knotting them together with a ruby, which had burned on her bosom, she cast them down among the blossoms at the child's feet. The beautiful creature flung down the chain she was entwining, took up the jewels and began to examine them through the tears that filled her eyes, looking around with a sort of child-like wonder and up to the blue sky as if she were in doubt whether the gems had fallen from thence

or were in truth a reality. As she lifted her eyes upward, they fell upon the Moorish widow. Their glances met for the first time; the fine eyes of the child sparkled through the tears that had filled them, fired, as it were, into more exquisite beauty by the smiling and noble features that were bent over her; she held up the string of pearls, and in graceful pantomime seemed to question if they were indeed intended for her, or dropped by accident. When answered that they were a free gift, the grateful little creature pressed the jewels to her lips, wound them over her snowy arm and around her head, held them up in the sunshine and dangled them playfully before the bird-cage, challenging admiration from the little songster within.

After a few moments of this child-like delight, she cast herself on the pavement, pressed her forehead down upon the flowers that covered it as a token of gratitude, and disappeared in the harem, turning her head every instant to gaze upon the noble form hovering over her, and then glowing with new delight at the pearls which gleamed like a handful of snow in her little palm.

And now the Hebrew maiden had become fully sensible of the strange love that was hovering around her. Night after night, when the warm sunset bathed the terrace, she had seen the stately form of the half-veiled widow gazing upon her till her heart was filled with a kind of superstitious and affectionate awe, that aroused all the dormant feelings of a nature that was brim full of love and poetry. The child became a dreamer, and even in her playful hours she longed for the sunset to arrive, when the Moorish lady would come to her like a spirit from heaven. The smile, which always broke over those calm and noble features, whenever they were turned upon the child, was so bright, so fond and caressing, that the warm-hearted maiden began to thirst for it as the flower thirsts for its evening dew.

The love with which Mara was filled, grew irresistible within her. The prejudices of religion, all the strong feelings of cast were swept from her mind by the overwhelming power of affections that had, for the first time, found scope and object.

Again it was the sunset hour, and Mara went forth like an unquiet spirit, to gaze upon the child, who, to use her own strong phrase, had become "the daughter of her soul." But she found the court empty, a few withered flowers trampled on the pavement, and the solitary bird sitting gloomily on his perch, were the only objects that rewarded her search. But there was a tumult in the harem, the shrieks of women, the loud voice of terragant anger, and the wail of a child pleading, as it would seem, for mercy. Mara had scarcely time to conjecture what all this could mean, when a door leading from the harem was dashed open, and the Hebrew child sprang forth and rushed across the court pale as death, her raven hair streaming back in disorder, and tears gushing from her affrighted eyes. She was followed close by her Jewish mother, whose face was convulsed and white with rage. She paused a moment on the threshold, drew the slipper from her foot, and darting after the

child, struck her fiercely on the mouth with it, repeating the outrage till the blood followed each blow.

The child uttered a cry of pain, and lifting her eyes to the terrace, flung up her arms in a frantic appeal for help. Mara threw back her veil, bent over the terrace and made a rapid motion to the child, who sprang up and disappeared in the harem.

When Mara reached her own dwelling her veil was in disorder, her eyes flashing like diamonds, and she clapped her hands so wildly together that half a dozen slaves rushed to her presence at once. Before she could give an order, and while the slaves were gazing with wonder at the strange excitement that burned over a face that they had never seen so agitated before, the Hebrew child rushed into the harem and flung herself, weeping and bathed in tears, on the mosaic pavement at her feet.

"She would kill me! she is cruel! Let me die here!" cried the poor child, laying her forehead on the widow's feet, and pressing her lips wildly to the hem of her garment.

The Moorish lady made a motion for her slaves to withdraw, and lifting the child to her bosom, wiped the crimson stain from her lips and murmured words of fond endearment over her.

"Daughter of my soul," she said, "blossom of paradise, Allah has sent thee hither! sunshine shall follow thy path, and the dew shall fall on the track of thy small feet. God is great and Mahomet is his prophet!"

As the widow uttered these words a tumult arose at the door of her dwelling, and the voice of the Jewess was heard angrily demanding her daughter of the slave who commanded the entrance.

"Save me, oh save me from her anger, for it is terrible!" cried the child, clinging wildly to the bosom of her Moorish friend.

"There is but one way," replied the widow, pressing the trembling little creature to her heart. "Renounce thy people, become a daughter of Allah, and I will be the mother of thy soul, thou the daughter of my home, the inheritor of all my wealth; speak, I am, speak, wilt thou become Mara's daughter?"

A struggle was going on in the heart of the maiden.

"My people, give up my people!" she murmured, half rising from the bosom that was so fondly sheltering her.

The widow loosened the clasp of her arms in disappointment, and the breath was checked upon her lips, the hopes of her life seemed resting on the determination of that child. She felt the slender form slowly withdrawing itself from her embrace, and her heart grew cold as she marked the look of sad resignation which settled on those sweet features.

That instant, when the fate of the poor child hung even in the balance, the voice of her tigress mother resounded once more at the entrance.

"Give me back my child, I disown her, I spit upon her, she is an unclean thing, but give her to me, I will have my child!"

As the maiden heard these words, she flung herself again on the bosom of the Moorish widow, and lifting her soft eyes devoutly upward, murmured—

"Where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"My life, my treasure, child of my soul," exclaimed Mara, folding the child to her bosom in a burst of joy. "Thou art my daughter, I will protect thee. Come to the Cadi, come!"

"God is just, he is merciful, and Mahomet is his prophet," replied the maiden, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven.

Mara kissed her adopted child on the forehead, and once more clapped her hands for the slaves. "Bring forth a haque for my daughter, and follow us to the Cadi," she said with a proud and beautiful smile.

A snowy haque of fine worsted, striped and heavily fringed with silk, was brought forth, the child was enveloped from head to foot in its folds, and with her form thus shrouded, and her beautiful face veiled, she went forth hand in hand with Mara, surrounded by slaves, all sheltered from view like herself. Her Jewish mother, who stood at the door pleading fiercely for the return of her child, saw the maiden pass forth to take the vows of a new faith without recognizing her.

That night the Hebrew child returned to her new home, the daughter, by adoption, of Mara the high-born Moorish, the richest woman in Tangier. She had abandoned her faith and her people, before the Cadi, and had taken the Moorish name of Zuleica, with her new creed. The night had seen her a poor, and despised Jewess, beaten by her unnatural mother, and, spite of her rare beauty, scarcely better than a bond slave among the Moors. The morning found her reclining on a mattress of rose-leaves with jewels gleaming through the gossamer muslin that covered her bosom, and ropes of Orient pearls wreathing up her raven tresses. A soft odor crept through the elaborately carved lattice work that shut in her apartment from the garden, and a tiny fountain in one corner scattered its perfumed rain over the glowing mosaic pavement.

Fragments from the Koran glowed everywhere around her; they were wrought in letters of gold over the belt of blue enamel that ran along the cornice of her apartment; they were woven in a thousand glittering devices around the door of carved ivory, through which she could see glimpses of the bright-winged singing-birds, and the flash of falling water-drops that was filling her ear with their blended melody. The perfume, the music and the subdued beauty of every thing that surrounded her, filled the bosom of the child with unutterable delight; it seemed as if her new religion had lifted her at once into the enjoyments of Paradise. Every thing connected with the Moslem faith seemed written in letters of light, and steeped in perfume. The dignified tread, the soft voice and winning love of her new mother fell soothingly upon her weary spirit. The quiet of the harem, the calm, delicious seclusion that reigned throughout its walls fell upon her soul like a holy thought. The slaves that Mara had appointed to attend her daughter, were selected for their accomplishments and rare beauty; in every way she was surrounded by objects calculated to excite the fancy and enslave the affections.



But time accustoms us even to the beautiful. In a few days the objects which surrounded her had lost their novelty, and nature began to wrestle with the soul of the young Hebrew. Thoughts of her mother, "the mother of her blood," would creep to her heart in the stillness of the night, and amid the perfumed atmosphere of the morning. Hour by hour her spirit became more sad, and in spite of all Mara's efforts to console her, the child drooped and pined in her splendid home. Her sweet laugh was never heard as she wandered in the wilderness of flowers which lay within the walls of her new inheritance. The smile faded from her lips, and she would lie for hours together, gazing on the massive bracelet that girded her arm, till her eyes were so full of tears that the gems and the gold were blended before them in one bright and glittering mass.

Mara had nothing but luxuries that could only gratify the senses, intense love, and that kindness which is its fruit, to render the child in exchange for the comparative freedom of her former life, and for the harsh, but sometimes passionately fond mother, whom she had deserted in a moment of terror and excitement. When these were exhausted in efforts at consolation, Mara could only steal away to her carpet with an anxious heart and beseech Allah to send back the sunshine to her daughter's soul.

Weeks went by, and still Zuleica pined like a flower on its broken stalk, amid the splendor of her new abode. One morning while Mara was at prayer in her own apartment, the child stole forth to the terrace. A wish was burning at her heart which nothing but a sight of her old home could appease. Her spirit was literally thirsting to death for a sight of her mother—that mother so severe, so passionate in her love or hate, and yet so devotedly loved by the child she had wronged.

As Zuleica moved toward the terrace that overlooked her deserted home, a sound of lamentation met her ear; she knew the voice, her limbs began to tremble, her breath came painfully through her blanched lips, and a mist overspread her eyes as she crept falteringly forward and looked down into the court which had been her play-ground for so many years. Her mother was there, "the mother of her blood," crouching in the midst of the court and moaning over the loss of her child. Day after day had she sat on the cold stones, refusing sleep and food, and filling the air with her passionate grief. The face that gleamed out through a cloud of tangled hair that fell over her to the ground, was so pale and thin that the child could scarcely believe it to be that of her mother. She strove to clear the mist from her eyes and looked again; oh how her heart ached as she saw those trembling hands woven together and lifted in frenzied grief; through the veil of black tresses, she saw them suddenly unclasp and rend the garments that already hung in fragments over a form heaving with the pangs of despair. She saw the haughty form fall forward to the earth as if suddenly stricken with death, and then her own despair broke forth in a wild and thrilling cry—

"Mother! mother!"

The Hebrew woman sprang to her feet, flung back the tresses from her face and looked wildly upward, as if she thought the cry had come from heaven. Her black eyes kindled with a living light as she saw her child kneeling on the terrace above, with her small hands clasped and outstretched toward her, and tears gushing like rain-drops over her face.

After one eloquent gesture which bespoke the flood of joy that had gushed upon her soul, at the sight of her child, the bereaved mother sat down upon the cold pavement, gathered the garments, which she had literally rent to tatters in her grief, around her person, and her face gradually assumed an appearance of pleading, and heart-breaking tenderness. She pointed to the bird which lay dead in its cage, she pointed to a heap of withered flowers that combered a corner of the court. Then flinging back the hair entirely from her high forehead, she exposed the ravages which a few weeks of sorrow had left on her own face. She placed her arms a moment over her bosom and then held them forth trembling with eager impatience, while tears gushed from her dark and pleading eyes.

The child saw all these signs of tender grief, and her heart broke loose in a flood of remorseful love, and her sobs became so violent that they reached the court below. At length she started up, unclasped the bracelets from her arms, the bands of gold from her small ankles, and with hands which shivered impatiently at their task, disentangled the pearls from her hair, and cast them down upon the terrace with a gesture of solemn renunciation.

Before the mother could give expression to the wild delight with which this action filled her, the child had disappeared from the terrace.

Early the next morning a tall woman, with a turban twisted low down on her forehead, but with a haque over her garments, stood at the entrance of Mara's dwelling. She held a basket of perfumes on her arm, and claimed admittance with the humble and beseeching air which persons of her class ever assumed in presence of the wealthy Moors. Mara was busy in her own apartment, but when she heard that a Jewish trafficker was at her gate she thought of her daughter's melancholy, of the heavy and languid eyes that had met her caresses in the morning, and gave orders that the woman should be admitted to the garden where Zuleica was wearing away the weary hours, hoping that an examination of her stores might amuse the sorrow-stricken girl.

The Jewish woman passed in through the sump-tuous apartments, along the court, and into the garden. Zuleica was sitting on the grass beneath a clump of orange trees, listlessly tearing away the snowy blossoms from a branch which was bent to the ground by her side with a wreath of golden fruit, while the muslin of her robe was spotted with the fragrant petals, and the turf all around was white with them, for all unconsciously the preoccupied child had almost stripped the bough of its sweet burden, and littered every thing around with the spoil.

Zuleica did not look up as the Jewess advanced toward her. Slaves were passing to and fro every instant, and the child was too heart-sore for observa-

tion; so it was not till the woman stood directly before her that she lifted her heavy eyes, and recognized her mother. A cry of joyful surprise was checked on her lip by a quick gesture from the Jewess, who knelt down, pressed the hem of the maiden's robe to her lips, and began to exhibit her wares, praising their qualities in the soft, wheedling tone so natural to her race when in communion with the Moors.

"Here is otter, bearing the life of ten thousand roses in a single drop," she said, taking a vial of crystal and gold from her basket, and holding the amber liquid it contained between Zuleica and the sun. Shall I lay aside a bottle for the Lela?" as she spoke, the Jewess bent forward to lay the flask at Zuleica's feet, and whispered, "Send the slave away, my child, send her away."

The next instant the woman was busy with her basket again. "Here is perfumed wood which gives forth a most odorous smoke—shall her slave place a bundle with the otter which the Lela has taken? here are pastiles of delicious quality, and—" the woman broke off suddenly, for a glance from under her black lashes revealed the departing slave as she entered the house; dashing the perfumes back into her basket she caught the child to her heart, and pressed her lips with passionate warmth on the mouth, brow and hair of the weeping young creature.

"My child, my child! blessed be the God of my fathers, he has given back my child!" she murmured, amid her caresses. "Come to thy own house, my soul, our people are pining for a sight of thy sweet face, once more come back to thy people and the true faith!"

"Mother, oh mother! why did you cast me forth in your rage, to seek shelter under a strange roof?" said the trembling child, clinging close to the maternal bosom as she spoke. "I have taken a strange creed and another name—the vow of a new faith is heavy on my soul—to renounce it now were death by the law."

"Not so—not so! God of Abraham! they will not visit the penalties of a cruel law on a child like thee. What art thou that the priests should seek thee out?"

"The Cadi warned me; Mara, the kind, good Mara, warned me! If I go with you, mother, it is to death," said the child, biting her sorrowful face to the dark eyes that were fixed with such passionate earnestness on her.

"Not so, my child, we are a despised people, poor and persecuted, but have we no secret corners, no hiding-places, in which a child can be concealed? Let them search—let them search! Our brethren will take charge of thee."

The poor woman trembled with anxiety as she spoke, and her lips were raining kisses on the beautiful form which she had gathered once more to her bosom.

The child drew a painful breath and stood up, her face was very pale, and a deep, melancholy light broke up from the depths of her large eyes.

"I go with you, mother of my blood. It is into death, but I will return to the God of my fathers."

A flash of vivid joy illuminated the face of the Jewess mother.

"The God of Abraham be praised!" she said. "Come, my child, let us go forth while there are no slaves to watch our footsteps."

"Not so," replied the child, weaving her cold hand in the clasp of her mother, "let me go forth as I came."

Zuleica moved forward as she spoke, and threading the wilderness of flowers, entered her Moorish apartments for the last time, followed by her mother. Here she unbound the gorgeous Persian scarf from her waist, and flinging off the robe of fine muslin, invested her fragile person in the humble garments which she had worn when she first sought refuge in the house. In this garb, and with a face calm, but pale as death, she entered the room where Mara was sitting. Kneeling meekly down before the high born Moors, she pressed a fold of the garments which fell upon the carpet to her lips, and before the widow could speak or make a sign to her slaves, both the Jewess and her child had passed from the room.

There was unusual excitement in the halls of the Cadi on the next day. The officers of his court crowded round the dais on which he sat to give judgment, and two women stood before him—the one was veiled to the eyes, but her haque was of the finest possible materials, and there was a graceful nobility in her air which no vestments could conceal. The other was also wrapped in a coarse haque, but, in the passionate appeal which she had been making to the judge, its folds had fallen back from the crimson turban which was wreathed over her high forehead, betraying a fine bold face kindied up with strong and energetic feeling, which flashed in fire from her black eyes, and in words of burning eloquence from her lips.

The good Cadi was completely astounded by the burst of eloquent feeling which a fear of losing her child had wrung from the terrified and energetic Jewess, and which contrasted forcibly with the stern, subdued and dignified bearing of the shrouded female. He listened to her defence, however, with calm forbearance, and when she had exhausted herself made a motion to his guard.

"Where is the child, woman? reveal her hiding-place, that she may be brought before us," he said.

"The God of Abraham forbid," cried the frightened woman, "she has committed no sin; she is safe with her people. Let the vengeance of my lord the Cadi rest on his slave."

As she spoke, there was a slight tumult at the door, the Jewess woman looked around and saw two officers of the court leading her child in from a neighboring vestibule. A cry of terror and surprise burst from her blanched lips, and sinking to the pavement she covered her face with both hands, and remained in this position of abject grief, moaning like a wounded creature, and completely overwhelmed with despair.

Pale and sad, but perfectly tranquil, were the features of that beautiful child; as they led her before the judge she cast one glance on the unhappy parent who sat crouching on the pavement, another at the stately

but agitated form of the Moorish widow, and when she lifted her sorrowful eyes to the judge they were heavy with tears.

"My lamb," said the good Cadi, taking the hands which the child had folded on her bosom between both his, and bending his benevolent eyes kindly upon her, "my lamb, they tell us that you have eaten poison, that you are no longer a daughter of the faithful, speak and deny the charge."

For a moment the child bent her eyes to the floor, and that moment was one of deep suspense to all around—those who looked on the Moorish widow could see her bosom heave convulsively under her veil, while her trembling hands were clasped amid its folds, and she pressed forward to catch the first syllable that fell from the lips of the child. The Jewess had risen to her knees, the breath was chained on her quivering lips, while her face grew white and her eyes flashed beneath the burning crimson of her turban; when the child spoke, she drew a short breath and fell back to her old position again.

"I have no God but one," said the child, in a sad, low voice.

"And he is Allah. Muhomet is his prophet," interrupted the Cadi, bending forward and clasping the little hands in his with a degree of anxiety that was almost imploring, "bethink thee, my lamb, to acknowledge another God is death. There is but one God, and Muhomet is his prophet."

Every being in the room, even to the lowest officer, held his breath with intense anxiety, as the child lifted those eyes so full of patient fortitude to her judge, and spoke—"There is but one God—the God of Abraham, the God of my fathers!"

The Cadi released her hands and drew back in his seat with a deep sigh. The Jewess dropped her clasped hands upon the pavement, while a sort of desperate joy broke over her face, and she muttered to herself—"She has but one God, the God of her fathers!" Over and over again did the poor woman repeat these words, almost forgetful that they were a death sentence to her child. But Mara understood their true and terrible force. Her limbs shook, and the veil, which was partially drawn apart by the convulsive motion of her hands, revealed a painful glimpse of her white and terror-stricken features. Well she knew that nothing but death could expiate an apostacy from the Muhometan faith. The wretched woman tottered a step forward and sunk on her knees before the Cadi; careless, for the first time in her life, that strange men were gazing on her face.

"Let my lord the Cadi have mercy," she said, "take the poor lamb away from me forever, but let not her words be written—she is but a child! She has been persuaded! She has eaten the poison of strange words! The bad thoughts of another speak through her lips."

"Speak, child," said the Cadi, bending toward the helpless young creature at his feet. "Remember, life and death lie in thy words. Has any person attempted to win thee from the true faith?"

The Jewish woman lifted her forehead from the pavement and started up to her knees.

"And if it were so—if the child were altogether persuaded by another—will that give her life and the enjoyment of her Hebrew faith?"

In her eagerness the woman had dragged herself close to the Cadi, and with her stately form bent forward, her lips apart, her black eyes burning with intense light, and the pallor of her face rendered stronger by the crimson folds that girded her forehead, she remained with hushed breath awaiting his reply.

"It will!" replied the Cadi, in his calm and measured voice, which contrasted forcibly with the keen energy of hers. "But the penalty is only changed. The person who has tempted her from the true faith must die in her stead!"

A short hysterical laugh broke from the mother and a gleam of wild joy shot over her features.

"It is well! be it so! she was persuaded. I, her mother, Naome, the Jewess, persuaded her!"

At these words Mara flung her arm around the child, with a burst of tears, exclaiming—"I knew it—he was deluded—still is she a daughter of the faithful!"

But Zuleica withdrew herself gently from the bosom against which she had been so joyfully pressed, and bending meekly down, kissed the hand that was still attempting to retain her, then moving close to her Jewish mother, the child grasped a fold of her garments, and with this touching demonstration of her choice, turned gently to the Cadi.

"The mother of my blood speaks wildly, my lord, I returned to the Hebrew faith because my own soul urged me to it—no one persuaded me—it was my own act. In that faith I will perish. Let no one suffer but myself."

It was strange to hear that sweet, childish voice so mildly uttering the words that must end in death. The eyes of that poor maiden were full of holy light as she spoke, and a glow of resignation more beautiful than a smile broke over her lovely features—she seemed, indeed, a lamb going up alone to the altar of sacrifice—still the Cadi hesitated—the beauty of that child, her sweet, patient firmness had touched his heart, and he would gladly have substituted the fiery and majestic mother as a victim to the law. Again the ardent woman protested her guilt in the matter, and again the gentle victim interposed.

"You will all listen to me," she said, turning her beautiful face toward those who surrounded the Cadi. "The mother of my blood has no part in this matter. I was angered at something that happened at home, and fled to the house of this kind lady. In the heat of my resentment, and dreading my mother's wrath, I went before the Cadi and abjured my people and their religion. In this lies my sin! I repented it, and went back to the people of Abraham—for this let me die. This, the poor mother of my blood, and the good Lela, whom I may never again call mother, are blameless. May they know happiness again when I—"

The child broke off, tears blinded her eyes and choked her utterance. She sunk upon her knees at Mara's feet and bathed her cold hand with tears and kisses, then she crept to the arms of the Jewess, laid her fair head upon the bosom of the almost paralyzed

woman, and turning her meek eyes on the Cadi, awaited his sentence.

The room was filled with stout men; officers of the court and persons well used to scenes of distress, but tears sprung even to their hard eyes, and many a haughty Mussulman forgot his manhood that day till his beard was wet with tears. The Cadi turned his face away and covered it with both hands, for his heart was troubled by the touching look which that brave and helpless child still turned on his face.

When the benevolent man uncovered his face tears stood in those mild eyes, and his voice trembled with deep feeling.

"Poor lamb, I have no power to save thee," he said, "the Sultan himself dare not interfere with the laws of the Prophet. He is at Meguinez—to-morrow a guard shall conduct thee to his presence—God is good!"

As he spoke, the Cadi arose to break up the court, one of his guards approached and reverently removed Zuleica from her mother's bosom. The wretched woman made no resistance; all the wild energy of her character seemed paralyzed; the arm which had encircled her child fell heavily to the pavement, and her form gradually sunk to its former hopeless and abject position. Mara uttered a cry as she saw the guard pass forth with the child, sprung a step forward and fell senseless at the feet of the Cadi.

Half an hour after, those two women passed forth together, clinging to each other's garments, tottering with weakness, and striving to comfort each other—mutual anguish had leveled all distinctions between them—one terrible sorrow had, as it were, dashed their hearts together—both were wretched, and both fearfully bereaved in the same object; where could they go for sympathy but each to the other!

The Sultan was at his palace in Meguinez. The imperial guards had assembled around the hall of justice, and stationed themselves among the pillars of the outer court. Sontons of holy reputation, and high priests from the temple, with members of the royal family and Mussulmans holding place at court, thronged the outer halls. The room in which the Sultan held his divan was closed, but through the doors of richly carved ivory could be seen glimpses of the glowing mosaic pavement, surrounded by a belt of blue enamel, covered with rich arabesques of pure gold, which rose three feet deep around the wall. These, with the rich cornices of stucco, dashed with gold, which spread in a delicate net-work over the ceiling, could only be seen in glimpses through the latticed ivory. But one large door, more elaborate in its workmanship than the others, commanded a view of the recess which contained the ottoman of the Sultan. The arch of this recess was spanned, as it were, by a rainbow of burning gems, which fell to a carpet that partly concealed two broad steps leading to the ottoman, and lighting up the silken flowers wrought over it, till they seemed bursting into blossom spite of the footsteps that had trodden them down the day before. That portion of the steps which was left exposed by the carpet revealed a rich mosaic of agate and blood-stone, set in a ground-work of

mother-of-pearl. The ottoman was fringed with amethysts, emeralds, turquoise, opal and pearls, all strung promiscuously together, and a light golden embroidery ran all over the broad damask cushion. In the shadows which filled the room each gorgeous color and burning gem seemed bathed in purple light, rich and subdued, still only half revealed. The doors were flung open! A blaze of warm light fired up the gems, sparkled around the ottoman and gave a richer glow to the mosaic under foot. A man of calm and imposing presence entered the chamber. He walked slowly toward the recess, his garments sweeping the pavement in his progress and his eyes bent on the floor. A cloud lay upon the Sultan's brow, and his step was weary, as if some unusual care oppressed him. He had scarcely seated himself on the ottoman when the chamber was filled with those who had been waiting in the courts. Priests and santon, courtiers and applicants for justice, all came gliding through the doors, their unslipped feet falling noiselessly on the pavement, and each man bearing a shade of anxious expectation on his face.

The Sultan made a slight motion with his hand, which was obeyed by a priest, who bent his forehead to the dust and placed a parchment scroll before his lord. The Sultan glanced over it, and the cloud upon his brow grew still darker.

"And this child. You would have an order for her execution?" he said, still glancing at the parchment.

"It is written; she is still an unbeliever!" replied the priest, bowing profoundly.

"Has every thing been done? Has she been placed among the women of our harem? have they persuaded her?"

"God is great! all these things have been done," replied the priest.

"And still she remains obstinate—the strength of a full grown tree seems given to this flower."

"The followers of the Prophet are weary with importuning her. The daughters of the harem have failed. Every thing has failed. God is great, let the unbeliever perish."

"She is but a child, and so beautiful!" murmured the Sultan, musingly; then lifting his voice he added, "Let the young Hebrew be brought forth."

They brought her forth—that meek, feeble child—and there, like a broken snow-drop, she stood alone in the blaze of that gorgeous court.

"My child," said the Sultan, in a subdued voice, for he, the proud, stern man, was softened by her gentle beauty, "our priests of the holy Prophet are wearied with the obstinacy of thy unbelief. Even I can no longer withhold thee from the just punishment they demand."

"I am ready to die!" said the child, sinking gently to her knees before the Sultan.

"But there is yet time. Renounce thy false religion; thou art young and beautiful, and for flowers like thee there is much happiness on earth."

"I am ready to die—and to die in the faith of my fathers," replied the child, lifting her mournful eyes to the face of the Sultan.

"But the priests demand an immediate order for

thy execution; think once more; God is merciful, thou art but a child."

"Let the priests have their way. The God of Abraham will give me strength." As she spoke, the gentle maiden folded her arms meekly over her bosom, and bent her head as if her spirit had taken leave of the earth forever. While she retained this humble posture a ray of sunshine struck the gems overhead, and their light fell like a halo over the brow of the martyr child; before it faded away her death order had been given.

Oh it was a painful sight, that guard of dark-browed men fling out from the Sultan's palace, and conducting that feeble child to execution. As the procession swept through one of the pillared vestibules, two women, travel-soiled and tottering with fatigue, entered from the street; with one wild look at the victim, and a smothered cry which was almost a shriek, they started forward as if to stop the guard, but turned wildly and rushed toward the hall of justice.

In a few minutes the Sultan came forth, his step was hurried and unequal, and his frowns bore testimony to the feelings which were struggling in a heart which was seldom moved by gentle sympathies. The two women followed him, unchidden by the guards, and when he mounted his Arab horse and rode forth to the place of execution they tottered after, clinging to each other, and with their strained eyes fixed on a glittering knot of soldiers, gathered together on the distant plain. They saw the Sultan dash into the throng, and sunk to their knees on the burning earth, still with their pained eyes fixed keenly on the distance. They saw the soldiers heave and sway round to admit the Sultan in their midst. They saw the glittering weapons close in around him, and then both those wretched women fell motionless with their faces to the earth.

It was in vain. With a last generous effort the Sultan had ridden forth to give the gentle martyr a chance of life. When his Arab steed dashed in amid the guard, the beautiful and helpless creature was kneeling by the rude block that had been cast upon the earth for her execution. The head-man was standing by with a scimitar in his hand, not yet drawn from its sheath, for the large, terrified eyes of the child were fixed upon his weapon, and he could scarcely find strength to draw the glittering blade while that lamb-like gaze was upon him. One of the guard came from the Sultan and whispered a word in the head-man's ear; a ghastly smile came to his lips and he drew the scimitar. As the steel flashed before the child a shudder ran through her frame, a look of helpless terror, and then she bent her meek head to the block, quietly as if that black wood had been a pillow of damask and rose-leaves on which she was sinking to sleep.

The head-man gathered up her magnificent tresses in his hand, and the keen edge of the scimitar fell.

A few drops of blood started from the crimson line which a slight touch of the weapon had made on that beautiful neck. The Sultan sprang from his steed and bent over her.

"Acknowledge Mahomet the prophet of Allah, and live," he said in a loud but trembling voice.

The child lifted her head from the block; pale and chill as marble were those sweet features, but the eyes which she turned upon the Sultan were full of holy light; a strange, spiritual smile parted her white lips, and, though the small hand which put back the hair from her cheek was spotted with blood and shivered in its hold, the voice which uttered her last words was sweet and regular as the chime of a low-toned bell.

"God of Abraham, God of Abraham, I die believing in thee!"

The scimitar was uplifted—a flash of sunshine seemed darting like a fiery serpent around the head of that martyr child. That instant a soft chime sounded from a minaret near-by. The Sultan dismounted from his horse, the guards turned their faces to the east, and flinging themselves upon the earth remained motionless, for the hour of prayer had overtaken them just as the work of death was accomplished.

A few miles from Megouez, the Jews, who could not purchase her life, have erected a monument to the martyr Hebrew maiden; and on the cold stone which commemorates the most noble qualities that ever lived in the bosom of a child, both the Jew and the Mussulman lavish tributes of almost religious devotion, for both by her own people and the Moors is Zuleica yet remembered.

Reader, it is no tale of fiction that I have been amusing you with, but a sad, true story, related almost word for word as the writer received it from a friend who resided some years among the Moors, and whose literary name of Corinne Montgomery I am alone permitted to give. It is but three or four years ago that she received the story from the Cadi himself. She heard it from the lips of the Hebrew mother, who has never slept in a bed since the execution of the child; and again, it was repeated by Mara, the Moorish widow, while standing beside the damask bed, and in the beautiful apartment which Zuleica had occupied in her house. My friend has pressed the bracelet to her lips which the child cast from her arm when renouncing the Mahometan faith; she has seen the tiny slippers that covered her feet, and the pearls that were woven in her hair. In nothing has the conduct or the beauty of that angel child been left to the imagination. Even in the descriptions of her apartments—of the gardens—and those places to which the gentle martyr was conducted, the writer has been indebted alone to the friend who saw them with her own eyes. The truth of Zuleica's story is so much more beautiful than fiction, that I should have felt it sacrilegious to add one touch of fancy to that which is so perfect in itself.

# AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURGH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**THE** tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the  
skies,  
Like some huge piece of nature's make, the growth of  
centuries;  
You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human  
art,  
They seemed to struggle lightward so from a sturdy living  
heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak  
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray pile  
she spoke;  
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,  
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient  
stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so  
rough,  
A whim of Nature crystalized slowly in granite tough;  
The thick spires yearned toward the sky in quaint harmoni-  
ous lines,  
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of  
blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better  
right  
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;  
And, in that forest petrified, as forester there dwells,  
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward, red as  
blood,  
The half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying  
flood;  
For miles away, the fiery spray poured down its deadly  
rain,  
And back and forth the billows drew, and paused, and  
broke again.

From square to square, with tiger leaps, still on and on it  
came;  
The air to leeward trembled with the pantings of the  
flame,  
And church and palace, which even now stood whelmed  
but to the knee,  
Lift their black roofs like breakers long amid the rushing  
sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet  
look;  
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last forsook;  
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would unfold  
Through this red sea, for faithful hearts, as once he did of  
old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint call,  
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the church-yard  
wall,  
And, ere a *paten* half was said, amid smoke and crackling  
glare,  
His island tower scarce juts its head above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood up sublime;  
His first thought was for God above, his next was for his  
chine;  
"Sing now, and make your voices heard in hymns of  
praise," cried he,  
"As did the Israelites of old, safe-walking through the sea!"

"Through this red sea our God hath made our pathway  
safe to shore;  
Our promised land stands full in sight; shout now as ne'er  
before!"

And, as the tower came crashing down, the bells, in clear  
accord,  
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn—"All good souls  
praise the Lord!"

# LINES WRITTEN AT NORTH BEND, OHIO.

BY MRS. ANNA T. E. TAYLOR.

Where are they, where are they, the loved ones who  
drew  
Around the old hearth-stone when winter-winds blew?  
Oh! where are the young and the happy who met  
Around the bright fire when the sun-light had set?  
Where are they who tumbled o'er valley and hill,  
And played in the streamlet that winds by the mill?  
All gone! and to me the old hearth-stone no more  
Will wear the same look that in childhood it wore!  
Oh where is that brother whose laugh was so loud,  
Whose youth was all sunshine, undimmed by a cloud?  
Ah his white brow was lofty, his dark eye was bright,  
His mirthfulness filled all our hearts with delight!

Where is he? go list to the night-wind, it sighs  
Through the long grass that waves o'er the place where  
he lies.  
And where is that sister so gentle and kind,  
Whose actions were fraught with the grace of the mind?  
She too sleeps in death, and her light step no more  
Will bend the green grass, or glide soft o'er the floor!  
I love the old homestead! each valley and hill,  
The trees and the streamlet are dear to me still,  
But "fond recollection" oft saddens my brow,  
As I think of the friends who are lost to me now,  
And I turn from the love of the living to weep,  
Unrestrained o'er the graves where my lov'd ones sleep.

## THE MUSIC OF ITALY.

### THE MISERERE IMPROVISATRICE.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

ITALY has long enjoyed, *par excellence*, the title of "the land of song;" and it richly merits it. It stands alone in this respect among the nations of the earth, civilized and uncivilized, and we venture to say no one thinks of it as the home of the arts, without thinking of it at the same time as the home of song. From our childhood its blue heavens and its gay-hearted music have been blended together in our fancy. That beautiful peninsula has seemed a sort of embodied opera in the bosom of the Mediterranean. Men have attempted to account for both its taste and talent for music on philosophical principles. One tells us that the fine arts are a bright sisterhood, growing up together. But the fine arts flourished in Greece without making it, even in a limited sense, a "land of song." Another points us to its warm and beautiful climate, softening and refining the character, so that it naturally loves and appreciates the "concord of sweet sounds." But we have as mild a climate, and as voluptuous an atmosphere on our side of the water, yet they produce no such effect. Beings as dark-eyed and passionate as the Italian maid, dwell in our Mexican States, but the power, if not the spirit, of song is absent. We think it is owing in part to the language itself; flowing with vowels, and in its very movement suggestive of melody, nay, melody itself. A stronger and more matter-of-fact reason is found in *habit*. One nation becomes commercial, another military, and a third scientific and philosophical. Accidental circumstances, or the influence of a single man may have set the current of national feeling and taste in a particular direction, so strong as to wear a deep channel, in which they must forever flow, unless some violent upheaving change the bed of the stream. This national habit changes the very conformation of the body from childhood. The organs of music are moulded into shape at the outset. This is the reason that a "musical talent," as it is called, is usually found running through an entire family. The first efforts of the child are to utter melody, and he will succeed, of course, just as he would if attempting to learn a foreign language.

No where is music so spontaneous and voluntary as in Italy, and no where is it studied with such untiring and protracted effort. We might except the Germans here, who, perhaps, are as great composers as the Italians. But there is no *song* in the stern old Saxon heart. The sudden and exciting transitions of music are not found in their character. The free and fountain-like gushings forth of feeling in an Italian render him peculiarly fitted to enjoy and utter music,

though we think this very trait in his character was formed in the first place by music. They have reacted on each other, making both the Italian and his music what they are.

It is a singular fact that the best singers of Italy come from the northern provinces. The people of the south are more fiery and passionate, yet less distinguished for music, than those of the north. Nothing strikes the traveler in Italy with more force, or lives in his memory longer, than the gay street singing of the lower classes, yet one hears little of this in Rome or Naples. There is a sombre aspect on old Rome, taken from its silent haughty ruins, giving apparently a coloring to the feelings of the people. The gay, light-hearted Neapolitan seems too gay for music—like the French, his spirits burst out in action. The Piedmontese are forever singing, while Genoa is the only Italian city over which our memory lingers ever fresh and ever delighted. There is not a moonlight night in which its old palaces do not ring with the song of the strolling sailor-boy or idle loungeur. The rattling of wheels seldom disturbs the quietness of the streets, while the lofty walls of the palaces confine and prolong the sound like the roof of a cavern. The narrow winding passages now shut in the song till only a faint and distant echo is caught, and now let it forth in a full volume of sound, ever changing like the hues of feeling. Hours and hours have we lain awake, listening to these thoughtless serenaders, who seemed singing solely because the night was beautiful. You will often hear voices of such singular power and melody ringing through the clear atmosphere that you imagine some professional musicians are out on a serenade to a "fayre ladye." But when the group emerges into the moonlight, you see only three or four coarse clad creatures, evidently from the very lowest class, sauntering along, arm in arm, singing solely because they prefer it to talking. And, what is still more singular, you never see three persons, not even *boys*, thus singing together without carrying along three parts. The common and favorite mode is for two to take two different parts, while the third, at the close of every strain, throws in a deep bass chorus. You will often hear snatches from the most beautiful operas chanted along the streets by those from whom you would expect nothing but obscene songs. This spontaneous street singing charms us more than the stirring music of a full orchestra. It is the *poetry* of the land—one of its characteristic features—living in the memory years after every thing else has faded. We like, also, those

much abused hand-organs, of every description, greeting you at every turn. They are out of place in our thronged and noisy streets, but in Italy you could not do without them. They are the operas of the lazzaroni and children, and help to fill up the picture. Passing once through a principal business street of Genoa, we heard at a distance a fine, yet clear and powerful, voice that at once attracted our attention. On approaching we found it proceeded from a little blind boy not over eight years of age. He sat on the stone pavement, with his back against an old palace, pouring forth song after song with astonishing strength and melody. As we threw him his penny, we could not help fancying how he would look sitting in Broadway, with his back to the Astor House, and attempting to throw his clear, sweet voice over the rattling of omnibuses and carriages that keep even the earth in a constant tremor.

I will say nothing of the Italian opera, with its well trained and powerful orchestra, and wonderful cantatrice, for it is impossible to describe its effect on the people. But no one has heard a Grisi, or Albertazzi, or Clara Novello, with their clear and thrilling voices rising high and serene over an orchestra in full blast, pouring strain after strain of maddening melody on the excited throng till it trembled like a smitten nerve, without feeling that music had a power unknown to them before.

But to know the full effect of song and scenery together, one must hear the chanting of the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel of St. Peter's. That the Pope should select the best singers of the world for this service is not strange, but that he should with these be able to produce the effect he does is singular. The night on which our Savior is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is divided in two parts by a high railing, one half being given to the spectators, and the other half reserved for the Pope, his cardinals and the choir. The whole is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. This dim twilight falling over the motionless forms of priest and monk and cardinal, and the lofty frescoed arches, together with the awful silence that seemed hanging like a pall over all the scene, heightened inconceivably the effect to us.

The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest wo. Stunned and

stupified, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the frequent half drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!"

The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throeb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection.

There is a story told of this *Miserere*, for the truth of which we can only refer to rumor. It is said that the Emperor of Austria sent to the Pope for a copy of the music, so that he could have it performed in his own cathedral. It was sent, as requested, but the effect of the performance was so indifferent that the emperor suspected a spurious copy had been imposed on him, and he wrote to his Holiness, intimating as much, and hinting also that he would find it for his interest to send him a *true* copy. The Pope wrote back that the music he had sent him was a genuine copy of the original, but that the little effect produced by it was owing to the want of the scenery, circumstances, &c., under which it was performed in St. Peter's. It may be so. The singer, too, is doubtless more than half. The power of a single voice is often wonderful. We remember an instance of this on Easter Sunday, as the procession was moving up and down the ample nave of St. Peter's, carrying the Pope on their shoulders as they moved. In the procession was a fat, stout monk, from the north of Italy, who sung the bass to the chant with which the choir heralded the approach of his Holiness. A band of performers stationed in a balcony at the farther end of the church was in full blast at the time, yet over it, and over the choir, and up through the heaven-seeking dome, that single voice swelled clear and distinct as if singing alone. It filled that immense building, through which were scattered nearly thirty thousand



people, as easily as a common voice would fill an ordinary room.

*Improvising* is not what it formerly was in Italy; or else Madam de Stael has most grievously drawn on her imagination in her delineation of Corinna. I heard an improvisatrice sing in Rome to a small audience in the theatre Argentina. An urn had been left at the door, in which any one who wished dropped a slip of paper, with the subject he wished improvised written upon it. I sat all on the *qui vive*, waiting her appearance, expecting to see enter a tall, queenly beauty, with the speaking lip and flashing eye, uttering poetry even in their repose. I expected more, from the fact that these inspired birds are getting rare even in Italy, and this was the second opportunity there had been to hear one in Rome during the winter. At length she appeared; a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty, and as plain as prose. She ascended the platform, somewhat embarrassed, and sat down. The urn was handed her, from which she drew by chance seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mass enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. However, she started off boldly, and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished one topic, she would sit down and wipe the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Ganymede, would hand her a cup of nectar, in the shape of coffee, which she coolly sipped in presence of the audience. Having taken breath, she would read the next topic and start off again. Between each effort came the coffee. Some of the subjects staggered her prodigiously. The "spavined

dactyls" would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness which half redeemed her failures. Sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before she could clear it. I will do her the justice to say, however, that her powers of versification were in some instances almost miraculous. She would glide on without a pause, minding the difficulties of rhyme and rhythm no more than Apollo himself. Columbus was one of the topics given her, and she burst forth—(I give the sentiment only)—"Who is he that with pallid countenance and neglected beard enters, sad and thoughtful, through the city gates? The crowd gaze on him, as, travel-worn and weary, he passes along, and ask, 'Who is he?' Christopher Columbus is the answer. They turn away, for it is a name unknown to fame." Then with a sudden fling she changed the measure; and standing on the bow of his boat, flag in hand, the bold adventurer strikes the beach of a New World. The change from the slow, mournful strain she first pursued to the triumphant, bounding measure on which the boat of the bold Italian met the shore, was like an electric shock, and the house rang with "*brava! brava!*" But, alas! there was no Corinna there.

Italy is the land of song, and it flows from the people like the wine from their vineyards, but there is one constant drawback to one's feelings—it is made an article of *merchandise*. The thought that half the time *money* is the inspiration, kills the sentiment, and we turn away but half gratified. On this account I love the less musical, but more spontaneous songs of the peasantry amid their vineyards.

## THE CUT-OFF RIVER.

(WITH AN ACCOMPANYING ENGRAVING.)

We have hitherto pursued our plan of publishing Southern and Western Views in a manner that has won us the concurrent plaudits of the newspapers and inhabitants of both those sections of country; and the present engraving, if we do not mistake, will even increase the high reputation we have won. The view represents Cut-Off River, a branch of the Wabash, which divides itself from the latter river at Harmony, Indiana. Few streams, either in the West or elsewhere, are more picturesque. It is a bold and rocky river, diversified with numerous wooded islands, and shaded by primeval trees of enormous magnitude. Though the country in the vicinity is rapidly becoming cultivated; though the old monarchs of the forest are one by one departing; and though the ploughman's whistle is now heard where once the silence was only broken by the scream of the eagle, Cut-Off River still retains much of the wildness of its aboriginal appearance. A great part of its beauty is yet attributable to the noble old trees which frown on its banks.

Indeed, on this side of the Alleghanies we have but a faint idea of the magnificence of the woods in the

great western valley. In the fertile soil of that region maples, tulips and oaks attain a size almost incredible to those who are acquainted only with the trees in the vicinity of our great eastern cities. Along the Wabash the forests are particularly gigantic. There are few evergreens; but the woods are thick with enormous planes, with the mossy overcast oak, and with tall tulip-trees, like "the mast of some huge admiral;" while numerous climbing plants twine themselves about these lords of the forest, and hang in vast festoons from the branches.

On Deep-Cut River the woods assume a character of wild grandeur. Huge rotting trunks lie here and there, covered with hoary moss; a thick undergrowth of papaw-trees, spine-wood, and red-bud, from fifteen to thirty feet high, attest the prodigal luxuriance of the soil; while under their shade grow innumerable shrubs. Above, the majestic oaks throw their broad arms to the wind, the plane-tree twists its colossal branches in every direction, and the beautiful catalpa extends its green and grateful leaves to the dews of heaven.

## SKETCHES OF NAVAL MEN.

EDWARD PREBLE.

BY I. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PIONEERS," "RED ROVER," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York.]

THE family of Preble is of long standing in the country. The name appears in the records of the seventeenth century, and is to be referred to the earlier emigrations. Thus it was that the subject of this sketch and William P. Preble, the late chargé-d'affaires of this country in Holland, the gentleman who was employed to protect the interests of Maine in the negotiations connected with the north-eastern boundary question, were the descendants of a common ancestor, though but quite distantly related.

The father of our subject was Jedediah Preble, who was born in 1707, at York, in the Province of Maine, as the present state of that name was formerly called. He was the second son of Benjamin Preble, who was the second son of Abraham, who was the son of the emigrant. Abraham Preble, the emigrant, was first settled at Scituate, in Massachusetts, proper, where his name appears as early as 1636. He is found in Maine as early as 1645, and died in 1693. It follows that the Prebles have been Americans for more than two hundred and nine years, and residents of Maine nearly, if not quite, two centuries. In 1645, the name of this Abraham Preble appears, in Maine, as an assistant or councillor of the government of Sir Ferdinando Gorges; an office he held until its dissolution. He subsequently held various offices of trust under the sway of Massachusetts, having been one of a commission to exercise many of the powers of governor, after the junction. Jedediah Preble appears to have been a man of local note and influence, having filled various situations of trust and dignity in his own section of the country. This gentleman is described as a man of fine presence, of great resolution, and of a fixedness of purpose that is still alluded to among his descendants, whenever a similar tendency is observed among his posterity, as a quality indicating that the party has inherited "a little of the brigadier;" a rank to which this gentleman attained among the provincial troops of his day. In the campaign in which Quebec was taken, Mr. Preble served as a captain. On the Plains of Abraham he was quite near Wolfe when he fell, and he was wounded himself in the course of that celebrated battle. In that day, waistcoats were worn with flaps that descended some distance down the thigh, and a bullet struck Capt. Preble, penetrated this part of the dress, and entered the flesh, carrying with it, however, so much

of his different garments that the wounded officer was enabled to extract the lead himself, by pulling upon the cloth. At a later day, this gentleman had the command on the Penobscot, occupying a place called Fort Pownal. Previously to filling this trust, Mr. Preble had risen to the rank of brigadier-general, in the service of his native colony, which, it will be remembered, was properly Massachusetts. He is said to have been wounded in another of the engagements of this war. At the peace of 1763, Gen. Preble was in command on the frontier just mentioned. When the quarrel occurred between the mother country and her North American Colonies, Gen. Preble took sides with his native land. He became so warm a whig that he even abandoned the Episcopal church, to which he belonged, because his clergyman continued to pray for the king and royal family. As this old gentleman did nothing by halves, he joined a Congregational church on this occasion. About this time he was elected a major-general by the provincial government, but declined the appointment on account of his advanced age. General Preble died the year peace was made, or 1783, at the age of seventy-seven. He must, consequently, have been turned of fifty at the taking of Quebec, was fifty-seven at the peace of '63, and near, or quite, seventy at the commencement of the Revolution. One account, however, places the death of Gen. Preble a year later. He represented his town in the Legislature of Massachusetts between the years 1753 and 1780. In 1773, he was chosen a councillor, and was accepted by the royal governor, though of the popular party, several others of the same way of thinking having been rejected. Under the Constitution of 1780, Gen. Preble was elected to the State Senate, from the county of Cumberland, and was made a Judge of the Common Pleas in 1782.

Gen. Preble appears to have been twice married. By his first wife he had two sons and a daughter. The commodore was the child of a second connection, having been born August 15th, 1761, on that part of Falmouth Neck, in the Province of Maine, which is the site of the present town of Portland. Of the four brothers of Preble, of the whole blood, two were older and two younger than himself. Eben seems to have been the eldest son of Gen. Preble by his second marriage. He was a merchant in Boston, where he accumulated a considerable estate. His residence at Watertown has since passed into the possession of a China mer-

chant of the name of Cushing, and is much admired for its beauties. This gentleman had two sons, both of whom are dead, and two daughters. Of the latter, one married into the family of Amory, and the other married Capt. Ralph Wormley, of the British navy. Joshua, the next son of General Preble, married and settled himself in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he left issue. Edward, the subject of our memoir, was the third son, as has been mentioned. Enoch, the fourth, became a sailor, making his first voyage in 1779, and his last in 1821. He was a respected ship-master thirty-seven years, having passed eight years, including the time he was at sea during the Revolution, in subordinate situations. This gentleman was the last survivor of his generation, in his own family, dying in October, 1812, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He has left four children, of whom the youngest, George H. Preble, is now a passed midshipman in the navy, of the date of 1811. We believe this last gentleman to be the only representative of his distinguished name in the service, contrary to what is usual in cases where one of the family has earned a name, in times that are gone, under the ensign of the republic. Henry, the youngest brother of the whole blood, lived a long time in Sicily, having been consul at Palermo. He is said to have been a man of taste and of cultivated mind. This gentleman subsequently settled in Pittsburg, Penn., where one of his two daughters married Thomas, a son of the celebrated Joel Barlow. He died, in 1826, leaving one other child, a daughter, who continues single.

Of the sisters of Preble, of the whole blood, one married a Mr. Codman, and another a Mr. Oxnard. The latter gentleman adhered to the crown, in the war of the Revolution. The sons of this last marriage, however, were American, heart and mind; one of them, Thos. Oxnard, having fitted out, at Marseilles, and commanded a privateer, during the last English war, that he called the True-Blooded Yankee; a vessel that became famous for her success and boldness. Capt. Oxnard manifested much of the enterprise and resources of his celebrated uncle, and was so warmly an American in feeling, that, though expatriated, at his death recently he made a request that his shroud should be the stars and stripes!

Young Preble manifested the peculiarities that marked his subsequent career, at a very early period in life. From childhood he was of a quick, fiery temperament; a quality that formed the principal, if not the only serious blot on his professional character. It has been thought that this natural failing was increased in after life by the disease, dyspepsia, that undermined his constitution. From childhood, also, he was distinguished for resolution, undaunted firmness, decision, and an inflexibility of opinion, that rendered it very difficult to cause him to swerve from a purpose. In this last particular, he was thought to have his fair proportion "of the brigadier" in him.

Many anecdotes are related of the boyhood of young Preble, all tending to prove his courage, determination and high temper. On one occasion, his father was about to go on an excursion to the neighboring islands, with a party of gentlemen, and the boy

was denied a place in the boat, on account of his tender years. In order to get rid of his importunities, his father gave Edward a task, which it was thought could not possibly be completed in time, with a promise that he should go, did he get through with it. The boy succeeded, and, to his father's surprise, appeared on the shore, claiming the promised place in the boat. This was still denied him, under the pretext that there was not room. Finding the party about to shove off without him, young Preble, then about ten years of age, commenced hostilities by making an attack with stones picked up on the wharf, peppering the party pretty effectually before his laughing father directed a capitulation. It seems the old general decided that the boy had the "right stuff" in him, and overlooked the gross impropriety of the assault, on account of its justice and spirit. This species of indulgence is more natural than prudent, and it is probable we can trace in it one of the causes why Preble had so little command over himself in after life. Still it was proper to make concessions to the boy, as he had right on his side, in one respect at least, though it should not have been a concession made under fire.

A more creditable, and an equally characteristic, anecdote is related of young Preble, while still a school-boy. It would seem that his master, a person of the name of Moody, was a man of a temper almost as quick and violent as that of his pupil. On one occasion Preble had a quarrel with a boy of about his own age, and he struck his competitor a smart blow in the face, causing the blood to flow pretty freely. This was done out of school, but the sufferer appeared in the presence of the master bleeding. The latter was so much exasperated as to catch up the shovel and aim a blow at the offender. The blow missed the boy, but fell heavily on the writing-desk at which he was seated. The calm, unmoved and firm manner in which the boy received this assault, sitting, looking with a fearless eye at his assailant, caused the purpose of the latter to change. He laid down his formidable weapon, exclaiming—"That fellow will make a general, too, one day!"

It appears to have been the intention of Gen. Preble to educate his son Edward for one of the liberal professions. The boy was sent, while yet quite young, to Dunmer Academy, where he laid the foundation of a respectable education, having made some progress in the Latin language, when the times induced his parent to withdraw him from school. One version of the anecdote just related, makes it occur at this academy. In the year 1775 young Preble, who was born in 1761, was of course only fourteen years of age. This was the year in which the English pursued the false policy of setting fire to sundry small seaports that were easy of access to their shipping, and substantially without protection. Much private misery was produced by this species of warfare, and, in every instance probably, a desire of personal revenge was added to the spirit of opposition that had previously existed in the country. Falmouth, (now Portland.) Preble's birth-place, was among the towns thus assailed, and it was partly destroyed. Gen. Preble

thought it expedient, on account of his exposed position in the town, to remove his family to a farm in its vicinity, where it remained several years; and here Edward found his friends on his return from school. In that day and region, laborers were not to be had for the asking, and so many of the young men of the country being absent in the army, or in private armed vessels of war, Gen. Preble was compelled to take the field, at the head of all his sons, in a capacity that was less martial than had distinguished his previous enterprises. On a pressing occasion, he ordered all his boys to handle their hoes, repair to the proper place, and to begin the humble, but very necessary, business of digging potatoes. Young Edward did his part of the duty with many rebellious repinings, until he suddenly threw down his hoe, declared he should do no more such work, and left the field. While his brothers were making their calculations as to what would be the consequences of the next meeting between the Brigadier and Ned, the latter was making the best of his way towards what was left of Falmouth. Here he shipped in a letter-of-marque that was bound to Europe, sailing soon after. The year in which this occurred does not appear in any of our published accounts, but we suppose it to have been as late as 1777 or 1778. Preble had long before manifested a desire to become a sailor, but his father opposed it, though it would seem he acquiesced, now that he was fairly shipped, hoping one voyage would cure him. The voyage was to Europe, and the return passage was particularly severe. All this had no effect on the spirited young man, and Gen. Preble obliging his son bent on the profession, procured the appointment of a midshipman for him, in the provincial marine of Massachusetts, which was probably the most active state marine in the confederation.

This appointment occurred early in 1779, and Preble was attached to a ship that mounted twenty-six guns, and which was called the Protector. His commanding officer was John Foster Williams, who had done a very handsome thing that very season, in a brig called the Herald, and who enjoyed a high reputation in the service to which he belonged. Preble was in his eighteenth year when he joined this ship, and all accounts render him a youth of high promise in his profession. He must have gone to sea originally, when a little turned of sixteen.

The Protector sailed soon after Preble joined her, and in June of the same year, she fell in with, and engaged an enemy's letter-of-marque, of quite her own force, if not of superior; one of those strongly armed razing ships, it was much the fashion for the English to send to sea in that war. This vessel was called the Admiral Duff. The combat between the Protector and the Duff was close and sharp, and it would probably have proved as bloody as that between the *Trumbull* and the *Watt*, but for an accident that befell the English ship, which blew up at the expiration of more than an hour. Some of the accounts say, however, that the *Duff* had struck her colors before the accident occurred, but this circumstance may be questioned. The boats of the Protector picked up fifty five of her crew, who had time to jump overboard.

The Protector had six men killed and wounded in this affair. Shortly after the Protector had a running fight, and a narrow escape, from the *Thames 32*, in which affair the English frigate is said to have been a good deal out up aloft.

Capt. Williams had made several prizes, and he returned to port to land his prisoners. He was now ordered to join the expedition against the enemy's post on the Penobscot, having been put under the orders of Com. Saltonstall, of the United States navy, for that purpose. It was while thus employed, that an incident occurred to Preble, that is worthy of being recorded, more especially since subsequent events have confirmed its truth. Preble related the affair substantially as follows: The Protector was lying in one of the bays on the eastern coast, which, has been forgotten, waiting the slow movements of the squadron. The day was clear and calm, when a large serpent was discovered outside the ship. The animal was lying on the water quite motionless. After inspecting it with the glasses for some time, Capt. Williams ordered Preble to man and trim a large boat, and endeavor to destroy the creature; or at least, to go as near to it as he could. The selection of Preble for such a service, proves the standing he occupied among the hardy and daring. The boat thus employed pulled twelve oars, and carried a swivel in its bows, besides having its crew armed as boarders. Preble shoved off, and pulled directly towards the monster. As the boat neared it, the serpent raised its head about ten feet above the surface of the water, looking about it. It then began to move slowly away from the boat. Preble pushed on, his men pulling with all their force, and the animal being at no great distance, the swivel was discharged loaded with bullets. The discharge produced no other effect than to quicken the speed of the serpent, which soon ran the boat out of sight.

There is no question that in after life, Preble occasionally mentioned this circumstance, to a few of his intimates. He was not loquacious, and probably saw that he was relating a fact that most persons would be disposed to doubt, and self-respect prevented his making frequent allusions to it. When it is remembered that Preble died long before the accounts of the appearance of a similar serpent, that have been promulgated in this country were brought to light, it affords a singular confirmation of the latter. Preble stated it as his opinion, that the serpent he saw was from one hundred, to one hundred and fifty feet long, and larger than a barrel.

This account of the size of the serpent undoubtedly seen by Preble, is in singular accordance with that given to the writer by an intelligent officer of the navy, more than twenty years since. On that occasion the serpent was seen quite near, for fully an hour, and once was viewed under water as it passed beneath the boat. The writer's informant said it was his opinion that the animal was nearer one hundred and fifty, than one hundred feet in length, and he supposed him to be of the size of a wine pipe.

There appears an indisposition in the human mind to acknowledge that others have seen that which chance has concealed from our own sight. Travelers

are discredited and derided merely because they relate facts that lie beyond the circle of the common acquisitions; and the term of "traveler's stories," has its origin more in a narrow jealousy, than in any prudent wariness of exaggeration. The provincial distrusts the accounts of the inhabitant of the capital, while self-love induces even the former to deride the marvels of the country. As respects marine serpents, they are well known to exist, the merest physical tyro living being familiar with the fact that there are water snakes. This being admitted, the philosopher should have no difficulty in believing, in their substance, the accounts that have been published of the appearance of one or more sea serpents, on the eastern coast of this country. The animals of the ocean are known to exceed those of the land in magnitude, and the difference in size between the boa constrictor, or the anaconda, and the one hundred and fifty feet of the sea serpent, is not so great as that between the mammoth and the whale.

There have been accounts published, which would give the reader to suppose that Preble was captured in the Protector, by a frigate and a sloop of war, in a cruise that succeeded the one in which the action with the Duff took place. We conceive this to be true only in essentials. The Protector formed a part of Saltonstall's squadron, as has been mentioned, and fell into the enemy's hands, in common with most of the rest of that armament. That Preble was made a prisoner of, is out of all doubt, and we suppose he was taken in the Penobscot, on that occasion.

The young man was sent to New York, and became a prisoner on board the well known prison-ship, the Jersey. After a time he was placed on parole, however, and a letter from General Preble is still in existence, in which he cautions his son not to violate his word, "not to stain his honor by attempting to escape." It would seem that Preble was not exchanged, or released for a long time; though the influence of an old brother officer of his father's had been exerted in his behalf, and contributed to render his captivity less irksome.\*

\* Nothing will give a better idea of the notions that our young man imbibed from his education, than to copy a letter written by Gen. Preble to his son while the latter was a prisoner in New York.

*Falmouth, July 11th, 1751.*

DEAR CHILD.—I received your favor with great pleasure and satisfaction, to find you met with so much kindness and friendship from Col. Tyng and lady. I have wrote him my acknowledgments on the subject, and hope that your future conduct will be such as to render you in some measure worthy their further notice. As you are admitted on shore, a favor denied all the others of the ship, never stain your honor by attempting to make your escape. I shall do every thing, and pursue every measure that affords the least prospect of success, to get you exchanged in a justifiable way. Present your compliments, and my best compliments to Col. Tyng and lady, and let them know Madame Ross was in good health yesterday. Be always on your guard against temptations, or giving the least occasion to any that has shown you favors, to charge you with a breach of trust; be kind and obliging to all; for no man ever does a designed injury to another, without doing a greater to himself. Let reason always govern your thoughts and actions. Be sure and write me at all opportunities. Your mamma, brothers and sisters join me in presenting their love to you, and wishing you a speedy exchange. I am your ready friend and affectionate father.

JEREMIAH PREBLE.

This letter is creditable to the father, and contains one sentence that is full of sound morality, expressed with the

On being restored to his liberty, Preble was received on board the Winthrop, another state cruiser, as her first lieutenant. This vessel was commanded by Capt. George Little, subsequently of the United States navy; an officer who had been first lieutenant of the Protector, and the gentleman who afterwards captured the Berceau, in the war of 1758, while in command of the Boston frigate. There is little question that our young adventurer made great progress in his profession while under the orders of two such expert seamen and discreet commanders as Williams and Little.

The exploit that gave Preble an early reputation for daring and presence of mind, occurred in this his first cruise in the Winthrop. The Americans captured a sloop off Penobscot, from the crew of which they learned the position of an armed brig, that had previously taken the sloop, and sent her out manned to cruise for coasters. Capt. Little determined to carry this vessel by surprise, as she lay at her anchors. Preparations were made accordingly, and the Winthrop stood into the bay under favorable circumstances. Preble, as first lieutenant, was to lead the boarders, who were selected with care. His party was to consist of forty men. The enterprise succeeded so well that the Winthrop ran along side of her enemy, and Preble and the foremost of his party threw themselves on the decks of the Englishman; but the Winthrop had so much way on her in closing, that she shot clear of her enemy, leaving Preble with only fourteen men among the enemy. It is said that Little called out to his lieutenant to know if he should send him more men, and that Preble coolly answered "no, he had too many already." At any rate, he carried the brig securing her officers before they had time to gain the deck. In the exaggerated accounts that have succeeded, it has been pretended that this prize was a vessel of war, and that she was superior in force to the Winthrop. Neither was probably the fact, though the exploit was sufficiently creditable as it really occurred. That Preble was inferior to the force actually opposed to his small party, there is little question, and it is certain the whole affair was conducted with great skill and spirit. As the prize lay under, not only the guns of the English works, but even within reach of musketry, the enemy opened on her, and Preble had to work out to sea, with his small party, under a brisk fire. In this he succeeded, as ably as he had done in the attack, without sustaining any damage of moment.

The reader who is familiar with the exploits of Trippe, will find an incident in the life of that gallant officer, while serving under Preble's orders, that singularly resembled this which occurred to Preble himself.

terseness of an apothegm. The date of this letter, however, throws a little doubt over a portion of Preble's career. The expedition to the Penobscot occurred in July, 1759, and this letter is dated two years later. Now, most of the crews of the vessels taken escaped through the wilderness, and it is possible Preble was among the number; else he must have remained a captive two entire years. One version of his life says he was taken at sea in the Protector, but that ship was destroyed in the Penobscot, and I can find no trace of Preble's having belonged to more than three vessels during the war of the Revolution, viz., the Letter-of-Marque, the Protector, and the Winthrop.

Although there is now some obscurity thrown around the particulars of this affair, the name of the vessel captured appearing in none of the clearer accounts of it, there is no question that it was a very gallant exploit, and obtained for both Little and Preble much reputation in the naval circles of that day. Preble probably owed the rank he subsequently obtained in the navy of the republic to the cool courage he manifested on this occasion, united to his conduct and general good character. Among the old seamen who lived at the close of the last century it was often mentioned in terms of high eulogium.

Mr. Preble remained in the Winthrop until peace was made. During this time he saw much service on the coast, that cruiser being actively employed, and doing a vast deal of useful duty. She captured a good many vessels, and was particularly destructive to the small privateers, of which the enemy employed so many, more especially to the eastward. There can be no question that our young man's professional character was formed in the Protector and the Winthrop.

At the peace of 1763 all the naval armaments of the country were substantially suppressed. Some of the States, it is true, maintained a sort of guarda costas, each government having its own revenue laws under its own control; but these were few in number, and of small account. Preble was discharged, in common with most of his brethren, and was compelled to turn to the merchant service for employment. As our young man was now in his twenty-second year, and was possessed of so much character and skill, he had little difficulty in obtaining a vessel. At one time he was in the employment of a gentleman in North Carolina, though he appears to have passed the fifteen years that succeeded the peace in sailing from and to different parts of the globe.

In 1768 the quasi war with France commenced. Preble's predilections for the navy still remaining, his wishes to enter it were gratified by his receiving one of the five first commissions that were granted to lieutenants. At the commencement of the new marine, it was determined that each lieutenant should be named for his particular rank in each vessel, and that the relative rank of the whole service should be determined by those of the respective commanders with whom the junior officers were required to serve. Preble was intended for the first lieutenant of the Constitution, a position that would have left him the second on the list of lieutenants in the entire service, that being the place Com. Nicholson held on the list of captains. Fortunately for Preble, perhaps, he did not like his captain, and he succeeded in keeping out of his ship, for he was placed in command of the Pickering, a brig of 14 guns, which was first commissioned for the revenue service. There were six of these small cruisers employed on the coast at this time, all of which were under the command of officers who properly belonged to the navy. The names of Preble, Campbell, Brown and Leonard were among them, and they all appear to have received the commissions of lieutenants commandant.

The Pickering was attached to what was called the

windward West India squadron, having its rendezvous at Prince Rupert's Bay, and cruising as far south as the Island of Tobago. Barry commanded this force, which, in the course of the year 1768, consisted of twelve vessels, including two frigates.

Preble appears to have made two cruises in the Pickering, in the course of the years 1768 and 1769. We cannot discover that any service worthy of being mentioned occurred in either. At the close of the year 1769 our officer was promoted to the rank of captain, appearing to have passed over that of master commandant, and he was appointed to command the Essex 32, then a new ship, and just getting ready for her first cruise. The Pickering was given to Capt. Hillar, was sent to the Guadaloupe station, and was lost at sea, all hands perishing. This appointment of Preble's is, in itself, an evidence of a just appreciation of his character, since both the rank and the ship he now obtained were a little beyond his claims on the score of date of commission. Rodgers, who had been Truxton's first lieutenant, and who ranked him one as a captain, got only the Maryland sloop of war. It is a fact worthy of notice, that Little, Preble's first lieutenant in the Protector, and his commander in the Winthrop, ranked him by only two on the list of captains, as it was established in 1769. Rodgers' was the only name between them.

The Essex was destined to accompany the Congress 38, also a new ship, on a cruise as far east as Batavia, to meet and give convoy to the homeward bound India and China ships. Capt. Sever, of the Congress, was the senior of the two captains thus employed. The Congress and Essex sailed on this cruise, then much the most distant that any American cruiser had ever attempted, in the month of January, 1800. A few days out the ships encountered a heavy gale, and lost sight of each other. The Congress was dismasted and returned to port, but the Essex made better weather, and continued on her course. Preble persevered, doubled the Cape, and reached his port of destination, where he proceeded to carry out the objects of the cruise. It was his duty to collect a convoy of the valuable homeward bound ships that were expected to pass the Straits of Sunda, giving notice of his presence, and cruising himself, in the interval, against the enemy's rovers. After remaining several months in the Indian seas, he collected a convoy of fourteen sail, with which he left Batavia, in the month of June. No opportunity occurred for distinguishing himself in this cruise, beyond the accurate and complete manner in which Preble executed his orders. One light French cruiser, out of the Isle of France, was chased off from the convoy, but she escaped under her sweeps in light weather. Notwithstanding the magnitude of his charge, the value of which amounted to many millions, Preble passed every thing in safety, and came into New York in the autumn. As sailing in convoy is dull work, it was near the close of the year when the Essex reached home. Peace was soon after made with France, and the ship was paid off. It is worthy of a passing remark, that this ship was the first American man-of-war to carry the pennant round both Capes; that of

Good Hope, under Preble, as just related, and Cape Horn, under Porter, in 1813.

The health of Preble had suffered materially in this cruise, and he needed repose. He was offered the Adams 28, then fitted out for the Mediterranean, but felt himself bound to decline service at the moment. It is much in favor of the impression made by Preble, at Washington, that he was retained at the reduction of the navy, in 1801, though no opportunity for distinguishing himself had occurred, and notwithstanding he was absent at a most important moment, on so distant a cruise. At that time there were twenty-eight captains on the list, and seven commanders. The last were all discharged; but twelve of the former were at first retained, though the law directed that the number should be only nine. Preble was the twenty-first captain before the reduction, and the ninth after it was actually made. James Barron, Bainbridge and Campbell were his juniors. As Dale and Truxton both resigned the succeeding year, Barry died in 1803, and Morris was dismissed, without a trial, by Mr. Jefferson, in 1804, it brought the list down to one less than the number contemplated by the law, and left Preble the fifth in rank in the service. At this time Stewart was the senior lieutenant, and ought to have been promoted, under the provisions of the reduction law, early in 1804, though he did not receive that act of justice until two years later, having been made a commander, however, without law, in 1804.

There may have been an additional reason for Preble's declining the Adams, as he was married in 1801, being then just forty years of age. The woman of his choice was Mary Deering, or Dering, the only daughter of Nathaniel Dering, of Portland. This is an ancient and honorable name in Massachusetts, and we presume this lady was of the old stock; at any rate, she is known to have brought her husband a considerable accession of fortune. Preble was now at ease in his circumstances, and might have been excused for quitting a service that offered so few inducements to remain in it; but he loved his profession, and fortunately for his own reputation, he determined to continue in service. In 1803, believing his health to be sufficiently re-established, he reported himself as fit for duty, and asked for service. In May he was attached to the Constitution 41, Old Ironsides, as the ship is now affectionately called, which was then lying at Boston, and was about to be fitted out for the Mediterranean station.

The Tripolitan war had been miserably mismanaged since the peace with France. This was partly owing to the narrow policy that reigned in the national legislation; in some slight degree, perhaps, to the inexperience of certain officers employed; but most of all to the extraordinary instructions with which Mr. Jefferson had sent his cruisers to sea. As the Constitution vests the power to declare war in Congress, and that body had not directly exercised this authority in connection with Tripoli, the government chose to act, in its legal relations, as if America were not at war with the Bashaw, though every body was willing to allow that the Bashaw was at war with America! In con-

sequence of these peculiar views of the restrictions imposed by the Constitution, Dale had left home with instructions that compelled one of his small vessels to release an enemy's cruiser, after she had handsomely captured her in a warm and bloody action. According to the earliest notions of international rights, as limited by the Federal Constitution, an American man-of-war possessed the natural right to defend herself, but not the conventional right to bring her assailant, when fairly overcome, into port, unless by Act of Congress! Had Mr. Jefferson exercised the reasoning faculties he certainly possessed in no small degree, he might have seen that the right to capture ships on the high seas is purely an international, and not a mere national right, and that one nation can, to all intents and purposes, make war, though the consent of two may be necessary to re-establish peace. He made the capital mistake of supposing that the Constitution, in prescribing restraints on the powers of the servants of the public, also contemplated restrictions on the rights of the nation; it being a most material privilege for every people to possess, that of defending themselves on equal terms when assailed.

The indecision and uncertainty that such feeble and unstatesman-like constructions of public law threw over the operations of Dale, and, to a certain extent, over those of Morris, had emboldened the enemy, and left matters very much, in 1803, where they had been found in 1801. A better feeling, however, began to prevail at Washington, and it was now resolved to carry on the war with more of spirit and decision than had hitherto been manifested. With this view, Preble was ordered to hoist a broad pennant, and to take charge of the squadron intended to assemble for duty in the Mediterranean. This was a happy selection, and might be taken as a pledge of the success that was to follow.

But it was a far easier thing for the republic, in 1803, to resolve bravely in a matter of this sort, than to carry out its resolutions with military promptitude. The equipment of a single frigate was not always an easy thing, and the collection of a squadron, though it were even small, was a measure of serious moment. In some respects, however, the service, was on the advance, and care had been taken to construct several small cruisers, a species of vessel of which there had been but one in the navy since its last reduction, and which was particularly needed for the purposes of blockading close in. The force that was put under the orders of Preble, on this occasion, consisted of the following vessels, viz:—

Constitution 41—Com. Preble.  
 Philadelphia 38—Copt. Bainbridge.  
 Argus 16—Lt. Com. Decatur.  
 Siren 16—Lt. Com. Stewart.  
 Enterprise 12—Lt. Com. Hull.  
 Nautilus 12—Lt. Com. Somers.  
 Vixen 12—Lt. Com. Smith.

These were all fine vessels of their respective classes, and they were singularly well commanded. It is true, the five last were of little use for serious attacks, but they were the best craft that could be constructed for the blockade of a town like Tripoli. As was usual in that day, and in that service, they sailed

from home as each got ready. The *Enterprise* was already out on the station, where she had been kept for some time, being a vessel not to be spared. Hull was in charge of her, but he being the second lieutenant in the navy, as respects rank, Decatur was to carry the *Argus*, a much heavier vessel, out to that officer, and to take the *Enterprise* in exchange; an arrangement that was subsequently effected.

Of the vessels belonging to Preble's squadron that sailed from home, the *Nautilus* was the first that got to sea. This schooner arrived at Gibraltar July 27th, 1803. The *Philadelphia* reached the same place August 24th. The *Constitution*, wearing Preble's pennant, left Boston August 13th, and she anchored off the Rock September 12th. The *Vixen* came in two days later; the *Siren* October 1st, and the *Argus* was detained until November 1st.

As the *Philadelphia* preceded the commodore by nearly three weeks, Bainbridge, acting under his orders, lost no time at the Rock, but commenced operations by capturing a Moorish cruiser that he fell in with off Cape de Gatt, and which had begun to commit depredations on the American trade. Returning first to Gibraltar with his prize, this officer proceeded aloft, after cruising a short time in quest of a Moorish frigate that was said to be just without the Straits. On her passage up the Mediterranean, the *Philadelphia* must have passed the New York 36, Com. Rodgers, and Adams 28, Capt. Campbell, coming down to meet the relief squadron at Gibraltar. This fell nothing before Tripoli but the *Enterprise*, Lt. Com. Hull. Shortly after the *Vixen* got there, and was joined by Bainbridge, in the *Philadelphia*.

A little incident occurred, shortly after the arrival of the *Constitution* at the Rock, that it may be well to relate. The strict discipline of Preble, and his occasionally ungovernable temper, had made him any thing but personally a favorite with his officers. While all admitted his abilities as a commander, there were few who did not complain of his temper, which, beyond a question, was rendered worse by the peculiar disease of which he was the victim. One dark night, as the ship was near the Straits, she was suddenly found to be quite close to a strange vessel of war. The *Constitution* must have seen the stranger first, for she went to quarters, and was ready to engage by the time she had closed. The hailing now commenced, both vessels appearing to be more anxious to ask questions than to answer them. Vexed with this delay, Preble ordered the name of his ship and of his country to be communicated to the other vessel, and to demand those of the stranger, under the penalty of getting a shot; if the demand were refused. The stranger answered that he would return a broadside for a shot. This was more than Preble could bear; he sprang up into the mizen rigging himself, took a trumpet, and called out in a clear, strong voice, "This is the United States ship *Constitution* 44, Com. Edward Preble. I am about to hail you for the last time; if you do not answer, I shall give you a broadside. What ship is that? Blow your matches, boys!" The stranger now answered—"This is His Britannic Majesty's ship *Donnegal*, a razee of 60 guns." Preble declared he did not believe

him, and that he should stick by him until morning, to make certain of his character. A boat, however, soon came from the other vessel to explain. The stranger was the *Maidstone* frigate, and the *Constitution* had got alongside of her so unexpectedly, that the delay in answering and the false name had been given to gain time to clear ship, and to get the people to their guns.

The spirit and firmness manifested by Preble, on this occasion, produced a great revolution in his favor, among the younger officers in particular. They saw he could be as prompt with an English ship of war as he was with them, and they had a saying, "If the old man's temper is wrong, his heart is right." Such an incident, in that day, when England was nearly what she claimed to be, "mistress of the seas," would make a strong impression. It was not considered a trifle "to beard the lion in his den." But Preble had served in the Revolution, and, while he knew that an English ship was usually to be respected, he also knew that she was far from being invincible. It is a proof of the influence of the current literature and newspaper opinions of the day, that all the old officers of the Revolution had a far less exalted idea of English prowess, at the commencement of the war of 1812, than the bulk of the population.

Preble met Rodgers at the Rock, as has been mentioned, with two frigates under his orders. The *Nautilus*, Lieut. Com. Somers, which had been giving convoy aloft, also came in, and joined. The state of things with Morocco was such as to demand immediate attention. There is little question that the Barbary powers played into each other's hands, in their wars with Christian states. In all their previous operations against Tripoli, the Americans had been diverted from the main object by the movements of the Moors, and the *Adams* had been kept below, a long time, cruising in the Straits to watch the cruisers of the Emperor, and two Tunisians that were lying at the Rock. Preble resolved to leave every thing in his rear in a settled state, and he made his dispositions accordingly.

Although Com. Rodgers was the senior officer, he placed his ships at his successor's disposal, in the handsomest manner. The *Constitution*, New York, Adams and *Nautilus* went into the Bay of Tangiers, accordingly, October 6th, and Preble immediately presented his demands. He had an interview with the Emperor, in person, and the negotiations, conducted with moderation and firmness, resulted in a renewal of the treaty of 1795. It is no more than justice to Rodgers, to say that his agency in this prompt demonstration was both liberal and important. He was consulted, and joined heart and hand in all that was negotiated and done.

This important duty performed, Rodgers sailed for home, and Preble gave all his attention to his important duties up the Mediterranean. While he had been at Tangiers, and during the time occupied about the Straits, several of his small vessels had arrived. Nearly his whole force, indeed, was collected at Gibraltar, with the exception of the *Philadelphia* and *Enterprise*. As the vessels aloft were commanded by Bainbridge and Hull, not only was the single officer



of his own rank absent, but the two oldest men of his squadron also. It was under such circumstances that Preble caused his commanding officers to meet him, to deliberate on future operations. This council consequently consisted of Preble himself, Stewart, Decatur, Smith and Somers. To these was added Col. Lear, who had long been employed in Africa, and who had certain powers to treat, at the proper moment. The four gentlemen of the service, who thus met Preble, almost for the first time, were all young in years, and they held a rank no higher than that of lieutenants. Preble had been very little known to the service, during its brief existence of five years, which was all it then possessed, his East India cruise having kept him much out of sight in the French war, and his want of health since. Of his six commanders, four, viz. Bainbridge, Somers, Decatur and Stewart, were all Philadelphia seamen; Smith was from South Carolina, and Hull alone was from New England. In addition to these circumstances, the commodore's reputation for severity of discipline and a hot temper, was so well established, as to produce little confidence and sympathy between these young men and himself. The former fought shy at the council, therefore, letting the commodore have things very much in his own way. They fancied it was their office to obey, and his to plan.

After his lieutenants commandant had withdrawn, Preble and Lear remained alone together in the Constitution's cabin. The former seemed thoughtful and melancholy, leaning his head on his arm, the latter resting on a table. Lear, observing this, inquired if he were unwell. "I have been indiscreet, Col. Lear," answered Preble, raising himself up to answer, "in accepting this command. Had I known how I was to be supported, I certainly should have declined it. Government has sent me here a parcel of children, as commanders of all my light craft." A year later, Lear reminded Preble of this speech, and asked him if he remembered it. "Perfectly well," said Preble, smiling, "but the children turned out to be good children."

Preble now sent off some of his small vessels, the Vixen going up the Mediterranean to relieve the Enterprise. He visited Cadiz in the Constitution on duty, and returned to the Rock. On the 12th November he gave a formal notification of the blockade of Tripoli, off which town he supposed Bainbridge then to be, having the Philadelphia, Vixen, &c. with him. On the 13th he sailed for Algiers, where he put a consul on shore. He then proceeded to Malta, which port he reached on the 27th of the same month. Here he was met by letters from Bainbridge, communicating the disheartening intelligence of the loss of the Philadelphia. Some rumors of this disaster had been heard lower down the Mediterranean, but it was hoped they would prove not to be true. This ship had run on a reef in chase, and had been compelled to haul down her colors to the Tripolitan gunboats. To render the calamity still more poignant, the enemy succeeded in getting the frigate off, and had carried her in triumph into their harbor, where she now lay safely at anchor.

Preble keenly felt this loss in several points of view. It was commencing his operations against the Bashaw with much the most serious reverse the infant navy of the republic had then experienced. Although he could have no direct personal connection with the affair, it had occurred within his command, and more or less of the misfortunes, as well as of the success of such things, is given by the world to him who is at the head of affairs. Then, in losing Bainbridge, he lost his only captain, and the man of all others to whom he would naturally turn for counsel and support. The frigate, moreover, was a very important part of his force, and her loss was, in fact, the one thing that most impeded his attaining complete success in his future operations. Under all the circumstances of the case, the kind and considerate manner with which he treated Bainbridge does his heart much honor. Had his unfortunate brother in arms been his brother in blood, Preble's letters and conduct, in all respects, could not have been more friendly or delicate. That Bainbridge felt this is apparent in his own correspondence, and it is probable these two brave men had a just appreciation of each other's intrinsic worth, in consequence of this common misfortune. Every thing that lay in Preble's power was done to alleviate the sufferings of the captives, and the utmost attention appears to have been bestowed on all their wants, so far as the command of funds and the exercise of a distant authority could go. In a word, nothing was omitted that it lay in the commodore's power to perform.

Preble, however, was not a man to waste his time in useless regrets. He sailed immediately for Syracuse, which port he reached on the 28th. His object in going into Sicily was to establish a point of rendezvous, and to open negotiations with the authorities of that island for certain aids that he now felt would be necessary for executing his plans. While these preliminary steps were in progress, the commodore disposed of his force in the best manner to protect the trade, and sailed for Tripoli in the Constitution, having the Enterprise in company. The vessels quitted Syracuse on the 17th December, and on the 23d the schooner, which was now commanded by Decatur, captured a ketch that was carrying female slaves from the Bashaw as a present to the Porte.

Preble had a double object in going off Tripoli, on that occasion. By showing his force before the town he encouraged the captives, and he gave his enemies reason to respect him. But the principal motive was to reconnoitre the place in person, in order to direct his future movements with a greater degree of intelligence. An active correspondence was kept up with Bainbridge, who suggested many useful hints as to different modes of annoying the enemy. One letter of Bainbridge, bearing date December 5th, certainly suggested the practicability of destroying the Philadelphia, as she lay at her anchor, in the harbor of Tripoli. Preble bore all these things in mind, and he examined the position of the ship, the castle, batteries, &c., for himself. When he had been on the coast a few days, it came on to blow heavily from the north-east, and he was admonished of the necessity of quit-

ting that inhospitable coast, in that which was the worst month in the year. The *Constitution* and *Enterprise*, accordingly, returned to Syracuse.

It is probable that the thought of destroying the Philadelphia was first suggested by Bainbridge, though it has been claimed for both Preble and Decatur. It is not unlikely that such an idea should suggest itself to different minds simultaneously. It is certain that Preble did not risk any of his officers and men in such an enterprise, without calculating all its chances. One of Preble's characteristic traits was the great care he bestowed on all his preparations to ensure success. It will be seen, as we proceed, that he wasted no time in unnecessary parade, but, on the contrary, having taken a look at his enemy, he paid him no unnecessary visits until he was ready to go to work in earnest. Twice more only did he see Tripoli, until he came with his whole force to bombard the place. All the previous commanders had cruised, more or less, in front of the town, occasionally engaging a battery, or assaulting small convoys, and, in one instance, in making an abortive attempt at cannonading; but Preble did none of this. He ascertained his wants, supplied the deficiencies in the best manner he could, and when the moment arrived, he applied his means with an intelligence and activity that showed he possessed the qualities of a great commander. The world, which sees little beyond victory or defeat, seldom fully appreciates the care, forethought and labor with which armaments are made, particularly at distant points and with imperfect means.

To whomsoever may belong the credit of suggesting the plan of burning the Philadelphia, to Preble belongs the merit of assuming the responsibility of ordering it, as well as of pointing out as many of the details as was consistent with a discreet exercise of authority, in an affair of such a nature. When the scheme was originally agitated between him and Decatur, as was probably the case while they were, for the first time, off Tripoli in company, the latter offered to make the attempt with his own schooner. This Preble thought too hazardous, and he turned his attention to the ketch which had fallen into his hands in the late cruise. The advantages offered by the possession of this vessel were not to be thrown away. She was of Mediterranean rig, and Mediterranean construction throughout, and might appear in the offing without exciting any distrust as to her intentions. All this was foreseen by Preble, and his instructions to his subordinates met, with great precision, the very contingency which occurred when this nicely arranged plan was carried into execution.

When every thing was ready, Preble issued his orders, February 3d, to Stewart and Decatur, and these two gallant officers sailed immediately. If it were a trait in Preble to make every provision to ensure success, it was another to enter into all the hopes and anxieties of those who were embarked in the enterprises he had directed. He was calm to the eye, but he felt the anxiety natural to his temperament, while the brig and ketch were absent. The delay was much greater than had been anticipated, in consequence of a gale of wind, which drove the adven-

turers from the mouth of the harbor itself, where they had anchored, and where Decatur had sent a boat to examine the little entrance to the port. The uncertainty lasted more than a fortnight, the adventurers being absent fifteen days. At length the long expected vessels hove in sight, and Preble soon had the pleasure of seeing the signal of success flying on board the *Siren*. The Sicilians, who were also at war with Tripoli, received the conquerors with as much delight as the Americans themselves, firing salutes and rendering the air with shouts.

This success was of great moment to the future prospects of Preble. The Turks, though known to be indifferent gunners, and no very excellent seamen, were of sturdy frame, bold enough in battle, and had fearful reputations for their prowess in hand-to-hand conflicts. Every sea officer was cautious about letting these bloody-minded *saboteurs* get over his plank sheer; but here had Decatur met him at his own play, and proved that the Christian was the better man. Then the stigma of the frigate's loss (for in war misfortune ever leaves a reproach,) was wiped out by the gallant manner of her re-capture, and her subsequent destruction. Among those who understand that it takes a man of certain degree of military resolution even to order an enterprise of this daring, Preble's connection with the attack on the Philadelphia was fully appreciated. It is highly probable that his own equally gallant exploit in the *Penobscot* was present to his mind when he first thought of this enterprise, and influenced him to decide in its favor.

As the season was advancing, and the important point of the destruction of the Philadelphia was disposed of, Preble now began to turn his attention still more earnestly toward making his preparations for the approaching summer. He sent Stewart, in the *Siren*, again off Tripoli to blockade, having Somers in the *Nautilus* under his orders; and these vessels were, in due time, relieved by others, so as to maintain a force at all times before the town. On the 2d of March the commodore took the *Constitution* to Malta, where he had business of importance, and the run being short, on the 21st he went off Tripoli the second time. While he was there, the *Nautilus* captured a man-of-war built brig, that pretended to be an English privateer, but which in truth was a Tripolitan, and intended to cruise against Americans. Preble sent her to Syracuse, where she was appraised, manned, and put into the service, by the name of the *Scourge*. She was given to Lt. Dent, who had been acting captain of Preble's own ship. On the 27th, a flag was sent ashore with letters for the prisoners.

After remaining a few days before Tripoli, again reconnoitering, Preble sailed for Tunis, though not without experiencing another very heavy gale of wind, anchoring before that town, with the *Siren* in company, April 4th. The reader will better understand the arduous nature of Preble's duties, when he is reminded that he was now left with a single frigate and six small vessels, his prize included, to hold in check all the Barbary powers, which were more or less leagued together, and to carry on the war with Tripoli. He had awed Morocco by his early course, but Tunis

was very troublesome, and menaced a war from day to day. His immediate predecessor in command had been given a force of no less than five frigates and one small vessel to perform the same duty. No better idea can be formed of the nature of the commodore's duties, and of the energy with which he discharged them, however, than to give a brief summary of his movements at this juncture, as well as of their objects.

It has been seen that Preble reached Tunis on the 4th April. On the 7th he sailed, in a gale of wind, and reached Malta on the 12th. On the 14th he left Malta, and next day went into Syracuse. Here he was detained five days, sailing again on the 20th. He touched at Malta on the 29th, anchored once more at Tunis, May 2d; left it next day for Naples, where he arrived on the 9th. His business at this place was to obtain gun-boats for attacking Tripoli; the negotiation was successful. Preble procuring an order from the King of the Two Sicilies for both bomb vessels and gun-boats, on the 19th he sailed for Messina, where he arrived on the 25th. Here he selected two bomb vessels and six gun-boats. The latter he manned immediately, and, on the 30th, he sailed with them for Syracuse, getting in next day. Leaving the Sicilian vessels to be altered and equipped, Preble sailed again from Syracuse on the 4th June, and anchored at Malta on the 5th; on the 9th he again sailed for Tripoli. The object of this third visit was to treat for the liberation of the prisoners, previously to commencing serious operations, it being uncertain what might otherwise be the influence on their fate. The effort was fruitless, but supplies were sent to Bainbridge, whose condition was much alleviated in consequence.

Mr. O'Brien had been sent ashore, to treat for ransom, on the 13th June, and on the 14th Preble sailed once more for Tunis, with the *Argus* and *Enterprise* in company. The consul had sent him information that the Bey was in an ill humor, and required looking after. The vessels reached Tunis Bay on the 19th. On the 22d, Preble, satisfied his visit would produce its effect, sailed for Syracuse, touching at Malta on the 24th, and arriving on the 26th. The 28th was employed in sending money and clothing to Bainbridge, and on the 29th he sailed for Messina, arriving July 1st. On the 5th the *Nautilus* left Messina for Syracuse, with the two bomb vessels under convoy, and on the 9th the commodore followed, in the *Constitution*, which ship got in the day she sailed. July 11th, Preble sailed from Syracuse for Malta, with the bomb vessels and gun-boats in company; he anchored at Malta on the 16th. Here he completed his arrangements, and sailed with every thing he could collect for Tripoli, on the 21st, arriving in sight of the place on the 25th July, 1804.

By recurring to this brief account, the following results will be discovered. Between the 2d of March and the 25th of July are one hundred and forty-five days; in this interval Preble put to sea nineteen different times, as often reaching his point of destination, besides calling off Malta once, without anchoring. Although he actually brought up on every one of these entrances into harbors, his visits to Tripoli excepted,

on which occasion the ship was usually kept free of the ground, he passed seventy-four days at anchor, and nearly as many under his canvas. The average time of his stops in port was less than four days; his longest detention was at Malta, fourteen days, when he went for supplies, and when he was not the master of his own time. Deduct this detention, as in fact ought to be done, to form a proper estimate of the character we wish to exhibit, with ten days passed at Naples, negotiating for the gun-boats, when he had to wait for the movements of royalty, and but fifty days will remain for nineteen visits to port, or less than three days for each visit. It may be questioned if any ship of the *Constitution's* size was ever more actively employed on duty of a similar nature. We know of no better illustration of Preble's real character, than this history of the movements of his ship for these four months and a half. Decision, combination, energy, unwearied activity, and a clear comprehension of every one of his duties, are apparent in all he did. Nor was the main object, of holding the Tripolitians completely in check the while, forgotten. Their town was vigorously blockaded the whole time, and when Preble arrived with his assembled force, the people were already beginning to feel the effects of having their commerce destroyed.

It is worthy of remark, that Preble resorted to no spurious warfare, in all his preliminary measures. On his several calls off Tripoli, he had specific objects in view, and these he accomplished, without any menaces or parade. We cannot find that the *Constitution* even scalded her guns against the place, or that Preble fired a single shot at the enemy, from his own ship, until he came prepared to make war on a scale as large as the means furnished by his own government would at all permit. It might be added, even larger, as he had materially increased these means by his own resources, while he was on the station.

Preble found himself, on the 25th July, before Tripoli, with fifteen sail, including every thing he could collect, viz. one frigate, three brigs, three schooners, two bomb vessels and six gunboats. On estimating this force, it will be found that the Americans had at command six long 36s, twenty-two long 21s, a few long 12-pounders on the *Constitution's* quarter deck and fore-castle, with something like twenty light chase guns, counting all in broadside. In other words, it was in Preble's power to bring about twenty-eight long heavy guns to bear on the castle, batteries, &c. at once, with something like twenty long light guns, 6s, 9s and 12s. The carronades could only be of use as against the enemy's gunboats and other craft. The long 26s mentioned were guns procured by Preble in Sicily, and mounted in the *Constitution's* waist, three of a side. Altogether, the Americans had 1000 souls present.

The means of the Dasha were infinitely more formidable. In addition to the advantage of fighting behind solid masonry, he had 115 guns in battery, most of which were heavy, and nineteen gunboats, that of themselves threw a weight of shot almost equal to the frigate's broadside. In addition, he had a brig, two schooners and two large galleys in the port, all of

which were armed and fully manned. As for men, however, there was no want of them, the Bashaw's troops, including all sorts, amounting, as was thought, to a number between twenty and thirty thousand; a large force having been collected from the interior for the defence of the place.

Preble was not able to come to an anchor until the 28th. This was hardly done before it came on to blow fresh from the northward, and the whole squadron was compelled to weigh, and claw off shore. It was thought, at one time, the gunboats would have been towed under, but, luckily, the wind hauled, a

circumstance which allowed less sail to be carried. The wind continued to freshen, proving how wisely Preble had acted, and, on the 31st, it blew fearfully; so violently, indeed, as to take the frigate's reefed courses out of the bolt-ropes. There would have been no hopes for the miserable little craft that had been obtained in Sicily, had not the wind continued to haul, until it made the coast a weather shore, which gave them smooth water. On the 31st, the weather moderated, and the commodore was enabled to collect his scattered vessels.

[To be continued.]

## THE WIZARD AUGURY.

### A METRICAL ROMAUNT.

BY T. B. READ.

The autumn eve was clear and cold,  
When in my path a wizard old  
Grasped on my arm with trembling hold,  
All fearle-aly;

I crossed his shriveled palm with coin,  
He bent his bleared gray eyes on mine,  
Then in my hand he traced each line  
Mysteriously.

Beneath the moon-light, pale and calm,  
His skinny finger traced my palm;  
And as a monk would chant a psalm,  
Thus chanted he:

"In yonder gothic castle high,  
Whose black form stands against the sky,  
There thou to-night, by form and eye,  
Wilt haunted be.

The owlet sits upon the wall,  
The bats flit through the mould'ring hall,  
There spectres stand in shroud and pall,  
All dread to see!

Yet seek the eastern chamber dank—  
Tread boldly o'er the rotting plank—  
He never won, whose spirit sank,  
The maiden free.

There, in that chamber ivy-clad,  
A maid thou'lt find, half gay, half sad,—  
Go woo her, woo her and be glad,  
Till life hath fled!"

He spoke, and quick aside he turned—  
With hopes and fears my bosom burned,  
Yet courage from the wizard learned,  
And onward sped.

The hill, the moat, the door I passed,  
And gained the eastern chamber fast,  
Whilst ice-like figures stood aglaxt,  
Gazing on me.

Loud echoes ran from hall to hall,  
And sent the owlets from the wall,  
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" 't was the call  
From tower to tree.

The moon-beam through the casement came,  
And glittered on a quaint carved frame,  
That held a form like sunset flame,  
As fair to see;  
It was a beautiful maiden meek,  
The gold hair kissed her neck and cheek,  
Her lips and blue eyes seemed to speak  
Of love to me.

The half sad brow, half hidden smile,  
Two hours full well they did beguile;  
Nor saw I want of life the while,  
In that sweet panting.  
I stretched my hand toward the frame,  
The maiden fled like taper flame,  
And from beneath a dull voice came,  
Feeble and fainting—

"Fly, fly the dark, the spectral haunt!  
Pursue not shades than can but daunt!  
Presumptuous youth, avaunt! avaunt!"  
And thus it ended.

I passed the door, the moat, the hill—  
Three years unbidden by the will,  
In all my day or night dreams still  
The maid was blended.

And now, until my dying day,  
I'll bless that wizard old and gray,  
Who stopped me on my lonely way,  
Mysteriously.

The maid was lovely in the ball,  
But lovelier the original,  
That on my breast, at even fall,  
Rests fearlessly.

## EMMA ALTON.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. BUTLER.

It was Emma's bridal morn. I saw her standing at the door of her father's cottage, a simple wreath of the pure lily of the valley entwined amid the rich braids of her auburn hair—the image of innocence and happiness. That morning, fair Emma Alton had given her hand where long her young affections had been treasured; and to those who then saw the fine handsome countenance of Reuben Fairfield, and the pride and love with which he regarded the fair being at his side, it seemed impossible that ought but happiness could follow the solemn rites the cottage had that morning witnessed.

The dwelling of my friend to whose rural quiet I had escaped from the heat and turmoil of the city, was directly opposite the neat little cottage of Emma's parents, and as I sat at my chamber window, my eye was of course attracted by the happy scene before me. The morning was truly delightful—scarce a cloud floated o'er the blue vault of heaven—now and then a soft breeze came whispering through the fragrant locust blossoms and proud catalpas, then stooping to kiss the dewy grass, sped far off in fantastic shadows over the rich wheat and clover fields. All seemed in unison with the happiness so apparent at the cottage—the birds sang—butterflies sported on golden wing—bees hummed busily. Many of Emma's youthful companions had come to witness the ceremony, and to bid adieu to their beloved associate, for as soon as the holy rites were concluded Reuben was to bear his fair bride to a distant village, where already a beautiful cottage was prepared, over which she was to preside the charming mistress.

There is always, I believe, a feeling of sadness commingled with the pleasure with which we regard the young and trusting bride, and as I now looked upon Emma standing in the little portico surrounded by the bright and happy faces of her companions, her own still more radiant, I involuntarily sighed as I thought what her future lot might be. *Was my sigh prophetic!* Presently the chaise, which was to convey the newly-married pair to their future home, drove gaily to the gate of the cottage. I saw Emma bid adieu to her young friends as they all gathered around her. I saw her fair arms thrown around the neck of her weeping mother, and then supported by her father and Reuben, she was borne to the carriage. Long was she pressed to her father's heart, ere he resigned her forever to her husband.

"God bless you, my child!" at length said the old man; but no sound escaped Emma's lips—she threw herself back in the chaise, and drew her veil hastily over her face—Reuben sprang to her side—waved his hand to the now weeping assemblage at the cottage door, and the chaise drove rapidly away.

I soon after left the village, and heard no more of the youthful pair. Three years elapsed ere I again visited that pleasant spot, and the morning after my arrival, as I took my favorite seat and looked over upon the little dwelling opposite, the blithe scene I had there witnessed recurred to me, and I marvelled if all which promised so fair on the bridal morn had been realized. To my eye the cottage did not look as cheerful, the air of neatness and comfort which before distinguished it seemed lessened. I noticed the walk was now overgrown with grass, and the little flower plot, about which I had so often seen fair Emma employed, was now rank with weeds. The blinds were all closely shut, and indeed every thing about the cottage looked comfortless and desolate. Presently the door opened and a female appeared bearing in her hand a small basket which she proceeded to fill with vegetables growing sparsely among the weeds and tall tangled grass. Her step was feeble, and she seemed hardly capable of pursuing her employment. As she turned her face toward me I started with surprise—I looked at her again more earnestly—is it possible—can that be Emma, thought I—can that pale, wretched looking girl be her whom I last saw a happy, blooming bride?

Yes, it was Emma! Alas! how soon are the bright visions of youth dispelled; like those beautiful images which flit around the couch of dreams, they can never be realized.

The history of Emma is one which has oft been written by the pen of truth—a tearful record of *man's* ingratitude and folly—of *woman's* all-enduring suffering and constancy.

The first few months of Emma's married life flew by in unalloyed happiness. Reuben lived but in her smiles, and life, to the young affectionate girl, seemed but a joyous holiday, and she the most joyous participant. Too soon the scene was changed. Reuben Fairfield was of a gay and reckless nature, fond of conviviality, of the jest and song, he was consequently a great favorite with the young men of the village, and there had been rumors that even before his marriage he had been too free a partaker of the wine-cup. If this were the case, months certainly passed on after that event, when Reuben seemed indifferent to any society but that of his young wife. Little by little his old habits returned upon him, so insensibly too, that even he himself could not probably have defined the time when he again found pleasure away from the home of love and Emma. In the only tavern of the village, a room was devoted exclusively to the revels of a band of reckless, dissolute young men, with whom Reuben had at one time been intimate, and it needed but the slightest appearance on the part of the latter to tolerate

once more their idle carousals, than with one consent they all united to bring back the *Benedict* to his old habits. They thought not of the misery which would follow the success of their fiendish plot; of the crushed and broken heart of the young being who looked up to their victim as her only hope and happiness.

It was in the gay spring-time, when Reuben Fairfield bore his bride away from the arms of her aged parents; but what became of the solemn vows he then uttered, to protect and cherish their beloved daughter? For when next the forest trees unfolded their tender leaves, and the orchards were white with fragrant blossoms, misery and despair had fallen as a blight upon poor Emma! The heart of affection is the last to acknowledge the errors of a beloved object, so it was with Emma; but her cheek grew pale, and her mild blue eyes dimmed beneath their wo-charged lids.

Reuben now almost entirely neglected his patient, still-loving wife. In vain she reasoned, entreated, implored, yet never reproached. He was alike regardless; daily he gave himself up more and more to the insatiate destroyer, until destruction, both of soul and body, followed. And loud rang the laugh, and the glasses rattled, and the voice of the *Inchiate* shouted forth its loathsome jargon from the *Tempter's Hall!* There were times, it is true, when he would pause in his reckless career; and then hope once more buoyed up the sinking heart of Emma; and when for the first time he pressed their babe to his bosom, while a tear fell upon its innocent cheek, it is no wonder that the young mother felt her sorrows ended. That tear, the tear, as she thought, of repentance, had washed them all away. But when vice once gets the ascendancy it reigns like a despot, and too soon the holy feelings of the father were lost in the intoxicating bowl.

Poverty, with all its attendant ills, now came upon the wretched wife. One by one the articles of her little *ménage* were taken from her by Reuben, to satisfy the cravings of *appétite*, and with her babe she was at last forced to leave the cottage where her early days of married life so blissfully flew by, and seek shelter from the winds of heaven in a miserable hut, which only misery might tenant. The unfortunate had few friends, and over the threshold of poverty new ones seldom pass, and therefore it was that Emma was soon neglected and forgotten. There were some, it is true, who regarded her with pity and kindness, but there were also very many who pointed the finger of derision at the *drunkard's wife*—innocent sufferer for her husband's vices! At length the babe fell ill. It died, and poor, poor Emma, pale, disconsolate, knelt by the little cradle *alone*; no sympathizing hand wiped the tear from her eye; no kind word soothed her lacerated bosom; the earthly friend that should have sustained her under this grievous trial, was not at her side, but reveling in scenes of low debauchery.

That night was marked by a storm of terrific violence. The rain poured in torrents; dreadful thunder rent the heavens, the whirlwind uplifted even the largest trees, while the incessant flashing of the lightning only added tenfold horrors to the scene. But the bereaved mother, the forsaken wife heeded it not; with her cheek pressed against the scarce colder

one of her dead babe, she remained for hours totally unconscious of the wild war of the elements—for more complete desolation reigned in her heart. At length the door opened and Reuben entered. With an oath, he was about to throw himself upon the wretched straw pallet, when his eye casually fell upon the pale, marble-like face of the little babe. His senses, stupified as they were, aroused at the sight.

"What ails the child? he muttered.

"Reuben, our darling babe is *dead!*" replied Emma, lifting her pallid features to the bloated gaze of her husband. Then rising from her knees, she approached him, and led him to look upon the placid countenance of their first-born.

We will not dwell upon the scene; remorse and grief stirred the heart of Reuben almost to madness. On his knees he implored forgiveness of his much injured wife; he swore a solemn oath, that never again would he swerve from the path of sobriety, but that years of penitence and affliction should atone for his past abuse of life and love.

The day came for the funeral. Reuben had promised his wife that he would not again leave the house until the remains of their babe had been given to the earth; he intended to keep his promise, but as the day wore on the insatiable cries of habit tempted him away. Only *one* glass, he thought—but *another followed*—and then another, until alike forgetful of himself and his unhappy wife, he soon became grossly intoxicated.

In the meanwhile a few of the neighbors had assembled; the clergyman, too, had arrived, and the funeral rites were only delayed by the absence of Reuben. Minutes wore on.

"He will not come," whispered one. "Ah, it is easy to guess where he is," added another, and looks of pity were turned upon the heart-stricken mother, as with her head bowed upon the little coffin she hid her grief and shame. The clergyman at length approaching the mourner, in a low tone demanded if the ceremony should proceed.

"Has he come?" eagerly asked Emma.

The clergyman shook his head.

"O wait, wait, he will be here, he promised me. O yes, he will come!"

But another half hour rolled on, and still Reuben came not. The neighbors now moved to depart, when rising from her seat, her pallid countenance betokening the agony of her heart, Emma signified her assent that the solemn rites should proceed. But suddenly in the midst of that earnest prayer for comfort and support to the afflicted mother, a loud shout was heard, and Reuben was seen staggering toward the hut. With a brutal oath he burst into the room, but happily for poor Emma she saw him not, the first sound of his voice had deprived her of consciousness, and she was placed fainting on the bed. Reuben was overpowered and dragged from the hut—the funeral service ended, and leaving the unconscious mother in the care of a few compassionate neighbors, the little procession wound its way to the church-yard.

It was nearly a year after this sad scene, that one evening a stranger alighted from the stage at the Inn,

announcing his intention to remain there for the night. Entering the bar-room (for it was before the healthful establishment of temperance law) he ordered a glass of brandy which he was about to carry to his lips, when his eye encountered the wistful gaze of Reuben Fairfield, who now without means to allay the death-worm upon his vitals, was stretched upon a bench at one end of the room.

"I say neighbor, you look thirsty," ejaculated the stranger in a gay tone. "Here, take this, for faith thou hast a lean and hungry look!"

Eagerly seizing it, Reuben drained the contents of the glass to the bottom, and for a moment the worm was appeased! The stranger now made some casual remark, to which Reuben replied in language so well chosen, and evidently so far above his apparent station in life, that the former was astonished, and by degrees a lively conversation took place between them, during which Reuben more than once partook of the young man's mistaken kindness. While conversing, the stranger several times drew from his pocket a handsome gold watch, and the chink of silver fell upon the finished ears of Reuben with startling clearness. Apparently with that feeling of *envie* which so often seizes upon the solitary traveler, the stranger now strolled from the bar-room into the hall, a door leading into a room opposite was open, and sounds of loud incrimment attracted his eyes in that direction. A company of young men were playing at cards—without ceremony he entered, and advancing to the table appeared to watch the game with some interest. He was invited to join them, and after some hesitation accepted.

Reuben had followed the young man into the room, and now eagerly watched the pile of silver, and an occasional bank note, which rather ostentatiously, as it would seem, the stranger displayed. The evening wore away, and with a promise from Reuben that he would awaken him betimes to visit a singular cave in the neighborhood, the stranger retired to rest. Not so Reuben. A fiendish plot entered his brain—that *money must be his*—and even at that moment when robbery, perhaps murder, was at his heart, he dared to think of the pure minded, innocent Emma as a sharer of his ill-gotten wealth! All night he paced the dark forest contiguous to his abode, where long after midnight the feeble lamp shone upon the haggard features of the once lovely girl, as she strove with trembling fingers to render the apparel of the *inebriate* decent for the morrow.

As the day was breaking, Reuben passed softly into the cottage, for he knew that Emma now slept; approaching the bed-side, something like a shade of pity stole over his countenance. She smiled in her sleep and called upon his name—this was too much for the miserable man. Hastily opening a table-drawer, he drew forth a sharp knife which he concealed beneath his coat, muttering as he did so—"I may need it," and then without daring to cast his eye again toward the bed, left the house and proceeded to the inn, where the stranger already awaited his arrival.

With each point of view as they proceeded on their route, the latter expressed himself delighted, particularly as his guide, too, endeavored to give interest to

every scene by the relation of some anecdote or history attached. At length they reached the neighborhood of the cavern. Here the river which before had rolled so gently along, reflecting the varied hues of autumn in its translucent depths, now suddenly changed its course, and leaping over a precipice some thirty feet in height, pursued its way for some distance between huge masses of shelving rocks, crowned on either side by dark gloomy forests. After a laborious descent they arrived at the mouth of the cave, situated about mid-way down the bank. Reuben entered first, the stranger was about to follow, when turning suddenly upon him with a blow of giant strength, Fairfield hurled him from the precipice, and he fell senseless upon the jagged rocks below! Leaping quickly down, Reuben now rifled the pockets of the unfortunate man of both money and watch, and then drew him, still breathing, up the ragged cliff, and far into the cave. More than once as he saw life yet stirred the limbs of his victim, his hand was upon the knife—but *he drew it not forth!*

Covering the body with fragments of rock and under-wood, he left the hapless man to his fate, certain that even if consciousness returned, his efforts to extricate himself from the mass would be unavailing, and as he had taken the precaution also to closely bind his mouth, he could utter no cry for assistance.

Returning now to the village, he boldly entered the inn, and stating to the landlord that the stranger had been tempted by the fineness of the morning to pursue his journey a few miles on foot, proceeded to hand him a sum of money which he said he had charged him to deliver as equivalent to the amount due for supper and lodging. This all appeared very reasonable, and no questions were asked. But ere the day was over, some boys who had strayed in the vicinity of the cave, came running home pale and frightened, declaring they had heard dreadful groans issue thence, and that many of the rocks around were stained with blood! Immediately every eye was turned to the spot where a moment before Reuben Fairfield had been standing, and although no one spoke, probably the same terrible conviction flashed through the mind of each; but *guilt* is always cowardly. Reuben had already disappeared.

A party of villagers immediately set forth to search the cave. The result may be imagined—the stranger was discovered still alive, although but for this timely aid, a few hours would doubtless have determined his fate. Reuben attempted to make his escape, but was soon overtaken and delivered up to justice—found guilty, and sentenced to *ten years' hard labor in the State Prison!*

This sad history I learned from my friend; and now poor Emma had come back to die! Come back to that home she had left with so many bright visions of happiness before her, a heart-broken, wretched being. It was not long ere from the same little gate, whence but a few years before I had seen her led a happy, blooming bride, I saw her coffin borne to the still grave-yard!

"Ah!" thought I, as the hot tears gathered, "thou art but another victim at the shrine of *Intemperance!*" Rest thee in peace, poor Emma!

## LAYS OF TRAVEL.

### NO. III.—THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I stood in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,  
That 'midst the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mouldering tower.

And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier day,  
Ere saint and knight and mystic art had passed from earth away.

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,  
Fell through the chancel's lofty lights a lustre soft and dim,  
Till sculptured shrine and painting old glowed in the twilight wan;

Below me was a marble slab—the tomb of Charlemagne!

A glorious burst of music rang so grandly, sadly slow,  
'T was like a thunder-anthem o'er the dead who slept below,  
And with the sound came thronging round the stern men of that time,  
When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice was crime.

I thought upon the day when he, whose dust I stood upon,  
Ruled, with a monarch's boundless right, the kingdoms he had won;

When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the Baltic's wave;

And now—the lowest serf might stand unheeded on his grave!

His kingly halls have mouldered down, his kingdom is no more,

Another race dwells by the Rhine and on the Danube's shore;

All traces of that iron age, like morning clouds have fled,  
And even ruthless hands have laid their grasp upon the dead.

They found the monarch sleeping there, begirt with regal pride,

With the crown upon his fleshless brow, his good sword by his side—

The "joyeuse," that he wielded well, is dim with age and rust,

An emperor since has worn his crown, but now, like him, is dust.

I stood awhile upon his grave, while pealed the organ high,  
Rose many a gilded shrine around, and worshipers passed by,  
And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many a taper dim,  
And called the priest to matin prayer—I could but think of him!

Yet though I loved his honest heart, his bold and manly mind,

I still rejoiced that age no more a worshiper can find—

That gone are all its robber knights, its scenes of blood and crime,  
And men will learn, in coming years, a lesson more sublime.

Long pealed the glorious organ-tone, through chancel-arch and nave,

While folded in its trancing spell I stood upon his grave,  
And when the morning anthem ceased, and solemn mass began,

I left that chapel gray and old—the tomb of Charlemagne!  
*Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 1844.*

## AUTUMN.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

COME thou amid the starlight dim,  
Where blows the fresh south wind,  
And, falling from the forest-trees,  
The leaves the ground have lined.

And we will tread yon rugged path  
Along the upland lee,  
And listen to the plaintive voice  
That cometh from the sea.

The sea it answereth to the wail  
Of winds upon the hill,  
Where, leaping o'er its pebbly bed,  
Is heard the gurgling rill.

The leaves lie pale upon the ground,  
They tremble in the breeze,  
For cold the hand that hath been laid  
Upon the mighty trees.

The flowers lie faded 'neath our feet—  
For Autumn hath been here:—  
And with his cold and withering breath  
Hath left them pale and sore.

The dying flowers, their breath we breathe,  
Their spirits glide on high,  
Careering through the eternal blue  
Along the star-lit sky.



## THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

BY HENRY THEODORUS TUCKERMAN.

Let literature be an honorable augmentation to your arms, not constitute the coat or fill the escutcheon. *Coleridge.*

OF the wisdom of this counsel I am more and more convinced. The circumstances unfavorable to literature as a profession in this country, are often alluded to with regret. That there is not a more general literary taste among us, is indeed to be deplored, but for the comparative paucity of exclusively literary persons, reflection will afford many consolations. The most cursory observation will convince any one that there is no danger of an intellectual famine from scarcity of books. It has long been a matter of impossibility for the most industrious individual to attend to his regular avocation, and, at the same time, keep pace with the current literature of the day. In truth, it is fairly questionable whether the general mind would not gain a signal advantage if the fecundity of the press were suddenly checked and readers thrown back awhile upon the neglected books of a less showy but more vigorous period. Let any man of good taste and true sensibility to the charms of genius, deliberately estimate the amount of real originality, valuable ideas and vital interest which the publications of a single month contain, and he will acknowledge that a little more retrospective reading, and less reading of any kind would be a blessing. The interests of society are not then likely to suffer if the number of professed authors is diminished as regards the quantity of literature, and I believe it can be demonstrated that in quality the gain would be infinite. Task-work of all kinds is ungenial, and its product possesses not the warm vitality of truth. This is especially true of literary labor. To be really excellent, it should be spontaneous. If we inspect its annals we shall often find that the living gems of thought have been brought to light less frequently by the professed writer, than by those to whom literature has been a pastime, an occasional rather than a regular and unremitting employment. The fairest laurels, even of the author, have in general been won by those early efforts which were prompted rather by taste than necessity, and before the pen had become the only source of subsistence. In these cases it is one of the most melancholy things in the world to turn from the fresh outpourings of genius, active from fullness of thought, to the cold and forced results of the same mind, prolific only from the drudgery of authorship. There is scarcely a fine writer of our times who has not thus almost destroyed his own enchantment. How few will leave behind them a reputation unmarred by their own indiscreet drafts upon jaded faculties, or vain attempts to pursue a successful vein of invention beyond its natural limits! The most

splendid specimens of didactic writing which have appeared in the English language of late years, are in the form of articles in the leading reviews. Most of these are the production of active political, or professional men, who turn to literature only in the intervals of other, and more pressing duties. The best poetry yet produced in this country is by bards who can only woo the Muses when occasionally freed from the labors of office, finance, or politics.

"The true secret of using language well, is to use it from a full mind." And it is because the mind cannot constantly overflow, nor the feelings kindle by mere volition, that the professed author labors to so little effect. He, on the other hand, whose ideas or emotions drive him to literature as a relief, infuses the interest by which he is inspired into his composition. To him it is no task but a pleasure, and his readers will find their sympathies awakened, and their thoughts aroused by the very sincerity of the appeal. Burns used to leave the fields for his cottage to transcribe the effusion with which his fancy was teeming, and Elia wrote his quaint sketches after a long day's toil at the India House. Hence, were there less professional authorship, what writings came to us at all, would come fresh and vigorous from an earnest spirit. They would be the legitimate offspring of a human soul, authentic chronicles of individual experience. They would be alive, and would live like the Pilgrim's Progress, Boswell's Johnson, or King Lear.

Literature is but the record of life. Its professors do but chronicle experience. Their function is important and may be rendered exalted, but its essential dignity is often overrated. The thought finely expressed in writing, and disseminated by the press, has a more imposing aspect than when it falls casually from the lips, or rises quietly in the mind; but in reality it is the same. As an exclusive form of human development the pursuit of literature often cramps and distorts our nature. Literary men, like the frequenters of the gymnasium, generally enlarge and strengthen one power at the expense of the others. It is extremely difficult to preserve the integrity of the soul when all its energies are devoted to so exacting an occupation. The social character is apt to suffer as life becomes concentrated in mental labor. The process of thinking often becomes a merely selfish exercise. Sympathy is not unfrequently transferred to abstract objects. This real world of suffering and duty is deserted for one that only exists in an individual's consciousness. The lesser ministries of

affection, the minor obligations of humanity, the frank amenities of fellowship are, as it were, absorbed in the solicitous workings of the intellect. To the noblest spirits, literature has been rather a necessary resource than a voluntary pursuit. Physical infirmity, or moral suffering have driven them from the post of active duty and the sacred privacy of affectionate retirement, to the struggles of authorship. Sometimes, in these cases, we seem to behold the visible agency of Providence. Dante wrote his poem to cheer his exile and punish his persecutors. Milton's blindness opened to his spirit the garden of Eden and the "palace of Eternity." Scott composed his marvelous fictions to improve his estate; and a childhood of pain prepared him for the work, and gave his young mind the leisure to expatiate in the regions of romance. We cannot but regard reverently such instances of the influence of circumstances upon the career of genius. To such men the profession of literature seems to have been ordained. Their examples, however, cannot be cited in favor of the adoption of a literary life on the part of those whose destiny and endowments are wholly different. To such the question is offered for deliberate decision, not previously settled by a power beyond their control. They should consider how important it is to preserve some part of their experience free from the dissolution of custom, and how available is literature to this end. Let books be to them as the pleasant faces of companions, and not the symbols of toil. Let the pen be as a wing to lift them occasionally from the earth, not the token of wearisome and hackneyed drudgery. Let the intelligent youth learn to look upon his library as a sweet retirement from common employment; and the gifted woman be satisfied to make her intellectual accomplishments a blessing to her household. They shall not thus be lost, but impressed on the hearts of her children, and be published to society in their words and deeds.

Talleyrand said a man was a fool to publish a book, because it reveals the extent of his knowledge. Without denying the cold worldly-wisdom of such a notice, or its utter inapplicability to genius, does it not convey a noble suggestion? Shall we not reserve somewhat of our reflective experience? Are there no sacred ideas, no special fancies which the common air would profane? A degree of mental privacy is essential to self-respect. Yet one of the latent inducements to literary effort is doubtless that craving for sympathy which belongs to elevated and ardent minds. "Many things," says Montaigne, "which I would not confess to any one in particular, I deliver to the public." Few authors, however, estimated the profession of literature more justly than this ingenious essayist. "Have you known," he asks, "how to meditate and manage your life? Have you known how to compose your manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed books." Gifted men have invariably protested against the exclusive reputation which the public attaches to letters. They have felt themselves creatures of "infinite variety," and shrunk from the "golden sorrow" of such fame. Scott was determined that authorship should be his "staff, not his

crutch," and sturdily acted out the principle. Gray and Congreve disliked the imputation of being mere men of letters, perhaps not so much from a wider ambition, as from a natural feeling that life was greater than its records, the man than the author. To this idea may in part be traced Byron's pride in swimming, Tasso's sword-practice and Alfieri's horsemanship. The testimony of Charles Lamb to the evils of professional literary toil, is not less true than impressive. "'Tis a pretty appendage" he remarks, in a letter to Bernard Barton, "to a situation like yours or mine; but slavery worse than all slavery, to be a book-seller's dependent. To drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work."

Even Shakespeare abhorred the constant infringement of the soul's privacy implied in a career which appeals only to the multitude:

"Oh, for my sake do you with *formic* chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
*Than public means which public custom breeds.*"

But it is chiefly with regard to the individual that this view of literature demands attention. As a means of acquiring distinction, literary pursuits are, indeed, fast losing their attraction. It has been well said, that not to have written a book is now something to boast of; and it seems to be generally thought that "the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence." It is a very serious question whether a profession so trying to the health, and exhausting to the mind as that of writing, should be adopted; and unhappily it is an inquiry that usually suggests itself too late to receive a practical negative. Scott is confessedly the grand exception, the one whole and unmarried instance of literary manhood. Even his success was disastrously eclipsed. He wept to find his "occupation gone," and recorded his testimony that social privileges formed his greatest obligation to literature, and that his own nature panted for a less exclusive and more active development. Rare mental gifts and an extraordinary power of fixing the public attention, may afford sufficient inducements to any man to devote himself to literature. But even in this case, if he has no elevating views to diffuse, no grand truth to advocate, no important principle to unfold, his career may prove essentially selfish. Its absolute utility may well be doubted. At all events there is nothing very exalted in personal sacrifices, the object of which is only to win fame, or make money. A writer of genius who, like Milton, enters on an intellectual crusade under the banner of liberty, is indeed worthy of the most profound reverence.

The martyr to scientific research, the undaunted defender of a great idea, suffers to some purpose, and are entitled to honor. But souls of a more subdued temper are often warped by a life exclusively given to literature. The "daily beauty" of private life, the silent influence of secluded character, fidelity to domestic claims, are not to be lightly invaded. There is a way of doing good in the world on a small scale that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully, may effect a work of greater

benevolence than one who has won the name of philanthropist. The love centered on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community. And so in intellectual culture, a well-timed conversation, a good letter, a general taste in the arrangements and employment of time may be more efficient than the life-devotion of the same capabilities to literary effort. When no momentous end is proposed and no remarkable genius enlisted, let the cost of such a course be calmly weighed. Let D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors" be attentively perused. It is true, a revolution has taken place in the destiny of authors since that heart-rending chronicle was compiled; but human nature has not changed. It is still painful to a susceptible mind to receive the shafts of malevolent criticism, or the fulsome praises of indiscriminating friends. It is still wearisome to a modest spirit to live in the eye of the public. The brain is the same delicate organ as it was in the days of Collins and Chatterton.

Egotism is still as naturally the offspring of constant self-communion, and an unhealthy self-consciousness as readily induced by long and loving dalliance with one's own ideas. Literary disappointment is as liable to produce malignant criticism as in the time of Dennis, and literary success has diseased the organ of self-esteem as frequently in our day as when poor Goldsmith wondered at the crowd for finding more attraction in a mountebank than a poet. The grave of Snollet at Leghorn is yet a landmark to those who would live upon popular favor, and the slab of Keats at Rome breathes a touching lesson to the young and susceptible aspirant for literary renown. "The glorious privilege of being independent," continues to be exposed to imminent hazard by the profession of literature. It is true the days of courtly patronage and mercenary dedication are well nigh passed, but public opinion is a more severe master than any king, and the "fawning" for that "thrif" is equally degrading. We have now no Charles II, to blight the hopes of a Cowley on account of a republican ode, but we have instead a thousand prejudices which a writer must flatter, or forfeit success, and a trivial standard of taste, conformity to which is a Procrustean bed to a manly intellect. We have no Inquisition to threaten a Galileo with the torture for declaring a truth, but we have innumerable worshippers of authority who hawk at the free soul when it rises on too bold a wing, and would fain alarm it from the empyrean of original inquiry.

Flavius was praised by his tutors as a promising writer, and, when quite young, published a work which was very generally commended. Its merit consisted, however, more in the industrious research and tact it exhibited, than in novelty of sentiment, or uncommon beauty of style. Its success determined Flavius to abandon a lucrative employment, for a path to which literary ambition allured him. To that passion he at once surrendered his soul. He was then in early manhood, enjoying robust strength, and a

slight acquaintance revealed many half-developed qualities, full of promise to himself and society. His talents as a writer were only very respectable, his habits those of intense application. He trusted in the power of industry to realize the fruits of rare abilities. There was nothing in his native endowments to warrant the hope that by devotion to literature he could greatly advance any important principle, or lead the way to new truth. Yet he commenced the profession of literature with the ardor of a votary, and the confidence of a genius. It gradually not only employed, but absorbed his energies. The mania of writing took complete possession of the whole man. His day was passed in printing-offices, reviews haunted his slumbers, scraps of verse dropped insensibly from his lips. Every person and thing in life became valuable in his eyes only so far as it ministered to his profession. He pounced upon a man of experience as a repository of facts; he drew upon the reminiscences of old ladies for hints wherefrom to construct a tale; he cultivated the friendship of booksellers for their publications, of authors for their countenance, of editors for their puff. Even nature, to whose cheerful freedom most men turn for pure enjoyment, was to him a scene of care. He walked amid the fairest landscape in a mood abstracted by ambitious reveries, or peered about to discover a new metaphor in some familiar phenomenon or gather the materials of a fine description. To female society he resorted not so much for refreshment and delight, as to kindle a flame of sentiment, in the warmth of which he could strike off some glowing thoughts, or new images. Thus all his life was laid under contribution for ideas, and like an intellectual tax-gatherer, Flavius roamed to collect tithes of thought and contributions of wit. These were fused in the crucible of his fevered mind, and appeared in the form of critical essays, sketches, rhymes, and paragraphs. He soon became notorious, and mistook publicity for glory. For this he neglected his meals, and his person acquired habits of selfish reserve, resigned the grace of manner and the charm of friendship. For this he wandered among his kind, ever wrapt in the solitude of reflection. For this he resigned the happiness and improvement of social intercourse. For this sleep fled from his pillow, and buoyancy from his heart. For this he sacrificed mental freedom, cheerfulness and health. Inordinate ambition, irregular habits of diet and exercise, and an unremitting activity of the brain, soon demolished even the strong constitution of Flavius. He died a victim to literature, in whose annals his name will scarcely appear. To the last moment he grasped his pen, and his death-bed was littered with magazines, uncorrected proofs, and scraps of manuscript. The illusion of his life was an erroneous estimate of the importance of literary labor, and of his own capacity in that sphere. As an occasional means of usefulness, a liberal accomplishment, a refined recreation, literature would have proved a blessing; instead of appropriating for an inadequate end all the vigor and freshness of his being, and consigning him to an early grave.

## BLANCHE DE NOUVILLE.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

WARM and rich came the summer sun, pouring his parting tribute lavishly upon the folds of drapery hanging about the oriel window, till the deep purple which slept in the shadows was burnished into gold; and dipping in the same luxurious radiance the folds of tapestry concealing the rough walls of the apartment. But the same light fell upon a yet more beautiful object, a wavy mass of life-like noburn, and leaving an abrupt dash of brightness on that, stooped down to the tip of a polished shoulder, shaded, but not hidden, by the fold of gossamer which lay across it. The burnished hair and the dainty shoulders were the property of young Blanche de Nouvelle, the daughter of the Governor-general of New France. The rough province over which the Marquis presided was a scarce fitting abode for so much beauty and brightness, a fact of which the lady seemed aware, for notwithstanding the apartment was luxuriously furnished, she yet seemed restless and dissatisfied. She had bent for awhile over her embroidery frame, then cast it aside in disgust. Next she had examined with careful minuteness, for probably the thousandth time, the figure of a knight in armor, one of whose gallant feats had been immortalized by the needle of some fair dame of the olden time. Then she busied herself with torturing a bouquet of beautiful flowers, till the whole room was filled with the perfume of their silent complainings. None of these employments, however, seemed to afford much gratification, and now Blanche reclined in the embrasure of the window, one small hand interposed between her cheek and the pane, and the other crushing in its careless grasp upon the curtain, a bright-lipped carnation, the wreck of her rare bouquet. This seemed a more satisfactory employment than either of the others; for, though the lady's manner was yet extremely listless, she found sufficient occupation for her eyes. The mighty St. Lawrence lay before her, broad and smooth like a beautiful lake; the margin fringed with ash, elm, and the everlasting oak; and the dense forest on the opposite shore, subdued by distance into one mass of verdure, borrowing a soft rich haze from the warm sky bending over it. Several bateaux lay in the harbor, rocking now and then to the pulses of the water; and one filled with gay young officers, with colors flying, plumes nodding, and bugle sounding, was gliding along the still surface of the river; while great numbers of little bird-like canoes, trembling on every wave, and gracefully dipping to the hollow beyond, speckled the sun-burnished tide. On the shore, groups of Canadian rangers, their half wild air, and hardy frames betraying the Indian blood that mingled with the French in their veins, lounged in the shade; recounting, with imperturbable coolness, incidents to

make the heart quake, and luxuriating in the fragrance of the Virginian weed. Among them mingled freely the partly Christianized Caughnawauges in their half-European dress, muttering in low gutturals and brokenly the words, and aping the manners of their politic allies. Black-eyed, bare-footed Indian women were there too, their long black hair passing around their heads like turbans, their children laced to their backs, and their arms loaded with their own manufactures. Here and there a straggler belonging to the king's troops banded jests with a ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed Canada girl, who had chosen that hour to display her native charms and purchased finery together, or listened to the thrilling tales of the rangers; and now and then an officer doled his plumed cap, and bent his head almost to the saddle-bow as he spurred his prancing steed beneath the window occupied by the beautiful daughter of the governor. The brilliant white and gold, the tasteful uniform of the troops of Louis le Grand, was well calculated to win for its wearers the admiring glances of bright eyes; but the lady Blanche scarce deigned to bestow a look of recognition upon the gay gallants so intent on doing her homage. Finally, with a look of weariness, she arose from her seat in the window, and pulling at a silken tassel, dropped the heavy drapery to the floor. She had just thrown herself on the richly cushioned divan, and commenced toying with her embroidery, when a heavy step was heard upon the stair-case, and the Marquis de Nouvelle entered his daughter's apartment.

"What! all alone, ma belle princess?" he exclaimed, as the girl sprang to his bosom, "and Maria and Angelique—"

"I have sent them away, dear father; their senseless chattering wearied me."

"Ah! and what has employed thine own wise head since?"

"In good sooth, an employment quite worthy of the head—nothing. Truly, dear father, the days are very long here."

The governor placed his fingers fondly upon the young forehead upturned to his, then glanced around the luxuriously furnished apartment.

"Nay, father," said the girl, "I meant not that—it is beautiful, beautiful—a perfect little *bijou* here in the wilderness; but—"

"But what lacks it, my darling? Any thing within the reach of wealth or affection?"

"Oh no! but birds *will* flutter, even in golden cages, and thy birdie is as unreasonable as the others."

"Thou wilt learn contentment soon, my darling; and when queen of the realm I am making for thee, thy magnificence shall not be confined to one little

suite of rooms. There is wealth enough in this new world to make all Europe rich; and when once the sceptre is in thy hand, thou mayest hold a court that no sovereign on earth can rival. Will that content thee?"

An expression of pain passed like a shadow over the face of the lady, slightly contracting the brows, saddening the eyes, and lurking about the curve of the beautiful mouth.

"Wilt thou be happy then, darling?"

Blanche made an effort, and answered in a tone half of sorrow half of playfulness. "It were wiser to be happy now; for the realm is not mine yet, nor thine to give me; and it may be long before these frightful savages and cold-hearted Englishmen can be driven from New France."

"Not so long, my Blanche; you forget what a force will march to crush them to-morrow—and when these Senecas are once driven from my path—"

"But father, if this expedition should be unsuccessful?"

"It cannot be. I will explain to thee, Blanche, for thou hast a ready wit, and mayest easily comprehend how thy kingdom is to be won. Never were surer measures—not a single step do we take in the dark. Monsieur Durance is to collect the Michilimackinac Indians, and repair with them to Oniagara, to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Monsieur de Luth will gather together those about Detroit. We have but to despatch a *coureur de bois* whenever we need assistance, and these tribes will immediately come swarming down, enough of themselves to conquer the whole Seneca nation. We have sent the Chevalier de Fonti among the Illinois, our allies, and he will lead their stern warriors down to wait us on the south side of the lake, cutting off the enemy's retreat; and, Blanche, thou knowest what thy own countrymen are in the field. Canst thou discern a possibility of failure? The king's troops, accompanied by the Canadians as rangers, and the copper-faced blood-hounds about Montreal must of necessity gain an easy victory. What sayest thou, Blanche? Wilt lay thy hand upon the sceptre?"

"If the claims of the Senecas were all, perhaps—"

"How now, my pretty infidel! Must I demonstrate to thee that when the Senecas are subdued the whole of the Iroquois will melt before us, like the snow in the spring-time, and that with them will crumble the whole strength of the Dutch and English of New York!"

"But Père Lamberville has told me that though the Iroquois act as a shield to the English by reason of their great numbers, the wise policy of the English is a valuable return to them; and that, together, they are far more powerful than we."

"Père Lamberville puts too much faith in their 'big talk'; but, if he should be right we have another resource. Governor Dougan has disgusted the Iroquois by calling them English subjects; our missionary spies will fan the smouldering embers of pride and jealousy, and if they cannot blow them into a flame, they will, at least, secure neutrality. Our Jesuits have passed all over the province of New

York, and carefully measured every foot of ground. Thou dost not attend me, Blanche."

"I am not a very sage warrior, and cannot understand what is to be effected by securing the neutrality of the Iroquois nations, when it is against them that your efforts are to be directed."

"No, no, Blanche; thou hast but half the story yet. Listen. We may pass with troops down the Sorel River and along Lake Champlain under the pretence of attacking the Iroquois. To the savages themselves we will profess friendship, flatter their vanity by our praises, and their cupidity by our showy presents, and dazzle them by military display. Then we will proceed to Albany. Believe me, my Blanche, it will be mere child's play to take possession of this little pallisaded town, with its baby-house fort and handful of soldiers. This and New York are their only places of strength, and are defended but by a few Englishmen and the Dutch merchants whom they have subdued. New York, itself, is the best sea-port in all America, and with that in our possession we might defy England herself. We shall attack it from the north, where the town is not even enclosed. The fort with its four bastions is but little stronger than that at Albany; and Père Vaillant says that it is now very much out of repair. I know the number of cannon it mounts, Blanche, the force that protects it, all the weak points, and the temper of the inhabitants; but I must remember that these dry details have little interest for young ears like thine."

"Nay, my father, I believe my tastes well beseem a soldier's daughter. They were allowed to run wild in France, and they are scarce likely to be refined by the things I see here. When we first arrived I never wearied following Father Lamberville over Fort Frontignac, with its pretty bastions all covered with sods of green; its solid stone-masonry, so fresh in comparison with the dingy château we left behind us; its deep, dark, dismal morass, where I could imagine strange shapes always diting by moonlight; its beautiful harbor, and then the little gems of islands! Why, I could sit in my window and inhale the fragrance of the wild flowers growing upon them, as they were crushed under the feet of the bounding, graceful deer, which you bade the men spare for my sake. Oh, my tastes are not over refined, dear father, and my ears have not yet been sufficiently pampered by courtly phrases to give them a distaste for more homely matters. In good sooth, I can enact the soldier's daughter much better than the queen."

"Thou art a brave, sensible girl, my Blanche; and not a timid soft-hearted wench that would faint at sight of naked steel, or scream like a sea-gull at the barking of thine own lap-dog. And herewith I challenge thee to a *galop* along the base of *Mont Royal*, while I whisper in thine ear a choice morsel of news that—what! forestalling me with blushes? Ah! Blanche, Blanche! I fear me the soldier's daughter would find but few attractions in her homely tide, with the splendors of royalty beckoning her. Nay, never droop thy head, child; it is not a preference to shame thee. An old soldier like me must be too vain, if he dare hope to compete with a handsome, and gallant

youth, bred up amid the refinements of the gayest and most polished court of Europe. Private advices inform us that the Chevalier de Croye has already embarked for America. We will greet him on his landing with the glorious news of our victory over the Senecas—a fitting reception methinks for the future sovereign of the province, Blanche."

During the last five minutes a strange change had come over the countenance of the Lady Blanche. The color which had at first fluctuated upon her cheek now left it as pale as marble; her eye-lids drooped till their soft fringes rested—an arc of gold—upon the cheek below, and her hands, which had at first been clasped carelessly over her father's arm, gradually loosened their hold, and sank helplessly by her side. The marquis regarded her a moment with a look of surprise.

"How now, my Blanche? what fitful waywardness is this? Is our news of a kind to frighten the color from thy cheek? Ah! now it comes rushing back again. Away for thy riding habits, my pretty bird; Jacque is already leading out the caparisoned steeds, and I must have a race with thee along the mountain path. Haste thee, darling."

The pale silver of the twilight was blending with the deeper shadows bordering the night, when the governor and his daughter, followed by a small train of attendants, returned from their excursion at the foot of the hill overlooking the fort, and entered the gates of Montreal.

"*Au soin de Dieu, ma belle!*" was the parting salutation of the marquis, as he impressed upon the fair forehead of his child the good-night kiss.

"God forgive me, that there is a thought in my heart I dare not tell him—my dear, dear father," Blanche whispered to herself, as she gathered up in her hands the folds of her riding-dress, and hurried away to her own apartment.

"Go, Marie, I do not need you. Send Angélique to look after my bird, and take care that she does not disturb me to-night."

"But, my lady, your cumbersome dress, and damp hair! shall I not—*Mon Dieu!* she is crushing that elegant plume as though it were a rag!"

"Go, go!" exclaimed the lady impatiently.

Marie's eyes grew big with surprise, for she had never seen her mistress in such a mood before; but she did not venture to linger longer than to shake up a cushion and change the place of a work-basket, and then, silently and wonderingly, she obeyed.

Beautiful Blanche! sorrow came early to pale so fair a cheek, and make such a bright lip quiver. Scarcely had her attendant withdrawn when the lady, as though it were an infinite relief to be once more alone, threw herself upon her couch, and burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

Meantime the marquis sat in a little cabinet below, with a smooth-faced, soft-spoken man in priestly robes beside him, telling in velvet words, each of which had a dagger in it, some tale which roused all the governor's ire.

"So, Lamberville," interrupted the marquis at length, striking his clenched fist forcibly upon the

table, "so thy busy brain has conjured up a new fiction, eh? Prove to me the truth of this tale, or by Heaven! that prating tongue of thine shall never wag more!"

"I have but done my duty, monsieur," returned the priest deprecatingly.

"Duty! My daughter is not a copper-faced Iroquois, that thou shouldst be a spy upon her doings. These villainous charges—"

"Peace, my son," interrupted the priest, with an air of combined meekness and authority. "Peace! thy passion dulls thine ear. I but spoke of some adventurer, with good reasons doubtless for his extreme caution, who seems endeavoring to practice upon the unsuspecting simplicity of a gentle and generous woman. Far be it from me to impute improper motives or acts to the Lady Blanche."

"Stolen interviews! Daily and continued falsehood! Out upon the motives that can lead to such conduct!"

"Nay, calm thee, my son, and listen. The Lady Blanche is young, unacquainted with the arts of the world, and women are ever credulous. Doubtless she has been reached through her better nature, and her very errors have their foundation in her virtues."

"You are not wont to be so charitable, Lamberville," observed the marquis, casting upon his companion a penetrating glance.

"Because I am too often called upon to deal with dark natures—I speak now of one I have known from infancy."

"You may be right," observed the marquis thoughtfully; "and yet if I believed she could do it—I marveled greatly at her emotion to-night when I spoke of de Croye—I have noted, too, something singular in her manner for several weeks past, sometimes a restlessness, and at others a quiet passiveness so unlike her ever wakeful gaiety. If it *should* be true!"

"If you would but give me your leave, monsieur—"

"I give you leave to take any measures that will not compromise *her*. But for to-morrow's expedition. But no! if you do not secure your prisoner to-night, I must make a prisoner of her till my return. Go, this communication has crazed my brain, and I must have time for thought."

Well might the Marquis de Nouville be alarmed at the information received from the monk; for he regarded his daughter with feelings little short of idolatry. For her no offering was too rich, no sacrifice too great. And in her his over-weening ambition was centred, made deeper and more absorbing by his love.

Bred at the dissolute court of Louis XIV, and familiar with its standard of morals as well as its polish and apparent refinements, it is not strange that while carrying out the plans (in many instances highly dishonorable) of his sovereign, he should have other plans more particularly connected with his own interests. Hence his zeal in the administration of government, his duplicity toward the English, and his combined craftiness and cruelty to the Indians. But elegant courtier and subtle diplomatist as the marquis was, he yet had few of those rougier qualities

necessary to the government of a province like New France. He had complained to his royal master that while the Indians who intermarried with the French remained savages still, the French lost their national characteristics and their civilization together, and became, with their children, wild untamable savages. Over this extensive class the governor had but little influence. Then there were the hardy settlers who had first reared their log huts in the midst of a "howling wilderness," and endured hardships and privations, and encountered danger in every form; and these felt but little short of contempt for the luxurious habits and polished manner of the finished courtier who attempted to sway them by his sophistries. But this was not all. The watchful zeal and honest common sense of Col. Dougan, the English governor of New York, was more than a match for the wily Frenchman, backed by his whole troop of Jesuit spies; and every movement that the marquis had yet made only served to plunge him into deeper and still deeper troubles with the Indian tribes, whom both nations claimed as subjects. "Diminish the numbers of the Iroquois by every means possible; visit them with the sword, fire, and famine, sparing only those who may be useful as galley slaves." Such was the purport of the orders of Louis, and faithfully had the governor-general attempted to execute them. He had already commenced by surprising peaceful Indian villages, and burning the inhabitants at the stake; he had deceived several chiefs to Fort Frontenac, and there seized upon them and shipped them from Quebec to serve in the king's galleys; and having, by this last act of treachery, made the Five Nations his bitter and implacable enemies, a well-digested plan for eventually annihilating the mighty tribes which he despaired of subjecting was now ripe for execution. Confident of success, the noble governor indulged freely in wild dreams of power and greatness; but if he should succeed in accomplishing all his vast designs, what surety had he that he should still even retain the governorship of New France? At any moment a favorite might take it from him; for none better than de Nouville knew how insecure a corner-stone for any fabric is the breath of royalty.

There was now at the court of France a young chevalier who had made himself very useful to Louis by private negotiations with James II. He was reputed to be handsome, magnanimous, brave, adventurous, well versed in every courtly grace and accomplishment of chivalry, and just now in very high favor with the king. De Nouville knew nothing of him beyond these rumors; but, notwithstanding, he did not hesitate to shape his plans with reference to this distinguished stranger. With so many useful Jesuits at hand it is not to be supposed that the noble governor would want the means of accomplishing any project which required no weightier instruments than crafty words; and so it is not surprising that in a very short time from the conception of the plan, he had effected the betrothal of his daughter and the young favorite of the king. Blanche had certainly no right to complain (and she did not) at her fortunes. She was told that with the monarch's sanction her hand

had been sought by a handsome and gallant youth, whom any lady at the court of France would be proud to win; and her eyes sparkled with gratified vanity when informed that her lover was all impatience till he had crossed the water and laid his now full blossoming honors at her feet. And her pleasure was in no wise lessened by the whisper that this most favored of favorites would soon assume the viceroyship of New France. Why should the Lady Blanche object to a crown? On whose brow would it sit more gracefully? The heart of the proud beauty fluttered with its budding dreams while she blushed and smiled and turned away to the study of diamonds, and ermine, and courtly ceremonies. What change then had come over the bright lady, that the mention of the Chevalier de Croye should take the smile from her lip and the sunshine from her eye? Why did she draw her veil closer while listening to the animated praises bestowed upon him by her father, and think the little ride of thirty minutes, during which he formed the topic of conversation, so very, very long? And why did she return with pale cheek and sad heart to weep away the evening in the darkness of her own chamber? Wouldst know the why, kind reader?

Years had passed since Blanche de Nouville, a careless, light-hearted child, dwelling in one of those old châteaux scattered over France, was allowed to wander at will about the pleasant valleys in her own immediate neighborhood, and amuse herself by gathering flowers, chasing butterflies, or otherwise giving bright wings to the lagging days. On one occasion she stood by the side of a miniature lake, regarding with earnest eyes a beautiful cluster of azaliae drooping so far over it as almost to kiss the ripples, and altogether beyond her reach.

"If Angelique were but here," thought the child, kneeling upon the little knoll and clinging with one hand to the branches of the shrubs, while she stretched the other forward as far as it would reach; "if Angelique were but here—but no, I shall have it in a minute, just a minute more, I almost touched the straw."

Clinging to a root with her little feet, her pretty arm twined around the branches, and one dimpled hand extended till it could scarce be distinguished from the rosy blossoms, she had already, in imagination, secured her treasure, when her slight support gave way, and she was precipitated into the water. Poor little Blanche, she was wofully frightened, and might have been drowned, but for a laughing-eyed youth who chanced to be passing, and who, though he told her afterwards that she was just fit to be queen of the naiads and ought to have a palace "down deep in the tide," plunged in and brought her dripping like a water-lily to the shore. And Blanche sobbed and nestled in his bosom like a frightened bird—as though that had been the only place of safety for her. And so what could the stranger do but soothe her, and twine the mischievous blossoms amid her golden curls, and tell her with what surprise he had seen the sparkling water closing about her, because he had thought her a bright fairy sunning herself upon the bough. After that Blanche chose her play-ground on the

marge of the little lake oftener than any where else; but the stranger never came back. Sometimes, even after she had crossed the ocean and made her home in the wilderness, a handsome, well-remembered face would bend over her in her dreams, and a low earnest voice would speak soothingly to her; sometimes, even in daylight, she would have visions of dark eyes warm with admiration, and finely curved lips dropping with words which though addressed to a child's comprehension had something in them worth recalling; but it was like all other things connected with childhood, a shadowy memory held sacred.

About a week after the Lady Blanche had expressed her acceptance of the proposals of the Chevalier de Croye, an incident occurred which made her quite forget the existence of her courtly suitor. Rambling with Père Vaillant about the island of Hochelaga, they encountered a youthful hunter whose glance and tone haunted the lady all the evening after. And with good reason; for the stranger recognized with pleased surprise his metamorphosed naid, and many were the graceful sayings and witty repartees that followed, all of which carried a deeper meaning to both than their lightness warranted. And after, they met again and again, (with the tacit approval of Père Vaillant, though he seemed to be strangely blind to any result which might follow it) till the days began to seem long to Blanche not brightened by this meeting. And once—it was on a rare evening, eloquent with moonlight—the holy father courteously admitted this same stranger to a seat beneath the silken canopy of the lady's bateau, and sat down beside him completely wrapped in a holy reverie. While Marie slept at her mistress' feet. Ah! that was a memorable evening to Blanche. There was not one sound astir to throw even the weight of a rose-leaf's fluttering upon the low thrilling music of the stranger's voice as it stole into her heart; so the rich tones melted there and left an incense which should have been kept burning for him forever. And Blanche returned to her own apartment, and to delicious musings. Earth and sky seemed to her to have robed themselves anew; not a leaf fluttered and not a bird spread a wing as they had moved before. The gay, spirited girl had grown quiet and thoughtful, moving like one in a dream—a rich, heartfelt dream, of whose fragility we are half-conscious, and dare not raise a finger lest we should awaken ourselves. She yielded to it unreservedly, for it had crept upon her unguarded spirit unawares, and hovered there in the garb of an angel; and she forgot her betrothed, forgot her father, forgot ambition, glory, every thing but the tones and glances and words of the stranger Philippe. How could Blanche conceive that there was wrong or danger in aught which seemed to carry so much of heaven with it? But this evening she had been awakened from her long sleep; and it seemed to her that a pall of blackness had been suddenly spread over her love-lighted horizon. When Marie left her she flung herself upon her couch in perfect *abandon*; her loosened hair mantling her shoulders, and then forming it-clef into little golden waves and creeping among the heavy folds of her riding-dress; her chest heaving, and even her small hands, as they were clasped above

her head, quivering with the agitation which she made no effort to control. Suddenly a soft, low strain of music swept up from the garden—softer than a sigh, and so low that Marie, had she been beside her mistress, would scarce have heard it; but its first faintest murmur reached the ear of the Lady Blanche. She raised her head from the pile of velvet cushions; and pushing back the clustering hair, suspended even her breathing while she listened. Then starting from the couch, she hastily gathered up her bright curls and wreathed them in a knot behind; substituted a lighter robe for her cumbrous riding-dress; tied the silken girdle and clasped the little mantle at the throat; all with a steady though eager hand in strange keeping with the helpless wretchedness of the moment previous. There was something almost like a smile on her face as she sprang lightly to the door. But here she paused. For a moment she dallied with the latch; and then burying her young face in her hands, yielded to another burst of tears. Quivering in every limb she stood, till sinking to a half crouching posture upon the floor she sobbed, "I cannot—Oh! I cannot tell him to go forever!"

Again a low, sorrowful breathing stole up from the garden, as though the sensitive chords were communing with those stirring within the bosom of Blanche de Nouvelle.

"Mary mother, support me!" exclaimed Blanche, in a tone of touching helplessness, and prostrating herself before an image of the Virgin, till her forehead rested on the cold marble pedestal. "I am weak and erring—oh! do not let me break my father's heart!"

Long and fervently did the lady pray. Finally, rising and pressing a crucifix to her lips, she dropped it back into her bosom, murmuring—"I have strength for it now;" and, casting another grateful glance up at the face of the Virgin, she glided from the room. A lamp burned dimly in the narrow hall, painting fantastic figures on the floor and ceiling, with shadowy shapes chasing always after them; but, though Blanche started once or twice, and peered eagerly into the gloom, she gave them no farther attention. As she opened the door of a large empty apartment beyond, the sound of a foot-fall struck distinctly upon her ear; and she drew back, pulling her mantle closely about her, and cowering in the dense darkness. It was not repeated; and, finally, gathering more courage, she hurried on, as though fleeing from the hollow echo of her own light footsteps, and gaining the door beyond, descended a small flight of steps into the open air. Again the low earnest tone came up from the fragrant thickets, like the pleading of an imprisoned Peri, and Blanche sprung eagerly forward at the sound. She had but to unlock the private postern, and the next moment she was sobbing upon the shoulder of her lover.

"What is it, Blanche?" inquired the young man tenderly, and drawing her closer to him, as though, whatever it might be, there was one place, at least, where she would find a sure refuge.

"Oh! I have been wrong, very wrong, Philippe, not to tell you before; and now we must part forever."

The youth made no reply; but the clasp of his arm



tightened; and he bent his head till there was but room for the flitting of a breeze between his lips and the tear that glistened on the one cheek which she had turned to the moonlight.

"I have been false to my father, and—and—another one, Philippe, who is far away, and cannot dream of the wrong my heart is doing him. Oh! how could I know the danger of all this? Would God we had never met, Philippe!"

"*Thank God that we have met, my Blanche!*" returned the lover fervidly; and probably forgetting in his rapturous delight that the confession which conveyed bliss to him was wrung from her only by the most painful circumstances.

"But, Philippe, you do not know—you do not understand. A stranger will soon be here, Philippe—a gay, heartless stranger—and I—I am destined to become his bride; and so we must part to-night forever. Do you understand me, Philippe?—FOREVER!"

"I have heard of the Chevalier de Croye, Blanche," returned the youth, with singular calmness, "and, in truth, he has more to win a maiden's love than the humble exile Philippe; and thou wilt think so too ere many days have passed. Cheer thee, sweet lady, thou wilt have knee-worship, and heart-worship, and thine eyes will be dazzled by splendor; it is for the humble lone one to sorrow, not for thee."

"Oh! loneliness were better—far better—it would leave me undisturbed tears at least."

Still the young Frenchman held the lady to his heart, and his voice, full of emotion, was at variance with his words as he answered—

"I have heard that the rare accomplishments of the chevalier are the envy of all the courtiers of Louis."

"They told me that," returned Blanche, listlessly.

"And that noble dames a-plenty are proud but to win a glance from him."

"Aye! I marvel at the policy that induced him to seek out unlucky me, in this distant province. The counsels of courtiers, as well as kings, are unfathomable. Yet I was foolish enough to be pleased with his preference at first, Philippe."

"Before an unfortunate exile threw his shadow across thy sunny path. Ah, Blanche! my dream has indeed been a delicious one, and I would yield it up only to secure thy happiness—that, truth compels me to say, I believe will be safe in the keeping of the Chevalier de Croye."

Blanche cast upon the speaker a glance full of reproach, but her lips quivered too much to be trusted with a reply.

"The king loves him, and loads him with honors."

"Aye! but for that I might be free," exclaimed Blanche, sobbing. "Would to God I had been the offspring of the poorest peasant in the vales of Languedoc, or that you had left me in the water, Philippe, on that unlucky day when we first met! Then I might have escaped all this. And yet I ought to thank you, and I do, Philippe—I do thank you, for speaking so kindly of one to whom I have done a great wrong. I forget every thing now that I ought most to remember—but it is all so sudden! After to-night I will not only train my lips, but my heart, too, till no one shall

have cause to complain. But oh! it is a hard thing—you cannot but think that, Philippe—to have our race's sacred interests so entirely at the disposal of others."

"I do think it, dear Blanche," returned the youth, in the same tones that had soothed her years before. And they soothed her now, as then; for Blanche somehow became conscious that it was not lack of feeling, but rectitude of principle and the unselfishness of true tenderness, which governed him; and confiding implicitly in this, she had not a thought too sacred for his ear. And while in this pure communion hours glided by unnoted. At last the moon disappeared, leaving her silver veil streaming behind to mark the gate through which she had passed; and the stars began to burn and flash more brilliantly. The unclouded sky, "still as a brooding dove," put on a deeper blue; the breezes folded their busy wings, as though they too needed rest; and every thing—even the leaves which had jostled against each other all the day long—yielding to the spirit governing the hour, grew solemn with stillness. Even the tones of the lovers had sunk to a low whisper, and the communion was more heart with heart than lip with lip.

"We must part now, Philippe," at last, the lady suggested; and, as the words fell from her lips, the laurel-bushes rustled, a handful of blossoms rained down from the rose-tree beyond, and a whisper seemed to pass around the whole garden. Even Philippe started to his feet and looked about, and Blanche with difficulty suppressed a scream. But in a moment after both smiled, believing they had been startled by their own movements.

"We must part now," repeated Blanche, clinging to the arm that supported her, as though she feared to be obeyed too readily.

"It is indeed later than I thought. God bless thee, dear Blanche!" and the youth, without further words, led her forward to the postern. "God bless thee, dear Blanche! I trust that we may meet again, and under brighter auspices, but if not—" He drew her tearful face to his, touched his lip to her forehead—and then the gate closed and Blanche found herself alone beside the flight of steps that led to her chamber. As she reached the large empty apartment she was startled by a sound as of the clash of arms. A window close by overlooked the garden, and Blanche threw up the casement hurriedly. A man wearing the cowl of a priest was unbarring the great outer postern, and between two powerfully made grenadiers stood one whose figure and bearing could not be mistaken, though he was evidently a prisoner. At a single glance Blanche comprehended all—perhaps the priest might be Lamberville—he could not deny her prayer. With an involuntary cry of terror she bounded from the door, sprang to the bottom of the staircase, and almost with the speed of the wind gained the private entrance to the garden. But she was too late. The great gate swung on its hinges, and closed with a loud clang; and though Blanche shrieked in the agony of the moment, the sound seemed to waste itself on the night air. Still she flew forward until she reached the gate. She struck upon it, and twined her fingers in the iron bars, as though her slight strength had been sufficient

to tear them from their firm bed; then, suddenly re-collecting herself, she staggered backward, reeled and sank senseless upon the dewy grass. It was long before Blanche awoke to consciousness. When she did, her momentary madness had passed; and, crossing her hands meekly upon her bosom, she put no constraint upon the tears that rained in torrents down her pale face. Slowly and painfully Blanche retraced her steps to her chamber. It seemed dreary and desolate, like her own heart. Bending before the image of the Virgin, she buried her head in the folds of her mantle; and there, weary with grief and watching, fell asleep.

"Oh! my lady," exclaimed Marie, as her supple fingers adjusted the bright curls, still heavy with night-dew, "such a thing as happened last night! A man was found in the garden—a spy, Père Lamberville says. Raoul told me all about it—a spy from the English in New York—one of those wicked Huguenots that I should think would sink the ships they come over in. But you need never be frightened, lady. Bless me! you are as white as your own gown—you need never be frightened—Père Lamberville says he will have him yet."

"Have him yet!"

"Yes, my lady: that is, as soon as they come back from this fight with the Indians. It was the Father of Evil who helped him to escape, so Raoul says, for he went through bolts and bars of solid iron."

"Holy Mother, I thank thee!" murmured Blanche, sinking back into her chair heavily, "thou hast heard my prayer, and Philippe is in safety."

"Père Lamberville," continued the girl, "is to stay behind and keep a guard—"

"I must see my father!" exclaimed Blanche, springing to her feet. "Go, Marie, but return instantly, and tell me where I shall find him."

The girl obeyed with alacrity; and, while she was gone, Blanche busied herself with arranging her thoughts and calming her mind for the decided interview.

In a few moments Marie returned. "Monsieur, your father, is in a strange way this morning, lady. His face grew almost black when I gave him your message. Oh! he seemed very angry, and stamped with his foot upon the flag-stone, and bade me tell you—I don't know what it was, for my ear must have heard amiss. He could not have meant that you should be shut up in these rooms—though, to be sure, they are very pretty—like a prisoner; he is distraught with all these war-doings, and takes no heed of what his tongue speaks. But come, my lady, to the window—there will be a grand show soon—they are already manning the batteaux. Oh! I never saw the like! The wild Indians will run into the lake at the sight of them! Lean upon my shoulder, lady, for you seem very ill."

It was indeed a brave sight—that gathering army; with nothing to mar its grandeur but perhaps now and then an intruding thought of the littleness of its object, the existing of a comparatively defenceless foe. The broad river was absolutely swarming with the gorgeously decorated batteaux of the French soldiery,

the heavily laden boats of attendants and camp-followers, and the canoes of the Indians and rangers. But Blanche had an eye for but one object—the princely form of her noble father, as he moved like a monarch in the crowd, issuing his commands, and preserving, in the midst of the seeming confusion, the absolute order of the best disciplined troops on the day of a grand military review. His lip seemed to be upon her cheek, and his benediction in her ear, as on the night before; but his stern look now reversed it all. That he, that fond father, whose love had been idolatry, should leave her—perhaps for weeks, perhaps forever; for how could she foresee the chances of war?—without one gentle, forgiving word! Would he not return for a moment? Would he not as much as raise his eye to her easement? He did not; and Blanche turned away, sick at heart, as she saw that she had watched in vain. Meantime the army had embarked. Never before had the wilderness been greeted with such a display of magnificence. More than two thousand men, nearly half of them wearing the splendid national uniform of the French, were gliding upon the surface of the mighty river, the dip of the oar keeping time to the exquisite music of the military band—now soaring from their still shoulders the echoes on either shore, now plunging into deep, cool shadows, where even the musicians kept back their breath, or modulated the tones of their instruments to that of the genius of the wild.

Arrived at Fort Frontenac on the north-western shore of the St. Lawrence, De Nouvelle separated his army into two grand divisions. The beautiful Ontario lay here in wooded, like a magnificent diamond in a setting of emerald; and the divided army passing along the northern and southern margin, encompassed it with a living cincture. Finally both companies met, and landed at Tyroneequal. Here the marquis paused, and formed his troops in battle array. In advance marched more than eight hundred young, brave, and chivalrous Frenchmen, selected from the very flower of the best disciplined army in the world; their limbs, manly limbs, clad in snow-white uniform, glittering with golden embroidery; their burnished arms flashing and blazing in the sunlight; their plumes gayly nodding; their spread banners flaunting and streaming skyward; and the heavy roll of the drum, and martial tones of the fife, interspersed with the stirring notes of the clarion, the loud blast of the bugle and the richly rushing melody of the horn—combined to rouse every dormant passion, and condense all into one—the love of glory. Close behind these marched, file on file, the hardy Canadian rangers, with less of military display, less of that regularity of movement and seeming *onset* of impulse which resolved the whole French army into one huge, invincible, indivisible body, animated by a single soul; but with an independent manly vigor appearing throughout all, promising that, though the animating soul were silenced, still life would quiver in every dismembered limb. This half-savage, half-civilized portion of the army comprised a thousand men, almost as familiar with the hills and glens, the friendly coverts and deep secret hiding-places of these wild fastnesses as the

Indians themselves; while the muscular vigor of their straight, arrowy forms, their agility of limb and swiftness of foot, rendered them no mean acquisition to the better disciplined and elegantly equipped Europeans who preceded them. Indeed, in these wily, strong, and experienced rangers lay the great strength of the army. Close on the heels of these swarmed a troop of native Indians, the scalp-lock dangling with ostentatious daring at their crowns, set round with tufts of gaudy feathers, twisted skins of serpents, or *bandeaux* of bones, painted glass, and pebble-stones. They came, each firmly clutching his sharpened tomahawk, their bodies nearly naked and streaked with war-paint—their greedy eyes perhaps peering through a rim of black, and their sinewy arms looking as though already dipped in human gore. Strange enough was such a scene of grandeur to this rough wilderness. A June sky was smiling above them, and so still was the air that the leaves of the giant trees scarce fluttered in the breeze; but there was a tremulous motion in the firm earth beneath, as though shaken by the stern, measured tread of that multitude of feet. The frightened deer threw back their antlered heads and bounded away over the hills, giving but a glimpse of their graceful figures in the distance; and the startled partridge drummed in the thicket, while crowds of other birds fluttered and wheeled and poised on their trembling wings in mid-air or flew screaming away. The rabbits scampered off to their coverts, and the squirrels flew along the ragged bark of the trees, seeming to think, poor little innocents! that they were the cause of all this parade. Sometimes a fierce cry came up from the distance that made the eyes of some of the party glitter, and their hands close about their rifles. For the panther and the bison were yet abroad, and both savages and rangers knew well their lurking-places. Still, though the army was now in the very heart of the Seneca nation, not a savage made his appearance. Sometimes a shadow would seem to steal from a neighboring copse, or a hum, as of low voices, would float out on the air, but they were only the creations of the strained eye and expectant ear. Finally the army emerged into an open savanna, and now the drums beat a quicker march, and they pushed on with eager haste.

"The red-skinned cowards have fled, and cheated us of our victory," remarked De Nouville to a gallant young officer of his staff, "but we will visit them with a glorious revenge yet."

As the officer turned his head to reply, a deafening volley filled the atmosphere, a wild cry burst from his lips, he leaped madly into the air, and rolled dead at the feet of the marquis. In the same moment, on every side, front, flank and rear, from bush and tree, rank grass and tangled thicket, out from behind rock, monldering trunk, and mossy hillock, sprung, with whoops and yells, countless troops of maddened savages. The broad savanna literally swarmed with the infuriated Senecas. Even veteran officers were for the moment infected with the universal panic. The first charge had been fatally effective, and the ranks were confused and broken. Orders were given and countermanded in the same breath, but both were

unheeded in the wild uproar. The French troops fled to the forest and fired at shadows or at each other. Any thing like unity of purpose was impossible—a separate tragedy was enacted in every group. Here a wily Canadian crept silently toward the lair of a hidden Iroquois, and struck him down just as his greedy eye glistened at sight of his prey. There, hand to hand in a desperate struggle, the supple limbs of a French officer measured their trained skill against the brute force of a brawny savage. De Nouville, unsuccessful in his attempt to restore any thing like order, had plunged, with a small fragment of his battalion, into the thickest of the fight, and contended successfully with the heaving human mass, till, looking about him in the midst of the confused *mélange*, he discovered that he was unsupported by a single soldier of his troops. He, however, brandished his keen Damascus, hoping yet to hew a path through the crowd of yelling savages that surrounded him like so many starved blood-hounds. Never did trusty blade do better service, for every blow had desperation in it. At last the crowd was cleared, the woods were close at hand, and the imminent danger seemed passed. At this moment a powerful savage bounded forward, brandishing his tomahawk, and instantly the French commander closed with him. Knee pressed against knee, foot against foot, and arm wreathed in arm, they stood, with every cord distended, and every muscle thrown into a position to maintain its utmost force; the fierce passion working visibly in the naked limbs of the savage, seeming to find an answering passion to oppose it, hidden beneath the garb of the courtly nobleman. Just at this crisis, when the chances of both combatants seemed so equally balanced that a breath would have turned the scale, De Nouville caught a glimpse of glittering steel in the air above him. There was no time even for a prayer. So to die! But the Frenchman breathed again. The uplifted arm had been shattered. The slight distraction had, however, given his adversary an advantage. The marquis, aiming a blow with his liberated hand, struck the air, reeled, slipped on the blood-wet grass and fell, dragging down his enemy with him. For a moment he was stunned, but in the next he was released from the mass of the slain by the strong hand of a youth in the garb of a ranger.

"Fight, if you can, Monsieur le Marquis," said the Canadian, adding to his precept the weight of a goodly example.

"If I can!" exclaimed the nearly bewildered marquis, raising an arm that showed no sign of flagginess; and, without another word, side by side, the twain cut their way through the newly gathered crowd of Iroquois, and finally gained the covert of the woods.

"I owe you a life, my brave fellow!" exclaimed De Nouville, grasping the hand of the youth with grateful warmth. "Come to the fort as soon as we are at Montreal again, and tell me what I shall do for you."

"To be refused the boon I ask!" answered the Canadian bluntly.

"Nay, my good fellow, your service has been a trifle too important for that. Upon the honor of a

soldier and a gentleman, you shall name your own reward. I perceive you know me."

"Aye! who does not know Monsieur le Marquis?" "Then take that," and the marquis drew from his bosom a jeweled crucifix, "and, by all the saints in the calendar, you have but to present it to insure you any boon within my gift."

The Canadian bent his head in acknowledgment, and accepted the pledge with a covert smile; and the marquis hurried away to the combat, muttering between his teeth, "A surly churl! but, nevertheless, he saved my life."

Well did Blanche de Nouville fulfill her determination, and train both heart and lip, till it would have required a keen eye indeed to have discovered the "worm in the bud." Her brow had never been smoother, nor her eye clearer than when she met her father on his return from his disgraceful discomfiture, but he missed the childish caress; and instead of the warm, earnest delight dimpling the whole face, a smile, that might have been born under the chisel of a sculptor, just curved the beautiful lips, and sent a chill to his heart.

"Forgive me, my Blanche," he said sorrowfully; "I left thee in anger, and without one parting word; but my earnest benedictions were sent back to thee, my darling. Not a breeze visited thy bright cheek but bore with it a blessing from the lips of thy father. Forgive me, dear one, if I have seemed harsh—the wrong was made greater by my love—it was all for thee."

"And it was well, my father; I thank thee for thy care."

The voice of the Lady Blanche was gentle, and winning, and earnest, but the tones were measured. It lacked the warm heart-gush that had kept dewy the one spot of green in the bosom of the man of the world.

Blanche listened with total indifference to the mortifying details of the battle, seeming to feel no regret at the utter demolition of the carefully laid plans that were to strike terror to the heart of the Iroquois nations; but, when told of her father's danger and narrow escape, the ice upon her heart melted; and wreathing her arms about his neck, she was for a few moments the fond child to whose caresses he had looked for the dissipation of the heavy clouds lowering over his fortunes. It was but a moment, however, and then the lip became fixed as before, the moist eye grew cold and clear, and the arm still resting on his neck seemed to have lost the magnetic touch which always thrilled upon his heart. With a deep-drawn sigh the marquis arose, and touching his lips to the smooth brow of his child, turned away in anguish of spirit. For a little time he paced up and down the apartment; then returning, he leaned over her and whispered—"It shall be done, Blanche. It would be insulting the king's favorite—but no matter, I should incur the indignation of my sovereign—I should be stripped of my honors—my life might be forfeit; yet it shall be done. Thou shalt have thine own choice. We may go far back into the wilderness, perhaps, where titles and honors never were known, and there

we may be happy yet. Give me back my child as she was, and I can do any thing, endure any thing, sacrifice all the good that a long life has brought me. Oh! it shall be as thou wouldst have it, Blanche."

Was it not enough that the heart of Blanche was bending beneath the weight of her own sorrow—but must it have yet more to bear—the shame attendant upon a consciousness of error? Who was this stranger, Philippe, that he should make her unjust to all others, that he should steal her heart in a few short weeks from one who had made her his idol, the star of his life, who had loved and cherished her in her helplessness, and would have sacrificed his own being but to contribute to her happiness?"

"I would have it as it is, my father," was the gentle reply, as Blanche threw herself into the arms that had ever sheltered her. "I have erred, but it was blindly, thoughtlessly—take me back to thy trust, and thou shalt find there is a spirit in thy child which will never shame thee."

It was a moment for unreserved confidence; and Blanche, in hurried, tremulous tones, proceeded to offer her heart to the inspection of the eye of love. She detained her meeting with the stranger youth on the banks of the little lake by her father's chateau; of their mutual recognition in the forest at Huchelaga and their intercourse afterward, with careful minuteness; extenuating nothing, and concealing nothing; save perhaps what is always concealed, the depth and changelessness of her own affection. She said they had parted on the evening of his seizure voluntarily; and yet (Blanche trembled as the confession passed her lips) she had strangely enough received a token from him since. She did not hesitate to say it was strange and inconsistent—he had counseled her to abide by her duty, and yet what could have influenced him in this but a desire to keep himself still in her memory.

"But he shall be safe, my father! he shall not be endangered by my revelations!" Blanche entreated, holding fast between her palms a tiny parcel.

"Ay; he shall be safe."

Blanche, with trembling fingers, unid the silken cord, and unfolded the paper. A crucifix, the very one he had given as a pledge of faith to the ranger, dropped from it into the hands of the marquis. He started, and dashed it down with a surprised and angry flush.

"There is something written on the paper in his own hand. Read it, my father."

"Nay, Blanche—"

"Read it, I entreat."

The marquis took the scroll and read—"Present the jewel enclosed to the governor, and ask a boon in my name—whatever thou wilt, dear Blanche. He dare not refuse—it would be at the peril of his soul!"

"It is even so," murmured the marquis, "I dare not refuse."

"It is true, then, true?" exclaimed Blanche, clapping her hands together joyously; "it was Philippe who saved thee from the knife of the savage?"

"It was a half-civilized Canadian!"

"It was he! it was he! Thy life and mine! Holy Mother, I thank thee!"

"And now he claims the reward. Oh! it would have been mercy had he left me to die!"

"He claims no reward; think what he might have asked—is he not noble, my father?"

"I would he were less ignoble, Blanche; I little thought thou couldst make so low a choice."

"The brave soldier who saved my father's life!"

"And claimed more than life for a reward."

"Nay, returned the pledge to the hand of one whom he knew never could use her power to darken one day of a parent's life."

"How wilt thou use it, Blanche?"

"Thus! I will not demand of thy justice what I refused from thy love. Take back the pledge, my father."

"He will think me an ingrate," murmured Blanche, as she turned away to conceal the features that were now eloquent with emotion; "an ingrate, enslaved by a foolish ambition; but truth, and filial love, and common justice all require the sacrifice. Oh! if thou couldst know how difficult the struggle, Philippe!"

Great was the sensation occasioned by the arrival of the Chevalier de Croye. Marie and Angebque were on the tip-toe of expectation; flitting here and there with a busy consequence peculiar to ladies' maids; wondering, and doubting, and guessing to each other; and shaking their wise heads and looking very knowing at the other servants of the household. But when at last they did really catch a glimpse of his barge upon the water, with its gay decorations making it appear for all the world like a floating fairy palace moving to the magical sounds of music—oh such fluttering and chattering. A spectator could not possibly have imagined that there was an individual in the port so much interested in the expected arrival as these two demoiselles. Certainly not the clear-eyed, proud-lipped lady whose toilet they had just completed.

"Spare thyself, my child, do not attempt this trial to-day," whispered the marquis, as he was on the point of proceeding to the river-side to welcome his guest.

"Nay, methinks it scarce becoms my father's daughter to practice such discourtesy," returned the lady with a smile; "I shall do thee no discredit. See!" And Blanche raised upon the tip of her taper finger the string of pearls which lay beside the casket upon her

dressing-table. "See! they hang as though suspended from a thing of iron. My nerves are firm, there is no faltering in my pulses, no fluttering at my heart. Why should I be exempt from the duties of hospitality?"

There was a strange undefined dread at the heart of the marquis, and he would have striven yet further to persuade; but that cold calm eye and firm lip prevented, even while they alarmed him. With a foreboding of evil, which clouded his brow, even in the moment when he should have been happiest, he turned away.

"There! the boat is fast now!" "That is he—the one in the—" "Mon Dieu! how handsome!" "Now he lands!" "What an air!" "Monsieur le Marquis—ah!" "How graceful!" "Magnifique!" "Now they are turning this way!" "They move forward!" "They will be here in a moment!" Such were a few of the many exclamations which greeted the ears of Blanche from the two watchers in the window, till she must have been the statue she seemed not to have felt her color rising and her heart quickening its pulsations. If there had been no suspense, if she could have passed at once from the quiet of her own chamber into the presence which she had learned to dread, it would have been different; but now the emotions over which she had at first gained such perfect ascendancy, began to swell again in her heart and tamper with the muscles of her face. There was, however, but little time for this kind of dangerous thought. A heavy trampling of feet in the great hall was succeeded by the flinging open of the doors; and Blanche heard the courteous tones of her father, and another voice—could it be a stranger's. Something in it touched a chord which she had hoped would never vibrate again. The rich color receded from her cheek, and trembling, shivering, almost fainting she stood, unable to move a finger or raise a lash. She heard her father pronounce her name coupled with another: a manly form bent before her—there was a clasp about her hand—a warm lip pressed it, not with the cold formality of a stranger; and then a voice which could not be imitated, whispered solily—"Does my maid tremble still!"

A start—a rush of feeling—a long, deep, convulsive sob; and Blanche, all quivering with agitation, nestled on the bosom of *Philippe de Croye*, and listened to his soothing voice as in days long ago.

## THE RUSTIC.

BY ELIZABETH ORRIS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

Of lattered robe all recklessly the while,  
She climbed the rugged hill with eager feet;  
Caught the first waking of the morning sun,  
And felt her heart with joyous wonder beat,  
As slowly by the mountain vapor swept,  
Lying itself in fleecy folds away  
From lake and stream, and grove and vale, that slept

Within its down, like weary child from play,  
A hasty girl she was, yet fair and wild,  
Who with the butter-cups and wild brook played,  
Till *Iador* claimed her for his daily thrall,  
And she, in kirtle short, and gown arrayed,  
Left, at his bid, her home in that sweet dell,  
Beat with the hum of bees, and song of whip-poor-will.

## THE PROPOSAL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE Lady Blanche was a beauty and a belle. But more than this—she was an heiress. Need we wonder, therefore, that old barons, as grim as their ancestors' effigies—gay knights, who sported retainers in cloth of gold—and princes of thirty quarterings, from Germany, thronged her castle, and sighed by turns at the feet of the oldurate fair? For the Lady Blanche, though she flatly refused none, was indifferent to all. She treated every suitor, indeed, alike. She had a smile for one, a gay word for another, a task for a third, and for each and all the same tantalizing succession of hopes and fears with which beauties have managed to torment their lovers from time immemorial. To tell the truth, the Lady Blanche was a bit of a flirt. And Claude Marston found this out to his cost!

As gallant a warrior, as courteous a knight, and as wild as poor a gentleman—God help him!—was not to be found in the realm. His ancestors, on one side, had come over with the Conqueror, and, on the other, were lost in the clouds of Saxon and British fable. Their war-cry had rung and their banners flaunted in every battle-field from Hastings to Agincourt. But time had stripped them of their possessions, as a sea slowly wastes away some majestic rock, so that Claude Marston, the last of his line, could only claim a solitary tower, with a few roods of land, for his inheritance.

A distant relationship existed between his family and that of the Lady Blanche, and when he had won his spurs, in fulfillment of a long standing promise, he visited Delancy Castle. Little had Claude thought of love: indeed, he boasted that glory should ever be his sole mistress. Yet he had rare endowments for a lady's bower: he had clerical skill as well as renown at arms; could tune a gittern as well as couch a lance, and was a minstrel withal. The Lady Blanche, who was accomplished beyond her sex, could not fail to be delighted with the arrival of such a Crichton; and it was not long, in consequence, before she engrossed the chief portion of the young knight's time. Perhaps she hoped to revenge herself on him for his declared indifference to her sex. They read together, rode together, and seemed, indeed, as her jealous suitors said, to be always together!

The ravishing beauty of the Lady Blanche, her playful humor, the grace of her person, and the winning sweetness of her manner, soon made a captive of Claude, most of whose life had been spent in camps, and to whom female society was as new as it was winning. Day and night he thought only of the fair heiress. At first he fancied his affection not otherwise than a cousin's should be; and when he awoke from

his delusion, it was to despair. The Lady Blanche was rich and courted; he, poor and unnoticed. She could never be his. Too proud to betray a hopeless passion, he resolved to depart from the castle as soon as possible, and while he remained to set a guard on his looks and tongue, to assume a gayety he did not feel, and even to jest on the folly of love, lest he should be suspected of his secret passion. Once, indeed, he was nearly surprised into betraying himself: for, at times, there was that in the looks or words of the Lady Blanche which almost bade him hope. On one of these occasions he made bold to give her a bunch of rose-buds, tied with a ribbon that he found on her table; and he thought he detected a consciousness in her manner. He took up her splendidly illuminated Petrarch and opened at one of the sonnets to Laura. It spoke of undying love.

"Heigho!" she said, with a pretty toss of the head, "You do not believe in love? Love's but lunacy under another name; a juggle to cheat maidens out of their freedom. It's an enchanter's lute that lulls us to sleep; but we wake up to find ourselves decked with the cap and bells of the fool. I'll have none of it!"

"You cannot think so," said Claude, earnestly. "Surely, Petrarch loved Laura?"

"Loved her! He loved himself! he loved fame! and wanting a theme to hang his verses on, he took poor Laura for lack of a better. Good honest man! I warrant he thought more of his library than of her charms, and dreaded a fit of rheumatism far worse than her frowns."

"But—"

"But me no buts," said she, stamping her foot with pouting obstinacy. "Men marry to get estates, and women to have husbands. It's well enough for the crowd. But I would be a free falcon, or—" she hesitated, and then added, looking at Claude with a merry laugh—"or be chained in royal news."

Claude sighed and rose. He saw she had twisted his poor roses nearly to pieces. From that hour he grew reserved, and even haughty, at times, to the Lady Blanche. He could not help it. He strove to appear indifferent, but his spirits would sometimes desert him, and he was either recklessly gay or silent and brooding. He avoided the dangerous morning *tête-à-tête's*, at first finding some feigned excuse for doing so, but finally abandoning them, without any apology. As for the Lady Blanche, she seemed to care little about this pettishness. Of his intended departure she heard with a gay jest: he was going, she said, it was currently believed, to slay the giant Gargantua. Claude was piqued, and grew colder than ever. They never met now but in the presence of

others; and then the Lady Blanche seemed to seek for occasions to tease her lover. If he was gay she rallied him—if he was sad she pitied him—and if he was both in the same hour, as often happened, she vowed that men were fickle, but that Cousin Claude was most fickle of all.

If the willful heiress favored any suitor, it was the proud Lord of Waltham. He was still in the prime of life, and at the head of the baronage: and had long loved the Lady Blanche. Every one said that the gay beauty, all along, had made up her mind, when she grew weary of flirting, to wed the Lord of Waltham. Certainly her manner toward him grew more condescending daily: he now filled the post at her bridal rein which Claude once occupied, and often during the evening the pair were left together, as if by that tacit consent on the part of the company with which lovers are avoided. Claude was jealous, though he fancied no one knew it; and his wit found vent at the expense of Waltham, who was rather dull; but, on these occasions, the Lady Blanche would fly to her suitor's aid, and generally discomfited the assailant.

It was the night before Claude's departure. No one could be more unhappy than he had been for the preceding fortnight: against hope he had yet ventured to hope, and a single relenting word from his mistress would give rise to the most extravagant dreams; but the chilling indifference or merry railery of the Lady Blanche had at last cured him. On this occasion he was the gayest of the gay. They were talking of a contemplated journey of the fair hostess.

"I think of going around by the border. It is long since I saw it. What say you to it, Cousin Claude? You are as merry as a singing-bird to-night, and would be ready, I suppose, to advise me to rush into a lion's den."

"You surely jest," said he, with earnestness. "The border is very unquiet, and you would run great risk of being made captive."

"Why, the man 's suddenly become timorous as a monk," said the Lady Blanche, but she blushed slightly notwithstanding. "Thank you, noble gentlemen, that a lady of England may not travel in her native realm without fear of capture? What say you?"

"I think," said the Earl of Waltham, with a haughty glance at Claude, "that the Lady Blanche may travel anywhere, if she has valiant knights for her escort: and for one I offer my poor sword to defend her."

"What think you of that, Cousin Claude?" said the lady, triumphantly.

"My Lord of Waltham is a brave gentleman," said he, with a low bow, "but I think has never crossed lances with the Scots. I won my spurs against them, and know the people; and I still adhere to my opinion that it would be dangerous for you to undertake that route at present."

The Lady Blanche hesitated, for this earnestness was not lost on her. Indeed she had, at first, proposed the contemplated route only in jest, but feminine whim, or some hidden motive, had made her persevere in it on hearing Claude's disapprobation. She

was now again in doubt. Claude saw his advantage.

"Lady," he said eagerly, "I know you will not go! Indeed I ask it as a farewell favor."

He was surprised into speaking thus: the instant he had done so he saw his error. The Lady Blanche colored, and then said, with a slight curl of the lip—

"Oh! we forgot that Sir Claude Marston was used to dictating for Indy's favors. But, perhaps," she added, looking laughingly around on the rest of the group, "he thinks we may lay our injunction on him, as our good cousin, to go with us, and having no taste for those Scottish broadswords, would persuade us to travel southward. But never fear—we are a knight's daughter, and dread no foe. So we absolve you from all duty to us, and while you go to play at silken tournaments, our Lord of Waltham, with our squire Sir John Neville, will bear us through the Douzias lances."

The cheek of Claude burned like fire at this gallant speech; but the speaker was a lady, and he could take no notice of it. He bowed.

"So be it," he said, with difficulty mastering his rage; and then turned on his heel and walked from the room.

The Lady Blanche had, perhaps, gone further than she intended, for she changed color, but added quickly and gayly—

"Did you ever see such a ferocious animal? And he was once, too, as dainty and well-behaved—you all can testify—as my pet greyhound. What can be the matter with Cousin Claude?"

The young knight was boiling with indignation as he reached his room. It had been the first time he had been thus publicly slighted for the stupid Waltham; but what else, he now asked himself, could he have expected?

"Fool, fool that I was," he said, as he strode to and fro in his apartment. "She thinks, or affects to think, I am a coward. By St. George, I only wish that dull Waltham had dared to add a syllable—I would have made him eat his words."

He chafed thus for nearly half an hour; then his passion, in part, subsided.

"It was a dream," he said, "a dream cherished in spite of a thousand rebuffs; but it is over. Yet, Lady Blanche, I cannot see you fall a victim to your own infatuation. I too will go around by the border, secretly guarding you till you safely reach Durham. Perhaps, some day you may hear of it, and do me justice."

The next morning, long before sunrise, Claude and his few followers were in the saddle, and without farther leave-taking had turned their backs on Delaney Castle.

It was near high noon on the third day after leaving Delaney Castle, that Claude with his little troop slowly wended his way up a long hill, near the border, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. For three days he had kept unobserved between the Lady Blanche and the Scottish frontier, maintaining a constant look-out; but during the last twenty-four hours his scouts had lost sight of her cavalcade, though Claude still believed it to be on the English side of the route he was pursuing. Suddenly, however, on at-

taining the brow of the hill, he saw before him in the valley a thick cloud of dust, from which gleamed occasionally the glitter of helmet and arms, while the clash of weapons in a fray and the shouts of combatants rose to his ear softened by the distance. A momentary breeze that swept aside the dust revealed the banner of Lord Waltham; and the thickest of the fight appeared to be amid a group of women guarded by men-at-arms. But it was evident that the British had the worst of the conflict and must soon have given way. Even as he paused, at the triumphant shouts of the Scots swelled on the air, for the banner of Lord Waltham was in the dust.

Claude ran his eye hastily over his little force, numbering not one third that of the assailants; but he knew they would stand by him to a man.

"Have at them, my bold fellows," he said. "England to the rescue. A Marston—a Marston!" and thus shouting his war-cry, at the head of his gallant band and with his lance in rest, he galloped down upon the foe.

Overpowered by numbers and worn out by a desperate resistance, the few knights and men-at-arms who remained with the Lady Blanche—for long before Lord Waltham, deeming the battle lost, had put spurs to his steed and fled from the field—were on the point of giving up the contest, when they were cheered by a well-known war-cry that rose even over the din of the combat, and brought comfort and hope to their fading bosoms. At the same instant looking up, they saw the young knight thundering down the hill, his long white plume streaming behind him and his followers furiously galloping in his rear.

"St. George for merry England! Stand fast a while longer, brave gentlemen," said the knight on whom the command had devolved, "and the day will yet be ours. A Neville!" he shouted, dashing his spurs into his steed and charging into the heart of the foe, where, with his huge sword, he laid about him right manfully.

"A Douglas. For God and St. Andrew, A Douglas—a Douglas!" was the response of the foe.

But now, like a torrent sweeping down the hill, like a whirlwind careering over the plain, the little band of Claude, with fixed lances, burst full upon the foe, who, turning like a wild boar at bay, fiercely confronted this new enemy. The shock was like the meeting of two opposite waves in the mouth of a tidalway. For a moment both assailants and assailed shook in their saddles, but the impetuous charge of Claude's weighty men-at-arms, soon bore down the lighter horse-men of the Scots, whose prostrate forms were instantly ridden over by the victors as they pursued their career. Right on like an arrow, scattering ruin on this side and that—with his eye never losing sight for a moment of the white dress of the Lady Blanche—Claude Marston kept his course; and not until he stood at her side did he look back to see the enemy flying in every direction across the plain.

"The day is yours, sir Claude," said Sir John Neville, her squire, "we had been lost but for your timely succor."

"Nay! Give the glory to God and the saints, who brought me up so opportunely. But see—your lady has fainted!"

It was even so; the Lady Blanche, after bearing all the horrors of the conflict, had, in the instant of victory, suddenly fainted away.

"There is an abbey but a mile hence, over the hill. She can find shelter there," said Sir John. "Luckily we have a litter with us. You, Sir Claude, guard her thither while I see to the wounded."

"Nay, nay, let this be my task," said Claude; and notwithstanding every remonstrance, Sir John was forced to attend his mistress to the abbey.

The truth is, Claude did not desire to impose on Lady Blanche the painful task of returning him thanks, when he knew her heart must be a prey to the mortification consequent on Lord Waltham's flight. He, therefore, after he had seen the wounded carefully borne to the abbey gate, was about to pursue his journey without stopping, when a message was delivered from the Lady Blanche asking an interview. There was now no escape, and he alighted.

But Claude would have given worlds to have avoided the interview. He feared for his composure, feared that by some look or word he might betray his love; feared that the Lady Blanche would feel bound to speak honeyed words of thanks when she knew and scorned his suit.

The route to her apartments led through the garden, and as Claude was slowly pursuing his way, with his eyes bent on the ground, he thought he heard a deep sigh near him. Looking up he found himself near the cloisters; and on a seat, only separated from him by some rose-bushes, was the Lady Blanche. She held something to her lips. Was he in a dream, or could it be the bunch of now faded flowers which he had once given her? He could not be mistaken. There was the well-known ribbon with which they were still tied. She murmured his name, too, as she kissed them. Without a second thought, carried away by the rapture of the discovery, Claude put aside the bushes and knelt before her, just as she rose from her seat, alarmed, surprised and overcome with maidenly shame.

"I have long loved you," he said passionately. "Dear Lady Blanche, you do not despise my suit!"

She could not speak, but moved her hand for him to rise, and fell weeping into his arms.

We spare the blushes of the Lady Blanche; but, as her face lay hidden on the broad bosom of her lover, she confessed how long she had secretly loved him, and owned herself properly punished for her momentary flirtation; for the Lady Blanche had returned his affection even on that memorable morning when he gave her the rose-buds; woman's whim had prompted her words on that occasion; but, ever since, the little bouquet had been worn next her heart. Pride had kept her, however, from coming to an explanation until Claude's altered demeanor made her fear that his affections had changed.

They were married, Claude Marston and the Lady Blanche; but the craven Earl of Waltham was not even bidden to the wedding.



## FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, February 27, 1845.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—There is very little new to report in the literary world. In proportion as the sciences, and among these political economy as far as reduced to science, are occupying the mind, the arts, and with them belles-lettres, are thrown in the back-ground. In France the *feuilletons* are still the order of the day; but these daily literary productions are not always of a description to be introduced into an American magazine, and especially into Graham's, where one is sure to meet so many ladies! Beyond the daily literature of *la Presse*, *le Constitutionnel*, *le Globe* and the *Journal des Débats*, there is nothing worth mentioning. "Mysteries" continue the fashion of the day. There are the "Mysteries of the Inquisition," a highly colored picture, which may be used as the pendant to the *Juif Errant*. The one is directed against the Dominicans, the other against the Jesuits, and the historical course of M. Michelet, the celebrated professor at the College of Paris, against the Catholics in general. There is, no doubt, an approach to religion among the higher classes, and a growing indifference toward it among the masses. Eugène Sue has more readers than Chateaubriand.

Among the different mysteries "The Mysteries of My Wife" (*Les Mystères de Ma Femme*) have met with considerable success on the stage. The piece is one of the many light dramas in which the French people abound. A gentleman is determined to marry, from sentiment, a woman who shall be entirely his own—who shall have no other happiness than that of possessing him; and he, in return for such love, is willing to forsake the world and cling unto his wife. Property and family are no considerations with him; and he therefore concludes to marry a modest, retired, unassuming orphan, who has no disagreeable uncles, and no wants, to trouble his domestic peace, and, consequently, no will which is not entirely his own. The marriage is completed in the first act—and in the interval between the first and the second, the sentimental husband is a picture of happiness. The second act, however, introduces a couple of remarkably lean, antiquated, tiresome people into his house, who happen to be near relations of his wife, and whom he in vain tries to get rid of. They are his wife's parents, and entitled to the utmost respect. Two lovely little orphans, the fruits of a former marriage of his wife, are also introduced; and a young officer who happens to be desperately in love with her tries to scale her window. You may well imagine that the husband is jealous, and that his domestic peace is gone. The third act represents the poor man in a fit of craziness; but time, which softens every grief, also lessens his. He is composed in the fourth act, and in the fifth the father of three beautiful children, whom he loves equally well. The officer has been killed in one of the battles in Africa; the parents of his wife are dead, and barring two of his children, who make up in wit what they lack in parentage, he is really the contented man he fancied he would be when he resolved on marrying. Insipid as the plot appears, it gives the author many opportunities of exhibiting Parisian life, and French manners in general.

Infinitely more important than these "Mysteries" is a newly discovered comedy of Molière, "*le Docteur Amoureux*," (the Doctor in love,) which will soon be performed

at the *Théâtre Français*. For awhile the daily press doubted the reality of the great discovery, and made all manner of objections to the genuineness of the play. But these are now wholly removed, and we shall soon have another comedy to add to the great fund of true humor of our old friend Poquelin. Of all the French dramatic writers none approaches at all the great William, especially in delineating character: in Molière's plays alone we perceive a considerable approach toward them. Molière, in fine, is the French Shakspeare. The manuscript in question was found at Rouen, where the proprietor's ancestors resided in 1680. La Grange (who is the person from whom it descended to the present owner) was then an intimate friend and colleague of Prosperin Molière; and it is, therefore, not at all unlikely that he came in lawful manner to the possession of the treasure. The manuscript, moreover, from most unquestionable marks upon it, was that used by the prompter, and was one of the pieces which were performed in the provinces long before the comedian Molière reached the zenith of his glory, in being attached to the court of the great monarch. The opinion seems to be that La Grange, then a rival of Molière, suppressed the manuscript when the collection of Molière's plays was published, and that Molière himself had no great stress on it. He seems to have been a pretty severe critic on himself; for there are two other plays of his, which were performed with great success, and which never appeared in any collection of his comedies, viz. "*Les Trois Docteurs Rivaux*," (the Three Rival Doctors,) and "*Le Maître d'École*," (the Schoolmaster,) which never appeared in print, though the latter had even the good fortune of entertaining the king. It is also probable that Molière little desired to preserve the "*Amarous Doctor*," having introduced that gentleman to the public in the *Médecin malgré Lui* and the *Maladie Imaginaire*. Molière's doctor is somewhat like Shakspeare's Falstaff—the only character he seems to have had a disposition to reproduce in his plays. Why "*The Schoolmaster*?" should have been suppressed from his plays it is difficult to imagine; it contained, in all probability, a better ludicrous critique of the despotic sway of the heartless tyrant and pedant than the serious strictures of Rousseau's *Emil*. Molière, like Shakspeare, was the embodiment of common sense, only that his vista and imagination were inferior to those of the Briton. Schlegel, in his "*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*," commented a ridiculous blunder in detracting from the merit of the great French comedian. He would, no doubt, as Heine says, have afforded a most truly amusing character for Molière to personate, had the chief of the German romantic sentimentalists been sitting to him for his picture. Schlegel is now a mere literary nummy. He has lived to see himself embellished; and is now in an object of curiosity than of wonder.

Another excellent work, which I hope will be translated into English, or, at least, find its way to America, is "*La Normandie Romanesque, Traditiones, Legendes et Superstitions Populaires de Cette Province. Par Mademoiselle Angélie Bisquet*," (Romantic Normandy, Legends, Legends and Popular Superstitions of that Province.) 1 vol. royal-8vo. Paris, 1845. This is one of the most entertaining books of the present day, and contains a fund of treasure

for the lovers of historical romance. Normandy is that province of France which most resembles Great Britain, and which, in many respects, may be considered as the parent country or province of many of our own most distinguished families. The following popular romance, which still lives in the mouths of the people, though it has never appeared before in print, refers to the marriage of Harry V. of England with Kate of France. It will be interesting to the American reader to compare it with the full-length picture drawn of these characters by Shakspeare, and please by its extreme simplicity and pathos. I have no idea of attempting even a prose translation of it, but hope Mr. Longfellow will not find it unworthy of his talent to furnish you a poetical one.

Le roi a une fille à marier  
A un Anglois la veut donner  
Elle ne veut; mais  
— Jamais mari n'épouserai s'il n'est François.

La Belle ne voulait ester,  
Si Sœur s'en vint la conforer,  
— Acceptez, ma sœur, cette fois  
C'est pour paix à France donner avec l'Anglois.

Et quand ce vint pour s'embarquer  
Les yeux on lui voulait bailler;  
— Eh! ôte-toi, retire-toi franc traître Anglois  
Car je veut voir jusqu'à la fin le sol François.

Et quand ce vint pour arriver  
Le chatelet étoit pavoyse  
— Eh! ôte-toi, retire-toi franc traître Anglois  
Ce n'est pas là le drapeau blanc du roi François.

Et quand ce vint pour le souper  
Pas ne voulait boire ou manger  
— Eloigne-toi, retire-toi franc traître Anglois  
Ce n'est pas là le pain, le vin du roi François!

Et quand ce vint pour se coucher  
L'Anglois la voulait dehausser  
— Eloigne-toi, retire-toi franc traître Anglois,  
Jamais homme n'y touchera s'il n'est François.

Et quand ce vint sur la minute,  
Elle fit entendre grand bruit  
En s'criant avec douleur: — O Roi des Rois,  
Ne me laissez entre les bras de cet Anglois!

Quatre heures sonnait à la tour,  
La Belle finissait ses jours,  
La Belle baillait ses jours d'un cœur joyeux  
Et les Anglois y pleuraient tous d'un air pitoyeux.

It is the most beautiful romance I know in the French language, and well worth the tribute of a tear—which I bestowed on the fate of poor Kate! Henry must, indeed, have been a most royal ruffian, if we take the word of the immortal bard for it. See him but woo, and you will conceive poor Kate's distress.

*Kate Henry.* P' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding; I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, I love you; then, if you urge me further than to say, Do you, in faith! I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, I' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

*Katharine.* *Sauf votre honneur,* me understand well.

*King Henry.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you would lose me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my arm on my back, under the correction of bragging, as it is spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off; but, before that, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out by eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this,

take me; if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too.

Now, under these circumstances, is it a wonder that Kate should consider herself led to a slaughter-bank to save the *fleur-de-lis* of France?

I repeat again, that the translation of this work, which will probably take place soon in England, will at least be worth reprinting in America.

In other respects the modern literature of France is becoming more and more sterile, or confined, and mixed up with the passions of the day. Even Eugene Sue's writings are, as I have often told you, lessons in religious philosophy or political economy. Louis Blanc, a great communist writer, continues to excite public attention, and fights his battles with Michel Chevalier in the *Journal des Débats*; though Chevalier, since sitting in the Chambers, is no longer a regular contributor to that journal. He only writes and approves those articles which are particularly directed against the United States.

As a proof of the excessive venality of the present authors, and the extremity to which writing to order is carried, I might allege the many lawsuits now pending between publishers and authors, among which that of the *Theatre Français* against Alexandre Dumas, for the delay of two tragedies, is the most conspicuous. The latter writer has carried his literary industry to a point which even puts the blush on Rothschild. Bills are now in circulation, bearing his signature, and purporting to be promissory notes of the most novel kind. He promises to deliver to better, in 1817, a tragedy in five acts, or a novel in ten volumes (!) and these bills are said to be as readily traveling from one publisher to the other as a draft at thirty days, signed by the first bankers in Europe. A mercantile house might, indeed, risk its reputation and credit by having bills in the market having more than a twelve-month to run; but this does not injure the intellectual property of copyrights, or the poetical reputation of a literary Coryphæus.

The French *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a long and rather able article on the political poets of Germany, Freiligrath and Heine, viewed, of course, from the standard of Paris. It is certainly a striking fact that no single German writer of note is, at this moment, belonging to the orthodox school of politics; so that scarcely a book can be opened in that language, unless of ancient date, which does not contain a severe castigation of the present organization of Church and State. But these topics, I opine, are less interesting to your readers, and I will forbear. As the journal alluded to is kept in many American libraries and reading-rooms, I refer the lovers of such subjects to the article itself.

Among the recent publications in Germany, "*Kosmos, or Outlines of a Physical World Geography*," by Alexander von Humboldt, occupies the first rank. I have not yet seen a translation announced in England; perhaps some of your enterprising booksellers in New York or Philadelphia will undertake the execution of so honorable a task. The work is a *resumé* of all the discoveries and speculations in the natural sciences to the present day, and is indispensable to the library of every man of letters.

The little work of D. K. H. Hertner, "*The Discovery of America by the Icelanders in the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries*," although not entirely new, is too interesting and conclusive not to be perused by every American reader. As it only amounts to 30 pages, I have commenced translating it myself, and will send it you with my next epistle. I think I may condense it into 12 pages of your Magazine.

Leopold von Orlich's "*Travels in India, Including Sende and Pungub*," have been simultaneously published in Germany and in form of a translation in England.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Thorpe's Catalogue of Autographs, London. 1vol. 8vo.*

We have derived much pleasure in examining the pages of this curious pamphlet, containing as it does the names of about 5000 personages, illustrations in arts, arms, letters, science, rascality and State affairs—including poets, wits, politicians, generals, statesmen, and running all the way down to princes and kings of the present time. All these are in the possession of Mr. Thorpe, at his great establishment "in Piccadilly, opposite Burlington House," and are offered for sale at prices varying from a shilling to ten pounds. A comparison in many instances of the prices affixed to each, affords some amusing contrasts of value. Thus, Addison's autograph is set down at £1. 11s. 6d., and George the Third's at 7s. 6d.—royalty "paling its inefficual fires?" before literary eminence. The Duke of Wellington seems to command a good price, even though he is still about London, and writing notes every day. The smallest amount charged for a brief letter of the conqueror of Napoleon, is £2. 2s. Edmund Burke's longest letter is offered at the same rate. A story is told of the Duke of Wellington to this effect. One of his relations, a young man of second rate talent and fifth rate morals, had neglected to pay a tradesman his "little bill." The mechanic, in despair of ever receiving his dues, wrote to the duke, stating the grievance, and begging him to "face up" for his nephew. His grace wrote back in reply, that the young man must pay his own bills, as he would have nothing to do with them. The unpaid artisan took the duke's note into the street and sold it in fifteen minutes for more than enough to square the account.

Washington is down in the catalogue, in two or three places, at £3. A letter from Burns to Annalee, is marked £5; a letter of Byron's, £1. 5s. Keen, the great tragedian, goes at £1.; Jeremy Taylor at £6. 6s. A note from Cowley to John Evelyn, is offered at £4. 14s. 6d. One of Lawrence Sterne's may be had for £3. 13s. 6d. A pound sterling is demanded for a letter of Tom Moore, while the Earl of Gosford goes at three and sixpence. The brave Admiral Nelson, after he lost his right arm, wrote a few lines to his friend Nathaniel Taylor, thanking him for a dozen of fine port; and anybody, by paying Mr. Thorpe £1. 11s. 6d., can have the identical note.

We imagine that there are comparatively few persons who feel inclined to pay such exorbitant prices as we find charged in many instances in this collection. Our autograph collectors have a custom of exchanging with each other, and in this way very many fine specimens fall into each other's company. The autographs of some of our American statesmen and scholars are much in demand abroad, and we have seen many valuable returns from France and England.

Dr. Sprague, of Albany, has, we understand, more than twenty thousand in his celebrated collection. He possesses, among other valuables, an authentic John Bunyan. Robert Gilmore, Esq. of Baltimore, has been likewise a noted collector. But, from all accounts, Mr. Tefft, of Savannah, stands at the head of American collectors. The late B. B. Thatcher, made many additions, to his autographs when abroad. They are all carefully preserved by a relative of the deceased poet, in Boston. In that city we have seen three volumes of choice specimens, in the possession of

Mr. Fields, of the publishing house of Ticknor & Co. He has a long, and very domestic, letter of John Hancock to his wife, commencing "my dear Dolly," a number of letters relating to the Revolutionary period of our history, from Washington, Lafayette, General Green, Aaron Burr, John Adams, Franklin and others; several letters and poems in the handwriting of Goethe, Wordsworth, Scott, Campbell, Tom Moore, Tennyson, Rodgers, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans; and also letters and notes from every American author of reputation, together with the originals of the "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Home, Sweet Home," two little poems which have been multiplied in print all over the world, an indefinite number of times.

Professor Ticknor, of Harvard University, has, we understand, the most valuable lot of foreign autographs in the country. Martin Luther and Melancthon are among his jewels. His collection was arranged and put up in cases, during his residence in Paris, by an adept in the art, and they are richly worth the care they have received. Mr. Balmain, of Brooklyn, N. Y. has a fine literary collection; among others, a receipt given by Pope to a subscriber to his "Diad." and a characteristic letter of Charles Lamb, containing some quaint jests. Mellen H. Chamberlain, a gentleman residing in New Hampshire, has a large number of valuable autograph letters and written documents, relating to American history. Mr. Waterston, a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, has a small but rare collection of literary letters from great men; and we know of a lady in Massachusetts, who has no less than fifteen or twenty folio volumes, of rare and curious autographs and letters. Autographoman has come indeed; and notwithstanding the large body of water rolling between us and Burlington House, Mr. Thorpe's catalogue is a welcome gift.

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*Yonnonidio. By W. H. C. Hosmer. New York, Wiley & Putnam: Rochester, D. M. Deery.*

This work affords unquestionable evidence that America abounds in themes for poetical embellishment. Events that occurred in the Genesee Valley one hundred and sixty years ago, which owe their historical preservation to the diary of the wandering Jesuit, form the basement-stones on which Mr. Hosmer has reared a structure of which his country may be justly proud. De Nonville's attempt to subjugate the region, now called Western New York, was an enterprise in conservatism with the ambitious policy of his master "the Grand Monarque." Two great powers, France and Great Britain, were buckling on armor—territorial aggrandizement the prize, and the arena of strife a continent. By driving the Senecas from their old hunting grounds, extending on the west to the River Niagara, the French would have been masters of the key to the Lake country, and they would have occupied an advantageous, if not impregnable, position in the ferocious war about to be waged with their great rival. The stern reception given by the Senecas to the invader, whose blind presumption and confidence were paralleled at a subsequent period by the rash Braddock, had no inconsiderable influence in deciding the great question of empire between them.

The "Poet of Western New York" has drawn a graphic

picture of civilized soldiery under veteran leaders, waking the slumbering echoes of the primitive forest with drum and trumpet. By the agency of a rich imagination he re-creates the mildewed covering of the Past—the wolf returns to his swampy lair, the heron to his watery haunt; the mill disappears from the stream, the village from the hill that overlooks its bed, and the shores of clustering lakes are once more darkened by tall ranks of trees that stand—  
“With their green faces fixed upon the flood.”

Mr. Hosmer has avoided in his verse the monotony of regular measurement, so painful to ears fond of varied modulation. His strain is tuned to low notes when the subject requires it—to a bold and high key when the theme is heroic or passionate. In his delineation of Indian character, avoiding mere melo-dramatic effect, the red man stands before us as he was before his downfall by the sword and fire-water of the pale-face. But little of “original brightness” is left in the wasted remnant of the “Agiouse-hin” hovering like shadows round the graves of their fathers. The stately stride, proud port, and fearless glance of conscious independence are gone, nothing remains of former glory but a home-attachment, amounting to passion, which still roots them to the soil of their lost Paradise.

A noble race were those “Western Romans.” What subject more glorious for the sculptor than the perpetuation of their graceful forms in marble. Reader! have you ever seen Red Jacket with his arm lifted—his eye flashing, and his voice modulated to the expression of every passion!—if you have not, *see him*, and a spectacle more proud and impressive eye never beheld.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the lamented Clevenger, (whose knell was rung by the sea) was the statue of an Indian warrior, and regard to his fame, and the memory of a fallen people should prompt our government to purchase it.

Many fastidious critics object to octo-syllabic verse in the narration and description of heroic acts. In our opinion their objections are groundless. It would be a misapplication of epic metre, with its solemn, majestic march to use it in a poem that does not aspire to the sustained dignity of the epique. A distinguished writer remarks, “the grandeur of the epic measure has been essentially impaired by unrestrained indulgence. It should be reserved for high and great occasions, and kept more distinct from ordinary use than it has hitherto been. Having become so common, it now partakes, we fear, in a great measure of the triviality of the incident it celebrates, and has lost by such frequent repetition that lofty majesty with which it was once endowed, and which it is its proper office to assume.” Yononkio affords *internal evidence* that the style of Mr. Hosmer has been formed by close and patient study of the old ballad—there is freedom of expression about it that could have been acquired in no other way. Lines like the following, remind one of the unpremeditated lay of the “minstrel time.”

Lured by the chase from home away—  
My sire and I paced yesterday  
Blue Chulacacqui's strand;  
And saw the foe, in big numbers,  
Near the dim hour of falling dews,  
In fearful numbers band;  
H onward I hurried with the news,  
And soon will wake the battle-yells,  
For home hath been the signal word  
By our dearest runner to tribes that dwell  
Where the roar of the upper falls is heard;  
All the fighting men of remote Bardow,  
And braves by Tenacowind's stream,  
Round the council fire are gathering now;  
While scalp-jacks wave and weapons gleam;  
And thither, if the red-man's tread,  
With On-y-it-has' adopted brother wend.  
The mighty war-god of my race

Calls on his children the danger to face,  
For thus to old seers spoke his terrible voice—  
“Expecting grim banquet the ravous rejoice,  
Up, up with the hatchet, long trusting in clay,  
And wash, in red waters, the rust-stain away.”  
Canto II. p. 58.

In the progress of the narration, we now and then meet with an episode of rare beauty. Here are lines worthy of any poet of the nineteenth century.

“Thou phantom, military fame!  
How long will genius laud thy name,  
And certain features from the sight  
More foul than those Kloras-sen's seer  
Hid behind veil of silver bright,  
Tempting his victim to draw near!  
How long will thy misfending kemp,  
Through regions wrapp'd in smoke and fire,  
To slaughter's envy, red and damp,  
Guide headless boy and gray-haired sire?  
Up, fearless lathers for the fight,  
And flood old graining earth with light!  
But pause, pause ponder well, and pause  
When blade corrupt ambition draws—  
Oh! teach the world that corrupt wears  
A darker brand than felon bears;  
Prohibit fount, from earliest time,  
Of murder, orphanage and crime!”  
Canto VII. p. 181.

The “warriors of the Genesee” wear the legitimate deer-skin moccasim, and never put on the sock and buskin for stage effect. They are ever true to the instincts of their nature. When the chief leads to a war-dance round the painted post, no false coloring is given to the picture; when the forest orator breaks the silence of the council hall, the language is in keeping with the scene and the occasion, and on the trail leading to his foe, the “knight of bow and quiver” glides with the stillness of a ghost. When the poet delineates external nature there is no confusion of imagery; he sketches with a Cole's truthfulness the lights and shadows of the landscape, and by the felicitous choice of a few words accomplishes his task of description. How truly American is the following.

“Above, the overhanging banks  
Were lined by trees in broken ranks,  
And moonlight falling gently down,  
Set with rich pearls each emerald crown;  
There towered, majestic and old,  
The dark-leaved hemlock from the mould;  
The spruce, unstart'd by breath of air,  
Shaped like a parasol, was there,  
And the huge pine tall proudly bore  
His honors like a royal thore  
His trunk, with mossy velvet hair,  
Fit cradle for so wild a king.”  
Canto V. p. 126.

Notwithstanding defects that mar somewhat the beauty of his production, Mr. Hosmer has given a pledge to the public that he can furnish them with rich and romantic entertainment. The signal success that has attended his debut should stimulate him to renewed effort. His friends look toward him with enlarged expectations, justified by what he has already written—may he never disappoint them.

COPYRIGHT.—Some of the city papers object to the copying of Magazines. But why should we pay four or five hundred dollars for articles for a single number, without having the advantage of the outlay of capital? Indeed a great detriment to the circulation of the monthlies in country towns has been, that the large city weeklies supply the choicest stories of the Magazine to their subscribers, but when the best articles of our best writers appear only in the three-dollar Magazines, their admirers will take the leading periodicals. This is a plain case, and we see no good reason for carping at the arrangement. Several papers take a different view, and praise us for independence.

# LETTER FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Cambridge, February 10, 1845.

DEAR SIR.—Perhaps you may remember that, a year or two ago, I published in your Magazine a translation from the German of O. L. B. Wolf, entitled "The Good George Campbell." Within a few days I have seen a paragraph in a newspaper, asserting, in very discourteous language, that this was not a translation from the German, but a plagiarism from a Scotch ballad published in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy." My object in writing you is to deny this charge, and to show that the poem I sent you is what it pretended to be.

As I was passing up the Rhine, in the summer of 1842, a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted on board the steamer put into my hands a collection of German poems, entitled *Deutscher Sanges-Saal*, edited by Gollmich. In this collection I found "The Good George Campbell." It there appeared as an original poem by Wolf, and I was so much struck with its simplicity and beauty that I immediately wrote a translation of it, with a pencil, in my pocket-book; and the same evening, at Mayence, made a copy of the German, which I enclose.

Soon after my return to this country my version was published in your Magazine. At that time I had not the slightest suspicion that the German poem was itself a translation, nor was I aware of the fact till Mr. Griswold, then one of the editors of the Magazine, wrote to me upon the subject, and sent me a copy of the Scotch ballad from which he supposed the German poem to have been taken. I had never before seen it, and I could not but smile at my own ignorance, which had thus led me to re-translate a translation. I immediately answered Mr. Griswold's note, but as he did not publish my answer, I thought no more of the matter.

My attention being again called to the subject by the paragraph alluded to above, and the ballad from Motherwell's Collection, which was printed with it, and which I do not remember to have seen before, I turned to Mr. Griswold's letter, and found that his version of the poem differed very materially from Motherwell's and seemed to be but a fragment of some longer ballad. It is as follows:

### HAME NEVER CAME HE.

<p>Saddled and bridled and hooded rode he, A plume at his helmet, a sword at his knee; But soon cam' the saddle, all bridle to see, And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he.</p> <p>Down cam' his gray father, saddle' sur sair, Down cam' his auld mither, tearin' her hair,</p>	<p>Down cam' his sweet wife, wie bonnie bairns three, Ane at her bosom an' twa at her knee.</p> <p>There stood the best steed, all foamin' an' hot, There shrieked his sweet wife, an' sank on the spot; There stood his gray father, weepin' sur fair,— Sae hame cam' his steed, but hame never cam' he.</p>
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Having with some difficulty procured a copy of Motherwell's "Minstrelsy," I find the following note prefixed to the ballad. "Bonnie George Campbell is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyll, who fell in the battle of Glenbevat, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594 years. (*Gordon's Earthen of Sutherland*). Of this ballad Mr. Finlay had only recovered three stanzas, which he has given in the preface to his 'Scotch Historical and Romantic Ballads,' page 33, introduced by the following remark:—'There is another fragment still remaining, which appears to have belonged to a ballad of adventure, perhaps of real history. I am acquainted with no poem, or which the lines, as they stand, can be supposed to have formed a part.' The words and the music of this lament are published in the fifth volume of the 'Scotch Minstrelsy.' The other 'fragment still remaining' is probably the poem sent me by Mr. Griswold.

Since I have seen the Scotch ballad in Motherwell I have detected, by means of it, a misprint in the German poem. The last word of the second line is *Tag* (day) instead of *Tay*, the name of the river. I transcribed the word as it stood, and thus the accidental misprint of a single letter has become an unimpeachable witness of the falsity of the charge brought against me.

Will you have the goodness to publish this letter and the several versions of the poem enclosed?

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.	DER GUTE GEORGE CAMPBELL.	THE GOOD GEORGE CAMPBELL.
MOTHERWELL.	WOLF.	LONGFELLOW.
<p>He upon Highlands, And low upon Tay, Bonnie George Campbell Rode out on a day, Saddled and bridled And gallop rode he; Hame cam' his gude horse, But never cam' he.</p> <p>Out cam' his auld mither, Greeting fu' sair, And out cam' his bonnie bride, Rivin' her hair, Saddled and bridled And hooded rode he; Toun hame cam' the saddle, But never cam' he.</p> <p>"My meadow lies green, And my corn is unshorn; My barn is empty, And my bairn's unborn." Saddled and bridled And hooded rode he; Toun hame cam' the saddle, But never cam' he.</p>	<p><i>Hoch auf dem Hochland, Und tief und in Tay, Der gute George Campbell Ritt eines Tages fort, Gesattelt, gezaumt, Und geschwinckelt hin er, Hind kam sein gutes Ross, Doch er nimmermehr.</i></p> <p><i>Hanns trat die Mutter, Weinend so sehr; Hanns die schöne Braut Klagend so sehr, Gesattelt, gezaumt, Und geschwinckelt ritt er, Hinn kam der Sattel, Doch er nimmermehr.</i></p> <p><i>Mein Wiesn liegt grün, Und mein Korn ungeschoren, Mein Scheun ist leer, Und mein Kind ungeboren." Gesattelt, gezaumt, Und geschwinckelt ritt er, Zueck kam der Sattel, Doch er selbst nimmermehr.</i></p>	<p>High on the Highlands, And deep in the day, The good George Campbell Rode free and away All saddled, all bridled, Gay garments he wore; Hume came his good steed, But he nevermore.</p> <p>Out came his mother, Weeping so sadly; Out came his beautiful bride, Weeping so madly, All saddled, all bridled, Strong armor he wore; Hume came the saddle, But he nevermore.</p> <p>My meadow lies green, Unreaped is my corn; My garner is empty, My child is unborn, All saddled, all bridled, Sharp weapons he bore; Hume came the saddle, But he nevermore.</p>





Engraved by G. B. S. 1842

Engraved by G. B. S. 1842

Yours very sincerely,

Rufus W. Griswold

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XIX.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

We have here a portrait of Rufus W. Griswold, biographer, critic, antiquary, theologian. It is from a painting by Mr. Reed, an artist of considerable merit, but is not quite a fac-simile of our contributor, who has a manly and benign expression in his customary mood which the picture does not represent. The making of portraits is a difficult business. Very few succeed in it. Inman is almost alone in this field of art. If you look at his fine heads of Halleck and Hoffman, in earlier volumes of this magazine, it will be hard, knowing them, to believe you are not gazing through a concave lens at the very men. We will see if we cannot draw Mr. Griswold with the pen more truly than he is presented by the limner.

He is about twenty-nine years of age. He has been a student and an invalid, and seems somewhat older. He was born of a Connecticut family, in Vermont, and has mingled with his blood that of the Puritan Mayhews and Wolcotts. He studied theology, was seduced from preaching into editing, forsook the newspapers to travel, and, storing his mind richly by observation and study, settled down as a man of letters.

Mr. Griswold has devoted himself chiefly to home subjects. In pamphlets and reviews he has written largely of our political and general history. Our literary annuals, such as they are, he knows by heart. His name is closely connected with American literature. No man has done more to present its claims to the attention of the American people. He has more literary patriotism, if the phrase be allowable, than any person we ever knew. Since the Pilgrims landed, no man or woman has written any thing, on any subject, which has escaped his untiring research. Much of his time has been expended in labors whose usefulness is not readily appreciated. He has made many a thorny path of investigation smooth for the future historian, without receiving any other reward for his

industry than the praise of the few who share his peculiar enthusiasm, and the satisfaction of successful research.

His "nativism" in aesthetics is as pure a flame as ever lit the breast of a scholar. No person is more opposed than he to the cant of national depreciation. He is inclined to make our intellectual wealth appear to the best advantage. He disagrees altogether with De Tocqueville, who holds it as established, not only that America has neither great historian nor poet, but argues from her historical, political and social circumstances the improbability that any great genius will ever arise in either of these walks. The Institution of France has within a few weeks expressed dissent from De Tocqueville, by electing into itself our historian Prescott, and Mr. Griswold indicates his opinions as to the argument against our having a poet, in the following language—

"There is connected with this country no lack of subjects for poetry and romance. The perilous voyages of the old Norsemen; the sublime heroism of Columbus, his triumphs and his sufferings; the vast ruins of the Peruvian and Mexican empires; the vast ruins indicating where annihilated nations once had their capitals; the colonization of New England by the Puritans; the belief in witchcraft; the persecutions of the Quakers and Baptists; the wars of Philip of Mount Hope; the rise and fall of the French dominion in Canada; the extinction of the great confederacy of the Five Nations; the settlement of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, by persons of the most varied and picturesque characters; the sublime and poetical mythology of the aborigines; and that grand Revolution, resulting in our political independence and the establishment of the democratic principle, which forms for the present a barrier between the traditional past, and our own time, too



familiar to be moulded by the hand of fiction: all abound with themes for the poet. Turning from the subjects for heroic to those for descriptive poetry, we have a variety not less extensive and interesting. The mountains of New England and the West; the great inland seas between Iliaca and the Saint Lawrence, with their ten thousand islands; the lesser lakes; the majestic rivers and their cataracts; the old and limitless forests; the sea-like prairies; the caves, in which cities might be hid; the pure and beautiful climate of the north—

Her clear, warm heaven at noon, the mist that shrouds  
Her twilight hills, her cool and starry eyes,  
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,  
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,  
That greet his eye in solitude and crowds,  
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;  
Her autumn scenery—

surpassing in gorgeous magnificence all sights in the transatlantic world; and all the varieties of land, lake, river, air and sky, which lie between the Bay of Hudson and the Straits of Panama—afford an unbounded diversity of subjects and illustrations for the poet of nature."

Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" is altogether a work of great merit. With some faults, it is not only decidedly the best book of the kind ever attempted in the United States, but we believe there are very few men, if there is an individual in the country, who could have executed the task as well as Mr. Griswold. Had he given a little more time to the composition of his biographical and critical notices, and governed himself by severer canons of taste in selecting from his materials, he would have made this work invaluable. Whenever he does justice to himself, he does justice to his subject; but he is too apt to execute on the very spur of the moment things which he has been years in preparing, and which demand time and careful thinking to be properly performed. As we have remarked elsewhere, his style, at times, betrays unequivocal marks of carelessness and haste. When he pleases, his diction is clear, musical and fluent, well adapted both for narration and criticism, and neither deficient in beauty nor grace; but some of his biographies are written loosely and inelegantly. His critical opinions have often the gravity and comprehensiveness of judicial decisions, cool, temperate, tolerant and just; but sometimes they evince qualities which smack more of the advocate than the judge. The "Poets and Poetry of America" has been well received, both at home and abroad. With very few exceptions, in critical works of the first class it has been greatly praised. It is modest, sensible and judicious. It contains some poor verses, but Mr. Griswold did not himself regard all its contents as genuine poetry. It is an exhibition of what has been accomplished, not only by our poets, but by those to whom the public have generally given that title. It is an exhibition which has surprised by its richness and extent; an exhibition of which the country may be proud.

Lord Jeffrey, writing in the Edinburgh Review, in 1819, expressed a wish that some one would com-

plete the plan so admirably commenced by Campbell in his then recently published book of British poetry, by giving us Specimens of the Living Poets of the United Kingdom. The task would be more difficult, and more dangerous, but in many respects it would also be more useful. The beauties of the voluminous and unequal writers would be more conspicuous in a selection; and the different styles and schools of poetry would be brought into fairer and nearer terms of comparison by the juxtaposition of their best productions; while a better and clearer view would be obtained of the general progress and apparent tendencies of the art, than could be easily gathered from the separate study of each important production. The mind of the critic, too, would be at once enlightened and tranquillized by the very greatness of the horizon thus subjected to his survey, and he would regard, both with less enthusiasm and less offence, those contrasted and compensating beauties and defects, when presented together, and as it were in combination, than he could ever do when they came upon him in distinct verses, and without the relief and softening of so varied an assemblage. In point of courage and candor Lord Jeffrey surmised that no one was so well fitted for such a duty as himself; and perhaps he was right, so far as Great Britain was concerned, since there every "man of position" in the literary world is necessarily governed more or less by personal or partisan feelings in his judgments. But twenty-five years had gone by, and neither Jeffrey nor any of his cotemporaries, competent to the task, had given us the continuation of Campbell, while the need of such a work had been every year more and more apparent. It was fortunate that the task fell to Mr. Griswold. His "Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century" is a survey of this department of British literature for the period embraced in the "Poets of America," and a comparison of the first half century of American with the last half century of English poetry will show that "Young England" has much less cause of exultation over us on this ground than is generally imagined. We conceive that Mr. Griswold could not have given a more satisfactory vindication of American genius and taste than by thus placing their results in contrast with the productions of the first class of foreign cotemporaries. We mean, of course, that some regard should be had, in making any comparison and estimate, to the circumstances of production.

Mr. Griswold has now in press a Survey of our Prose Literature, to be published in the ensuing autumn, and he has been a considerable time engaged on the *Biographia Americana*, a work of great extent and laborious research.

In social intercourse Mr. Griswold displays marked individuality of character. He is a man *à la* Hazlitt to analyze. Both his mind and his disposition are complex to the last degree. In his writings his idiosyncrasies do not have full play. A good many opposites meet and clash in his mental composition. Like most men of very sanguine temperament he alternates between the extremes of feeling. He entertains many prejudices with a lover's fondness, yet is often the

fairest of men where one might expect him to be the most bigoted. He possesses, with all his peculiarities, a most exact sense of justice. He is nearly always the friend of the weaker party. He rarely joins in a hue and cry against any one who has become the object of popular scorn or hatred. He is ever discovering gleams of merit in those whom the general voice has condemned, or calmly summing up evidence while others are "siring their vocabulary." His candor is often as provoking as his fanaticism; his humility as his dogmatism. His foes are said to experience more of his charity than his friends. He has very little of the spirit of revenge. If some back writer makes a few pence by libeling his character, he is "glad that he has got the money."

There was once—perhaps there is now—a law by which strangers visiting New York were liable to be shut up with felons, not only for the misfortune of owing—a pretty common misfortune at the time we are writing of—but for that of knowing about other people's differences. Against this law Mr. Griswold wrote with his customary ability and eloquence, and what was equally characteristic, exerted himself to the utmost to alleviate the condition of the sufferers. In 1840, we learn from a card published in the papers of the day, with the aid of Rufus Dawes, William Leggett, and a few others, he founded a library in *The Tombs*, and two Southern merchants, who then were in confinement there, subsequently presented him a piece of plate with the following inscription:

*Pan Nubila Phœbus.*

TO RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD,

WHO BROUGHT PLEASURE TO OUR PRISON, AND  
MADE US FORGET OUR HOMES WHEN WE WERE WITH  
STRANGERS.

*Ingratus nulli miseris omnibus nocet.*

There are numerous published testimonials of the estimation in which he is held for his kindness of

heart. That charming young writer, James Bayard Taylor, dedicates to Mr. Griswold his "*Ximera and Other Poems*," as

"AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR  
THE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT HE HAS SHOWN THE AUTHOR."

The Rev. James Wilson inscribes to him a volume of Discourses, as the

"FIRST FRUITS OF  
A MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE  
FOR WHICH THE AUTHOR IS CHIEFLY INDEBTED TO HIM."

And we might quote other such records of the respect and affection in which he is held, justifying the prediction of Mrs. Lewis, in her graceful and popular "*Records of the Heart*," that

"the living will his name revere,  
And bless him wheresoever his steps may lead;  
The spirits of the dead will hover near,  
And guard his wandering way, through dangers dark and drear."

About three years ago Mr. Griswold resumed his original profession, and now occasionally officiates at the desk. His acquirements in theology are very extensive. In his doctrinal notions he is inflexibly orthodox, and entertains some dogmas of peculiar grinnness. Those who have never disputed with him on "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," can hardly form a conception of his innate force of character. On these subjects he is a sort of cross between Descartes and John Calvin. In theology he is all muscle and bone. His sermons are his finest compositions, and he delivers them from the pulpit with taste and eloquence.

Mr. Griswold is still a young man—a very young man to have accomplished so much—and he may look with confidence to a high place among our literary men, if he continues to apply his great acquirements and talents in the pursuit of letters.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF THE OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.

BY DR. JNO. C. M'CADE.

Loth relic of the past, old mouldering pile,  
Where twines the ivy round thy ruins gray;  
Where the lone toad sits brooding in the aisle,  
Once trod by "lady fayre" and gallant gny:

How visions rise before the mental eye,  
As memory holds communion with the past;  
And, as the night winds 'mid your ruins sigh,  
Dim shadows round my weed-grown path are cast.

Before my gaze altar and chancel rise,  
The surpliced priest, the mourner bowed in prayer,  
Fair worshippers, with heaven-directed eyes,  
And manhood's piety, and pride are there!

Knights of the olden time perchance are kneeling,  
And choristers pour forth the hallowed hymn;

And hark! the organ's solemn strains are pealing,  
Like songs of seraphs, or rapt cherubim!

But no!—'tis but my fancy, and I gaze  
On ruined walls, where creeps the lizard cold;  
Or dusky bats beneath the pale moon's rays  
Their solemn, lonely midnight vigils hold.

Yet they are here! the learned and the proud,  
Genius, and worth, and beauty—they are here:  
I stand rebuked amid the slumbering crowd,  
While time-past voices touch the spirit's ear.

An humbled man, I feel the mournful truth,  
That these sad ruins shadow forth my doom;  
Bright hopes must fade, age follows buoyant youth,  
And life is but a pathway to the tomb.

## M A Y.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

'Tis May; the sunshine and the cloud,  
Warm days and freezing nights,  
The earth now wrapped in fleecy shroud,  
Now sweet with brief delights.  
The liquid south—the bitter north,  
Grass by deep snow-banks peeping forth,  
Streams 'mid their ice at play,  
Showing the powerful, ceaseless strife  
Nature with Winter waged for life,  
All these have passed away;  
And soft blue sky and golden sun  
Tell that Spring's triumph has been won.

Long had the violet's snowy ear  
Along the earth been laid,  
The green garbed nymph's light step to hear  
Along hill, wood and glade.  
There was the expectant wind-flower, too,  
Both asking every breeze that blew  
Where, where was tarrying Spring?  
Until the nightly chills were o'er,  
Until the bleak winds came no more,  
And then, on downiest wing,  
They sped the wooing airs along,  
To bid earth bloom—air burst in song.

With plumes the beechen sprays are tipped,  
The shad-bush cowers in white,  
The willow's yellow sprays are dipped  
Where cowslipped streams are bright.  
In gorgeous red the maple glows,  
Its mass of snow the cherry shows,  
The dogwood rears its crown,  
The strawberry blossoms are displayed  
In hollow warm, and sunny glade,  
Whilst, covered with their down,  
The poplar's leaflets, first to spread,  
A summer look around it shed.

And air, too, hails the smiles of May;  
The blue-bird warbles sweet,  
And comes the wren, with scrolls gay,  
The 'customed porch to greet.  
The mock-bird tries its varied skill,  
At evening wails the whip-po-wil;  
Myriads of yellow bees  
Darken the pink May-apple's bloom,  
Whilst leaves the butterfly its tomb,  
To float upon the breeze;  
And a winged glittering speck, that flames  
Around, the humming-bird proclaims.

## THE TRIAD.

BY W. H. C. HOSEMER.

My first born! I have marked in thee  
A soul that loves to dare—  
Wild winds across a stormy sea  
Thy bark of life will bear.  
Young eaglet of the household nest,  
Turned sunward is thine eye;  
A pulse is in thy little breast  
That beats full strong and high!

I tremble when I hear thee speak  
In tones of clear command;  
Ambition's flash is on thy cheek,  
His iron in thy hand,  
Oh! guard thy ruling passion well,  
Or wrecked thy bark will be;  
Alone can Virtue ride the swell  
On Glory's troubled sea.

More bright than gift of fairy land,  
My second born, art thou!  
The breath of Heaven never fanned  
A lovelier cheek and brow:  
An angel art thou, child, sent down  
To cheer my darker hours,  
And gifted with a spell to crown  
E'en Grief's bowed head with flowers.

Daughter!—(Love's most enchanting word)  
Thy voice is music's own.  
And ever like the note of bird  
Announcing winter gone.  
June gave thee birth, and in thine eye  
Her azure I behold;  
On that soft cheek her rosenate dye,  
In those bright locks her gold.

My last born, if I read aright  
The language of thy glance,  
Thou hast a soul to drink delight  
From streams of old romance.  
Each nerve is delicately strung,  
And through thy little heart,  
When minstrel lute is played or sung,  
Wild thrills of rapture dart.

A star, of ray benign and clear,  
Presided at thy birth,  
And filled, in slumber, is thine ear  
With music not of earth.  
Thy bolder brother's prayer will be  
To sway the fugal throng—  
Thine, gentle boy—"Enough for me  
The golden lute of song!"

## POOR BENNY.

### OR THE POWER OF AFFECTION.

BY JOSEPH E. CRANDLER.

If the following anecdote (I cannot call it a story) should prove of any benefit, by gratifying the lovers of light reading, or illustrating the effects of kindness and the influences of the affection upon the mind, one object of its composition will have been accomplished.

Since the article was prepared, it has been announced that benevolent and scientific men in Europe have been successful in their attempts to educate idiots and elevate them to an enviable and useful activity of mind and body. The means are not mentioned, but it is believed that they must be dependent almost entirely on affection, evinced in the teacher and awakened in the pupil—and perhaps the subjoined narrative will illustrate the mode:

"Who was that whom the young folks laughed at so rudely last evening?" said a dear relative to me one morning, as I was undergoing the prescribed service of towel, comb, and devotion.

"It was nobody."

"Nobody?"

"Yes, ma'am, nobody—nobody but Poor Benny."

"And is Poor Benny nobody?"

"He is not much more, at any rate."

"As to body, Benny perhaps is as much as those who laughed at him," said the good lady; "but he is certainly very infirm of mind."

"Well, is not that the standard by which we are to be measured? Did you not, last Sunday, teach me the verse—

"Were I so tall as to reach the Pole,  
And grasp the Ocean with a span,  
I would be measured by my soul—  
The mind 's the standard of the man."

There was a little symptom of boyish triumph in the question, as if the *argumentum ad hominem* was wholly unanswerable.

The one addressed had very little knowledge of, or solicitude about one argument more than another, excepting that in cases of emergency she would apply, with muchunction, the *argumentum ad baculum*.

In the present case, she looked mildly down, and said, "That standard is one by which each is to measure himself—the standard by which we should measure another is charity, which hopeth all things and endureth all things. You did not, I hope, join in the ridicule?"

The truth is, I was quite too young to have had part in the wrong-doing, and though I did laugh with the older ones, my conscience comforted itself that I had never, at least never of late, ridiculed Benny to his face. It would have been bad policy, to say nothing

of ingratitude; for Benny had, with his knife, cut quite a handsome little ship out of a block, and after painting and rigging it, he gave it to me. This species of architecture I was not competent to perform; and Benny added other evidences of his partiality, as I thought, "of the kindness of his heart," as my mother said.

"Poor Benny," added she, somewhat puzzled, "I do not know what to make of him. He seems a perfect idiot in some things; and yet there are movements and language of his that strike one as the result of more observation, more reflection, more mind than many young men exhibit."

Benjamin had toiled through the customary time in a woman school, and emerged from under the rod with an imperfect knowledge of his alphabet, and with the sobriquet of Benny. He was sent to a "man's school," and after wearing a dunce cap about half the time, and becoming a fixed object of ridicule for the master, and a regular butt for the boys, he was withdrawn by his widowed mother, who found that her son had acquired nothing at the school but the additional title of "Poor:"—he was "Poor Benny" for old and young, ignorant and learned. Benny had the satisfaction of being the only person in the whole town who could neither read nor write—a distinction of which he did not appear to be specially proud, nor did he regard it as much of a deprivation. He did not lament his deficiencies, nor cease to find pleasure in certain scenery and positions, because he could not sit and read, or hold written correspondence with others.

Benny had little or no intercourse with any one; his mother was rich, rich for one in that section of the country, where the prayer, "give me neither poverty nor riches," seems to have been made and answered. She had a competence for herself and her only child; but she was stung to the heart by what she called the misconceptions of that child's powers by the world. She forgave the taunts and sneers of the coarse and unfeeling; but she could not forget the quiet acquiescence of the better portion in the judgment that her child was an idiot. A mother's heart, and that is part of a mother's pride, rebelled against such a thought.

"Is he not all affection and kindness? Do they not see with what more than son-like love he watches over me, how his eyes follow me when I move in health, and how he is my constant nurse, by night and day, when I am sick? They do not know, but I do, and bless God for it, how, on waking from uneasy

sleep, I have found him bending over me with the affectionate solicitude of a guardian angel, doubly paying back all my cares for him in infancy. They do not know this, but they do know that he is a good, obedient, affectionate son, and at least a harmless, inoffensive neighbor.

"But they say he is stupid—he can neither read nor write! Blessed Lord!" would she exclaim, "blessed pattern of all the filial love which my poor, poor boy exhibits, sustain my heart as thou sustainest thy own mother's in her fearful affliction. Of thee, too, they said, 'this man never learned his letters.' Oh, fountain of affection, open his heart to the enjoyment of that love he has for others, and, if he may not be learned in books, make him wise in thee. If his head may not be stored with knowledge, may the fountain of his heart overflow with love."

How fervent are the prayers of a religious mother!—they are sometimes effectual.

Poor Benny, in the meantime, had grown into manhood—of a fine form, and at a distance his face appeared handsome—if observed more nearly, it lacked in the inspiration of mind—a coldness was in it. There seemed to be no play of the muscle; the eye was cast down, and a want of expression was so evident as to give it something of the appearance of idiocy.

Benny divided his time between his mother and a retreat on the banks of a river, overhung with birch and maple, and carpeted with thick grass. Thither he repaired every day on which the weather would allow, and sat for hours gazing into vacancy, or dropping his eye upon the running stream, he would watch the little eddies that swept along, and seem for a moment or two deeply interested in the depth and continuance of some little whirlpool that danced round, of the shape of a wine glass, and then sunk into the stream; but the current was smooth six yards below, and so the interest soon ceased.

I saw Poor Benny once or twice, in deep affliction, passing up the street; he had encountered one or two females, of nearly his own age, and with the true instincts of nature, he had bowed and spoken to them. Their manner was offensive, and when he left them to turn into the path that led down to his favorite retreat, the noise of the closing gate did not conceal that of the laugh of the young women at Poor Benny's awkward salutation and attempt at conversation.

Benjamin turned round, and a flush of irritated feeling was on his countenance. It passed away, and left his pale face paler still by the contrast. He walked down the field, took his favorite seat, and a gush of tears seemed to ease his heart.

"What's the matter, Benny?" said I.

"Did you see it all?" asked Benny.

"I followed you from the gate to see whether you had finished the ship you were making for me."

"I'll make you two," said Benjamin; "two just as good as John Thomas's, if you won't tell any body what you saw. You may tell your mother, but no one else."

I promised—the reward was magnificent.

Mercy Churchill was one of the kindest hearted

girls in Plymouth county—handsome and poor. She was a frequent visitor at the Widow Shurtliff's, Benjamin's mother's, and learned perhaps to appreciate the good points in Benny's character.

She conversed with him often, if his talking deserved the name of conversation, and not unfrequently led him to make remarks which seemed to bear with them the impress of observation; but they seemed to startle the author quite as much as they did the hearer, and for half an hour he would sit cogitating on his own speech. Mercy would resume the subject in a spirit of kindness, and lead him to correct his thoughts until there was a rationality evinced that would astonish even the mother. No one had ever before talked to Benjamin—no one had ever treated him with any feeling of equality—it was pity or contempt; but Mercy seemed to regard him as a man—her equal. He knew he was not her equal, but he felt grateful for the courtesy, until he began to think it almost justice.

Benjamin seemed to regard his new attainment in thought and speaking as does a young scholar his progress in some modern language—he was anxious to put it into use, and this led him into frequent conversations with Mercy. Once he tried his new powers with some young persons who called at the house. The thought of Poor Benny's having ideas to connect and improve was more ridiculous than his long admitted idiocy, and they laughed in his face. This aroused his pride, but made him more attached to Mercy, who never smiled at his error, but encouraged him to speak and to reason.

One day, after a week's sickness of Benjamin, Mrs. Shurtliff called Mercy into her private chamber.

"My dear," said she to the young woman, "I am about to mention something to you which I would willingly have avoided; nothing but my love as a mother should have induced me to expose my own feelings to mortification, yours to the pain of denial; but I am bound to proceed."

Mercy sat with astonishment—at length she said, "I hope that my kind friend, my mother's earliest friend, and my benefactress, will not think that there is any thing in my power to do which I would not cheerfully perform for her."

"I have," said Mrs. Shurtliff, "so long ceased to live for myself, that you might be doing that for me which would have the appearance of being done for another."

"Will you, dear aunt, explain?"

"Benjamin's sickness, my child, is as much of mind as of body," said Mrs. Shurtliff, in a subdued voice.

"In that case I am doubly rejoiced," said Mercy, "for he certainly seems to be recovering strength."

"But only since he has extorted from me a promise," said the mother; "a promise which I must fulfill, though I have sought all means to avoid it."

"Am I concerned in the promise?" asked Mercy, with anxiety.

"You are—you are all in all."

"Then let me know how I may serve you, and what it is that you can suppose possible for me to deny to your request."

"While attempting to administer to my son certain medicines, a few days since, he held my hand, and looking earnestly into my face, inquired about his father, so long dead, and then of others; he then spoke of the marriage which took place last week, and of the one or two near at hand in the town. I had seldom known him to speak with so much interest on any subject, and marvelled what he was aiming at."

"At length he said to me; 'Mother, if I should outlive you, who would take care of me? Who, when I am sick, would nurse me in my weakness? Who would bear with me as you have done, as you do now?'"

"None, my son," I said to him; "none can do as a mother does."

"But," said he, "did you not, in my father's sickness, watch over him as you have tended on me? Did you not sit by your father, also, until he died? Thus then, the parent, the husband and the child, in their sickness and helplessness, had you, the wife, the daughter and the mother, to watch over them. When I am without you, I shall be alone—in sickness and in health, all, all alone. I shall have no child to love me, no mother to bless and care for me, no wife to be the companion and comfort of my hours of suffering. I shall be friendless, solitary, miserable. I cannot have a mother nor a child to bless me, but might I not have a wife? I am rich—rich enough—need I be all alone, when others have friends, mother, wife, and children?"

"My heart sickened at the thought, and yet I dared not utter to him my sentiments. I dared not quench the dawning of reason that seemed to spring up with hope.

"These are matters, Benjamin, which the young men usually provide for themselves."

"And so they do," said he, "and so I would have done; but who would marry, and live with, and treat as a husband should be treated, a man whom they ridiculed as he passed, and made a by-word of reproach? Who would marry a man that can neither read nor write, and could never learn, or, at least, did never learn?"

"But do the females treat you thus?"

"All of them do—all but one—and her I dare not speak to on this subject, because she is too kind to wound my feelings if she could avoid it—too good to utter or to act a falsehood for any one's benefit."

"These were his very words—how strange for him—but he has certainly improved much in his conversation of late, very much."

"Did he tell you who was the female that he particularly alluded to?" asked Mercy. "I should hope, however, that there were many who would not treat him rudely."

"Mercy, my son has extorted from me a promise that I should tell you what I have now told you, and that he desires that you should be, not my niece, but my child, my daughter—that you should be his wife."

There was a considerable pause. At length Mercy said, "I would neither deceive you nor pain you. I regret this circumstance. I am pained, dear aunt, but

I cannot consent to—let me be candid—I cannot consent to marry a—"

"Enough, enough, Mercy—spare my feelings—you are right—you cannot consent to marry an idiot."

"Why, dear aunt, should you use such a word to me? You do me injustice, as much as you do it to your son. You know that I have never thus underrated Benjamin. His infirmity I have seen and deplored; but I have never doubted that in the soil of his mind were latent seeds, seeds of goodness if not of greatness, which proper appliances and appropriate culture would bring into growth. What these are is not yet apparent; but I have more hopes within a few weeks than I ever entertained before—hopes founded on developments of intellect that not even your affection has ever credited him for."

The pathway which Mercy had that afternoon chosen, to reach a house at a short distance, lay along the river, shaded by a bold hill, out of which gushed a spring of pure water. It was a pleasant and a favorite walk with Mercy. As she was descending the hill, she saw Benjamin sitting in his favorite haunt, gazing on the bubbles that floated by, and the masses of foam caused by the operation of the mill wheel above. While she was watching him with painful interest, he turned his head and recognized his cousin.

"I have been thinking, cousin Mercy," said he, as he ascended toward her; "I have been thinking that when I die, I would ask to be buried here. It is a cool, lovely place; one that I have sat in so long and so quietly, that I think I should like to lie here forever. It is better than to be huddled together with the crowd on the hill behind the meeting-house. Here grass will grow and flowers bloom on my grave—there the children will run above me, and the pebbly soil refuse a single flower—it is better to be here."

"But, Benny," said Mercy, "it will make no difference, when you are dead, where you are laid; you will not be conscious of any thing; you will not know about the grass and flowers that grow here, or the pebbles and sand that are in the grave-yard; it is not worth while to think about such things now, for you cannot think about them when you are dead."

"That may not be of so much consequence, cousin Mercy, for I do not think much when I sit here day by day now, and yet I love to come and stay here. Now, why may I not also love to be here when I am dead? Besides, cousin Mercy, I do not know that I have ever had, at least ever expressed, any particular wish. Every body has some chosen time, place, or person to be gratified. I cannot go from Kingston, as John Davis and William Bradford did, nor do I know that I wish to—I cannot have and enjoy amusements such as others have—I cannot marry, as Charles Bradford will to-morrow—is it, then, too much that I ask to be buried in this little point of ground? It is not mine, indeed, but I could buy it; or Mr. Beal, who owns it, would, I doubt not, grant the privilege. You do not answer, Mercy. I may not enjoy society—I may not marry—I must die, and surely I might be allowed to choose my burying-place."

Mercy disliked the melancholy tone of Benjamin's thoughts, and sought to rally him.

"You may amuse yourself as well as any one, and you may marry. There is no law against it, and the town is well supplied with young women."

"Almost every one of whom has called me fool and idiot," said Benjamin, with unusual asperity of voice.

"Cousin Mercy, how much time I have spent in that green nook below us, you know; years of childhood have passed by me, and I have sat there almost as insensible as the bushes that grew up around me. That I was different from others, I knew, but I did not care; I would sometimes have joined the sports of those of my age, but when away from them I neither regretted my loss nor sighed for aught else. But for nearly a year a change has been coming over me; you have seen it; I have felt it, but I know not whether to rejoice at the good attained, or to mourn over the knowledge of evil that has existed. Has my mother spoken to you, Mercy, of my wishes?"

"My aunt mentioned to me this morning a very strange wish of yours."

"Why strange? What is there strange in the wish? Who does not wish? Every body wishes. I have sat on that bank for days, and wished that I were a bird to fly, like yonder swallow, which is now dashing down the stream, and gathering food from among the water-flies. Why should it be strange that I should wish? We wish and pray for every good that God can send to us—we wish for happiness here and happiness hereafter—nay, some people *hope* for it, many *expect* it—now I only *wished*, I could not expect, could not even hope—I know the difference well. Is there any luxury around us we do not wish to enjoy? When we hear of happiness, do we not wish to share it? and when we read of angels, do we not wish we also had wings and could fly up to heaven? Or, rather, when I *hear* of them, for I cannot *read*, I cannot do any thing but wish, wish, wish."

"Yes, cousin Benjamin, you can," said Mercy, soothingly; "you can love your good, kind mother and me."

"Will you let me *love* you? cousin Mercy, will you let me love you?"

"You have always loved me, I hope," said Mercy, blushing. "Have you not always loved me?"

"Nay, cousin Mercy, do not attempt to deceive me now. You of all others have never deceived me—do not attempt it now. You may confuse me—you may make me doubt—you may, by force of mind, silence me—but I know that I feel toward you as I did not once, do not now, toward my mother. It is not wholly new—the feeling has grown, and strange wishes have grown with it—strange thoughts have come up in my mind."

"As I was leaning against that old oak a few evenings since, Charles Bradford and Mary Carver came and sat down on that bank. Perhaps they were there when I came, for their voice was the first notice I had of their presence. I would have moved, but could not. Charles explained to Mary his affection for her. They were not like those I have for my mother, not what I have tried to feel for all those around me—all but you, Mercy—and all his feelings

were mine for you. I never knew before what had sprung up in my heart—never till then could tell why I felt not for you what I felt for others. Every word he uttered seemed to be drawn from my heart, and what he said to Mary I could say to you—at least, Mercy, I could say it if I had such words—but Charles is learned."

"Yes, so he is, cousin Benny, so he is, and I guess he had been studying his speech in a book; he must have read it somewhere."

"Perhaps so," said the young man, abstractedly; "perhaps he had read it, for how otherwise could he have known exactly what I felt? how could he have so expressed what I cannot utter? I wish I could read."

"I wish you could, Benjamin."

"If I could, Mercy, would you answer me as Mary answered Charles?"

"If any inducements could make you read and write, why have not they been equally operative before, when other young persons acquired their education?"

"I cannot tell that," said Benjamin; "but do you see that young apple tree?"

"Certainly."

"Well, for years that has stood exactly where it is, stretching out its branches filled with leaves, and once or twice I thought I saw it blossoming—but it bore no fruit. Why is that?"

"Simply," said Mercy, "because it was surrounded by the thick growth of wood that kept it from the sun, and took from its roots a wholesome nourishment. It will, this year, bear fruit better, perhaps, for not having borne before."

"And so, Mercy, may it be with me. Some shadow has passed from my mind—something of sunlight has settled there—oh, may it be permanent. Let me feel that some one, besides my mother—but you understand me, cousin Mercy."

"Benjamin, you know I am dependent on your mother for all I enjoy, and what would the people say if I should consent to your wishes? When my course and yours are both considered—do not be offended, Benjamin, but your situation would make my course more censured."

"The dependence, Mercy, is one that has been a blessing to my mother and me."

"But, Benjamin, do you not know that poverty here is more tolerable than a certain degree of—of want of attainment—that not to have wealth is a misfortune to be relieved—not to have some learning is a disgrace not—"

"No, Mercy, no, do not say *not* to be wiped out. Let that be the condition, and see how soon it will be accomplished. Only say that. You shall be the mistress of the lessons and the judge of the acquirement."

"But not here. I left your mother under a mistake of my meaning. We must not hurt her feelings by disrespect to her authority and position."

The condition was accepted, and the progress of Benjamin in his studies seemed miraculous. The powers of his mind had been enlarged, so that what

be heard he comprehended; and his acquisition of the elements of learning seemed like some scientific man forming implements for work which he well understood. In two years Benjamin claimed the fulfillment of Mercy's promise. Some sneered at a woman's earning a husband by such labors, and some said a dependent orphan had been sacrificed by her aunt to the vanity of a stupid son.

Mercy felt happy in the happiness which her conduct afforded her mother-in-law, and the more than happiness which it gave her husband. Benjamin could not enjoy society, but he thought all centred in his mother and his wife. The last he regarded as his better angel, who had redeemed his mind from the waste in which it had been lying, and stored it with what seemed to him a world of sweets.

When Benjamin lost his mother, Mercy remarked some evidences of mental weakness, more than he usually exhibited. She watched with care the movements of her husband, directed his attention from his loss, and in time restored him to his domestic comforts. But she remarked that she feared that a sudden calamity would overcloud his reason again, and if there were none to watch him with the solicitude and the science of affection, he would relapse into his former mental imbecility.

Two children, a boy and a girl, blessed the domestic circle of Benjamin and Mercy; and the parents found their happiness in improving the minds of their beautiful children.

Some years passed, and the children grew in the affections of their parents and the regards of the neighborhood. Benjamin's habits, however, were not changed; his whole mind was bounded by home and his attachments to his wife; his cravings for her constant presence seemed to imprison him within the walls of her well ordered house—a species of detention not the most disagreeable to a wife, who will generally overlook many inconveniences that result from the affections of a husband. How undesirable is that wife's freedom which results from the "disregard of a husband in all her ways!" People deplore the wretched condition of the wife who, as they say, can never leave her sick husband. Alas, much more to be pitied is the woman who can seldom find her well husband. The bondage whose chains are a husband's love, will never break the heart of a wife. I have not time to describe the home-scene of Benjamin and Mercy:—to me it seemed as near perfection as earth can present, and when I took leave of them at their door, I thought of the rich reward the wife was reaping for the forbearance, kindness, and sacrifices she had made for the husband.

It was the spring of 18—, remarkable in that section of the country for the prevalence of the *scarlet fever*, that Benjamin's family had its first visitations of pain after the death of his mother. The little boy was seized with that scourge of our country, and in a few days the same disease exhibited itself in the girl. Benjamin stationed himself at the bedside of his children, and assisted his wife in every office that kindness could suggest. It is enough to say that the body of the boy was retained one day beyond the

usual time of sepulture, that one grave might receive him and his sister at the same time.

The day after the funeral Benjamin was not to be found—he who was so seldom missed from the house or its immediate vicinity, was now looked for in vain.

"Where *shall* we go?" said a kind-hearted neighbor.

"Let me *first* go and look," said Mercy, and she opened the gate at the road side and stepped hastily down the field toward the river.

She was not deceived. Benjamin sat upon the same grassy mound that he had occupied years before; he was gazing downward upon the stream and watching the foam as it floated by. Two bubbles that had sprung up played along, and in the sunbeams seemed marked by prismatic hues, caught the attention of Benjamin. He gazed at them with an apparent delight that made the heart of his wife ache. At length the bubbles burst, the smile passed from his face, and a tear gathered in his eye. Mercy hastened forward and caught her husband in her arms. It was some time before she could draw him away from the place sanctified to him by a loss of himself. He returned to the house and mingled his tears with those of his wife.

The shock which Mercy had received by the death of her two children was too great for her strength, in her condition, and in a few weeks she was driven to her chamber, sick, dangerously sick. All that human skill could suggest, and all that affection could perform were done to save her; but in little more than a month, Mercy was laid beside her two children; and on her cold breast rested the latest born, the little one that knew none of the pains or joys of that world through which it passed.

Benjamin returned to his house motherless, widowed and childless. There was none who knew how to comfort him—not one that could offer consolation—not a being of all around him who knew how his heart had been sustained—how it was to be bound up. There were enough to pity, enough to mourn with him, but who should sustain him—who now should draw him back from that dark gulf toward which his mind always tended? Who was to people his solitude with thought? She on whom he had leaned was removed, and he must fall. He fell.

"I have come," said the pious clergyman, as he laid his hands on Benjamin's shoulders, and drew his eyes away from the water gliding by—"I have followed you hither to offer consolations."

Benjamin gazed up into the face of the venerable man, and after a moment he seemed to conceive the nature of the visit.

"You have come to offer comfort? Well, where is it?"

"It is here," said the clergyman, and he drew from his pocket a bible.

Benjamin's mind seemed to rally again, and the wonted expression returned to his features. He took the book, and opening it, pointed to the passage: "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness."

The clergyman augured well from the attention thus exhibited. "Sorrows in our day are as certain as in



the time of the Psalmist—man is born to them as the sparks that fly upward—but the consolations of religion are also as attainable now as then, and you may as readily as he exclaim: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

Could Benjamin have felt free to contest a point with the clergyman, it might have been useful; but in that vicinity it would have been deemed disrespectful toward any divine; but toward that one, in moments even of social intercourse, few ventured on familiarity, and Benjamin felt the chill of respect and deference come over him. He had no answer, and in the goodness of his heart the clergyman proceeded to offer comfort to the heart of his afflicted parishioner, and to try to awaken in him hopes of a better state—hopes that should animate him to renewed activity of mind and body. He paused suddenly, however, for he saw that Benjamin was watching a mass of foam that was floating by, and seemed to be deeply interested in the gyrations which it was making, as it yielded to the influences of the wind and the current.

The good man led the patient quietly away from the place, and conducted him to his lonely, silent house. There was no greeting of a mother's voice, no affectionate welcome of his wife, and the cheering ringing of his children's laughter, for which he had been wont to listen with so much earnestness, was all hushed. He ate sparingly of the food that was set before him, and as soon as day dawned he would go and sit upon his favorite mound. It was unnecessary to follow or to seek him. He returned at night, but returned weaker and weaker. It was thought that Benjamin had an inward sense of his losses and misery, which he had not the power to communicate, and that the fire of his mind was wasting away his body without informing it of the cause—there seemed to be a loss of some link in the chain of connection. The body was wasting as if by grief, and yet there was evident only the melancholy of stolidity. Strange solutions of his case were suggested, but Benjamin seemed insensible to them all.

"He will explain all before he dies," said one who had experience in death-bed scenes, "and it will not be long before we shall know it, for he is failing fast."

The winter passed away, and Benjamin was seen

moving slowly down to his favorite haunt. Every day found him weaker than the last, and early in May he was unable to leave his bed. As death approached, Benjamin gave utterance to a few words, and it was then remembered that he was to explain all before his death. It was the 20th of May, a clear, lovely morning, that Benjamin awoke from a lengthened sleep. The attendant remarked that his voice was unusually strong, and his eye had the clearness and brilliancy of childhood. These tokens were too well understood to be neglected, and the minister was soon called in. He addressed a few words to the dying man—not at that moment of sin and its punishment, but of forgiveness, hope, and heaven.

"The good are there?" said Benjamin.

"Yes."

"And what is goodness?"

"It is love and its fruits in the soul and conduct of man."

"My mother, Mercy and my children—how we loved each other! How I have loved them here, even when they had gone! How I have carried about in my heart, in beautiful companionship, those that had constituted my world of life!"

"And you would be with them now, in heaven?"

"I would be with them, for where they are is heaven."

"You should rely on mercy, the free gift of heaven."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the dying man, in an agony of affection, yet with a wandering eye; "Mercy!—oh, she was the gift of heaven."

The clergyman forbore; he saw that the mind, but not the reason, had been aroused, and as he breathed a hope-stirring and a love-awakening prayer, the spirit of Poor Benjamin passed away. The desire to be with his departed family was literally construed, and he was buried, not in the moist, grassy margin of the river where he had loved to sit, but amid the pebbles of the grave-yard; and as one of these pebbles dropped upon his coffin, before the earth was shoveled in, some remembered the desire of his heart for another resting place; and hundreds at this day look at the simple slate-stone that stands at the head of the grave, and remembering the story of him that sleeps below, heave a sigh for POOR BENJAMIN!

## FORGIVE THE DOUBT.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

Forgive the doubt! 'Twas not of thee,  
That were a pang too keen for tears;  
O, dearest, canst thou never see  
Why I have owned these jealous fears?

It is because from boyhood's days  
Love was the famine of my soul;  
It is because such long delays  
Her new-fledged pinions still control.

The ancient captive, when at last  
He stands beneath the open skies,

O'ershadowed by the gloomy past,  
Yeils from the sun his dazzled eyes.

Dost wonder that the bliss I knew  
When first thy pledge of love was mine,  
Seemed too exalted to be true,  
Making my life at once divine?

Forgive the doubt!—once more assure  
My anxious heart with that fond smile,  
For new-born love, though strong and pure,  
Will tremble at its joy awhile.

## LITTLE HARRY'S DREAM.

BY MRS. ANN B. STEPHENS.

(DEDICATED TO LITTLE HARRY R—.)

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink  
Haply of viewless worlds and know it not;  
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think  
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!  
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—  
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!

Humbly—for Knowledge strives in vain to feel  
Her way amid the marvels of the mind;  
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal  
Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?  
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake  
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake!

POOR Little Harry! there was sorrow in his home, such sorrow as finds its way even to the heart of a child; he had learned to step softly in the chamber of sickness, and smiled less and less joyously every day till the last, mournful one came. Then the roses grew fainter and less warm on his cheek; his soft eyes were filled with a troubled thoughtfulness, that thoughtfulness, vague, shadowy, and full of doubt, which makes the sorrows of childhood so dreamy and painful. A strange, fearful knowledge had fallen upon his young heart for the first time since it had commenced its innocent pulsations. The knowledge of death, the mysteries of the grave had been opened to the sorrow-stricken mind of Little Harry! And who can tell the vague, trembling sensations—the doubt—the awe—the uncertain dread which fills the infant mind when first the terrible laws of nature are revealed to it. When the poor child sees the parent, who had been to him as an immortal, carried forth by strange men and laid in the earth, all unmindful of his cries, of his kisses, and his terror. Ah! who can tell the deep grief which attends this first awaking of a young soul to the realities of death!

That morning while the child was standing among his bereaved friends, his little heart swelling with a sense of wrong, of terror and bereavement, wondering how any persons could be so cruel as the men who had lifted his father from the pillow where he had been lying morning and evening, to take the early blessing and the good-night kiss, while his heart grew heavy and troubled with a remembrance of the cold, dark bed to which they had carried that loved being, there was one by who bethought her of that which was passing in his young mind, so she drew him gently to her bosom, and told him that his father was not dead, that his home was not in the cold earth, but away in a new and more beautiful world, and that he too would some time go up to that same beautiful world, and be folded in his father's arms again. In a moment the soft brown eyes of the child lighted up

with joy, he longed to go away after his father then. His heart panted, his cheek grew rosy, and he smiled once more—but his friends only wept at the change, and said it might be a long time before even the beloved child could be admitted to the presence of his father—a long, weary time perhaps. He must wait patiently till the great and good God should see fit to send him away from earth to join his father in Heaven.

Then Little Harry's heart grew heavy again, and while the house was gloomy with mourning he stole forth into the fields, thinking to seek comfort from the birds and blossoms that had been his old playmates. They were ready to welcome him, those wild, beautiful flowers, but the dew was yet on their leaves, and they seemed weeping in their gladness. It was a comfort to the child, for the flowers, his sweet friends, seemed encouraging the tears that stood in his own sorrowful eyes. He wandered on, he knew not whither, but the flowers were with him still, and why should he be afraid? they were his old friends, and seemed whispering hopeful thoughts to him as he passed along. He gathered a few, for the pleasant habits of his joyous hours would return to him even in his sorrow, but as he tore them off a strange thought came to his mind, perhaps the flowers might mourn the loss of their companions, as he mourned the absence of his father, so he dropped the blossoms from his hands, and tears filled his eyes afresh at the thought of his own fancied cruelty. These thoughts rendered the lovely child still more heavy-hearted, and he passed on sorrowfully among the fields where butterflies were flashing about in the warm sunshine, and hummingbirds were busy with the wild trumpet-flowers. He sat down by the brook-side, where cresses were glowing along the pebbled bottom, and bathed his little hands in the diamond waters; blue flags marked the wanderings of the little stream to the foot of a hill; a world of strawberry blossoms glowed through the sunshine that bathed this hill like great pearls breaking through a network of silver,

and through this fragrant carpet the child pursued his way toward a grove that crested its top, and sloped down the opposite side to the banks of a quiet river. The child was weary long before he reached the grove, so he flung his hat aside, and sat down among the strawberry blossoms, which, like a spirit of charity, bathed him with their odor while his little form was crushing them to death.

Every thing was beautiful that Little Harry gazed upon; the distant mountains bathed in their purple shadows the meadow flats spreading away at his feet, blue and golden, with here and there a dash of crimson, from the wild blossoms that lay sleeping in the rich grass. The bluest possible sky bent over this panorama of summer beauty, and in its bosom hung a few sleeping clouds, white as drifted snow, and fleecy as the down under a bird's wing. From these clouds there fell every few moments a bright, transparent shadow over the landscape, faint, and just enough to veil the sunbeams—a like shadow to that which had fallen upon the soul of that weary and beautiful child—both veiled a world of beauty, and both came alike from Heaven.

As Harry flung his hat aside it fell on a tuft of brake leaves and wild honeysuckle blossoms, that were tangled with the strawberry vines over a little hollow almost within reach of his hand. A ground bird who had built her nest beneath their shelter started up with a cry of terror, and fluttering wildly around his head settled in a bush near by, beating the foliage with its wings and sending forth plaintive cries of distress. Harry crept toward the hollow, parted the flowers gently with his hands, and there he saw a nest of young birds chirping faintly in answer to the notes of distress that were now redoubled in the thicket. He thought of the parent who had been taken away from him, tears came afresh to his eyes, and closing the vines carefully over the nest again, he took up his hat and stole softly away.

As the beautiful child moved on toward the wood, with his straw hat in his hand, and its broad blue strings sweeping the turf as he passed, he heard the notes of the poor ground bird change, first to an anxious call, then a low, joyous twitter, which was followed by the light rush of wings and a tumult of sweet chirping joy. Harry's lips dimpled into a smile, his eye brightened, and his step on the turf grew lighter and more joyous. He knew that the parent bird had returned to her younglings again, and the sound of their rejoicing warmed his heart as sunbeams and rain-drops kindle a drooping flower into renewed bloom. Again this pure joy was saddened by the thoughts of his own mournful home—his parent could never return there! he could never again nestle his little face in the bosom of his father, and half in laughter, half bathed in tears of joy, manifest his happiness at the return of the beloved one. It was a sad thought, full of sorrowful mystery, and when the shadows of the grove fell upon the child the breeze that lifted and played with his soft brown curls scattered them over a saddened and thoughtful forehead.

He wandered on, that gentle and bereaved child, along the rich turf that crept like velvet around the

roots of those gnarled old trees; the grass was full of blossoms, and every time his little foot touched the earth it crushed the dew from a thousand tiny moss cups, and a faint perfume of broken buds followed his track through the grove. There was a breeze sighing through the leaves overhead, soft and refreshing as the morning kiss of a mother. The child was so worn out and tired with his ramble that he flung himself at the foot of an old oak, and, with one elbow buried in the moss, turned his face languidly to the south wind. It swept over him softly, as if the wing of an angel were abroad on the air. It lifted the curls from his forehead, it bathed him with delicious fragrance. His red lips parted to drink in the balmy coolness, his eyes were half closed. His arm sunk languidly from under his head, till that flushed cheek fell upon the foliage of a bearberry vine which crept in a light network of green leaves and ruby-red berries over the moss all around.

The broken sunbeams that twinkled through the boughs overhead still flung their brightness over him, but through a vista of the trees he could see the far-off landscape darkened with gathering clouds. It came up from the south, that light summer shower, pressing the sunbeams before it; but these were too bright, too beautifully powerful, and darted through the clouds in and out, like a flight of silver arrows, till at last both the sunshine and the storm seemed despairing of the mastery, and came laughing on together, carousing over the plain, the one scattering rain-drops in its passage, the other firing them with brightness, till the whole air was bright and musical with the pleasant strife. It lasted but a brief moment—a few drops came pattering through the oak leaves that sheltered Little Harry, and then the water drops and the sunshine interlaced and flung a rainbow across the horizon. That glorious rainbow hung like a jeweled arch upon the sky. It trembled, faded, one end broke away into the blue sky, the other grew fainter—fainter—fainter, and then Little Harry only saw it in his dreams.

In his sleep the child saw the rainbow still brilliant as it had been at first, but piercing the blue heavens, and winding up and up till it was lost in the glory of a world beyond. He was wondering what that world could be; if it was that to which his father had gone, and wishing—oh how intently—for power to ascend that beautiful highway which seemed connecting the heavens and the earth together, but some influence which he could not resist seemed holding him down, and he could only see living forms moving to and fro in the distance—strange, bright forms such as his eyes had never dwelt upon before. His spirit was filled with a strange sensation of mingled awe and gladness; he stretched forth his arms and held his breath, for down the glowing pathway came a being of more than mortal beauty, and yet so familiar to his heart that a sob of joy gushed from it at the sight.

The spirit glided on toward the earth with a slow, spiritual grace, like a smoke wreath curling through the air, or a cloud moving across the firmament, but every instant it drew closer to the earth, and, filled with inexpressible happiness, the child lay still, waiting its approach.

As the heavenly spirit drew near, a faint and delicate perfume stole around the child, and shed a sensation of exquisite repose on his soul. The awe that had enthralled him a moment before was lost in a sense of security so perfect, that his very life seemed blended with that of the spiritual being that was hovering around him. A blissful thrill ran through his veins as he felt himself lifted from the turf, gathered tenderly to the bosom of that heavenly visitor, and borne gently upward along the pathway of light which he had been longing so fervently to ascend the moment before.

The child kept his face veiled in the bosom of his protector, and only felt that they were passing up, without effort or motion, into a more pure and delicious atmosphere. He knew that they were treading the pathway of the stars, and passing by innumerable worlds, but no sensation of fear oppressed him, and he lay upon that heavenly bosom content and tranquil as an unruffled thought. When his face was at last unveiled he was in a new world, so wondrously beautiful that for a time he could not gaze fully on the glorious objects that surrounded him.

Few things on earth could be more lovely than the landscape which the child had left behind him—but the scene which met his eye now was more glorious a thousand-fold. Many of its features were the same in form, home-like and familiar, but with all the earthliness refined away; the very landscape was etherealized and holy. Those objects that had seemed so beautiful on earth now appeared but a coarser embodiment of those which met his gaze—a rude conception of the beautiful perfected in the things of heaven. Around him were valleys, mountains, rocks and waterfalls. But the mountains were one great mass of precious stones, in whose hearts the light seemed perpetually struggling to break forth—amethysts broken and heaped together in ridges of shining blue, with snow-white blossoms breaking up from each azure cleft, pure and delicate beyond any thing the child had ever dreamed of, were flung against great ruby cliffs and piles of rock crystal, down whose sides vines covered with delicate silken foliage, golden blossoms and starry dew, fell in soft profusion. And all was sheltered by graceful trees, covered with such leaves as could only be put forth in the balmy atmosphere of heaven, and bathed in a sea of light which took a tinge of immortal beauty from the rocks and flowers on which it slept.

Fountains were gushing out from the foot of these rocks, and breaking in many a sparkling wave through the sands of gold, garnet sparks, and seed pearls which formed their beds, and sliding away, like unprisoned music, through blossoms and foliage more delicate than light, and sweet with the breezes of Paradise. Around these fountains, and half buried in the flowers, lay bowls of starry jewels, to which the richest gems of earth were but pebbles in comparison, and on the graceful foliage which swept over them were hung those seraph harps which are never untuned in heaven, and never without a sound of whispered melody.

He saw valleys lined with turf finer than the most

exquisite wood moss, and matted together with tiny blossoms like the pile of a silken carpet; through their verdant windings were rivers rolling over beds pebbled thick with stones that would have been precious among the monarchs of earth, and which gave a rainbow tinge to the transparent waters gliding softly over them. Occasionally these streams were broken into waterfalls by ledges of solid opal, shelves of rough emerald, and diamond peaks that blocked up their channel and flung a rainbow glory through the rushing spray. The most delicate blossom that the child had ever seen on earth was coarse compared to the foliage which shaded these rivers and took a baptism from the spray of the waterfalls. Other mountains more lofty than those within his gaze lay sleeping in the distance, and all around he saw temples of glorious architecture, some pillared with Jasper, and supported by columns of fluted agate—others, simple and pure as drifted snow.

These temples, the valleys and the mountains were all peopled with forms of light and beauty; heavenly beings that rejoiced together, and wandered about in search of knowledge. Some were reposing by the fountains, searching into the hidden nature of the blossoms that grew around them—others were busy imprisoning the light and searching into its hidden mysteries—while their companions were abroad investigating the rocks, seeking for the mystery of their color and formation. Many of these happy spirits, who had been deemed wise men on earth, sat pondering over their former ignorance, and smiled gently on each other as they compared the knowledge they had possessed there with that which heaven had revealed to them.

The child knew that he was at liberty to pass on wherever his wishes might direct, for no one seemed to heed his presence, and his spirit guide was no longer visible. He had no feeling of fatigue, no fear; a sense of profound happiness expanded his young heart, and every pulse seemed gushing up from a well spring of love. His spirit was filled with the joy which pervaded every thing around him. It partook of the light which fell so gently from its hidden sources, and seemed half made up of perfume from the flowers it slept among. His soul thrilled to the soft wind that swept by in a current of music, mingling with the dash of waterfalls, the rustling of leaves, with the notes that rung from a thousand golden harps, and swelled upward in a flood of harmony so perfect, that from the beginning a sound of discord is unknown.

The child was imbued, body and soul, with the tranquil joy that shone on every face that he had passed by in the wanderings of his vision. He paused by a fountain where a group of seraphs were sending forth a flood of music from harps that were never out of tune. They smiled gently upon him as he drew near, but his approach disturbed not a single note of the ravishing melody that rang from their golden strings. He was encouraged by their pleasant smiles, and would have spoken, but the child only understood the language of earth, and those pure seraphs could comprehend nothing but the melodies of heaven.

It mattered not! their looks were full of love, so he lingered among them till they took up their harps and moved away.

Afar off, on a distant mountain, the child saw a temple bathed in clouds of rosy light. The eminence was clothed with richer verdure than had yet greeted his eyes, and a hundred paths, paved with precious stones, wound through it up to the portals of the temple. A host of beautiful forms, such as the one who had conducted him from the earth, were passing along these paths, and moving in groups among the transparent arches of the temple. The seraphs approached this mountain, and our child of earth still bore them company. As they drew toward the temple, a stream of brilliancy seemed circulating, like the rays of a star, through each lofty and transparent pillar. A flood of light broke from the diamond portals, and as they swung partly open the child caught one glimpse of the glory beyond. He saw "a great white throne," blazing in a sea of light. He heard the musical gush of the fountain that sends forth its waters forever and ever from beneath the throne. He lifted his eyes yet higher, and sunk to the steps of the temple, strengthless with awe and yet thrilling with inexpressible happiness. Then the spirit guide came, gathered the trembling child to his

bosom, and, veiling his face, would have borne him from the temple—but a voice came from within, sweet as the south wind and filled with ineffable benevolence—"Suffer little children to come unto me," it said, "and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." His guardian spirit turned; a strain of harp music gushed from the temple; the child lifted his head and saw his seraph companions passing through the portals, and struggled to join them. He flung out his arms, started forward, and awoke on his bed of moss in the old oak grove.

The shower had passed by, but rain drops now and then fell from the wet leaves overhead, and the grove was ringing with music, for a troop of birds that had sought shelter from the rain were pouring forth their glad notes one to another; the air was balmy with odors which the shower had brought forth; a few rain drops lay like jewels on the moss bed where Little Harry had been sleeping, and two or three hung trembling among his curls; he shook them off, arose to his feet, and looked around. A faint opal tinge still lingered in the horizon—it was the last dying trace of the rainbow—and with it faded all that was real of Little Harry's dream. Yet hath *He* not given his angels charge to watch over his beloved? And are not little children the beloved of God?

## THE MASQUERADE.

BY A. A. IRVING.

A HUNDRED happy hearts that night  
To melody kept tune,  
And dancers' feet were tinkling light  
As woodland showers in June.  
Their forms went flitting gay along  
Like sylphs in light arrayed;  
But I only saw, of all the throng,  
The belle of the masquerade.

Her form was tall, and proud her mien,  
Her step with grace replete,  
She moved as might Olympus' queen  
With worlds beneath her feet!  
She danced—I thought I Dian saw  
With nymphs in forest shade—  
And I watched, in mingled love and awe,  
The belle of the masquerade!

A horrid mask her face concealed,  
'T was black as raven's wing.  
What madness led her thus to shield  
So bright and fair a thing?  
But then I thought of old romance,  
And some enchanted maid,  
And longed to save with sword and lance  
The belle of the masquerade.

At length alone she turned aside,  
I hurried where she fled,  
"Resplendent one!" I kneeling cried,  
"Why, nephew, la!" she said.  
Her mask fell off, ye gods! 't was true,  
My aunt, old Marmalade!  
Thin, sour, craggy fifty-two,  
The belle of the masquerade!

## TO S., WITH A FLOWER.

For a flower crush'd and broken,\*  
For a word unkindly spoken,  
Take the simple gift I bring,  
As a glad peace-offering.

Unlike its giver, may it be  
Blest with many a smile from thee;  
And unlike its giver, too,  
Sometimes claim a thought—from you. J. C. W.C.

\* I accidentally destroyed a geranium belonging to the lady addressed.

# THE VILLAGE COQUETTE.

## A COUNTRY STORY.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

The limpid waters of a small and shining stream, which, having its source in the mountains, passes through wood and meadow-lands to find an outlet in the Hudson, course merrily over the smooth pebbles, and turn the wheel of an old mill, at the quiet, and somewhat secluded, village of B. We call it secluded, because a mail-stage, with its usual complement of passengers and luggage, only enlivens it twice in every week, and the Inn, or in more refined parlance, the Hotel, has not yet attained that climax of elegance which renders a number of colored waiters, or a table set with silver forks, *absolutely* indispensable. Ebenezer Turner, the master of the mansion, is a plain man, and keeps a plain, well-ordered house, and his wife and daughter, who have seldom been in New York, and never at Saratoga, manage their own household matters with neatness and discretion, and make the very best pumpkin pies to be found beyond the boundaries of Connecticut.

But our business lies not with the village Inn, just now, or with the landlord's pretty daughter; turn we to the old mill, and introduce the reader, with his permission, to the young and not ill-looking fellow, who is whistling a lively air within its well powdered door-way. The bright sun of an October morning is shining upon him, and his brown cheek, full lip, and dark hazel eye, are lit with a smile of great meaning, as if his thoughts dwelt on pleasant things, and colored the landscape on which he gazed with fresh hues of delight. His eye is roving carelessly over a distant prospect, through which courses the pure stream he loves so well, but amid broad fields and dark wood-lands that stretch as it were to the horizon, he heeds no object particularly, save the neat though somewhat antiquated dwelling house of old Samuel Morewood. Its white gable and high-peaked roof, its close paling to protect a small flower-garden, but above all a certain window, from which streams a snowy curtain in the morning breeze, attracts the eye of the young miller, and perhaps makes his heart beat rather tumultuously, for a maiden form glances a moment before it, pauses, looks for an instant from the casement, and then hastily drawing the curtain, disappears.

"Truly, Kate, you are in haste with your morning business, that you cannot give a poor fellow one nod, who has been standing here this hour to get a peep at your bonny face," said the young man, as with a half-mortified, half-pleased expression on his honest features, he turned from the door-way. "But some new whim is on, I suppose," he added with a sigh, "and Harry Lee must wait till it's off again, for favor."

"Because Harry Lee is a fool to let a vain girl know he is in love with her, and not bind her down to a promise; or think of somebody else for a wife," said a voice at his elbow.

"I did not think I had spoken so loud, Jim," said Lee, as he extended his hand to an old friend. "They say walls have ears, and there are *some* things one would n't like even the walls of an old mill should hear."

"Then you should keep your thoughts from coming out of your mouth, Harry," said his friend laughing. "And so you are just as much smitten with that silly girl as ever, hey? I thought her last prank would have cured you of such folly."

"Not a bit, Jim, not a bit," replied the miller, while a blush deepened for a moment the hue of his sun-burnt cheek. "I know I am a fool, but I can't help it. Kate Morewood is the only girl who ever hit my fancy, and it sometimes takes more than an unkind word to drive love out of a man's heart."

"So it seems, at least in your case," said the young farmer; "but can't ye find another girl in the village, Harry, as comely and as smart as Kate Morewood? Isn't there many a bright lass who comes to meeting Sunday after Sunday, that would make a thrifty wife, and would not say nay to a jolly miller like you?"

"Perhaps there is," said Lee; "but I've never thought of any one else. A year ago, when I danced at your wedding with Kate, my heart took fire with her bright black eyes, and I've never been able to get over it. She comes into my dreams whether I will or no; and when I go to meeting, why plague on't I can't mind the sermon if she is there."

"Well, well, Harry, I've heard of many strange things in my day, but never did I know a fine young fellow with a mill and some snug acres to begin the world, running mad with love before. Now I don't believe for fifty miles round there is a happier man than I am, and sure enough I thought myself desperately in love with Fanny Bell before I married her, but never was I so overcome that I could not attend to the minister in sermon time, and did n't dream as often, and maybe a little ofenser, of a trip I made to New York just before the day was fixed, to buy a gold ring and some wedding finery."

Harry Lee sighed.

"Poh, poh, man, don't sigh and look so dismal, old Morewood's girl is not the only one in B.; why I could name a dozen to you just as good, and a little better to my fancy. Beg your pardon, Harry, but she is what they call a co-co-coquette, that's the word, giving you plenty of smiles one day, and the next flirting off with another; such a girl is not worth having, would n't

make any sort of a wife; not worth the minister's fee; think of somebody else, man, think of somebody else."

"I can't," said the young miller.

"You won't," said James Grey, "that's the truth of it. Just shut up this door, Harry, and open the other, 'tis quite as bandy. And now I think of it, that is the very thing. From that door you may look straight down the road and see friend Jemima May's house, and you know there is not a prettier girl in the village, than her niece, Susan. So tidy, and notable, and sweet spoken. I wonder I didn't think of her before."

"Pshaw!" said Harry, pettishly, "she is a quaker."

"Well, and what then? suppose she does say thee and thou, sometimes. She carries a true heart in her bosom, anyway, which is more than some folks do, I'm thinking."

"Plain, or pretty, true or false," said the miller, somewhat nettled by the concluding words of his companion; "she is not Kate Morewood."

"No, and I'm glad on 't," said James Grey, bluntly, "and that's enough. Come, Harry, set your mill going, and help me in with my grist, I can't waste any more time with you, for you *will* be a fool, I see, in spite of a friend's advice; only I know if I was Harry Lee, and had two such near neighbors, it would 'nt be Kate Morewood I'd choose, that's all."

James Grey, when he called our heroine a coquette, had only spoken the truth, and in sober sadness we must acknowledge that Kate loved admiration a little too well. But then it must be remembered, in extenuation of so glaring a fault, that she was in reality a very pretty girl, much prettier than any of the girls in B. Was only nineteen, and had already received three offers. Yes, three of the village swains had ventured to tell her they would be hers as long as grass grew, and water ran, and this was conquest quite sufficient to turn the brain of an older and wiser head than our friend Kate, who boasted of no wit, save the flash of a quick eye, and the joyous laugh of a merry lip.

Kate had not been long in discovering that she held an undisputed sway over the heart of Harry Lee, and of all her lovers she certainly prized him the most. But then if she accepted him now she must give up all future conquest, and as she adjusted her dress at a small shining mirror, and twined a particularly becoming curl round her finger; a voice whispered, there were others who might yet acknowledge the undimmed lustre of her dark eyes, and the freshness of her rosy lips, and although Harry Lee was the best looking fellow in the village, and Kate knew, and so did everybody else, that he was in love with her, yet she bestowed only so many of her smiles upon him as would still hold him captive, resolving, when she had broken a few more hearts, to be his entirely, and forget all the rest.

But although to the world without she seemed as gay and fickle as the gilded butterfly that fluttered over her garden roses; in the sanctuary of her own home, Kate Morewood shone in a new character. Industry, which might have rivaled the bee, marked each hour, and

cheerfulness, "that nymph of healthiest hue," shed a perpetual sunshine upon the small, but well-regulated, domicile over which she presided. An only child, her old father doted on her, and his affection was returned with equal warmth. How mindful she was of his comfort, how carefully and readily she prepared his breakfast, sure to supply the bowl of fresh milk and hasty pudding which he loved so well at dinner, to meet him with a dry jacket, when at the welcome sound of the horn he came in heated from the harvest field or garden, and her hand it was who boiled the egg for his supper, because no one could please him but herself, and she *liked* to do it. On Sundays she combed his thin gray locks with peculiar care, sprinkling over them the least atom of powder, to give him a rather more genteel appearance than his neighbors, and then, with her arm hooked in his, how demurely she stepped off to meeting, conscious all the while that she was "the observed of all observers," and anxiously waited for by more than one spruce young fellow at the church door, casting sly glances, meanwhile, from beneath her pink bonnet, to ascertain if Harry Lee were not among the foremost of them all.

Such was Kate Morewood, the miller's idol; turn we now, indulgent reader, to his nearer neighbors. If ever gentleness and affection lodged in the human breast, or charity and piety made a home on earth, they dwelt in the bosom sweet Susy May. Susan was an orphan, who in her Aunt Jemima, a strict and conscientious member of the society of Friends, had found a mother's love and a mother's care, from her earliest infancy till the present hour, when the flowers of her eighteenth summer had just faded away. Simple in her tastes, quiet in her manners, and orderly in her habits, the young quakeress lived in a daily round of home duties, that were seldom varied except by an occasional tea-drinking with some of their village friends, or a visit to New York, when Jemima attended yearly meeting. Yet Susan was not without her enjoyments; her poultry, her bees, her flowers, all were a continual source of pleasure, and like an unruffled lake, her pure and peaceful heart gave back the blue skies and images of natural beauty, which in succession flitted over it. Susy was no belle, but she won, as if it had been a thing of course, the love and kindness of all who knew her, and many gazed with admiring eyes upon the sweet face that was shaded by her quaker bonnet, while one, at least, had thought there was not its match in the wide world.

It was the evening of that same October day on which our story opened, that the candles were lit, and a small fire burned cheerfully on the hearth, in the neat sitting room of Jemima May, where Susan was setting out the tea-cups, and placing the fair wheaten bread and pure butter, of her own make, upon the table. While Aunt Mima—as she usually styled her adopted parent—employed herself with her knitting. Something certainly *had* happened, for the good quakeress seemed absorbed in thought, as with infinite dexterity she managed the glittering needles, and threw the blue homespun yarn over them. The color went and came alternately on her usually pale cheek.

and her heart did not appear to beat with its wonted regular pulsation.

"Is supper ready, Susy?" she said, at last, "there was later milking than common to-night, I think."

"All's ready now," replied Susan, as she placed the last plate on the table, and set a chair for her companion; "I'm sorry I was so late, for thee does not seem quite like thyself this evening, I hope thee is not ill?"

"Nay, the body is in good health," replied Jemima.

"Then something troubles thy mind, I fear," said Susan. "Has any thing happened to vex thee? Whatever it may be I hope thee will not hide it from me."

"I have never hid any thing from thee, which it concerned thee to know," said the quakeress; "and I now tell thee that I have something for thine ear. But finish thy supper first, child, it may be that which will destroy thine appetite."

"Indeed thee has done that already," said Susan playfully, "and made me very curious to know thy secret."

"It is a disposition thee shouldst overcome, Susy May," said her aunt; "curiosity is sinful, thee knows. We will eat now and talk afterward."

Although wondering in herself what great secret Aunt Mima had to divulge, Susan obeyed, and the meal was concluded nearly in silence, and certainly in very little time. Jemima carried her chair back to its accustomed place beside the fire, and Susy brought a pan of hot water to "wash up." This was speedily accomplished, the candles snuffed as closely as possible, and taking off her checked apron she brought her work and sat down opposite her aunt, saying, "now, Aunt Mima, will thee tell me?"

"Thee's over curious yet, Susy," said the good old maiden, "but thee shall hear," and fixing her eyes steadily on her niece, she continued, "thee knows Joseph Crane; thee knows him to be honest and faithful, and blest with this world's goods; he has this day asked thee in marriage; wilt thou be his wife?"

Accustomed, as she was, to her aunt's straight forward manner of procedure, Susan was thunderstruck with this announcement, and sat for a moment stupefied with surprise. The gaunt figure, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes of Joseph Crane, with his straight coat and broad beaver, passed rapidly before her, and in an instant were contrasted with what? The athletic form and regular features of Harry Lee; and then, for the first time, Susy peeped down into the quiet depths of her own heart and made the discovery that the young miller was the man, whom of all others she would prefer. Yet why should this be? They were but neighbors, scarcely friends, never had they exchanged more than a passing word, and yet, there lay his image in the very deepest, darkest corner of that little heart, and poor Susy, while the flush of pride and shame, and regret, tinged her fair neck and brow with crimson, suddenly leaned her head on the table, and the bright tears-drops gushed through her fingers.

"Nay, thee must not weep, dear child," said Aunt Mima, tenderly; "I did not promise for thee, thou art at liberty to choose for thyself in this matter."

But Susy continued to weep, regardless of her aunt's assurance.

"Indeed thee is wrong, thee *must not* weep any longer, Susan," said Jemima, seriously. "Tell me what aileth thee."

"Oh, I am so unhappy," said Susan, raising her head from the table and wiping off the large drops that glittered on her cheeks.

"And what should make thee unhappy?" said Jemima. "Thee need not give thyself to Joseph, though he is a good man; I tell thee thou art at liberty to choose for thyself."

The thought that she could not, even to her kind relative, reveal the true cause of her tears, now occurred to Susan, and drying her eyes, she said, though her voice still trembled, "But perhaps thee wishes me to accept him?"

"Only with thy free consent," replied the quakeress. "It would be hard for me to part with thee, but if thee wishes to bestow thyself on the young man, I shall not say nay."

"I do not wish to marry any one now," said Susan, eagerly; "I prefer to remain with thee, I could never be happy in any other place I am sure. Will thee tell Joseph I esteem, but can never love him?"

"Indeed, thee must-tell him that thyself," replied Jemima, "for be assured me he would take no denial of his request, except from thee."

"But if I see him he may perhaps ask why I will not marry him, and I could not tell him *that*," said Susan, who, unaccustomed to concealment, forgot that Aunt Mima had not made the discovery which she had herself done.

"Thee seems to have some reason which thee has not told me of," said Jemima. "Thee has always been a discreet girl, Susan, and I hope there is not some worldly man whom thee prefers to Joseph Crane."

"Oh, thee knows there is scarcely one with whom I can speak except James Gray," stammered poor Susy. "But—but I cannot tell Joseph that I do not like him, so do, dear Mima, tell him for me;" and leaning forward she imprinted a gentle kiss on the cheek of Aunt Mima.

"Thee knows how to win thy way with me, Susy," said the good maiden, "and I must do thy bidding even now. I do feel pity for the young man, since I believe he careth for thee, but for myself I rather rejoice, not knowing how I could part with thee, thee has always been so good and loving. But it is wrong to praise."

Susy kissed once more the pale cheek, down which a single tear was silently stealing. "And who could fail to be dutiful and loving to one so dear as thee?" she eagerly exclaimed. "Did thee not take me, a poor helpless babe, to thine own home, and feed me with thine own bread, and be to me as a mother? Oh, Aunt Mima, does thee think I can ever forget the love I owe to thee?"

"Thee should not praise, Susy, it is forbidden, and fills the heart with pride," said Jemima, meekly. "Think now of thine own affairs; Joseph will be here betimes to-morrow, and I will then tell him thee



cannot show him any favor, having no mind at present to leave old friends."

"Thee will please inform him very gently of my determination," said Susan, "for I would not willingly offend him."

"Joseph will take no offence at plain speaking," said Jemima, "and thee knows I use no other mode of speech."

The appearance of a neighbor, who came to engage the kind offices of Jemima in watching with a sick child, interrupted all further discourse, and having arranged her aunt's bonnet and cloak, and received a few directions, Susan without regret saw her friends depart and was left alone.

And here too we might pause to moralize upon the susceptibility of the female heart, and edify the reader with a chapter on the afflictions; or we might tell how Susy sat down by the fire and resolved to drive Harry Lee from her heart and thoughts, and never suffer any other mortal man to find an entrance there. But fearful of wearying those who do not love long stories, we rather pass on to the enlivening scene of a rustic dance, to which every body in B. had been invited.

The wide hall, the best parlor, and even the long, low eating-room, or kitchen of Nathaniel Symington's house, were filled at an early hour, for the dance was preceded by a quilting, where the busy fingers of the village girls had been employed since two o'clock in the afternoon, and by the time the tables were cleared and every body had eaten more than they wanted, and had praised the cake and sweetmeats and other niceties of a country tea, and Mrs. Symington had pressed them to take something else, when they were utterly unable to do so; when all this was gotten through, there were nimble feet that longed to be set in motion, and a great fluttering of handkerchiefs, and sparkling of bright eyes, and clustering together of white dresses; some remarking it was too warm to dance, quite, but they really wondered *somebody* did not begin, while the young men gathered in knots and whispered each other as to who should make the first move, and "guessed" Mr. Symington himself would attend to it when he had done talking.

And among the fair ones of this festive gathering, Kate Morewood, as usual, shone the most conspicuously, and in a bewitching blue dress and lace tucker, never looked half so pretty in her life, nor was Harry Lee ever more deeply enamored. Kate was, moreover, particularly kind, and consequently Harry had nothing to wish for, except, indeed, that it had been a wedding, instead of a quilting party, and was just making up his mind to settle the matter this very evening, yes, or no, when a young girl leaned past him and tapping the arm of Lucy Symington, whispered—"I've a piece of news for you, Lucy; we are to have a new beau here to-night, a city gentleman, cousin of the Turners. Mary Turner told me he came in the stage to-day, and she will bring him with her this evening."

"Oh! that is the reason, then, she did not come to the quilting," said Lucy; "well, we'll be civil to him, Jane, since he's a stranger, anyhow, but between you and me, I'd as lief he'd staid at home, and

not come here with his New York airs to spoil our fun."

A remarkably small and effeminate young man, with hair and whiskers of a saffron hue, and dressed in the extremity of the reigning fashion, at this moment entered the hall, attended by the smiling Miss Mary Turner, evidently delighted at being the importer of so rare and valuable an article. She made her way through the crowd and introduced to her friend Lucy, Mr. Augustus Smith, who bowed very low, and smiled very much, and was received by Lucy with cold civility and nothing more.

The quick eye of Kate Morewood had not failed to observe the stranger as he entered, and in a few moments his name reached her ear, while at the same instant an earnest desire to captivate him, took possession of her heart. He was not a handsome man to be sure, not half as handsome as Harry Lee, for Harry *did* look uncommonly well on this particular evening; but then, a *city beau*! Kate felt it was an opportunity not to be lost—they did 'nt come to B. every day—and though she did not dream of marrying the man; bless you, no! he was 'nt good-looking enough for *her*, yet she could not for her life resist the temptation to flirt with him a little, and waited rather impatiently till he should discern—as she had no doubt he soon would do—the belle of B.

Farmer Symington, having by this time concluded "his talking," now called aloud for the boys to "bestir themselves;" and the floor was accordingly cleared for dancing. A colored fiddler who had been hired from a village ten miles distant, and could play a few tunes on an instrument he denominated a violin, was now stationed near the wide-mouthed chimney, and after a deal of screwing and scraping, fairly launched forth into an inspiring air, while the young men selected their partners. Harry Lee had taken care to secure Kate, and after a little scramble for places, a stamp of the foot, and "all ready, gen'tlemen" from the sable musician, set them in motion, and although they did not, perhaps, "trip it on the light fantastic toe," as the shaking of the old farm-house duly testified; yet they kept good time to the music, and made but few mistakes in the well known figures of "right and left," "ladies' chain," "forward two," et cetera.

Refreshments followed the dance, and another dance succeeded the refreshments, and by this time Mr. Smith had asked his cousin who that pretty girl was on the opposite side of the room, and declared he must be introduced to her, and soon afterward Mary Turner came up and presented Mr. Smith to Kate Morewood.

And now Kate had no eyes except for the spruce New Yorker. They danced together, and the honest country folks gathered round to witness the feats of agility displayed by Mr. Smith, and the fine style in which he led off his pretty partner, practicing the most approved steps, bowing his head in obedience to the music; and flourishing his cambric handkerchief while he talked of military balls, private *soirees*, and a hundred other things of which Kate had scarcely dreamed before, but which she now imagined must be

the height of all enjoyment, particularly if the gentleman upon such occasions were as agreeable as Mr. Smith.

When the music ceased and the dance was over, the city beau still maintained the advantage he had gained, and took the vacant seat beside his partner, whom he helped to some of the cake and gooseberry wine, which again went round among the company, and when Lee ventured to hope she would not forget old friends, but would dance the next time with him, she answered carelessly that *perhaps* she might, if it were not too warm and she was not too much tired.

Harry had borne the flirtation of Kate with Mr. Smith more patiently than might have been expected, but now he was really angry, and inwardly deprecating the fickleness of all women—alas! how often are our whole sex judged by the folly or the failures of one—he turned away, and was leaving the room when James Gray intercepted him, and insisted on pledging him in a glass of the farmer's excellent punch.

"Here's health and a long life to you, Harry," he said, "and a good wife before this time next year, since it must be so," winking his eye toward Kate as he spoke.

Harry quaffed off the sparkling liquid and was moving on, but Gray detained him.

"Fine chap that with the red whiskers, hey! Take care he don't catch her, she seems mightily taken in with the young dandy."

"Pshaw!" said Harry, "he's a fool."

"Think so myself," replied James, laconically.

"Let me go," said Lee, "I'm tired of this place."

"Tired so soon," said Gray; "why, man, you are not going home, are you? Bless me! you hav n't asked Lucy Symington to dance, and she'll certainly expect it."

"Plague on 't," said Lee, impatiently; "I wish I had n't come at all."

"Now don't be a fool as well as other folks," said his friend, laughing. "Dear me, Harry, you do n't know how to manage a woman, and if Kate Morewood ever gets you, why she'll turn you round her finger as easily as the water turns your mill wheel. Just you go and flirt with every girl in the room, ask 'em all to dance, laugh, frolic, make yourself of consequence, do 'nt give her even a look, and see if she does n't cut the dandy in less than no time. Only let her find that somebody else likes you, and she'll give her two bright eyes to get you back again."

Harry Lee was vexed enough for any thing just then, and had really started forward with the intention of devoting himself to Lucy Symington for the rest of the evening, when, as his eye turned instinctively toward the parties he had left, he witnessed something that roused his ire to its highest pitch, and deprived him at once of all self-command. Kate had taken from her bosom a rose-bud, and after playing with it for some moments, suffered Mr. Smith to transfer it to the button-hole of his own coat. Now the little bud, thus carelessly parted with, had been the last

crimson blush of a rose-tree which Harry highly prized, and he had severed it from the branch that evening, to present with his own hand as a simple offering of love to the fickle and ungrateful girl. Summer had departed bearing with her the blossoms which decked the fields and gardens of B., and Harry had placed his mother's rose-tree in the low window of his own apartment, that the November sun might call forth, in season for the expected fête, the red leaves of the last lingering bud. How he had watched it, and thought the green robe would never unfold and display its hidden sweets; but at last on the long anticipated day the velvet leaves peeped forth from their hiding place, and when he had donned his best attire, and surveyed himself in the polished mirror of "the best bed-room," he carefully parted the little twig which bore his intended gift, and hurried away to the scene of his expected enjoyment.

Kate had received his fragrant present with many thanks, telling him it was the only rose she had seen in a long while, and when she fastened it in the knot of blue ribbon that ornamented her dress, his eyes sparkled with delight. But that was all over now. The smiles he so fondly imagined he had secured, were bestowed upon another, and his gift was thrown carelessly aside, as if it had been a wild-flower plucked by her own hand from the green bank on which it grew. Harry Lee could have borne any thing, perhaps, better than this; but the rose-bud, the cherished rose-bud—it seemed almost a sacrifice, and he sprang forward with an impulsive energy, to wrest the frail token of faithful affection from the hand that had purloined it; but, alas! his good genius had deserted him, the sudden turn, the excitement of the moment, and perhaps, too, the effect of the farmer's punch, conspired against him; he made one spring, his foot slipped—and in the midst of the revellers, before the very eyes of his rival, he came to the ground.

Harry was in no mood to bear ridicule, and loud were the shouts of laughter on all sides, but he heard no other so distinctly as the merry ring of that sweet laugh, which had once been such music to his ear. To his bewildered senses, it rose higher than the rest, and was echoed a thousand times, but in an instant he had recovered his feet, torn the rose-bud from the astonished Mr. Smith, and breaking through the crowd that encircled him, disappeared.

Long and severe that night was the conflict in the heart of the young miller. He heard the company he had left so abruptly, returning in detached parties to their own homes, and their voices reached him as they broke out in strains of uncontrolled merriment. Did he listen for one ever to him the sweetest? No, that voice had lost its power, the chain which had so long bound him had been severed, and Harry Lee resolved to renounce, then and forever, all thoughts of Kate Morewood as his wife.

The next morning the door of the mill that opened toward the farm was closely barred, and the now repentant belle might have supposed its owner had drowned himself in despair, had not the busy wheel, pursuing its noisy and ceaseless evolutions, convinced her he was still in the land of the living. But in vain

were her loveliest looks assumed, and her best attire adjusted. In vain she smoothed her dark hair, and sat at the window of her little sitting-room to listen for his step, or hear him lift the latch of the garden gate.

"He came not with the dawn, and he came not with the moon.  
Nor came he when the sun went down, and rose the silver moon."

The miller was in fact an altered man. He banned the hour when he had learned to love, and resolved never to think of a woman again as long as he lived. In this frame of mind he placed his affairs in the hands of James Gray, and left home to visit a distant relative in the far west, nor did he return for several months. In the meanwhile gossip, with its hundred tongues, had discussed at length the events of farmer Symington's dance, and the flirtation of Kate Morewood with Mr. Smith; the downfall of Harry Lee and his subsequent departure were amply descanted on. Kate began to look melancholy, and every body wondered—as every body will—how the matter would end.

The birds came back from their winter excursions, and with them came Harry Lee. He had a score of marvelous tales to relate to James Gray, which he had gathered in his western tour, and was so much engrossed by this and other matters, that nearly a fortnight elapsed before he found an opportunity to visit his village friends; but the Morewoods were included when he made his rounds, and then the calm tone and careless manner with which he addressed Kate, told her at once that he had regained his freedom.

Having resolved never to marry, and considering himself perfectly invulnerable to the shafts of Cupid, Harry sometimes amused himself watching Jemima May at work in her garden with Susan to assist her, and once he caught himself thinking that Susy was certainly a very pretty girl. "But what of that?" he mentally exclaimed. "What are pretty girls to me now? I will never trust another as long as I live, or any other woman." Notwithstanding this charitable conclusion, however, Harry remembered that he had brought home some choice pumpkin seeds, which would doubtless please Jemima, and the natural goodness of his heart overcoming its assumed bitterness, he forthwith proceeded to carry her a paper of them. Then he walked through the garden to point out the spot most proper to receive them, and then back into the house again to inspect a certain parcel of dried roots, which the quakeress had just received from New York, and although he only noticed Susan by a civil bow, yet her heart fluttered like a bird during the

whole of his visit. Had she been successful in her efforts to forget him?

The spring passed away, and summer with her gifts of fruit and flowers came laughingly on; scattering her treasures far and wide, and nowhere more lavish of her stores than in our fair and sequestered village. Green were the lanes that wound in every direction, and bright were the blue skies that bent over them. The birds were the noisiest varlets in the world, and the babbling stream went rejoicing on its way flashing back the sunbeams as it danced beneath them. By some unforeseen accident, (such things will sometimes occur, even when we take every precaution to avoid them) our friend Susan and the miller met occasionally at James Gray's, and once the distressed damsel was overtaken by a thunder shower, and might have been carried away by the violence of the rain, for she was at a distance from any shelter, had not Harry chanced to meet her, and wrapping her in his own coat escorted her home.

I cannot tell why it was so, but I *do* know that after that walk the miller very frequently stood at his doorway to observe how Susan got on with her gardening, and often he carried over a basket of particularly fine fruit to Jemima, and then a bunch of late roses, because "he had noticed that Susan's were all gone." Until at last one soft September evening, when the moon was looking down from her blue abode, and the stars peeped through the branches of the old elm tree, Harry stood beneath the vine-wreathed porch beside the fair and trembling girl; and in words, few but sincere, uttered an honest heart for her acceptance.

I am sorry I cannot record Susy's answer, for if she made any it was so indistinct as not to have reached me; but I know at a later hour than usual that night, after blushing, and hesitating, and turning pale, she at last found words to tell Aunt Mima a great secret, which made the kind old quakeress look much troubled, and even shed tears. I know also that Susan suddenly overcame her reluctance to leave her own home, and that ere the woods had quite lost their leafy honors, she had worn a bridal robe, and been dignified with the matronly title of "Missess Lec."

Kate Morewood's high spirit prevented her dying of a broken heart when she witnessed the happiness of her rival. She shook off her grief, and to the world without was almost as gay as ever. But she seemed to fear all further coquetry, and bestowed her hand and fortune upon an honest fellow who proposed. Joseph Crune forgot his disappointment in the smiles of a gentle maiden of his own persuasion, and Jemima May, having sold her cottage, acceded to the earnest wishes of the newly wedded pair, and went to end her days with her beloved Susy.

## TO IDA.

My soul had wandered long and far,  
Unrestful and alone,  
Until thy presence, like a star,  
Across the darkness shone:  
But now, beneath thy radiant smiles,  
I think not of the weary miles.

They say that angels from above  
Have mortal frames put on—  
That erring souls, by human love,  
Thus oft to heav'n are won:—  
And in thy mien—thy earnest eye—  
I see the spirit from the skies!

c.

## HO-TA-MA.

### OR THE HORSE-TAMER.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THE learned seem to have been for some time agreed that the famous mystery of "The Irish Whisperer" (who, according to the vulgar belief, subdued the most fractious horse by breathing in his ear) is explicable only by the theory of animal magnetism. Some tribes of our American Indians are undeniably, according to Catlin, in possession of this remarkable secret power, whatever it may be. He avers indeed, if I recollect aright, that he has seen a wild mustang of the most unmanageable kind reduced to perfect obedience by an Indian breathing into his nostrils.

Ho-Ta-Ma, however, the famous horse-tamer of the Northwest, used always to aver that he had a personal Manitto, or attendant spirit, to whom he was indebted for his singular success in this perilous occupation.

"Bashgo-puck-sghé" (he would say, speaking of his familiar by name,) "moves with Ho-Tu-Ma among horses. He sleeps in the fetlock of the wildest steed! What hoof is lifted that he cannot guide?"

I never saw this remarkable fellow but once, and I was then so absorbed in the professional display of his art, that I confess to having carried away in memory rather an indistinct portrait of the jockey juggler. To the best of my recollection, he was a lank, long-limbed Indian, whose face had a whimsical sleekness of feature, that gave him a sort of greasy aspect, no matter how clean might be his skin. The reader has perhaps observed the same thing in white men; a sort of shining and outer mobility of expression—a suppleness of the muscles of the face that seems to have no connection with the play of the soul within—the man's features looking as if they had been rendered plastic rather by pomatum than emotion. Reader mine—*gare le Renard*—look out for an adept when in contact with one of those slippery-faced rogues.

It is a curious thing, however—very curious—that men of this description, not only shrewd in the extreme, but having the corners of their shrewdness, as it were, polished over with a roguish smoothness—that these very finished specimens of "men of the world," I say, are often the most egregious votaries of some absurd superstition—are, in a word, their own habitual dupes, while ever on the alert to dupe all others.

This Ho-Ta-Ma, I believe, was as very a scamp as ever dealt in horse-flesh—which is certainly saying a great deal, inasmuch as the facility of cheating seems sooner or later to tinge every man with roguery who becomes an habitual horse-trader—yet Ho-Tu-Ma had a faith in the existence and aid of his familiar spirit that I do honestly think would have carried him

through the horrors of martyrdom. No Transcendentalist, in fact, could more positively confide in the personal and portable deity, which some of our new religious lights teach us, that each citizen of the Republic carries about in his own bosom, than did this poor Indian in the spiritual convenience which he conceived to be his own special possession.

Now there was a horse at Fort —, which, though a six-year-old, had never been ridden by mortal man, and, in common with the officers of the garrison, I was very desirous to see Ho-Ta-Ma try the effects of his Indian jugglery upon him. The horse in question was a sinewy, powerful brute, of the most irreclaimably vicious character. Repeated attempts had been made to break him, but the operators in almost every instance had received such severe falls that the soldiers of Col. —'s command were forbidden to make any further experiments with him. I recollect well that he was stone-blind of one eye, and I was told that it had been a favorite trick with the soldiers to induce some ambitious young recruit to mount him on his blind side. The horse, they said, would always permit himself to be thus backed, but on the instant that the rider felt himself fairly seated he was dashed upon the prairie.

This redoubtable steed, who, by the way, seemed to be caught without any remarkable difficulty, was led forward to be submitted to the subduing influence of Ho-Ta-Ma. The Indian walked carelessly around him, and surveyed his limbs with a queer, equivocal expression of countenance—something between derision and an expression of pleasurable admiration.

"What use," he said, "he be too old to teach foot (gait) *cau-ne-shin*—bid—no good no how—can put hand in de hole in his forehead—*cau-ne-shin pasho-cotashé*—no good horse."

With these words he turned away, and neither remonstrance nor cajoling could induce him to mount the horse.

At last the officer who owned him—vexed—excited in temper—and willing, at the same time, to shame Ho-Ta-Ma—caught the bridle in his hand, and very foolishly, as we all thought, leaped upon the horse bare-backed. I can conceive of nothing quicker, nor more thunderously powerful, than the force with which the nag delivered his heels on the instant. I would have defied a centaur to have kept his seat, for, if part of the horse himself, it seems to me he must have come apart from his equine half—so *tearingly* rapid and incessant were the strokes in air of those hinder legs. The horse seemed, in fact, to poise himself upon his forward joints, and work his

haunches as independently as the beams of a steam engine. With a good saddle under me, upon my word, I would rather have sat upon the walking-beam of a high-pressure Mississippi steamer. Our rash friend, I need hardly say, measured his length in a trice upon the prairie, from which we raised him bruised and bleeding, but happily with no bone broken. A regular Hotspur in temper, he called instantly for his pistols, the moment he regained his feet, and would undoubtedly have shot the horse on the spot had we not interposed.

"Why shoot?" said the Indian drily, "him no good eat. Him much tough. Give him Ho-Ta-Ma; he know how make fat. Him eat and his little ones."

"Eat him!—by heavens," cried one impulsive friend, "to be eat by crows and heathen is all his carcase is good for. But d—hun, I want to see him brought under, if it is only for ten minutes together. I'll tell you, Indian," he added, turning quickly to Ho-Ta-Ma, "keep on that horse's back twenty minutes by my watch, and he is yours to do what you choose with."

Whether the proposition, as thus worded, was unintelligible to Ho-Ta-Ma, or whether he only wished it set forth, if possible, more clearly, I do not know, but it took us some time to explain it fairly to him, when he closed with it in the most effectual manner, by thanking the white man for giving him so much "good meat," which he must try and deserve by now giving him an exhibition of his skill in return for the kindness.

The Indian now took from beneath his hunting-shirt a short mace, or war-club, as it seemed to me; a piece of wood of about the length and weight of a common round mahogany ruler, such as are used in counting-houses. He handled this with great ceremony, and spreading his blanket on the ground sat down and addressing it with some unintelligible jargon, proceeded to wind around the centre of the mace a long and thick thong of raw elk hide. When he had paused in his mummerly, I made an effort to ascertain whether his "medicine" (*nu-mi-pashe-cocashe*, or *bashgo-puck-sghe*), was in the skin or in the wood, or whether the potency of the charm was to be evoked from the union of the two. He was, however, deaf to all inquiry—and without looking one side or the other, advanced toward the horse.

He now spread his blanket like an ordinary horse-cloth over the animal's back, and after speaking a few low words to him, placed the stick gently thereon, and attempted to balance it in its place. The stick would not balance, the roll of cord around it evidently, to my eye at least, presenting an uneven surface that rendered the thing impossible. His features now became dreadfully agitated, so wildly, fearfully agitated, that if this part of the performance were acting—of which I had subsequently strong suspicions—it was the most perfect acting I can conceive of. The words that fell from him, as interpreted to me by others, implied that his familiar, or personal Munto, had deserted him. The stick (*metai-waugin*, or medicine club) would not *ride*, and if that could not ride the horse, neither could Ho-Ta-Ma!

After awhile, however, he seemed to collect himself from this state of excitement. He intimated that the presence of so many Chemocomans, or Loug-Knives, affected the operation of his charms. He must take the horse where none but a red man would be confronted with him. The stable and a little grove, or islet of timber on the prairie, were both indicated to him as places to which he might retire with his charge. He chose the latter.

The thicket was about a hundred yards from the spot where we were standing, and the glossy leaves of paw-paw and rhododendron with the umbrage of vines festooning the pepperage trees upon its skirts, soon hid both horse and man from sight. But from the moment he glided within its shadows we watched the place intently to see where next Ho-Ta-Ma would make his appearance.

In about twenty minutes or less, I should think, the whirr of a pack of grouse from the further side of the thicket told that the Indian was in motion, and indicated where we should look for him to appear. He emerged, still leading the horse. The distance between us was nearly doubled at the point where he made his appearance upon the prairie. But the horse was still close enough for us to see that one portion at least of Ho-Ta-Ma's charm had taken effect. The blanket remained adjusted as it was before, but there on top of it, as closely as if glued to the horse's back, *rode the stick!*

The jockey juggler paused for some time, pointing triumphantly to the success of his feat. But on the instant a movement was made among our party to approach nearer and examine his appliances, he waved his hand in a menacing manner for us to keep back. Then seizing the immovable mace with the same hand, he shouted, "Ho-Ta-Ma said if *metai-waugin* would ride, Ho-Ta-Ma would ride, and Ho-Ta-Ma will ride."

And true enough in the same instant he was on the horse's back. A convulsive attempt to rear, a short spasmodic lifting of the hind legs, and the horse stood motionless, quivering in every nerve! His strength seemed to have passed into the body of the Indian. And now, amid the involuntary cheering of the spectators, the horse has started off upon a gallop. He wheels and circles in the prairie like an eagle first trying his pinions in mid-air. He arches his neck—he shakes his mane, and while every motion shows his gladsome sportiveness, one can fancy even at that distance that his eye had lost forever the sullen glow that had hitherto given malignancy to his expression. He seems in fact to sympathize in every nerve with the exultation of his new found master.

"I've seen that in a setter before," said the old colonel, "that instant cottoning to some hand that first taught him to obey in the field. I myself gave away the best pup I ever owned to a friend, who seemed to be his natural owner. I've seen this in a dog, but 'tis the first time I ever saw a horse show pleasure at having found his real master."

While the worthy colonel was thus delivering himself, the Indian again disappeared in the thicket, from which he soon after approached us, leading the horse,

having removed the stick and transferred the blanket to his own shoulders.

I need not say that Ho-Ta-Ma was adjudged fairly to have won his "horse meat," and at once complimented by the previous owner of the steed upon being the worthy proprietor of so fine an animal. It may interest those who have seen the spirited picture of a Sioux horse-race near the trading post of Fort Pierre, by Carl Bodmer,\* that the dapple gray which (though led by the pied nag and the black pony in Bodmer's picture) won the plate on that occasion, is the very horse and rider I have been describing. I may mention, in conclusion, that a Long Island

\* Since engraved for Graham's Magazine, and published in the January number of this year.

jockey, to whom I have often told this story, insists that the magic stick of Ho-Ta-Ma was kept in its place by the thong of elk hide passed around the body of the horse, and coming out through a hole in the blanket; and that the Indian prevented the horse from kicking by merely turning the stick, which would so tighten the cord as to make such action of his hinder quarters unendurably painful to him. But I never believed a word of this myself, and I hope the reader will not. Still, I must confess that I have heard that the gray was never thoroughly cured of his old tricks; and, as he nearly lost the race at Fort Pierre by indulging himself in these little amenities of behavior, Bodmer did well to introduce him in one of his most characteristic attitudes.

## ROCK MOUNTAIN—GEORGIA.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

The parting rays of the sun lingered among the tops of some lofty trees, baling their dark drapery in a mellow radiance, as we emerged from a deep forest shade, in full view of the place of our destination—the Rock Mountain Hotel. This establishment is situated at the western base of the Rock Mountain, and commands the view presented in the engraving. We were so much fatigued with a long day's travel that we deferred our visit until morning.

The western view of the mountain, though perhaps the most beautiful, is not calculated to give the beholder a just conception of the magnitude and grandeur of this remarkable object. To obtain this, he must visit the north and south sides, both at the base and at the summit. In an early number of "Graham"—most likely in the August number—will be presented a most admirable view of the *north side*.

This will be necessary, in order to give a fair idea of the beauty of this mountain. After we had breakfasted we commenced our survey. Pursuing, for half a mile, a road which winds in an easterly direction along the base of the mountain, we arrived directly opposite its northern front. There the view is exceedingly grand and imposing. This side of the mountain presents an almost uninterrupted surface of rock, rising about 900 feet at its greatest elevation. It extends nearly a mile and a half, gradually declining toward the west, while the eastern termination is abrupt and precipitous. The side is not perpendicular, but exhibits rather a convex face, deeply marked with furrows. During a shower of rain a thousand waterfalls pour down these channels, and if, as sometimes happens, the sun breaks forth in his splendor, the mimic torrents flash and sparkle in his beams, like the coruscations of countless diamonds.

Near the road is a spring, which, from the beauty of its location, and the delightful coolness of its water, is an agreeable place of resort. It is in a shady dell, and its water gushes up from a deep bed of white and sparkling sand. A more exquisite beverage a pure taste could not desire.

We ascended the mountain, accompanied by the owner of the tower. This singular edifice, somewhat resembling a light-house, is an octagonal pyramid, built entirely of wood. Its base, including abutments 30 feet in length, is 100 feet square. Its height is 165 feet. It stands upon the rock with no fastening but its own gravity. It was erected nearly three years ago, at a cost of five thousand dollars. The erection of a lofty tower upon the summit of a high mountain, is certainly an unique and curious exploit. The projector and proprietor is Mr. Aaron Cloud, of McDonough, and his work is commonly called Cloud's Tower. It is truly a *cloudy* affair. We ascended to its summit by nearly 300 steps. The prospect we obtained, is wide and beautiful. By the aid of good telescopes in the "observatory," we distinguished five county towns, three of them at a distance of thirty miles. The lower part of the tower is fitted up as a hall for the accommodation of parties. It is 100 feet in length. Here the young and gay not unfrequently tread the mazes of the merry dance.

Among the curiosities of the mountain, which our guide pointed out to us, there are two which are deserving of notice. One is the "Cross Roads." These are two crevices or fissures in the rock, which cross each other nearly at right angles. They commenced as mere cracks, increasing to the width and depth of five feet at their intersection. They are of different lengths, the longest extending probably four hundred feet. These curious passages are covered at their junction by a flat rock about 20 feet in diameter. Another is the ruins of a fortification which once surrounded the crown of the mountain. It is said to have stood entire in 1788. When, or by whom, it was erected is unknown. The Indians say, that it was there before the time of their fathers.

The mountain embraces about a thousand acres of surface. Its circumference is six miles, and its summit 2,230 feet above the level of the sea. This beautiful scene is in the county of De Kalb, and is much visited during the pleasant months.

## DANTE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TUCCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awfui from thy soul arise,  
Like *Parinata* from his tery tomb!  
Thy Sacred Song is like the trump of doom!  
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Metinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,  
By *Fra Hilarie* in his diocese,  
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;  
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloisters whispers—"Peace!"

## AUDUBON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

MAN of forests and savannas!  
On the Mississippi's side,  
Lankest thou thy hunting-rifle  
Oft the Indian spear beside;  
With the forest's tawny chieftains  
Thou the friendly pipe dost light—  
Seest the wandering pigeon's journey  
And the eagle's silent flight.  
With thy shot thou lan'et his pinion;  
And the trackless region through,  
On the mighty river's mirror  
Pleas't thou thy swift canoe.  
O'er the green and grassy prairie  
Boddy lies thy fiery steed;  
Deer and forest-fruits the manna  
God has given thee in thy need!  
In the woods and on the deserts  
Which proud culture doth not fill  
With the traces of her ravage—  
Nature giveth thy spirit still.  
This canst thou!—the hour approaches  
Which no distant time shall bear,  
When the land from *Batlin's* billow  
To the far Cape Horn will wear  
Other garments!—Look: thou verdant,  
Forest-crowned *Columbia* fair—  
Like a giant oak thou liest  
On the earth's broad surface there!  
From the drear and cold Antarctic  
Springs the mighty trunk in pride,  
And the lengthened *Cordilleras*  
Clung like ivy to his side!  
Far to northward stretch the branches,  
Where their leafy wealth is gone;  
And the head, in snow mantled,  
Rests the icy pole upon.  
Deers lay sleeping in his shadow,  
Countless wings around him go,  
And the Indian swings his hammock  
Idly from the boughs below.

Now he boasts his verdant glory:  
Soon his branches bare will stand,  
For upon his leaves are feeding  
Foreign worms, a greedy band!  
*Nadewessians!* *Tuscaroras!*  
Cast the spear while yet ye may!  
Shake the strangers from their booty—  
Shake the band of worms away!  
Since within your deer-skin cabins  
Stepped the ocean's crafty son,  
Have your pure and simple customs,  
And your bliss, forever flown.  
Woe! that back you did not cast him  
Ere his grasp too strong was set—  
That you reach'd him, unsuspecting  
Of his wrong, the calumet!  
See! he burns your woods to ashes,  
Wrings his tribute from your hand;  
Tears the scalps of conquered totemen  
From your *wampum's* glittering band;  
Builds his engine's iron pathway  
Where once rose your battle-cry—  
And his steam-ship, on your rivers,  
Gay with banners, rushes by!  
Now, your lands lie bare and dreary—  
Where *Manitto's* breath awoke  
Through the old, primeval forests,  
Rises now the furnace-smoke.  
Back your wild game flies before him,  
Sickness marks his onward way;  
And your *Mighty Spirit* scorning,  
Makes your helpless wives his prey!  
Unto culture, red-browed chieftains,  
Boddy bid defiance high!  
And the scalp-bags of your foemen  
Faster to your war-belts tie!  
'T is too late!—what now avail you  
Tomahawk or arrow-shower?  
All is polish and refinement!—  
Yet where—Freshness, Depth and Pow'r.

## SKETCHES OF NAVAL MEN.

EDWARD PREBLE.

(Continued from page 215)

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PIONEERS," "RED ROVER," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York.]

Owing to all these disadvantages, it was August 3d. before Preble got in again in front of Tripoli. By that time the enemy had sent two divisions of his gun-boats outside of a line of rocks that stretches from the little entrance of the harbor quite near the galley mole, for a mile diagonally to seaward. No part of this reef, however, lay beyond complete protection from the fire of all the works, so far as that fire was efficient in itself. As has been mentioned, these craft were separated in two divisions, one lying near the eastern, or main entrance into the harbor, which was in a great measure formed by these rocks, aided by a natural indentation in the coast, and the other near the western, or little entrance, so often mentioned, and which has since become memorable from the explosion of the ketch *Iutrepid*, which subsequently occurred at, or near this point. A third division lay just within the rocks, as a reserve, but so placed as to be able to fire through their openings. The galleys were there also. These two divisions lay about half a mile asunder. There is no question that the Tripolitans, judging of the future by the past, fancied that this disposition of their floating force would keep their vessels inside from suffering by the fire of the American shipping. Their galleys and remaining gun-boats lay just within the reef, quite within supporting distance. Preble did not anchor, but a little after noon he laid his own ship's head off shore, distant about a league from the town, and showed a signal for every thing to pass within hail. Each commander received his orders according to previous instructions, the whole duty being conducted with singular regularity and precision. The small vessels manned the gun-boats and bomb vessels, and in one hour every thing and every body were reported ready. The *Constitution* then wore round, and stood in toward the town, leading the whole squadron. Half an hour later the gun-boats cast off, and formed in front of the sea-going craft. This was no sooner done than Preble made the signal to engage. Every thing advanced, the gun-boats covered by the light cruisers, and the bomb vessels began to throw shells. The batteries replied, and then the smaller shipping on both sides joined in.

Preble had ordered Decatur and Somers, who commanded the American gun-boats, to attack the division of the enemy that lay near the main, or eastern entrance to the harbor. There were six large gun-boats at this point, and they were the farthest to windward as well

as the most remote from support, though quite within range of shot from all parts of the works.

Decatur's division of boats, three in number, being to windward in the American line, could fetch into the point aimed, while one boat belonging to Somers' division did the same; but Somers himself in one boat, and Lt. Bambridge in another, both of the leeward division, were not able to close to windward, and they turned on the enemy to leeward. One of Decatur's divisions, however, did not close in consequence of some mistake in a signal. The desperate and remarkable conflict that followed among these gun-boats has been already described by us, and will be again in our sketch of Decatur's life, with farther details, and we shall consequently pass over it here. It is known that three of the Tripolitans were boarded, and brought out of their line, while the remaining boats were driven in behind the rocks under the cover of their own batteries.

While this bloody hand-to-hand conflict was going on close in with the rocks, the brigs and schooners engaged the division to leeward, and the division inside the rocks, assisted by Somers in his single boat, who had no other means to prevent his vessel from drifting in among the enemy, than to keep a few sweeps backing her off, throwing grape, canister and musket balls the whole time, in showers, upon the Turks. Once or twice the division inside manifested an intention to pass through the opening, and come out to the assistance of their brethren, but the grape and canister of the brigs and schooners as often drove them back. These movements were distinct and methodical, and each time the repulse was the result of signals from Preble himself, who did his duty nobly this day as a commander-in-chief, having his eye on all parts of the line, and neglecting nothing. The *Constitution* was engaged early, and her own fire was kept up with a vigor that has often been the subject of praise. She seemed to control the fight, moving along just within range of grape, as the deity of the combat. She silenced all the nearer batteries as she passed them, though they opened again as soon as she was out of range. We have heard a gentleman, who was then one of the prisoners in Tripoli, describe the enthusiasm excited among them by the daring, and cool manner in which Preble handled his own ship on this occasion. They had but a single window in the castle where they were confined, which commanded a view



of only a part of the scene of action, the end of the rocks where Decatur engaged being out of sight; but they beheld enough to fill them all with exultation and delight. When the Constitution was seen standing in, she was deliberately shortening sail, with the men on the yards and every thing going on as regularly as if about to anchor in a friendly port. Then she edged off and let the Turks have it. In the course of the action the ship suffered a good deal, principally aloft. Preble himself had a very narrow escape, a shot coming in through a stern port as the frigate was wearing, for this was the time when the Turks vented all their spite on her, and there is little doubt it would have cut the commodore in two, had it not struck the breech of a quarter-deck gun and broken into fragments. Luckily it did no other damage than to wound a marine, though the fragments flew about a quarter-deck that was filled with men. The ship had a heavy shot through her main-mast, and her main-royal yard shot away. She met with a good deal of other damage, though it was principally aloft.

After covering the retreat of his bomb vessels, gun-boats and prizes, with the Constitution, Preble hauled off among the last, and rendezvoused, with all his force beyond the range of shot. His commanders then repaired on board the flag ship to make their reports, receive their orders, and to learn, in that centre of intelligence, the incidents and casualties of the day. It was now that a scene occurred which it will not do to pass over in silence, inasmuch as it is closely connected with the personal character of the subject of this memoir, delineating his good, as well as his bad qualities. Preble had made his disposition for this attack with great care and preparation, and he anticipated from it even more important results than it had actually produced. In placing six of his gun-boats so near the eastern entrance of the harbor, while the rest were either within the reef, or half a mile distant, his enemy had made a very judicious disposition of his force, to contend against attacks similar to those which had hitherto been made on the place in the course of this war; but one that was very injudicious, when operations directed by Preble and executed by Decatur were to be resisted. The commodore felt sure of seizing all these boats, and there is little question that his hopes would have been realized but for unforeseen accidents. Somers had got a little too far to leeward, his boat was an indifferent sailer, and he and Bainbridge were prevented from fetching into this division, and were compelled to engage to leeward, as has been seen, which they did in the most gallant manner. A third boat, one that belonged to Decatur's own division, did not close at all, engaging at a distance; her commander justifying his course on a subsequent inquiry, by showing that a signal of recall had been made from the frigate. Such a signal had actually been hoisted by mistake, though it was only for a moment, and it is probable the fact served to increase Preble's dissatisfaction. The six gun-boats procured from the Neapolitans were of only twenty-five tons each, and were fit for nothing but harbor duty, while those of the Tripolitans were much larger, and were built to be used on the coast. Thus,

those that were compelled to remain in the offing were built principally to remain inside, while those that were compelled to remain inside would have done perfectly well in the offing. The six boats mentioned would, consequently, have been a very important acquisition to the blockading and assaulting force; and Preble, properly appreciating the daring and enterprise of Decatur and his companions, believed that in sending his six small boats against this division he would become master of the whole of it. These boats, too, were the only trophies of his victory, the effect of his attack on the batteries, and the rest of the shipping, being less apparent and less captivating to the public eye.

Decatur's exploit, in itself, was one of the most extraordinary and brilliant in naval annals, but it had obtained only half of the anticipated success. As a commander-in-chief Preble looked to results, and in these he had been keenly disappointed. It is probable, moreover, that his mind and senses had been too much occupied with the other portions of the stirring scene of that day, to leave him master, by means of his own observations, of the precise difficulties with which Decatur had to contend, or the supremely gallant manner with which he had overcome them.

Preble was in the frame of mind that such circumstances would be likely to produce on a temperament naturally so fiery, and with that temperament undoubtedly much aggravated by the disease which so soon after terminated his life, when Decatur appeared on the quarter-deck of the Constitution to report his acts, and to learn the news like most of the rest of the commanders. The young man was in a roundabout, or in his fighting gear, just as he had come out of the combat; his face begrimed with powder, armed to the teeth, and with his breast covered with the blood that had flown from a wound received in his celebrated encounter with the captain of one of the two boats he had taken, almost as it might be with his own hand. At such a moment Decatur was the centre of observation of all on the quarter-deck of old Ironsides. He approached Preble in a quiet way, and said, "Well, commodore, I have brought you out *three* of the gun-boats." To Decatur's astonishment, and doubtless to that of all who witnessed this extraordinary scene, Preble seized his young subordinate with both hands by the collar, shook him violently, as one would shake an offending boy, and cried bitterly—"Ay, sir, why did you not bring me *more*?" At the next instant Preble turned, and disappeared in his own cabin.

The whole thing had been so sudden, was so very different from what every body had anticipated, and was of a character so very unusual for the quarter-deck of a ship of war, that all who witnessed it were astounded. Decatur himself was strongly excited and indignant, and it is said he made a spontaneous movement with one hand for the dirk he wore in his bosom. Then he ordered his boat, and was about to quit the ship. Had he been permitted to leave the Constitution in that frame of mind, it is probable that consequences of a very unpleasant character would have followed. Decatur was then a captain in rank, though he did not learn the fact until four days later, and his equality of

commission would have been very likely to render the difficulty more serious. Down to that moment, however, he had been accustomed to regard Preble as one much his superior in degree, and it is not easy to impress on laymen the influence that rank possesses in the military professions.

The older officers present crowded around Decatur, and entreated him to pause, and above all not to leave the Constitution at that moment. They reminded him of the notoriously fiery temper of the commodore, and assured him that no one would be more sorry for what had just occurred than Preble himself, as soon as he recovered his self-possession. They called to his recollection that, to use their own expression, while they "despised him for his temper," they all respected the commodore's qualities as a commander, and even his justice in his cooler moments. Decatur was still in suspense surrounded by his friends and old messmates, when the cabin steward came to say "Com. Preble wished to see Capt. Decatur below." After a moment's hesitation, Decatur complied, as indeed he was bound to do; such a request being usually considered as an order on board a man-of-war, coming from a superior to an inferior. In a few minutes, an officer who could presume on his rank, and who felt uneasy at leaving the two together, descended also to the cabin. He found Preble and Decatur seated very amicably, within a few feet of each other, both silent, and both in tears!

Explanations and apologies had doubtless been made by Preble, and from that moment all was forgotten. It is to the credit of both parties, that the occurrence appears to have left no rankling in the breast of either, each ever after doing full justice to the merit of the other. Decatur, indeed, was one of Preble's warmest friends, and so continued to the hour of the latter's death.

Notwithstanding the attack of the 3d August fell short in its results of Preble's expectations, there is little doubt that it produced a deep impression on the Turks. The gun-boats of the latter trusted themselves no more outside of the reef, and they got to be so shy that they would retire as soon as they found the American boats coming within the range of musket balls. The Bashaw perceived that he had a vigorous leader to oppose, and his notions of impunity, living where he did in his castle within massive walls, were materially impaired.

As for Preble he pursued his operations with characteristic vigor. The 4th, 5th and 6th, were employed in altering the rig of the captured boats, and in preparing them to be brought into line for future service. They were numbered 7, 8 and 9, and given to Lts. Crane, Caldwell and Thorne.\* Early on the morning of the 7th, Preble made a signal for all the light vessels to weigh, when they proceeded to take stations that had been pointed out to them respectively. The action did not commence until half past two, when the mortar vessels and the gun-boats opened on the batteries and town; the latter with good effect, though the bombs, from some defect in their filling, as well as from the

bad qualities of the vessels, never appeared to be of much service. The Tripolitan galleys and gun-boats made a demonstration toward passing the rocks to come out and attack the American gun-boats, but the latter were covered by the Siren and Vixen, while the frigate, with one or two of the other vessels, lay to windward in a position to overawe them. On one occasion this day, Stewart in the Siren manifested an intention to close with the enemy's galleys without a signal, for which he afterward received a stern rebuke from the commodore, who was disposed to hold his whole command in hand, like a skillful coachman managing his team. It was almost as unsafe to rush into the fight without orders from Preble, as it would have been to run away. In a word, he was a commander-in-chief, and did all the duties of that responsible station as much in battle as at any other time.

It was in this attack that No. 8, Lt. Caldwell, blew up. The calamity occurred when the cannonading had lasted only an hour, but it had no effect whatever on Preble's operations. Every thing proceeded as if no such calamity had occurred, and it did not in the least lessen the weight of the American fire. He allowed the action to continue two hours longer, when their ammunition being expended, he called the gun-boats off by signal. This was a hard day's work for those who were in the gun-boats, the latter suffering considerably, beside losing one of their number by the explosion. That evening Preble was joined by the John Adams 28, Capt. Chauncey, direct from home. This ship, however, could not be brought within range of the batteries, having placed her guns in her hold, and the carriages in other vessels, in order to convey stores to the squadron already on the station.

The arrival of the John Adams produced a short pause in Preble's activity. Since the two attacks the Bashaw had become more disposed to treat, and Preble, in consequence of learning through his despatches, that a strong squadron would be likely to appear in a few days, thought it would be more in conformity with his duty to renew the negotiations. The result, however, was not fortunate. The Bashaw had commenced by demanding a thousand dollars a man, ransom, and the customary tribute in future. He now fell in his demands to five hundred dollars a man, ransom, and waived the claim to future tribute altogether. Preble would not accede to even these terms, as he hoped the appearance of the relief squadron would compel the Tripolitans to make peace on the conditions usually recognized by civilized nations.

During this informal truce, Preble had a very narrow escape. On the night of the 9th, he went on board the Argus, and directed Capt. Hull to run close in with the rocks, in order that he might reconnoitre the state of the port. This was done, but the vessel being seen, was fired at by the batteries, and a heavy shot raked her bottom for several feet, glancing under water, and ripping the plank out for half its thickness. An inch or two of variation in the direction of this shot, would have sent the brig to the bottom in a very few minutes; the injury having been between wind

\* It is singular that the two last of these officers were blown up, at an interval of six years between the events.

and water, and of a nature that scarcely admitted of any remedy at the moment.

Preble waited in vain for the appearance of the squadron, which Chauncy had told him he might hourly expect, until the 16th, when he determined to renew his operations with the means he possessed. Despatching the *Enterprise* to Malta, with directions to have water sent to the squadron, he ordered Decatur and Chauncy to reconnoitre as close in as was prudent, in boats. These officers found the gun-boats and galleys of the enemy were moored in a line between the mole and the castle, so as to form a defence to the inner harbor, or galley mole, being flanked and otherwise supported themselves by the works. An attack would have been made the day that succeeded this reconnoitering, but a gale of wind coming on from the northward, the squadron was obliged to quit its anchors. When it had obtained an offing and was lying-to, it fell in with the supplies from Malta, and learned that no intelligence had been received from the expected reinforcement. This last information caused Preble to decide that he would continue his operations with his own limited means.

It was the 24th, however, before the weather permitted the squadron to stand in again toward the town. The *Constitution* anchored in the evening just without the drop of the enemy's shot, and sent her boats to tow the bomb vessels to their station. Shells were thrown most of the night, the enemy not returning a gun. There is no doubt that the vessels were anchored too far off from their object, and that few of their missiles reached the points aimed at.

On the 28th, Preble issued his orders for a combined attack by his whole force. On this occasion, the commodore determined to leave his bomb vessels out of the affair, and to go to work with solid shot, and as close aboard as he could get. The gun-boats proceeded to their stations by midnight, so that they were soon close in with the rocks at the eastern entrance, where they had a partial protection under the reef, well assured the enemy's small craft would not dare to come near them, after the lesson they had received in the affair of the 3d. The gun-boats were covered by the *Argus*, *Siren*, *Enterprise*, *Vixen*, and *Nautilus*. Here the former anchored, and opened a heavy fire on the shipping and works. At daylight the *Constitution* weighed and stood in, the enemy's batteries immediately turning most of their attention on her, as the largest and most formidable of their assailants. Preble found his own eight gun-boats quite closely engaged with the sixteen that were left to the enemy, as well as with their galleys, and apprised that little ammunition remained in his own flotilla, he ordered it, by signal, to withdraw, while he occupied the attention of its foes with his own ship. The frigate soon sank one gun-boat, drove two on shore and scattered the rest.

Preble did not haul off when this important service was rendered, but stood on until he was within musket shot of the mole, where he backed his top-sail and lay near an hour, giving and taking until all his small craft were safely out of harm's way. This was probably the hottest affair that had yet occurred. All the

vessels were more or less injured aloft, and many grape struck the frigate; still the latter had not a man hurt! The *Constitution* lost shrouds, back-stays, trusses, spring-stays, lifts, and a great deal of running rigging was cut, while her hull received very little damage. The Tripolitans suffered a good deal, and, among other accidents that happened on shore, Capt. Bainbridge was near being killed by one of the shot of his countrymen, which penetrated his prison, covering him with stones and *débris*.

No further attack occurred until the 3d Sept., the interval having been employed in preparations. The enemy had not been idle, but had got up three of their boats which had been sunk in the previous affair, and had added to their means of defence in other respects. They had also learned some lessons from experience. Instead of remaining in front of the town to await the assault, a position which took every shot that missed them into the place itself, they got under way the moment they saw the Americans in motion, and worked up to the weather side of their own harbor, under Fort English and another battery in its neighborhood, where they had also the benefit of some extensive shoals to protect them against the brigs and schooners.

This new disposition of the enemy's force compelled Preble to make a corresponding change in the disposition of his own. The only point favorable for bombarding was more to the westward, while the enemy's flotilla lay to the eastward. The commodore determined, therefore, to send all his light vessels to engage the Tripolitan flotilla, while he undertook the office of covering the bomb vessels on himself. It having been ascertained that the range of the mortars was less than had been supposed, the two vessels were anchored nearer than on the former occasions, which left them a good deal exposed to the fire of the batteries.

Decatur, who was now a captain, commanded to windward and pressed the enemy closely. The Tripolitans stood his assault until the musketry began to tell, when they retired more up the harbor. A part of the American boats pressed the retreating flotilla, while the rest, covered by the brigs and schooners, engaged the works to windward.

Preble now stood in with the frigate to cover his mortar vessels, and running quite near the rocks he hove to, at a point whence he could bring his broadside to bear on all the principal works; but, at a point also where no less than seventy guns, principally those that were heavy, could, and did bear on him. The fire of Old Ironsides on this occasion greatly surpassed that of any previous attack, and was quite in proportion to the exposed position she was compelled to occupy. Preble threw more than three hundred round shot at the enemy, besides quantities of grape and canister before he left his position, having previously directed the small vessels to retire.

In the affair of the 3d, the gun-boats were an hour in action, during which time they threw four hundred round shot at the enemy; averaging among the eight the large number of fifty shot for each gun. When the American squadron returned home, a Spanish nominal six-and-twenty, that belonged to one of the

Tripolitan prizes, was shown, which was said to have been loaded and fired in this action near seventy times, as fast as it could be spunged, rammed home, and touched off. The small vessels all suffered more or less aloft as a matter of course, and the Argus received some damage in her hull. The bomb vessels were much crippled; one of them was near sinking, and she had all her rigging cut away. Preble was much pleased with the conduct of the whole squadron in this affair.

The Constitution was much exposed in the affair of the 3d September, and she did not escape altogether with impunity, though it was wonderful that she was so little injured. Her own heavy fire probably alone protected her from very serious damage. When it is remembered that she was opposed to quite double the number of guns she could herself bring to bear in broadside, and that these guns were fought behind masonry, the reader will at once understand the odds with which she had to contend. Although some recent events that have occurred in conflicts between the fleets of the most civilized nations of Europe and the water batteries of semi-civilized, if not of semi-barbarous nations, may lead the public mind astray in such matters, no truths of this nature are better established than the facts that ships cannot fight forts where there is a just proportion between their respective forces, as well as equality in other respects, and that forts cannot stop ships under similar circumstances.

In addition to this general truth, Preble was obliged to fight his ship under marked disadvantages. The power of a ship in conflicts with batteries on the shore, is best exhibited when she can lie so close as to enable her concentrated fire to tell, and it is for this reason that the seaman always wishes to get his vessel as near to the work he is to attack, as possible. Could the Constitution have been placed in close contact with any single work in Tripoli, there is little question that the close discharge of the forty guns she then carried in broadside, would have soon demolished that particular work, while the enemy could have brought only some eight or ten guns, at most, to bear on her. But several reasons existed why Preble could not profit by this peculiar mode of securing advantages to vessels. It would not have done to risk his single ship, situated as he was, at such a distance from home, in so close a struggle with an enemy so powerful. Then the reef so often mentioned, reduced him to the necessity either of coming to very close quarters within it, or of giving the castle, Fort English, and the other batteries of the Tripolitans, the great advantage of cannonading him at the distance of about a mile; the very range for shot that such works would choose in repelling an attack from a ship, since their own missiles would penetrate wood, while those of the vessel would produce a very diminished effect on stone walls. In addition, a vessel at that distance, lying in front, would probably be exposed to most of the fire of the place.

On the 3d September the Constitution received the whole fire of Tripoli, while the small vessels were retiring, and it is good cause of surprise that she hauled

off herself with so little loss. As it was, three shells passed through her canvas, one of which hit the bolt-rope of the maintop-sail, and nearly tore the sail in two. Her rigging, both standing and running, was much cut by shot, as were her sails generally. Most of the damages were temporarily repaired during the height of the action.

Preble had now been just a month before Tripoli, with his whole force. During this brief space he had made no less than five attacks on the place, four of which produced serious impressions. His own ship had been three times hotly engaged, rendering the most material service. Under ordinary men, this would have been thought sufficiently active service of itself, but it would never have satisfied Preble, had it been in his power to do more. The time between the 7th and the 24th August, rather more than one half of this month, was lost in fruitless expectation of the squadron under Com. Burron, and by the occurrence of a gale of wind. Thus, in point of fact, so far as the energies of the man were concerned, these five attacks should be considered as having occurred in fourteen working days. Even allowing time to repair damages, after the attack of the 7th, seventeen or eighteen of these busy days would be a liberal allowance. We dwell on these circumstances, as they are closely connected with Preble's character, and demonstrate its energy. That it belonged to his true character, is further proved by the pause he made when Capt. Chauncey's arrival gave him reason to suppose a strong reinforcement was near, for which he waited with patience, as most conducive to the true interests of his country. Many officers would have been aroused to renewed exertions, by the wish of earning all the laurels they could, previously to being superseded; but no such motive influenced Preble. On the contrary, he restrained his natural disposition to act, for the good of all, and only resumed the offensive when he found that the fine season was fast passing away in idleness. We see much to admire in Preble's short career as a commander, but we see no trait which so distinctly shows that he was governed purely by high and noble motives, as this pause in this otherwise ceaseless activity of mind and movement.

By reference to our dates, the reader will see that the two first attacks on Tripoli occurred within four days of each other, and the three last within ten. Even while making these last assaults on the place, Preble was meditating the bold and serious project of sending in the *Internal*, as the ketch *Intrepid* was not unaptly termed. We shall not go over again the details of this melancholy enterprise, which have already been given in our sketch of Somers, but confine ourselves in the present article to the more immediate connection of our subject with the event.

The project of sending in a vessel like the *Intrepid*, to explode in the inner harbor of Tripoli, in the midst of all the shipping, was doubtless Preble's own. It was admirably conceived, and the preparations for it were made with the utmost care. The ketch had arrived from Maita with a cargo of fresh water, while the squadron was blown into the offing, and she was

no sooner discharged than the arrangements commenced for this important service.

Preble gave much of his own time and attention to the equipment of the ketch. Somers was with him repeatedly on the business, and not only did Preble use much caution in issuing his instructions, but he experimented personally, with port-fires and other means of firing the train, in order to make sure that all the calculations were strictly accurate.

Even in recording this, the saddest of all the exploits as yet connected with American naval enterprise, we shall be excused for directing the attention of the reader to Preble's untiring activity. The last assault on the town had been made on the 3d of September; the *Intrepid* was sent in on the night of the 5th, making, in truth, six attacks in a month and one day. The country knows the result of this attempt, it was hoped, would be to coerce the Bashaw to treat as with an equal. During the forty years that have since rolled by, no new light has been thrown on the cause of the disaster. It is a secret with the brave thirteen who had volunteered to man the ketch, and they perished to a man in the catastrophe.

It is certain that Preble, in his official narrative of the events before Tripoli, a well-written, manly, and seaman-like communication, it may be said in passing, gives it as his opinion that Somers and his party blew themselves up, in order to prevent falling into the hands of the enemy. He thought that one of the largest Tripolitan gun-boats was missing next morning, and the people of the port were seen hauling up on shore three others that appeared to be much shattered. From these circumstances, Preble inferred that the large boat had boarded the ketch, and that the others were approaching to sustain her, when Somers, in conformity with a resolution previously expressed, blew himself up. Preble left the station so soon after the occurrence of the event itself, as to leave him little opportunity to ascertain the facts, and his report was made out as soon as he got to Malta.

There is little doubt that the explosion of the *Intrepid* was the result of an accident, or was produced by the shot of the enemy. The batteries were firing at the time, and the *Constitution* keeping well in the offing, to prevent suspicion, the shot from a gun *inside* the ketch might very well have hit its object before its report reached the frigate, not having a tenth of the distance to go. These circumstances may have blended the two reports, that of the explosion and that of the gun, in one. Some untoward accident may have occurred aboard. Had a shot passed through the ketch and hit a nail, or a bolt, it might very well have produced an explosion on board a vessel into which powder had been started in bulk. The gun-boat that blew up in the action of the 7th August was probably struck by a cold shot, although Preble naturally enough supposed it, at the time, to have been a hot shot; there being no other proof that the Tripolitans used hot shot at all.

But the journal of Bainbridge sets at rest the question, so far as the loss of the enemy was concerned. He says distinctly that the explosion did no injury whatever. He then enumerates the number of the

dead, and the places where they were found. The dead were just thirteen, corresponding exactly with the number of persons in the ketch. Preble had intended that number to be only twelve, viz. two officers and ten men; but a third officer, Lieut. Israel, smuggled himself on board, increasing the party by one. Now Bainbridge recorded all these particulars at the time, and before he knew any thing of the character of the ketch, who were in her, or any thing beyond the facts of the loss, and the finding of the bodies. Had any Turks been killed, their bodies would also have been found; but thirteen alone were ascertained to have been destroyed. It is true that the bodies could not be distinguished, some of them scarce retaining the vestiges of humanity, rendering it difficult, in some of the cases, to say whether the sufferers were a Christian or a Mahomedan; but the exact correspondence of the number found, with the number known to have been in the ketch, and the well ascertained fact that the *Intrepid* had not reached her point of destination by several hundred yards, would seem to dispose of the question entirely. Preble was mistaken, beyond a doubt. No Turk was injured, nor was any damage done to the shipping of the port. The gun-boats that were seen hauling up, were probably damaged in the attack of the previous day, and the one that had disappeared may have shifted her berth, as one locks the stable after the horse has been stolen. It is possible that one of the boats nearest the ketch may have been sunk, but none of the prisoners in Tripoli appear to have heard of any damage whatever, that was done the enemy. As Dr. Cowdery, in particular, was permitted to go a good deal at large, and even Bainbridge got very accurate information through the Danish Consul, it is hardly possible any serious damage could have been done, and they not learn it.

Preble's anxiety was intense the whole of the night of the 4th. On the morning of the 5th, however, his narrative-journal commences with the following characteristic paragraph: "We were employed in supplying the gun-boats with ammunition, &c., and repairing the bomb vessels for another attack." &c. The weather compelled him to relinquish this design: and on the 7th, the season showed so many evidences of its character, that he ordered the guns, mortars, shot and shells to be taken out of the Neapolitan craft and his prizes, and sent the vessels themselves to Syracuse, thus effectually bringing the attacking system to a close for that year. The *John Adams*, *Siren*, *Nautilus* and *Enterprise* were sent to tow these craft into port, leaving Preble, in the *Constitution*, with the *Argus* and *Vixen* in company, to maintain the blockade.

It is impossible to say what the resources and energy of a mind like that of Preble's might have dictated, had he remained long, with even this diminished force, near his enemy. Something he would have attempted, beyond a question, though we have no clue to his intentions, nor do we know that any were yet formed. On the 10th September, or quite a month later than Preble had been induced to expect him, Com. Barrow hove in sight, in the *President 44*,

having the *Constellation* 36, Capt. Campbell, in company. There being now a senior officer present, Preble sailed on the 12th for Malta, where he soon after relinquished the command of the *Constitution*.

Had the arrangements for sending the reinforcement been made after the government was apprised of Preble's spirited operations before Tripoli, it is probable some means would have been devised to leave him still in command. The thing might have been done, easily enough, though the excuse for sending a senior captain was the smallness of the list. It is more probable that the solicitations of officers at home, and the influence of that principle which is so active in the country, called rotation in office, and which is sufficiently vicious as practiced in civil affairs, but which is fatal to any thing like military success, on a scale large enough to meet the wants or to satisfy the pride of a great nation, were at the bottom of the change. When Rodgers assembled his whole force in the bay of Tunis, the succeeding year, then the largest squadron that was ever collected under the flag, he had but four captains present, including himself; and, by substituting the name of Preble for that of Rodgers, this force could have been commanded by one of these officers as well as by the other. The three junior captains, James Barron, Campbell and Decatur, were all younger than Preble. But these things were not thought of at the time, and two seniors were sent out to the station; a circumstance that induced Preble to come home. He accordingly sailed for Syracuse, in the *Argus*, which place he reached on the 24th September. Finding Decatur here, he ordered him to Malta to take charge of his own frigate, feeling a deep gratification in being able to bestow so fine a ship on an officer who had so brilliantly distinguished himself.

Preble had still a great deal to do before he left the Mediterranean, though relieved from his command. His accounts were to be settled, and they occupied him several weeks; especially as the duty carried him to Malta, Syracuse, Messina and Palermo. Barron, too, had occasion for his services. Preble had gone on board the *John Adams* 28, Capt. Chauncey, late in October, and having closed up his affairs at Palermo, he sailed for Naples, December 2d, in order to ascertain if he could not obtain additional and better vessels from the Neapolitan government, for the ensuing season. The negotiation failed, and he sailed for home, December 29d. The ship called in at Gibraltar, and visited Tangiers, in order to see if all remained tranquil in that quarter. Finding nothing to detain him, the commodore proceeded on, anchoring at New York, February 29th, 1805. He repaired to Washington, with as little delay as possible, which place he reached the day of Mr. Jefferson's second inauguration, or March 4th, 1805.

This terminated the celebrated cruise of Preble, after an absence from home of only one year, six months and twelve days. Its operations having been stated already, with sufficient minuteness, it remains only to add a few particulars, and to speak of its effects, not only on the country and on the Barbary Powers, but on the civilized world. On the country,

the effect was to induce it to love and cherish its marine, of which it now became justly proud. It was something for a nation, whose political independence had not been acknowledged but one-and-twenty years, to carry on a war four thousand miles from home, and make so deep an inroad upon what had been the settled policy of Europe for ages. Previously to Preble's quitting his command, the Dushaw was willing to relinquish all claims to tribute forever, and, in the peace that shortly succeeded, this relic of a barbarous policy was totally abandoned. Tunis submitted to a similar provision the same year, and Algiers followed on the first occasion. There is no question that the general abolition of tribute, and of the system of making slaves of Christians captured in war, were but the direct consequences of the vigor and spirit manifested by Preble before the town of Tripoli. The Pope, whose coasts were peculiarly exposed to ravages from the corsairs of Africa, and are lined by towers built expressly to repel their inroads, publicly declared that the Americans had done more to suppress the lawlessness of the Barbarians, than all the rest of Christendom, united!

The effect of Preble's discipline on the navy was in the highest degree beneficial. No complaints were made of vessels not doing their duty, in presence of the enemy, as so often happens in naval warfare. His squadron got into no confusion, and no excuses were heard of a want of preparation. He had inspired his subordinates with such a spirit, that the signal for battle was looked for with eagerness; and, once flying, every man knew his station, and he occupied it with certainty and despatch. Preble commanded his squadron; and so thoroughly was every man in it sensible of this fact, that his overseeing eye was sufficient to ensure obedience. In this particular, no naval force was probably ever in better condition than the little squadron under his orders. When Preble left it, it was like a band of brothers; but, in a few months, it was torn to pieces by factions. It is true that a portion of these dissensions might have been the natural consequence of bringing together men from different squadrons, but there is no question that Preble had the faculty of imparting to his inferiors such a sympathy in his own ardent desire to advance the duty on which he was employed, as to place country before self. Nothing could be less alike, in this respect, than the squadron Preble left behind him, on quitting Tripoli, and that which was to be found there six months later.

The effect produced on the Barbary Powers by Preble's service before Tripoli, as it was connected with the treaties that succeeded, has already been incidentally mentioned. Since the year 1804, a trifling instance to the contrary during the war with England excepted, the American name and American rights have been respected on all of that inhospitable coast. The ice was broken, and the Turk had learned to respect the prowess of a distant, and, as he had imagined, a feeble people. England herself had not so great a name among these semi-barbarians, as that Preble had purchased for his country.

It is proper to mention the loss with which Preble effected so much. Between the 3d August, when he

fired the first gun at the Tripolitans, and the 4th September, when he may be said to have fired the last, the Americans had only thirty men killed, and twenty-four wounded; making a total of fifty-four casualties. Among the slain were one master and commander, four lieutenants and one midshipman. Among the wounded, one captain and one lieutenant. Compared to the magnitude of the services performed, and the results obtained, this may be taken as a demonstration of the prudence and judgment manifested in conducting the different attacks.

When Preble left the station, the officers who had served under him addressed to him a letter that was intended to convey their high sense of his character and services. Such letters are usually improper, and, indeed, ought not to be received; but this originated in a generous motive—the fact that Preble had been superseded in command appearing to call for some testimony from that quarter. The communication was short, but it said all that such a document could well say. Preble was not only not liked, at the commencement of the cruise, he was almost hated, by many under his orders, on account of the hotness of his temper, and the tightness of the hand he held over them. But if Preble were passionate, he was just. The merit of every man was observed, appreciated, and rewarded. Coupling this high feeling with his military qualities, respect had ripened into esteem, and it may be questioned if the commodore left an enemy behind him when he sailed from Syracuse; the Tripolitans excepted. The letter in question was signed by one captain, (Decatur,) four commanders, two lieutenants commandant, twenty-four lieutenants, five masters, eight surgeons, five pursers, three marine officers, and the only chaplain there was.\*

\* The names of the senior officers have appeared sufficiently often in this sketch to render them familiar, but the reader may like to know who were the younger lieutenants that served under Preble in this war. They and their subsequent fates were as follows, viz.—

Gordon, died a captain,	1817.
Taylor, do. do.	1815.
Edwort, died a lieutenant,	1812.
Morris, now a commodore.	
Reed, died a lieutenant.	1812.
Dexter, died a commander,	1818.
Bennet, died a lieutenant,	1810.
Nicholson, resigned,	1810.
Lawrence, killed a captain,	1813.
Bambarger, died a captain,	1824.
Thorn, blown up,	1810.
McDonough, died a commodore,	1825.
Carroll, resigned a commander.	
Maxwell, died a lieutenant,	1806.
Burrows, killed a master com.	1813.
Spence, died a captain,	1827.
Van Schaack, resigned,	1807.
Trippe, died a lieutenant com.	1810.
Crane, now a commodore.	
Reed, died a master com.	1813.
Ridgely, now a commodore.	
Lord, resigned,	1810.
Haswell, do.	1810.
Marcellin, died,	1810.

Thus, of these twenty-four lieutenants, who served under Preble, between the 3d August and the 4th September, 1801, only three remain in the navy, and only three are believed to be living. Among the list of names that signed the letter to Preble, we can discover but one more (Stewart) that has not departed for the other world. It is much the same event with the midshipmen, not one now remaining in service, unless it be the present Commodore Cassin, who was then an acting master.

At Washington, Preble was consulted by the government, and he recommended it to build suitable bomb-ketches, and to cause some heavy gun-boats to be constructed especially in reference to the present war. Both were done; the duty of superintending the building of the ketches being assigned to himself. On inquiry, finding he could not get the ketches ready in time for the expected operations before Tripoli, he was authorized to purchase two substantial vessels, and have them fitted with mortars; thus extending his duty against the enemy to this country. The bomb-vessels and gun-boats were sent out in the spring of 1805, and all but one arrived in safety; though peace was concluded previously to their reaching the station. This peace, it should never be forgotten, was the consequence of the spirited operations of the summer of 1804; the Tripolitans not deeming it prudent to await the results of the operations of a force so much larger, in the summer of 1805.

Preble had received much kindness from Sir Alexander Ball, one of Nelson's captains, who had been made Governor of Malta. This excellent officer, and amiable man, had expressed a wish to procure two fishing-smacks of the American build, and Preble took this occasion to purchase two, which were carried to Malta and delivered to the admiral, who received them, not as presents, but by paying for them, at their original cost.

Preble had a proper sensibility on the subject of his being superseded, as well as a just appreciation of the worth of Sir Alexander Ball's good opinion. He accordingly sent to that officer a copy of the letter he had received from the Secretary of the Navy, wherein that high functionary explained the necessity, or what he conceived to be the necessity, of sending to the Mediterranean two captains senior to himself. In reply to Preble's letter, Ball says—"I have communicated this to all I know. They join me in regretting that an officer whose talents and professional abilities have been justly appreciated, and whose manners and conduct eminently fit him for so high a command, should be removed from it."

In another letter, in reply to a communication of his thanks for services received from Preble, Ball says—"I beg to repeat my congratulations on the services you have rendered your country," &c.—"If I were to offer my humble opinion, it would be, that you have done well in not purchasing a peace with money—a few brave men have been sacrificed, but they could not have fallen in a better cause: and I conceive it better to risk more lives than to submit to terms that might encourage the Barbary States to add fresh demands and insults."

Preble's exertions and services were not forgotten by the nation. Congress voted him, and through him to the officers and men who had served under his orders, their solemn thanks. It also voted a suitable medal in gold to the commodore, and swords to different officers, who had distinguished themselves in the different affairs. As this resolution was approved by the President March 5th, 1805, or the day after Preble reached Washington, it must have been so timed, in order to give him a suitable, and no doubt

most gratifying, greeting on reaching the seat of government.

As for the nation itself, its reception of Preble partook of none of those noisy demonstrations of joy that have attended the return of other successful officers; but his services made a very deep impression. The character he had acquired, through deeds that required more of intellect than is usual in the mere combats of ships, partook of its own peculiarity, and he was regarded as an officer who had manifested some of the higher qualities of his profession, rather than simply as a bold and skillful sea captain.

The impression made by Preble at Washington would seem to have been particularly favorable. In 1806, if not earlier, Jefferson offered him a seat in his cabinet, by wishing to place him at the head of the Navy Department. It would seem that there is no doubt of this fact, as well as that the offer was subsequently renewed. The President had become sensible of the necessity of a considerable navy, and wished to reorganize that of this country under the advice of an officer of whom he had formed so favorable an opinion. Preble, at first, declined; but several officers of rank urging him to accept, among the foremost of whom was Decatur, he felt disposed to comply. Had it not been for the state of his health, which now began to give way seriously, under the derangement of the digestive organs, it is supposed he would have been put at the head of the department in question. In making up his mind to accept this civil appointment, we have no means of knowing whether it was, or was not, the intention of Preble to lay down his commission as a sea officer. As he always manifested a strong attachment to his original profession, it is probable he would have retained his rank in the navy, there being nothing contrary to law, or nothing incompatible in the duties, by placing a soldier, or a sailor, at the head of his own particular branch of civil control, but much that is to the contrary. Carnot, when only a captain of engineers, directed the movements and organization of all the armies of France, returning to his modest rank, after the duty had been admirably performed. It is to the credit of both Jefferson and Preble, that when the former offered, and latter consented to accept a seat in the cabinet, the two were opposed to each other in their politics. The good of the navy was their common object.

Ill health, however, prevented Preble from rendering this additional service to his country. His malady assumed the character of a wasting consumption, and in the summer of 1807, the symptoms became so alarming as to give cause to apprehend an early and a fatal termination. His last remedy appears to have been a short trip to sea, but it proved of no avail, and in August he returned to his native place, Portland, to die. The brother next him in years, who was also a seaman, though in the merchant service, was the closest in feeling of all Preble's blood relations. This brother attended him much in his last illness, and to this brother were Preble's last words addressed. They were—"Give me your hand, Enoch—I'm going—give me your hand." His death occurred August the 25th, 1807; and, consequently,

when he was just turned of forty-six years of age.

Com. Preble left a widow, who still survives, and an only child, a son. This child was a mere infant at his father's death. He was subsequently educated at one of the Eastern colleges, and at Gottingen in Germany. When he reached the proper age government sent him the appointment of a midshipman, but it was declined for him, by his mother. This son still survives, and may perpetuate the line of his distinguished father.

In person, Preble, like his father and most of his family, was a man of imposing presence. He was about six feet in height, though rather of an active than of a large frame. Still he was sufficiently muscular, and the style of his personal appearance was a union of gentleman-like outline, with size and force. In uniform, he was a striking figure. His countenance varied with his feelings, and altogether he would be considered, in any part of the world, a man of mark.

Much has been said of the temper of Preble, and some allusion has been made to it here. Certainly it was bad, in the ordinary meaning of the term; though disease had probably a full share in producing it. By nature, he was quick, and in early life impetuous even; but he was said to be affectionate and kind in all the domestic relations. His friends were much attached to him, and no man of a bad heart can secure the love of intimates. Many anecdotes are told in connection with this quickness of temper, one of which was circulated with much gusto by the young men of his squadron, who had suffered themselves, from time to time, by his bursts of passion. The vessels had not a sufficient number of medical men, and Preble was induced to engage a Sicilian, to whom he gave a temporary acting appointment, as a surgeon's mate. This person was to assist in, or to take charge of, the hospital established at Syracuse. When the preliminaries were settled, the doctor inquired if it would be proper for him to wear a uniform. To this Preble answered, certainly; it was expected that every officer should appear in the livery prescribed by law. It was understood the doctor would equip himself, and return next day to receive his orders. At the appointed hour, and while Preble was in his dressing-gown shaving, an officer was ushered in, wearing a richly laced coat, a cocked hat, and *two epaulettes*; at first the commodore could not recognize this personage. He saw the American button, but he himself was the only man on the station authorized to wear *two epaulettes*. Commanders then only wore one, on the right shoulder; and lieutenants, one on the left. After bowing, and looking his surprise, Preble recognized his Sicilian surgeon's mate in this exaggerated guise. Terrible was the burst of passion that followed! Preble profoundly deferred to military rank, and was very particular in respecting all its claims. To have a Sicilian surgeon's mate thus desecrate a captain's uniform was more than he could stand; and the very first outbreak of his passion set the poor Sicilian on the jump. Preble gave chase, in the hope of helping him down stairs, by a posterior



application, and the scene is said to have come to its climax in the street. The man was so frightened us never to return.

But these were infirmities that sink into insignificance when we come to consider the higher qualities of Preble. His career in the present navy was so short, and the greater portion of it kept him so much aloof from the body of his brother officers, that we must look to some unusual cause for the great influence he obtained while living, and the lasting renown he has left attached to his name, now he is dead. If the few days passed in visits during which nothing ostensible was done, be excepted, Preble was only forty-two days before Tripoli, altogether. In that time he captured nothing, excluding the three gun-boats taken in the first attack, nor did he meet with any of that brilliant success which carries away men's imaginations, making the result the sole test of merit, without regard to the means by which it was obtained. Still it may be questioned if any other name in American naval annals has as high a place in the estimation of the better class of judges, as that of Preble. Decatur performed many more brilliant personal exploits; the victory of M'Donough, besides standing first on the score of odds and magnitude, possesses the advantage of bringing in its train far more important, immediate consequences than any other naval achievement of the country; yet it may be doubted if the intelligent do not give to Preble a place in the scale of renown, still higher than that occupied by either of these heroes. Hull broke the charm of a long established and imposing invincibility, yet no man competent to judge of merit of this nature, would think of comparing Hull to Preble, though the latter virtually never took a ship. The names of neither Lawrence, Bainbridge, nor Perry, will ever be placed by the discriminating at the side of that of Preble, though tenfold more has been written to exalt the renown of either, than has been written in behalf of Preble. They, themselves, would have detested to the superiority of the old Mediterranean, commodore, and neither would probably dream of placing his own name on a level with that of Preble's. Chauncy, out of all question, occupied the most arduous and responsible station ever yet filled by an American naval commander, and Preble never performed more gallant personal deeds than Chauncy, or showed higher resolution in face of his enemy; yet Chauncy always spoke of Preble as men name their admitted superiors! Paul Jones alone can claim to be placed on the same elevation as to resources and combinations, but few who are familiar with the details of the events connected with both, would think of placing even Jones fairly at Preble's side. There was a compactness, a power of combination, an integrity of command, and a distinctness of operation about Preble's memorable month, that Jones' justly renowned cruise did not exhibit. It will be vain to contend that Jones' materials were bad, and that his inferiors could scarcely be called his subordinates. There may have been much truth in this, but Jones' cruise showed high resolution and far reaching views, rather than the ability to control, combine and influence, the qualities that Preble so

eminently possessed. Landais would never have deserted Preble twice; he would have had him out of his ship and Dale in his place, for the first offence. Stewart, who, with a singularly sweet temper, has caught his old commander's tact at making himself obeyed, would have managed to get the Frenchman out of the Alliance before he had effected one half of the mischief of which he was the cause.

There can be little doubt that some portion of Preble's reputation is owing to the place he filled in the order of time, as connected with the formation of the present marine. This of itself, however, would not have built up a permanent name, and the subsequent exploits of M'Donough, Decatur, Lawrence, Biddle, Blakey, &c., would have been certain to throw it in the shade. We must look to something more than this priority as to time, for the credit our subject has obtained. We think the solution of the difficulty will be found by making the brief analysis of his services, with which we shall conclude this sketch.

Preble was sent into a distant sea to act against an enemy who was but little understood at home, and under instructions from a cabinet that gave itself scarcely any concern about naval operations of any sort. The most that can be said of the naval administration of this country for the first ten years of the century, is to admit that it was liberal to the officers, and sufficiently well disposed to carry out the laws; but, as a directing spirit capable of wielding the force committed to its care with activity and intelligence, it did not then, nor has it since existed in any emergency. In an intellectual, professional sense, the navy has scarcely had a head, nor is it likely to possess one while the selections of its chiefs are made from among state-court lawyers, ex-masters of merchant vessels, and politicians by trade.

Under such circumstances an officer is sent with a very insufficient force to compel a prince of Barbary to conclude a peace on honorable and equal terms. The small vessels placed under his orders, though admirably adapted to blockading Tripoli, were of very little service in making attacks on the place. Had Decatur never quitted his six pounder schooner, the Enterprize, we probably should never have heard of her name in connection with this war. The same is true of Somers and the Nautilus. In a word, the use that could alone be made of five of the six vessels Preble possessed in the moment of action, was to blockade the port, to cover his flotilla, a power created solely by himself, and to employ their officers and people in such services as he could create for them in emergencies. Useful as these little cruisers might be, and were, in certain portions of the duty, they were of very little account as part of the assailing force.

Insufficient as were his means originally, Preble was not, even before he had reached the scene of action, by the unpleasant tidings that these means were diminished quite one third, through the accidental loss of one of his frigates. Not only did this loss subtract from his own force, but it added almost in an equal degree to that of the enemy. The Philadelphia was a stout eighteen pounder frigate, and used as a floating battery only, and equally well fought she

would have proved almost a counterpoise to the only battering ship Preble now had. This he saw, and he took his measures early to destroy her. The instructions given to Decatur on that occasion, prove how fully Preble's mind was impressed with all the contingencies of such an enterprise: how clearly he foresaw success, and how far he wished to improve it. The possibility of converting the Intrepid into a fire-ship, was calculated,\* and orders given accordingly. The sudden shifting of the wind rendered it impossible to profit by this hint; but the order itself shows how fully and comprehensively Preble understood the matters he had in hand. Decatur was ordered to take fixed ammunition for the Philadelphia's guns, and to use them against the town, should it be in his power. He found these guns loaded, and the flames drove him out of the ship; but they did a part of the duty of gunners for him. On the destruction of this ship depended the success of the approaching season, in a word, and Preble laid his plan and chose his agent accordingly. The success was as much his, as success ever belongs to the head that conceives and combines, when the hand is not employed to execute.

This accomplished, Preble commenced that scene of active preparation of which we have already endeavored to give the reader some idea. Nearly all the available force that could be employed against Tripoli was to be created four thousand miles from home, with one hand, while the dissatisfied Barbary States were to be held in check with the other.

This scene of preparatory activity ended, the new one began, of attacking stone walls and a strong flotilla with a single frigate; a twenty-four pounder ship, it is true, but supported only by six very badly constructed gun-boats. The batteries had many heavy pieces, and the three boats captured on the 3d August, mounted nominal twenty-sixes, which threw shot that weighed twenty-nine pounds. At this time all the heavy American shot fell two or three pounds short of their nominal weight. Against these odds, then, Preble had to contend. Nevertheless he had his advantages. His enemy possessed no accurate gunners, and were otherwise deficient in the resources of an advanced civilization. Under these circumstances, Preble risked just as much as was prudent. So nicely balanced were his movements between extreme audacity and the most wary and seaman-like caution, that we never find a vessel of any sort exposed without a sufficient object, or, an accident excepted, exposed in vain. His operations commenced, nothing checked their vigor but the most discreet forbearance. When Barron was hourly expected, he paused with a magnanimity that in itself denoted a high and loyal character; but, when the dire calamity occurred to Somers, and when Caldwell was blown up, he went to

work the next hour, as it might be, to push his operations just as if nothing unusual had occurred. Under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and with cruelly insufficient means, he lowered the pretensions of his enemy one half, in ten days, and had brought them down to next to nothing by the end of a month! We say cruelly insufficient means, for, in effect, the Constitution alone, with her thirty guns in broadside, had frequently to contend with more than a hundred guns in batteries.

But, no better circumstance can be cited in favor of Preble's professional character and circumstances, than the hold he obtained on the minds of his officers. Personally, they had much to induce them to dislike him, yet we cannot recall an instance in which we have ever heard one of them find any fault with the least of his movements. Every body seems to think that every thing that was done, was done for the best. We hear no complaints of injudicious, or unreasonable operations, and what is still more unusual in combined movements, of commanders who did not do their whole duty. Inequality of conduct and of services is one of the commonest occurrences in all extended operations, by sea or land. We hear tales and anecdotes of this sort, as connected with McDonough's and Perry's victories, as connected with Chauncey's various manœuvres and battles, but none in relation to Preble and his command. Every man in his squadron knew and felt that he was governed; though, it is not improbable that Preble was, in a degree, aided in the exercise of his authority, by the fact that an entire grade existed between his own rank and that of all of his commanders. A stronger practical argument in favor of the creation of admirals cannot be cited, than the manner in which Preble held all his vessels in hand during his operations against Tripoli. Still his own character had the most connection with the result, and even to this hour, old men who have since commanded squadrons themselves, speak of his discipline with a shake of the head, as if they still felt its influence.

Follow Preble from his scene of glory to his native land, and we find him appreciated by many of the highest intellects of the republic. His mind was used, even across the Atlantic, in arranging future operations against the enemy, and so much was his advice esteemed, and his counsel coveted, that he is finally invited to preside over the branch of the public service to which he belonged. Such would have been his destiny had not death intervened.

One cannot but regret that Preble did not survive with all his powers, until after the occurrence of the last English war. Nothing was more apparent than the want of combination and intelligent wielding of force on the Atlantic, that was exhibited throughout the whole of those important years; and we cannot but think, had Preble's capacity and energy been brought to bear on the service, he would have shown something more than brilliant isolated combats, as the result of even the small means that could have been placed at his control. He would then have been second in rank in the navy, as to all practical purposes, and must have been entrusted with one of the largest

\* In his instructions to Decatur, Preble uses these words, viz:—"Make your retreat good with the Intrepid, if possible, and if you can make her the means of destroying the enemy's vessels in the harbor, by converting her into a fire-ship for that purpose, and retreating in your boats and those of the *Sarica*. You must take fixed ammunition and apparatus for the frigate's eighteen pounders; and if you can without making too much, you may endeavor to make them the instruments of destruction to the shipping and *Bashaw's* castle."

squadrons. His last moments were said to have been embittered by regrets for the affair between the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake*, and he always retained a sort of revolutionary predilection for meeting the English.

Prebble's influence on the discipline of the service was of a valuable and lasting nature. Until his time, the men of the present navy were little accustomed to act in concert, and some of the previous attempts had not been attended with very flattering results; officers would obey at every hazard, it is true, as Stewart did when he went to sea in the *Experiment*, towing out his main-mast after him, in consequence of a petulant order from Truxtun, but they had not been taught to repress their own ardor, to yield their own opinions to those of their superiors in face of an enemy, in order to present a combined and available front, until Prebble gave them the severe, but salutary lesson.

It is probable that the marine of this country, long ere the close of this century, will become one of the most powerful the world has ever yet seen. With an increase of population that will probably carry its

numbers up to sixty millions within the next half century, a commerce and tonnage that will be fully in proportion to its numbers, no narrow policy, or spurious economy, can well prevent such a result. In that day, when the opinions of men will have risen in some measure to the level of the stupendous facts by which they will be surrounded, the world will see the fleets of the republic, feel their influence on its policy, and hear of the renown of admirals who are yet unborn; for the infatuated notion that wars are over, is a chimera of speculative moralists, who receive their own wishes as the inductions of reason. In that day, all the earlier facts of the national career will be collected with care, and preserved with veneration. Among the brightest of those which will be exhibited connected with the deeds of that infant navy out of which will have grown the colossal power that then must wield the trident of the seas, will stand prominent the forty days of the Tripolitan war, crowded with events that are inseparable from the name and the renown of Edward Prebble.

## ERNST IST DAS LEBEN.

BY ELIHU SPENCER.

Let the fulfil dream go by,  
Gather up thy drapery,  
Bow the head and close the eye;    5   4  
                  Life is earnest.

In this pregnant mystery,  
Wherefore, what, and where are we?  
Solemn questionings for thee;  
                  Life is earnest.

Though thy being is but pain,  
Thou must chafe and writhe in vain;  
Dying is to live again;  
                  Life is earnest.

Thou art here a spark of sense  
In a vast intelligence,  
To be quick forever hence;  
                  Life is earnest.

Startling facts before thee lie,  
In the night of destiny,  
Yet thou canst not see thy way;  
                  Life is earnest.

God hath given the glow-worm light  
For its silent path by night;

Will thy reason lead thee right?  
                  Life is earnest.

Look behind thee, thou wilt find  
Wrecks upon the sea of mind,  
Floating as thou art inclined;  
                  Life is earnest.

Wrecks upon a shoreless sea,  
Where no port is on the lee,  
And no others sail with thee;  
                  Life is earnest.

Spectre fleets are driving past,  
Canvas flapping on the mast,  
Needle set, nor anchor cast;  
                  Life is earnest.

Lurid lights the offing mark,  
Treach'rous in the unknown dark;  
Wo betide the wayward barque—  
                  Life is earnest.

Trust not still, though tempest tossed;  
Trusting best when erring most;  
Ever onward, ever lost;  
                  Life is earnest.



*The Harpists*

Francesco Banti, *The Harpists*, 1780, oil on canvas, 100 x 150 cm, Museo di Capodimonte, Naples



## LAURA, OR THE VEILED MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"*Souvent femme varie.*" What a libel upon our sex!" exclaimed a lively girl of sixteen, tossing away her book: "what a slander upon you Julia! for you were constant to young Ellery two whole months, were you not?"

A nod from Julia.

"And to Charles Burnham six entire days?"

Another nod.

"And now have smiled only upon the dashing Travers for—let me see—"

"Thirty-six hours, Anne."

"Yes, thirty-six hours—wonderful! '*Souvent femme varie,*' indeed! No wonder the repentant emperor broke the window upon which he had inscribed such heresy."

Now Julia was a bewitching little coquette, playing with the hearts of her admirers as she would a game at cards, winning and losing them at pleasure; yet she could not refrain from biu-ling at this apt sarcasm of her sister.

"True, Sis, I am a miracle of constancy," she replied; "but it is constancy all wasted upon fickle man, henceforth '*I'll none of it.*' Now tell me, aunt," she continued, turning to an elderly lady who was smilingly listening to the conversation of the two girls; "tell me, do you not think for all this slander which Anne has just cited, that *woman* is much more constant than *man*? Did you ever know one of the self-styled '*hardly sex,*' notwithstanding their boasted superiority, that was not as fond of pursuing a pretty face as a child is of chasing a butterfly, and if at length he succeed in catching the poor thing, *now that it is his own,* like the same child he scarcely gives a second glance, but is off again in pursuit of others. O I delight to repay them as they deserve!"

"Do you mean to compare yourself to a *butterfly* then?" archly asked Anne.

Julia playfully tapped the rosy cheek of her sister, as her aunt replied:

"There is but too much truth, I admit, Julia, in your illustration, yet I have known instances of *man's* devotion, which for sincerity, purity, and all-enduring faithfulness, might challenge even that of woman."

"You must mean that of Jacob for Rachel then, aunty," said Julia, "for such an anomaly has surely not existed since the days of the Patriarchs!"

"If you will sit down half an hour," replied her aunt, "I will relate to you *one* example of man's fidelity under circumstances which I am certain will cause you to modify at least your censure."

"O, a story—a story—just like you, aunty," cried Anne, "always something interesting to tell us—do begin. But are you sure now, dear aunt, that it is *really a true story*?"

"Yes, my dear, it is a true story," replied her aunt, laughing at the earnestness of her inquirer, "and the parties were both well known to me. Shall I commence?"

"O yes, yes!" exclaimed both the girls, and the good lady thus began:

Mr. Dana, a wealthy and highly respectable citizen of one of our southern cities, was a devoted lover and promoter of the Fine Arts; and to his encouragement and liberality many a child of genius, to whom fortune had proved niggardly, was indebted for pass-money to the Temple of Fame. Of these was a young man by the name of Irwin, whom chance had introduced to his acquaintance and sympathy.

Fond of exercise, Mr. Dana frequently relieved the confinement consequent upon his profession as a lawyer, by long rambles into the country, and it was one of these occasions which led to the acquaintance I have mentioned. One afternoon, having strolled rather further than was his custom, he was overtaken by a sudden shower and obliged to seek for shelter in the nearest habitation. This proved to be a small cottage standing at no great distance from the road-side.

Although every object within told of the most humble poverty, yet with it there was blended an air of neatness and even taste, such as is but rarely found linked with penury. The floor of the only apartment apparently which the house contained, was cleanly scoured and sanded—a few chairs—a pine table on which stood a vase of freshly culled flowers—a low bed faultlessly spread with coarse but clean covering, and a few utensils for cooking, completed the furniture, while the light of the one little window was softened by the close foliage of a hop-vine trained across.

Yet what immediately attracted the observation of Mr. Dana, was a piece of coarse canvas stretched upon a rude frame at one end of the apartment, upon which, sketched apparently with red chalk, were the outlines of a landscape. Coarse and unfinished as it was, it was not displeasing; and the quick eye of Mr. Dana at once detected marks of no very ordinary genius. Upon inquiring to whom it belonged, the woman of the house, of neat and respectable appearance, informed him it was the work of her only son, adding, with a sigh, that she feared his fondness for drawing would prove his ruin, as having no means of pursuing it to improvement, or advantage, and that in his strong predilection for the art, he at times entirely neglected all those duties upon which depended their support. She acknowledged, however, that to please her he would cast aside his favorite employment for months together, yet never seemed buppy until she herself, wearied of his impatience, would at length beg of him to return to his heart's prized pleasure.

Mr. Dana found himself much interested in the account the woman gave of her darling son—thus struggling on through poverty against the fire inwardly consuming him—repelling for her sake the fondest desire of his heart—for her sake crushing the germ of inborn genius which needed but the fostering care of some kindly hand to ripen into beautiful fruit! Giving the mother his address, Mr. Dana bade her send her son to him, and thanking her for her hospitality, withdrew.

It was some months after this occurrence, which was almost forgotten by Mr. Dana, when one day young Irwin presented himself before him, and with modest demeanor referring to the conversation which the former had held with his mother, stated that he had now come to request his assistance. His mother was dead, and he was now resolved to pursue the calling for which he was confident Nature designed him.

Charles Irwin must then have been about eighteen years of age, with a countenance bearing impress of a *soul*—indeed his lofty brow and dark flashing eye needed no other guaranty with the enthusiastic Mr. Dana, and it is therefore needless to say that he met with every encouragement a generous heart could prompt. Three years from that time found the young artist ranking high in his profession, and the affianced husband of the lovely Laura, the only child of his patron. The hand of Miss Dana was a boon which even the most distinguished, either for talents or wealth, might have been justly proud to obtain—but *her heart had chosen*, and Mr. Dana valued the happiness of his daughter too dearly to make an instant's demur, and he therefore unhesitatingly crowned all the benefits bestowed upon the young artist with that priceless treasure, his child.

It was about this period that I became acquainted with the charming Laura. Hope encircled her young heart with its beautiful rainbows, and Joy therein danced a sprightly measure to the music of Love and Happiness.

The past was as some pleasant dream, yet fading dimly under present pleasures, and the future was as a bright day-dawning in June. And she had a right to be happy—her character was as faultless as her person—the only child of doting parents, whose wealth enabled them to bestow upon her education all those accomplishments which her fine taste and imagination prized—moving in refined society, beloved by all who knew her, it was no wonder she was happy.

At eighteen Laura *might* have passed for a *Nuc-stocking*, for with all the solid branches of learning she was proficient—music and painting her delight, while through her ardent love of study, she made herself acquainted in their own language with the best writers of the French and Italian school. But her sweet modesty, her unaffected diffidence of her own superior acquirements, only made her loveliness still more attractive.

The happiness of this young pair, with dispositions and tastes so congenial, was truly pleasant to behold, and if ever life to mortals wore an aspect of gladness, to them did the future gush forth as it were in songs of rapture. Happiness, alas, never to be realized!

Visions of bliss too soon shrouded by despair! Preparations were already making for the marriage of Irwin and Laura—for the union of so much loveliness and excellence, to excellence equal in return, when one morning the latter left home for the purpose of visiting a poor Irish family, who for a long time had been supported solely by the bounty of her father. For some weeks nothing had been heard from them, and thinking they might perhaps be ill and require assistance, Laura set forth alone upon her mission of charity.

Upon arriving at the house, she found the doors and windows, although it was mid-summer, tightly closed, and without stopping to knock, she gently opened the front door and entered. One glance disclosed the whole wretched scene. Sickness and death were there. Already was Laura at the bed-side of the poor woman, and had taken the moaning babe in her arms, when the physician suddenly entered the room. At sight of Laura bending over the bed of the miserable sufferer, he started with surprise, then hastily snatching the child from her, exclaiming:

"Good God, my dear young lady, do you know where you are! Leave the house, I entreat, immediately;" then seizing her by the arm he hurried her forth into the street, saying—

"This wretched family have the Small Pox in its worst form, and two have already fallen victims to its virulence. Pray God, my dear Miss Dana, no evil may result to you from this dangerous exposure!"

Pale with consternation and affright, Laura hastened home, and with that prudent forethought so natural to her character, at once made known to her parents and lover, the danger to which she had unconsciously exposed herself. Every measure which could be used to avert the contagion was put in practice—but of no avail. The fatal symptoms soon made their appearance in the most dreaded form; and for weeks poor Laura languished at the gates of death. To point the distress of her agonized parents would be impossible. Day or night they forsook not the bed-side of their suffering child, while smitten with grief and apprehension, although not allowed to behold the object of his dearest affections, young Irwin never for a moment left the house, but remained anxiously waiting every hour for tidings of her safety. The prayers of so many fond hearts were at length answered; the disorder took a more favorable aspect, and in a few days it was announced by her physician that she would recover.

Poor Laura! she did recover, it is true—but *no person, save her fond mother, ever looked upon her face again!*

Horrible indeed were the ravages this dreadful disorder had committed upon beauty so charming, as if revelling in the matchless loveliness its touch corrupted. Her eyes, those beautiful eyes, mirroring forth so truly the purity of her soul, were nearly destroyed, and her features, once so radiant with happiness, changed almost to loathsomeness. Laura knew she was changed—she felt it in the shiver convulsing the frame of her mother as she hung speechless over her, and in the scalding tear which unbidden

fell upon her cheek. But she bore her misfortune like an angel, as she was, and even chided her mother affectionately, that she indulged such grief on her account.

"Weep not, dearest mother," said she to her one day, "but rather rejoice. For God in his goodness has spared my life that I may, perhaps, atone for the many hours I have thoughtlessly profaned, careless of his great love and mercy."

I will not dwell upon the scenes which followed her partial restoration to health, nor attempt to describe to you the wretchedness of poor Irwin when he was informed that henceforth Laura was lost to him—that the day-spring of his happiness was darkened forever—for she had announced her inviolable determination never to be his. Never, she affirmed, would she bind him to an object so helpless as she had now become; therefore, releasing him from all ties, she secluded herself entirely from every one save her parents and myself, (for whom she had imbibed the affection of a sister,) and devoted herself to study and meditation.

Who could read the workings of that young heart, thus suddenly shut out from love and hope! and what resignation—what calmness did she exhibit!

Her sight was now partially restored, so that at intervals she could indulge her passionate fondness for reading. It was her custom to remain alone for many hours in the day, only admitting us to her presence late in the afternoon or evening, when she always appeared calm and conversed cheerfully. She was ever closely veiled, and as her graceful form had lost none of its symmetry, or her voice its gentle tones, it seemed still more difficult to reconcile ourselves to this dreadful *unseen* misfortune which had robbed society of its brightest ornament.

In the meanwhile poor Charles had been on the verge of the grave. But of this Laura knew nothing, and we studiously avoided speaking his name lest we might inadvertently betray his dangerous illness. At length he began slowly to recover, and came once more to the dwelling where the object of his love was buried, for buried she truly was to him.

One evening I was sitting alone with Laura—the door was left open to admit the air, for the afternoon had been very sultry, and directly opposite, reclining on a low couch, was my poor young friend. She was evidently laboring under great depression of spirits—I had sought in vain to cheer her, and at last taking up a volume of Shenstone, I commenced reading aloud some of those truth-drawn descriptions of rural life in which I knew she delighted. Suddenly a step was heard approaching—Laura started—a convulsive tremor shook her whole frame, for the quick ear of love had already detected the footsteps of Irwin—then with a faint motion of her hand, she bade me close the door, but ere I could rise from my seat, poor Charles, pale, haggard, appeared at the entrance.

"O Laura, Laura," he exclaimed, rushing to her and falling on his knees before her; "send me not away from you—O drive me not back—only let me be near you, dearest—let me but hear that sweet voice—O speak to me—speak to me, Laura!"

"Dear Charles!" murmured the almost fainting girl, clasping the hand of her lover.

Never shall I forget that touching scene. I softly withdrew, and closing the door after me, left the lovers alone.

What passed at that interview I never knew, but when Irwin joined the family circle below, he seemed a changed being. His countenance was no longer pale—a bright glow suffused his cheeks—smiles were on his lips, and joy sparkled in his eyes. It was now understood that henceforth he was to be admitted into the apartment of his beloved Laura, and from that evening several hours of each day were passed in her society.

Their hearts were as pure as their love was holy. Charles knew she could never be his wife—that no more that sweet countenance would meet his raptured eye—but it was happiness to be near her—it was joy to listen to her gentle tones—to watch each motion of her graceful form, and to know that as in *her* love existed his happiness, so did *his* love help to cheer poor Laura, and render even joyous her exilement from the world. Such ardent attachment, such pure devotion was indeed truly pleasant to witness. He read to her from her favorite authors—he brought her daily the choicest flowers—listening with delight to her conversation, at all times and upon all subjects so pleasing, and how often have I heard their sweet voices blended together in songs of holy praise! When the weather would allow, the light carriage of Mr. Dana was brought to the door, and Irwin, leading his dear Laura with the tenderness of a mother for her babe, would place her within and then accompany her in short drives into the country. Upon these occasions how happy she would seem! The fragrance of the woods and fields—the singing of the birds—the soft balmy wind which stole beneath her silken veil, all appeared to fill her heart with gladness, nor was her lover less happy.

Charles Irwin was one of the most engaging young men I ever knew, and in person a type of manly beauty. Many a fair girl would gladly have attracted his love, and his society was courted by families of both wealth and distinction. Yet renouncing all these, every moment he could snatch from his profession was spent with Laura. Her portrait, such as she was when they first met, hung in his studio. To this his eyes were uplifted, and hers seemed bent upon him with looks of encouragement and love, while a sweet smile played around her mouth—this lent energy to his pencil—and added strength to his endeavors. No wonder, thus inspired, that he soon had no rival in his art!

Thus years passed on, bringing no change in their pure lives—he ever the same kind, devoted lover—she as fond, as gentle, as uncomplaining. At length misfortunes began to press heavily upon Mr. Dana. Having entered into speculations which proved unfortunate, he was suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and now it was that the sincerity of Charles Irwin's attachment attested itself. For some there were whose hearts, incapable of any feeling but selfishness, and who therefore could not appreciate



the purity and truthfulness of his attachment, had often accused Irwin of mercenary motives in his devoted attentions to Laura, and that as a reward for so many years of patient confinement to the society of a hopeless invalid, he indulged the hope of being recompensed by receiving the fortune of Mr. Dana. But how much they were in error! for no sooner was he informed of the misfortunes of his benefactor, than collecting the fortune, by no means inconsiderable, which he had acquired by steady application to his art, he hastened at once to Mr. Dana and offered it to his acceptance; and from that day (if possible) was even more kind and attentive to Laura.

Of her talents I have before spoken, and now it was that she unlocked and disbursed from the rich casket in which they were enshrined those treasures of her heaven-guided mind. Her sight would not allow of her transcribing her beautiful thoughts to paper—it was Irwin's pride and pleasure to do this. Seated by her side he caught her pure thoughts as they fell from her lips, and thus those unpretending, but charming, effusions were given to the world. No words can express the pleasure this gave to Laura, not only as being instrumental in affording pleasure to others, but also that the profits she realized in a pecuniary way, enabled her to ensure to her dear parents those little comforts which their age required, and which habit had rendered necessary.

But this lovely flower, too soon for the hearts around which she was entwined, was suddenly gathered from earth to heaven!

One evening, Laura complaining of great lassitude and weariness, we bade her good-night at a much earlier hour than usual. Irwin was the last to leave her, and when he did so, as he afterwards told me, it was with an irrepressible feeling of sadness. She noticed this depression, for the tremulous tone of his voice betrayed his agitation, and extending her hand—"Good-night, dear Charles," she exclaimed, "do not be alarmed—I shall be well to-morrow!"

Alas! when at the dawn of that morrow her mother softly entered her chamber, Laura was—*dead!*

I cannot dwell upon that heart-rending event. Although many years have since rolled over my head, and many sorrows have been mine, that agonizing scene is still vividly before me. The grief of poor Irwin was deep as his love. The blow his heart received in her death could not be healed—no kindness could cheer—no sympathy alleviate his sorrow, and in less than three months he followed his beloved Laura to the grave!

My story is done. And now, my dear Julia, when you again reproach man as inconstant and ungrateful to woman's love, remember the history of Charles Irwin, and let his fidelity render you more charitable.

## FLORA.

THE snow lay thick upon the ground,  
The wintry winds blew shrill and clear,  
And, save their music, not a sound  
Disturbed the silence sad and drear.  
The sun was cold, the grass lay dead,  
No floweret bloomed or zephyr fan'd,  
The birds to other climes had fled,  
And a wide waste was all the land.  
Yet still to me the scene was fair,  
For oft I met my Flora there.

But now the balmy Spring is come,  
The snows have melted all away,  
The merry birds come twittering home,  
The meadows don their green array.  
Love sings in every budding grove,  
Love pants in every living thing,  
Warm zephyrs whisper tales of love—  
For Spring is Love, and Love is Spring!  
But what to me is Spring or Love,  
Since Flora's gone to Heaven above?

## WAYFARERS.

### A SONNET.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH ORRIS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SILENT CHILD," ETC.

EARTH careth for her own—the fox lies down  
In her warm bosom, and it asks no more:  
The bird, content, broods in its lowly nest,  
Or, its fine essence stirred, with wing out-flown  
Circles in airy sounds to Heaven's own door,  
Again to fold its wing upon her breast.  
Ye, too, for whom her palaces arise,

Whose Tyrian vestments sweep the kindred ground—  
Whose golden chalice Ivy-Bacchus dyes,  
She, kindly mother, liveth in your eyes,  
And no strange anguish may your lives astound.  
But ye, oh! pale, lone watchers for the True,  
She knoweth not; in her ye have not found  
Place for your stricken heads, wet with the midnight dew.

## LULU.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THREE'S many a maiden  
More brilliant, by far,  
With the step of a fawn,  
And the glance of a star ;  
But heart there was never  
More tender and true,  
Than beats in the bosom  
Of darling Lulu !

Her eyes are too modest  
To dazzle ; but oh !  
They win you to love her,  
If you will or no !  
And when they glance up,  
With their shy, startled look,  
Her soul trembles in them,  
Like light in a brook.  
There are bright eyes by thousands,  
Black, hazel and blue ;  
But whose are so loving  
As those of Lulu ?

And waves of soft hair,  
That a poet would vow  
Was moonlight on marble,  
Droop over her brow.  
The rose rarely blooms,  
Thro' that light, siken maze,  
But when it does play there,  
How softly it plays !

Oh ! there's many a maiden,  
More brilliant 'tis true,  
But none so enchanting,  
As little Lulu !

She flits, like a fairy,  
About me all day,  
Now nestling beside me,  
Now up and away !  
She singeth unbidden,  
With warble as wild,  
As the lark of the meadow lark,  
Innocent child !  
She's playful, and tender,  
And trusting, and true,  
She's sweet as a lily,  
My dainty Lulu !

She whispers sweet fancies,  
Now mournful, now bright,  
Then deeper her glances,  
With love and delight,  
And the slow, timid smile,  
That dawns in her face,  
Seems filled with her spirit's  
Ineffable grace.  
Oh ! the world cannot offer  
A treasure so true,  
As the childlike devotion  
Of happy Lulu !

## THE FLOWERS.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

A bower peeped out from the folds of green,  
That had long about it lain ;  
A dainty thing, in purple sheen,  
Without a blight or stain ;  
A brighter bud ne'er burst, I ween,  
In bower, on hill or plain.

And the breeze came out and kissed its lip,  
And the sun looked in its eye ;  
And the golden bee, its sweets to sip,  
Kept all day buzzing by ;  
There, chose the grasshopper to skip ;  
There, glanced the butterfly.

A human soul from that young flower,  
Seemed glorying in the light ;  
And when came on the mellow hour,  
The blossom still was bright ;  
And then there crept around the bower,  
A dark and solemn night.

Gay dawn her portals open flung,  
But the floweret looked not up ;  
There on its light-poised stem it hung,  
A tear within its cup ;  
Close to its heart the rose-drop clung,  
And the floweret looked not up.

The winning breezes whispered round,  
Warm sun-rays came a-wooing ;  
And bright-winged, bliss-born things were found,  
Beside its petals aching ;  
But the flower bent lower to the ground,  
Those petals on it strewing.

And when I saw the blossom dead,  
Upon the dewy sod,  
I thought of one whose bright young head  
Is pillowed by the clod ;  
Who staid one sorrowing tear to shed,  
Then bore it to her God.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces: or the Married Life, Death and Wedding of the Advocates of the Poor.* Firmin Stanislaus Sielenskis. By Jean Paul Frederick Richter. Translated from the German, by Edward Henry Noel. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a very elegant edition of one of Jean Paul's most celebrated works, translated into good English without losing the peculiarities of the original work. The mind of Richter looks out upon us from every page. The humanity, the oddity, the extravagance, the shrewd and loving humor, the keen observation, the moral enthusiasm, the wide wandering pictorial imagination, the piercing insight of the author, are all displayed in this work, in the narration of the incidents and feelings of common life. The interest of the "Thorn-piece" arises from the light it sheds upon a common situation in married life. Sielenskis, a poor author, is married to a prosaic, pretty little milliner, *Lerette*; both are virtuous, but neither is calculated to promote the happiness of the other. They have few points of sympathy, and circumstances tend to widen the gulf which rolls naturally between them. The details of household joys, sorrows, perplexities and misunderstandings, with which the book is nearly made up, are delineated with the most graphic force, and display a subtle insight into life and character. The reader is drawn insensibly into the circle of beings with which the hero and heroine are connected; and obtains the results of a most profound and earnest observation of the human heart, while he is seemingly acquiring merely the routine of commonplace existence. Were it not for the digressions and episodes into which Jean Paul wanders, and the occasional flirtation he indulges with fancies which spring up in the progress of the narrative, the interest of the book might deserve the epithet of "engrossing." The hero is a most original delineation, and of so marked an individuality, that when once fixed in the mind he can hardly be rooted from it. The little seducer, *Rosa*, is treated with a singular mixture of indignation and humor, and the scenes in which he figures are replete with fun and wisdom. Perhaps the most striking thing in the volume, is the letter in which *Leibgeber* wishes that he had been the "first Adam," in order that on his marriage evening he might have "walked up and down with Eve outside the capel of Paradise, in our green honeymoon aprons and skins, and have held a Hebrew oration to the mother of mankind." The oration which follows is one of the oddest, most curious, most original productions that ever flowed from the brain of man. No two men among a thousand millions could possibly have lighted on the same idea.

The "Flower pieces" in this volume are the celebrated "speech of Christ, after death, from the universe, that there is no God;" and the "Dream in the Dream." These are remarkable products of the creative faculty, and at the same time are pervaded by the deepest and tenderest human feeling. An almost gigantic force of imagination is combined with the keenest sympathy, with the wants and weaknesses of humanity. The sublimity of conception which characterizes the first of these "Flower pieces" is not more notable than the profuse magnificence of imagery in which it is expressed to the eye. Atheism was never painted in more awful colors—never before arrayed in so

much of the "tempestuous loveliness of terror." The question whether or not God exists, is viewed from the heart as well as the intellect; and the spectacle of an orphaned universe, is held up to the imagination. "The whole spiritual universe is split and shattered by the hand of Atheism into countless quicksilver points of individual existences, which tumble, melt into one another, and wander about, meet and part, without unity and consistency."

Christ is represented as saying to the Risen, who ask him if there is no God—"I traversed the worlds. I ascended into the suns, and flew through the milky ways through the wildernesses of the heavens; but there is no God: I descended as far as Being throws its shadow, and gazed down into the abyss, and cried aloud—Father, where art thou? but I heard nothing but the eternal storm which no one rules; and the beaming rainbow in the west hung, without a creating sun, above the abyss and fell down in drops; and when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared upon me from an empty, bottomless socket, and Eternity lay brooding upon chaos, and gnawed it, and ruminated it. Cry on, ye discords! cleave the shadows with your cries; for he is not!" This is but one of the many passages of sublimity of which this wonderful vision is composed.

With one more short specimen of Jean Paul's vivid pictorial imagination, we conclude. It is from the "Dream in the Dream." "I dreamed that I was standing in the next world. Around me was a dark green meadow, which in the distance peered into brighter flowers, and into crimson woods, and into transparent mountains full of veins of gold. Behind the crystal mountains glowed an aurora, garlanded by pearly rainbows. Filled suns hung upon the sparkling woods in the place of dew-drops, and nebulae hung upon the flowers like flying gossamer. Occasionally the meadows quivered; not, however, from the breath of zephyrs, but from souls who brushed them with invisible wings."

*Imagination and Fancy.* By Leigh Hunt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume contains copious extracts from Spenser, Marlow, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, accompanied by prosodical and critical remarks by the editor. These selections are generally fine, and are well adapted to illustrate the two faculties of Imagination and Fancy, from which the book takes its title. Those lines and verses which are very marked examples of poetical power, are printed in italics. Fifty pages of the book are devoted to answering the question—What is Poetry? Poetry, according to Hunt's definition, "is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains; and its ends, pleasure and exaltation." In defining Imagination and Fancy, Hunt adopts, with slight alterations, the definitions of Wordsworth, although he does not seem conscious of the fact. The general remarks on the different orders of poetry, and the joyous and exulting spirit which breathes through the

loving elucidation of particular passages, are in the happiest vein of the author.

We advise the reader of the volume to linger longest over the portion devoted to Spenser, Marlow, and the old English dramatists. They will find there some of the boldest and most refined imaginations in poetry. Marlow, of whom George Chapman said that he stood

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,"

is particularly worthy of attention. His works are no less striking from their own merits, than for the intimation they give of the latent capacity of the man. He always seems capable of greater things than he produces. His best passages are full of grand and daring imaginations, as when he speaks of the

"Horses that guide the golden eye of heaven,  
And blow the morning from their nostrils;  
Making their fiery gait above the clouds."

Here is an instance of an imagination of the most subtle sweetness:

"Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Chad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

For pictorial beauty what can be finer than the following?

"Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
With hair that glides the water as it glides,  
Shall bathe him in a spring."

Decker, another of the "grand old masters," has written one passage on patience worthy an immortal crown. We extract the following exquisite lines:

"The heat of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

To us, the expression "that e'er wore earth about him," is preeminently beautiful. The closing line contains a great truth, which the conventional "gentleman" might ponder upon to his improvement.

We might extract numberless gems of thought and feeling from this volume, if our limits would permit. We can cordially recommend it to the lovers of poetry, as a volume wherein they may have a pleasant colloquy with the genial spirit of Leigh Hunt, on some of the noblest and finest specimens of imagination and fancy which literature contains.

*Eothen, or Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East.* 1 vol. 12mo.

*Mary Schuyler, the Amber Witch.* 1 vol. 12mo.

These elegant volumes are part of a "Library of Choice Literature" now in course of publication by Wiley & Putnam of New York. We trust that so laudable an attempt to combine value with cheapness, in the publishing of books, will be successful. If it find imitators we may hope that much of the current obscene trash which obtains popularity from its cheapness as well as impurity, will be supplanted by something better and nearly as cheap.

"The Amber Witch" is one of the quaintest and most fascinating stories that have appeared for many years. The author has succeeded in giving the most intense reality to his scenes, characters and incidents. The book is read as a circumstantial narrative of extraordinary events and perplexing situations, detailing some of the most difficult trials of heroism in the most matter-of-fact manner. It seems a domestic history, written by one whose eye and heart were witnesses of the scenes he narrates, and bearing on every garrulous page the marks of nature and truth. It is a bold and most successful attempt to represent the creations of the imagination through the style of memory.

The merits of "Eothen" have been so much canvassed that little new can be said in its favor. The great charm of the book consists in its *movement*. Every thing is constantly in motion. The very style seems to travel. The rapid, glancing mind of the author dwells on no subject to weariness. Combined with this briskness of manner, there is much richness of poetic feeling, much power of picturesque description, much glow of imagination. Its highest praise is, that it is a book of travels, without being disfigured with the pedantry, the simulated rapture, the mathematical exactness and pictorial falsehood, the dryness and dullness, which too often accompany works of the class. The author catches the spirit and the image of what he sees, and has sufficient skill of expression to convey both to other minds. The book is a prose poem, half way between Don Juan and Childe Harold, and evincing a brilliant combination of the man of sentiment and the man of the world.

*Correspondence Between Schiller and Goethe, from 1794 to 1805.* Translated by George H. Colvert. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the most valuable works printed within the last ten years. The translation is executed with taste and elegance, and the matter translated is of the most interesting and valuable character. The correspondence presents a most interesting view of the friendship existing between Schiller and Goethe, and of their theory of literature and life. Many golden maxims of criticism might be selected from the letters. The familiar references to contemporaries and their works, with which the book abounds, are very pleasing. The elaborate criticism of Schiller, in the fourth letter, on the mind of Goethe, and the various remarks in many of the letters on the novel of "Wilhelm Meister," will be read with great interest. The charm of Schiller's correspondence consists in its earnestness. The loftiness of his heart and intellect is displayed in all his letters. His character is stamped on almost all of them. Those of Goethe, though not less characteristic, are more impersonal. One prominent charm of the work consists in the happy contrast of character between the two men—a contrast which is almost as apparent in those letters wherein their mere opinions coincide as in those wherein they clash. We hope, by the time the second volume appears, to be able to treat it more in detail. It is a book which should be thoughtfully read; for it contains principles of criticism and life, capable of wide application to literature and conduct.

*The Lectures Delivered before the American Institute of Instruction at Portland, August, 1844.* Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is, on the whole, a valuable volume, containing much to interest those engaged in the practical work of education, and affording considerable room for discussion and dissent. Most of the lectures are by schoolmasters, and evince the peculiarities of mind and disposition which cling to their calling. In two or three instances we are reminded of the German pedagogue, who, we are told, was an adept in mathematics, "and of the human mind knew this much, that it had a faculty called memory, which might be reached through the muscular inelegant by the appliance of birchen rods." The duties and responsibilities of the teacher are illustrated at some length in the lectures, and often with much ability. The most inspiring composition in the volume is the Hon. Horace

Mann's lecture on the "Necessity of Education," in which the whole subject is treated in a style of glowing and impressive eloquence, calculated to force its way upon the attention of the most indifferent and selfish. The author takes broad and high ground, and sustains his position throughout. No one can read his lecture without feeling a new interest in the subject and the man. By his exertion in the cause of education, and the noble and generous views of life and humanity which he inculcates, he is slowly but surely winning the respect and love of all men capable of feeling either.

*Faust: a Dramatic Poem, by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. By A. Hayward, Esq. Lowell: Bixby & Whiting. 1 vol. 12mo.*

It is very odd that the only reprint we have of a translation of "Faust" should have appeared, not in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, but in the "Manchester of America;" and more singular still, that a book, which our metropolitan booksellers avoided as a bad speculation, should have passed to a second edition. Were our prominent publishing houses too much enraptured with the last novel, to pay any attention to one of the greatest works of modern times? Were they too busy with Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock to notice Goethe?

Hayward's translation of "Faust" is generally deemed accurate, and has passed through three editions in London. The Lowell publishers deserve commendation for the elegance and care with which they have re-printed it. The present edition is an improvement on the first, containing some new notes as well as a better arrangement of the old. Of the poem itself we shall say nothing. We should as soon think of puffing Sophocles or Dante in a penny paper, as to overload "Faust" with the usual phraseology of panegyric. We hope the publishers will give us "Wilhelm Meister," (Cattyle's translation,) in the same form. Their intrepidity in issuing "Faust" should entitle them to a monopoly of Goethe.

*Letters From a Landscape Painter. By the Author of Essays for Summer Hours. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.*

This book has been more cuffed by the critics than patted. We do not see in it much cause for either vehement praise or censure. Mr. Lanman's ideas have nothing of the torpedo in their composition, and never give us any "brisk shocks of surprise;" but his book is rather a pleasant, quiet volume, containing some good pictures of natural scenery, a little conceit, a little bad criticism, and considerable flow and sweetness of style. He rarely rouses a reader into a critic. For our own part, we feel perfectly willing to let his volume have fair play, and obtain as many readers as it can. There is a character of mind in the community, which it would exactly suit. It is a work which eludes damnation, because there is little in it to punish. The imps of criticism had better let it pass.

*Scenes in my Native Land. By Mrs. I. H. Sigourney. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.*

The subject of this elegant volume is calculated to make it popular almost independent of its literary merits. Like other volumes of the same authoress, it occasionally betrays the book-maker more than the poet. In Mrs. Sigourney's poetry there is often displayed so much excellence that it seems strange she should ever drop into verbiage and

commonplace. The present volume contains some fine imaginations, many glittering fancies, much deep and humane feeling, and some graceful descriptions of natural scenery. Of those portions of the work which are not comprehended in this praise, our gallantry forbids us to speak. We wish, however, for her own fame, that Mrs. Sigourney could be induced, either by eulogy or condemnation, to try for once the full force of her mind on some subject which would test its capacity. No person receives more tender treatment, when she publishes a mediocre book; and none would be more certain of obtaining applause, if she produced one worthy of her own talents and American letters.

*My Own Story, or the Autobiography of a Child. By Mary Howitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.*

This is the last of Mary Howitt's delightful series of "Tales for the People and their Children," which the Appletons have been publishing for the last two or three years. The "Autobiography of a Child" is well worthy of the talents of the authoress. It is written with great simplicity, and describes with peculiar vividness the feelings and impressions of early life. None but a person who possessed a strong sympathy with children, and understood the avenues to their hearts, could have produced a book so interesting and so thoroughly natural.

*The Cross of Christ, or Meditations on the Death and Passion of Our Blessed Lord and Savior. Edited by Walter Farquhar Hook, D. D., Vicar of Leeds. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.*

The object and use of this elegantly printed little volume is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is a book which the Christian should carry text to his heart.

*Rural Economy in its Relations with Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology. By J. B. Boussingault. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Law, Agriculturist. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.*

This is a thick, closely printed volume, of great value to all engaged in agricultural pursuits, and to all desirous of learning the science of agriculture. It is very high authority on the subject of which it treats.

HARPER & BROTHERS' WORKS.—We have received from Messrs. Harper, since our last issue, the following: The "Pictorial Bible," Nos. 23 and 24—Illuminated Shakespeare, Nos. 47, 48—Library of Select Novels, No. 6—Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by Copeland, with additions by Lee, No. 5—The Gambler's Wife, a novel, by the author of the Young Prima Donna—Veronica, or the Free Court of Aurau—St. Patrick's Eve, by Lever—Zoe, by Geraldine Jewsbury—The Improvisatore, translated by Mary Howitt, and a splendid little volume, entitled "Alnwick Castle, and other Poems," by Fitz Greene Halleck. Of this last we must have a few pleasant words in another number. From the present batch one would suppose that the cheap novel mania was again on the rise. We had hopes that the day of fine editions, with wide clear margins, was again to dawn. We should like to publish "Graham" on a large page, with a bold, clear type, a thick white paper, and a fine margin, but the post-office committee valued that.





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# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

## THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In the consideration of the faculties and impulses—of the *prima mobilia* of the human soul, the phrenologists have failed to make room for a propensity which, although obviously existing as a radical, primitive, irreducible sentiment, has been equally overlooked by the moralists who have preceded them. In the pure arrogance of the reason we have all overlooked it. We have suffered its existence to escape our senses solely through want of belief—of faith—whether it be faith in Revelation or faith in the inner teachings of the spirit. Its idea has not occurred to us, simply because of its seeming supererogation. We saw no need for the propensity in question. We could not perceive its necessity. We could not understand—that is to say, we could not have understood, had the notion of this *primum mobile* ever obtruded itself—in what manner it might be made to further the objects of humanity, either temporal or eternal. It cannot be denied that all metaphysicianism has been concocted *a priori*. The intellectual or logical man, rather than the understanding or observant man, set himself to imagine designs—to dictate purposes to God. Having thus fathomed to his satisfaction the intentions of Jehovah, out of these intentions he reared his innumerable systems of Mind. In the matter of Phrenology, for example, we first determined, naturally enough, that it was the design of Deity that man should eat. We then assigned to man an organ of Abstemiousness, and this organ is the scourge by which Deity compels man to his food. Again, having settled to be God's will that man should continue his species, we discovered an organ of Amativeness forthwith. And so with Combattiveness, with Ideality, with Causality, with Constructiveness; so, in short, with every organ, whether representing a propensity, a moral sentiment, or a faculty of the pure intellect. And in these arrangements of the *principia* of human action, the Spurzheimites, whether right or wrong, in part, or upon the whole, have but followed, in

principle, the footsteps of their predecessors; deducing and establishing every thing from the preconceived destiny of man, and upon the ground of the *objects* of his Creator.

It would have been safer—if classify we must—to classify upon the basis of what man usually or occasionally did, and was always occasionally doing, rather than upon the basis of what we took it for granted the Deity intended him to do. If we cannot comprehend God in his visible works, how then in his inconceivable thoughts that call the works into being? If we cannot understand him in his objective creatures, how then in his substantive moods and phases of creation?

Induction *a posteriori* would have brought Phrenology to admit, as an innate and primitive principle of human action, a paradoxical something which, for want of a better term, we may call *Perverseness*. In the sense I intend, it is, in fact, a *mobile* without motive—a motive not *motivist*. Through its promptings we act without comprehensible object. Or if this shall be understood as a contradiction in terms, we may so far modify the proposition as to say that through its promptings we act for the reason that we should *not*. In theory, no reason can be more unreasonable, but in reality there is none so strong. With certain minds, under certain circumstances, it becomes absolutely irresistible. I am not more sure that I breathe, than that the conviction of the wrong or impolicy of an action is often the one unconquerable *force* which impels us, and alone impels us, to its prosecution. Nor will this overwhelming tendency to do wrong for the wrong's sake, admit of analysis, or resolution into ulterior elements. It is a radical, a primitive impulse—elementary. It will be said, I am aware, that when we persist in acts because we feel that we should *not* persist in them, our conduct is but a modification of that which ordinarily springs from the Combattiveness of Phrenology. But a glance will show the fallacy of this idea. The phrenological

Combativeness has for its essence the necessity of self-defence. It is our safeguard against injury. Its principle regards our well-being; and thus the desire to be well must be excited simultaneously with any principle which shall be merely a modification of Combativeness. But in the case of that something which I term Perverseness, the desire to be well is not only *not* aroused, but a strongly antagonistical sentiment prevails.

An appeal to one's own heart is, after all, the best reply to the sophistry just noticed. No one who trustingly consults his own soul will be disposed to deny the entire radicalness of the propensity in question. It is not more incomprehensible than distinct. There lives no man who, at some period, has not been tormented, for example, by an earnest desire to tantalize a listener by circumlocution. The speaker, in such case, is aware that he displeases; he has every intention to please; he is usually curt, precise, and clear; the most laconic and luminous language is struggling for utterance upon his tongue; it is only with difficulty that he rostrains himself from giving it flow; he dreads and deprecates the anger of him whom he addresses; yet a shadow seems to flit across the brain, and suddenly the thought strikes that, by certain involutions and parentheses, anger may be engendered. That single thought is enough. The impulse increases to a wish—the wish to a desire—the desire to an uncontrollable longing—and the longing, in defiance of all consequences, is indulged.

Again:—We have a task before us which must be speedily performed. We know that it will be ruinous to make delay. The most important crisis of our life calls, trumpet-tongued, for immediate energy and action. We glow—we are consumed with eagerness to commence the work, and our whole souls are on fire with anticipation of the glorious result. It must—it shall be undertaken to-day—and yet we put it off until to-morrow. And why? There is no answer except that we feel *perverse*—employing the word with no comprehension of the principle. To-morrow arrives, and with it a more impatient anxiety to do our duty; but with this very increase of anxiety arrives, also, a nameless—a positively fearful, because unfathomable, craving for delay. This craving gathers strength as the moments fly. The last hour for action is at hand. We tremble with the violence of the conflict within us—of the definite with the indefinite—of the Substance with the Shadow; but, if the contest have proceeded thus far, it is the Shadow which prevails. We struggle in vain. The clock strikes and is the knell of our welfare, but at the same time is the chattering-note to the Thing that has so long overruled us. It flies. It disappears. We are free. The old energy returns. We will labor *now*—alas, it is *too late*!

And yet again:—We stand upon the brink of a precipice. We peer into the abyss. We grow sick and dizzy. Our first impulse is to shrink from the danger, and yet, unaccountably, we remain. By slow degrees our sickness, and dizziness, and horror, become merged in a cloud of unnamable feeling. By gradations still more imperceptible this cloud assumes shape, as did the vapor from the bottle out of which

arose the Genius in the Arabian Nights. But out of this *our* cloud on the precipice's edge, there grows into palpability a shape far more terrible than any Genius or any Demon of a tale. And yet it is but a *Thought*, although one which chills the very marrow of our bones with the fierceness of the delight of its horror. It is merely the idea of what would be our sensations during the sweeping precipitancy of a fall from such a height. And this fall—this rushing annihilation—for the very reason that it involves that one most ghastly and loathsome of all the most ghastly and loathsome images of death and suffering which have ever presented themselves to our imagination—for *this very cause* do we now the most impetuously desire it. And because our reason most strenuously deters us from the brink, *therefore* do we the more unhesitatingly approach it. There is no passion in Nature of so demoniac an impatience as the passion of him who, shuddering upon the edge of a precipice, thus meditates a plunge. To indulge, even for a moment, in any attempt at *thought*, is to be inevitably lost; for reflection but urges us to forbear, and *therefore* it is, I say, that we *cannot*. If there be no friendly arm to check us, or if we fail in a sudden effort to throw ourselves backward from the danger, and so out of its sight, we plunge and are destroyed.

Examine these and similar actions as we will, we shall find them resulting solely from the spirit of the *Perverse*. We perpetrate them merely because we feel that we should *not*. Beyond or behind this there is no principle that men, in their fleshly nature, can understand; and were it not occasionally known to operate in furtherance of good, we might deem the anomalous feeling a direct instigation of the Arch-fiend.

I have premised thus much that I may be able, in some degree, to give an intelligible answer to your queries—that I may explain to you why I am here—that I may assign something like a reason for my wearing these fetters and tenaning the cell of the condemned. Had I not been thus prolix, you might either have misunderstood me altogether, or, with the rabble, you might have fancied me mad.

It is impossible that any deed could have been wrought with more thorough deliberation. For weeks—for months—I pondered upon the means of the murder. I rejected a thousand schemes because their accomplishment involved a *chance* of detection. At length, in reading some French memoirs, I found an account of a nearly fatal illness that occurred to Madame Pilau, through the agency of a candle accidentally poisoned. The idea struck my fancy at once. I knew my victim's habit of reading in bed. I knew, too, that his apartment was narrow and ill-ventilated. But I need not vex you with impertinent details. I need not describe the easy artifices by which I substituted, in his candle-stand, a wax-light of my own making for the one which I there found. The next morning he was dead in his bed, and the verdict was "Death by the visitation of God."

Having inherited his estate, all went merrily with me for years. The idea of detection never obtruded itself. Of the remains of the fatal taper I had myself carefully disposed, nor had I left the shadow of a clue

by which it would be possible to convict or even to suspect me of the crime.

It is inconceivable how rich a sentiment of satisfaction arose in my bosom as I reflected upon my *absolute* security. For a very long period of time I reveled in this sentiment. It afforded me, I believe, more real delight than all the mere worldly advantages accruing from my sin.

There arrived at length an epoch, after which this pleasurable feeling took to itself a new tone, and grew, by scarcely perceptible gradations, into a haunting and harassing thought—a thought that harassed because it haunted.

I could scarcely get rid of it for an instant. It is quite a common thing to be thus annoyed by the ringing in our ears, or memories, of the burden of an ordinary song, or some unimpressive snatches from an opera. Not will we be the less tormented though the song in itself be good, or the opera-air meritorious. In this manner, at last, I would perpetually find myself pondering upon my impunity and security, and very frequently would catch myself repeating, in a low, under-tone, the phrases "I am safe—I am safe."

One day, while sauntering listlessly about the streets, I arrested myself in the act of murmuring, half aloud, these customary syllables. In a fit of petulance at my indiscretion I remodeled them thus:—"I am safe—I am safe—yes, if I do not prove fool enough to make open confession."

No sooner had I uttered these words, than I felt an icy chill creep to my heart. I had had (long ago, during childhood) some experience in those fits of Perversity whose nature I have been at so much trouble in explaining, and I remembered that in no

instance had I successfully resisted their attacks. And now my own casual self-suggestion—that I might possibly prove fool enough to make open confession—confronted me, as if the very ghost of him I had murdered, and beckoned me on to death.

At first I made strong effort to shake off this nightmare of the soul. I whistled—I laughed aloud—I walked vigorously—faster and still faster. At length I saw—or fancied that I saw—a vast and formless shadow that seemed to dog my footsteps, approaching me from behind, with a cat-like and stealthy pace. It was then that I ran. I felt a wild desire to shriek aloud. Every succeeding wave of thought overwhelmed me with new terror—for alas! I understood too well that to *think*, in my condition, was to be undone. I still quickened my steps. I bounded like a madman through the crowded thoroughfares. But now the populace took alarm and pursued. Then—then I felt the consummation of my Fate. Could I have torn out my tongue I would have done it. But a rough voice from some member of the crowd now resounded in my ears, and a rougher grasp seized me by the arm. I turned—I gasped for breath. For a moment I experienced all the pangs of suffocation—I became blind, and deaf, and giddy—and at this instant it was no mortal hand, I knew, that struck me violently with a broad and massive palm upon the back. At that blow the long imprisoned secret burst forth from my soul.

They say that I spoke with distinct enunciation, but with emphasis and passionate hurry, as if in dread of interruption before concluding the brief but pregnant sentences that consigned me to the hangman and to Hell.

## A RHINE SONG.

BY J. SATARD TAYLOR.

THE giant whose childhood the storm-winds nursed,  
Far away in the Alpine land,  
From his home in the cloudy hills hath burst,  
To die on a distant strand.  
Oh! wild was his shout from the icy cliff,  
But he leaped through the foam below,  
And stept on the lake where the white-sailed skiff  
Doth wait till the breezes blow.

But strong was the might of his youthful arm,  
And stout was his fearless heart,  
And vain was the shore with its silent charm,  
To bid him no more depart.  
He swept through the forests dark and grim,  
And over the desert sand;  
What was their pigmy strength to him—  
A Prince of the Mountain Land!

Then the crowded hills met his onward path,  
And beat back the surging tide;  
He swept their sides in his gathered wrath,  
And roared in his angry pride;  
At last, like an earthquake's shuddering crash,  
He cleft their towering crest,  
And thundering on did his mad waves dash  
Through the mountain's rocky breast.

And fain would he stay in his wild retreat,  
To quaff of the red grape's blood,  
Where the lovely and brave in the proud halls meet,  
That hang o'er his rushing flood;  
Where the echoed sound of the hunter's horn  
Rings back like an answered call,  
And the maiden laughs when the smile of morn  
On the vine-clad hills doth fall.

Loud was the clash of the gleaming spear  
On the shield of the foemen there;  
'Twas a sound the giant loved to hear,  
Borne by on the hurrying air.  
Banners waved high o'er the crimson stream,  
Then sank on the trampled earth,  
'Twas washed away with the morning's beam,  
And he heard the victor's murth.

But he left at last his manhood's home,  
With the strength of his manhood gone,  
No more with rushing and surging foam,  
Slowly he lingered on;  
He felt not the fire the storm-winds gave,  
Far away in the Alpine land,  
But slowly rolled onward his feeble wave,  
And died on the distant strand.



# ONCE MORE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

Oh childhood! frolic childhood:  
How beautiful thou art!  
With the smile upon thy face  
Of the morning in thy heart!

"ONLY once more!" exclaimed the eager boy, as he broke from the fond, imploring clasp of his little playmate—"there is a flower I did not see." And seizing again the yielding branch, which swayed beneath his weight, he swung himself out over the water, and caught with one hand the golden-hued blossom which smiled so temptingly in a cleft of the rock beneath; but just as he seized it, the faithless branch cracked and gave way, and the boy fell backward into the waves, with one despairing look to the shrieking child whose entreaties he had so recklessly disregarded. Suddenly Mary hushed her cry, and fell upon her knees. Bathed in the soft light of the setting sun, with her hands clasped in speechless prayer, and her fair hair falling over her pure, white dress, she seemed a child-angel, who had folded her wings for a moment to rest upon the earth. And not in vain she knelt. Heaven heard and answered the prayer of that loving and innocent heart. A large Newfoundland dog dashed over the rocks into the sea, and seizing the body, as it rose for the third time, struggled with it to the shore and laid it safely at her feet, with the golden flower half crushed in its cold and clammy hand!

## CHAPTER II.

Oh! lightly was her young heart swayed  
By just a look—a word!

Mary Grey and Frederick Lansing, the rash, impetuous little hero of the foregoing chapter, went to the same school. One morning Mary sat, as usual, in her place on the small bench, apparently conning her lesson, but there was a cloud on the fair, childish brow, and the pretty little tender mouth quivered, while she spelled half aloud the words which were too hard for her to read without spelling. At last a tear fell upon the leaf. Frederick, who had been watching her from his desk in another part of the room for a long time, saw the tear, and hastily tearing a scrap of paper from his writing-book, scribbled a few lines with an agitated hand. But how was he to send it? He began to look thoughtful—to plan—to calculate.

"Master Lansing will do his sums correctly to-day, for a wonder," thought the teacher, as he glanced for a moment from his book around the room. A minute afterwards a nut-shell fell in Mary's lap! She started, blushed, and drew from it the tiny scrap of paper; on it was written—"I am sorry I spoke cross to you, darling! forgive me!"

Mary raised her head for one moment, and glanced toward the writer. A sweet smile lightened through her lingering tears—a soft color played on her pale and delicate cheek, and then she bent again over her book, and Frederick resumed his sums, in which he made worse mistakes than ever.

And so dawned the day of a holy and beautiful love—a day that still must set "in clouds of tears," yet "lovely to the last," and rise again in other climes, the purer for that weeping.

## CHAPTER III.

"Farewell! a word that hath been and must be!"

They stood together at the gate of that humble, yet picturesque, cottage, wreathed by the honeysuckle, and shadowed by the elm—the noble boy of nineteen, and the fair orphan girl, and the old and sorrow-stricken woman.

"God bless you, my boy! since you will go," murmured the mother, while the slow tears trickled from her faded eyes.

"It is for you I go, mother, and for my precious Mary," exclaimed the boy, struggling with the emotion which almost unmanned him; "a year will soon pass—"

"With you, my child, for you are young and full of hope; but with me!" she sighed deeply—pressed her thin lips once more to his—laid her trembling hand upon his head, and turned into her now dark and desolate home.

"Come, Mary!" said the youth, repressing a sob—and together they went to the rock, where she had knelt six years before, with the rosy flowers which he had found for her fallen from her clasped hands, and her eyes raised in childlike trust to Heaven—and there they stood, pressed heart to heart, and took their mute farewell.

## CHAPTER IV.

Oh! faithless heart—oh! idle vow!  
Beloved to-day—betrayed to-morrow!

Years rolled by, and Frederick Lansing, the young merchant from Maine, had realized a little fortune in New Orleans. Love, too, it was said, as well as Fortune, smiled upon his path. The soft eyes of a beautiful Creole—the wife of a planter—had charmed his ardent heart. Letter after letter had come from his mother, imploring his return, and every stroke of the weakly guided pen betrayed the trembling hand of age and suffering.

"You send me gold; but it is you I want. It is your warm and manly heart to rest upon—your gentle

hand to guide me down the dreary hill of life. Oh, Frederick! is your mother—is your Mary forgotten?"

On the receipt of such letters, again and again had he resolved to close his business concerns, and return to those whom he had so long neglected; but some new and dazzling speculation would lure him to a longer stay.

"For *their* sakes"—he would say—"It is to place *them* in affluence; and a few months cannot make much difference." But now he no longer made that excuse to himself. The dark eyes of Adèle Delorme, a creature of exquisite grace and loveliness, had fatally infatuated him, and his pure-hearted Mary was indeed forgotten.

## CHAPTER V.

Dear reader, look with me through the half-closed blinds into this luxurious apartment. Adèle—the graceful, gifted and impassioned child of the South—is sitting at the feet of her lover—her beautiful head resting on his knee—her black hair unbound, and falling in glossy masses over his caressing arm—a magnificent shawl thrown carelessly around a form as flexible in its willowy wave as the spray that bends to the lightest breeze, yet perfect in all its delicate proportions as that of Hebe at the feet of Jove. Hark! she is singing, and he bends to hear the low Æolian tones—

Ah! let our love be still a *folded* flower,  
A pure, moss-rose-bud, blushing to be seen,  
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour  
When souls may meet without the clay between:  
Let not a breath of passion dare to blow  
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart!  
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,  
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!  
Ah! keep it folded like a sacred thing!  
With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance nurse;  
Still let the modest veil around it cling,  
Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.  
Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,  
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—  
To feel our spirit-flower still fresh and free,  
And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and sin!  
Ah! keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—  
Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly,  
As food of old in sadness, yet in scorn,  
Th' awakened god from Psyche's daring eye!

## CHAPTER VI.

"We repent—weajure—we will break from our chain—  
We will part—we will fly—to unite again!"

One day as Frederick Lansing was about to leave his counting-room, for a visit to his bewitching friend, he received what he supposed to be a letter from home, directed in his mother's hand. He opened the sheet. There was not a line of writing; only, on a small piece of paper enclosed, a rude drawing of the old homestead—the cottage, with its vine—the elm—the wicker-gate—the old well—the little garden at its side.

Frederick pressed the touching memento passion-

ately to his lips, his eyes, and wept bitter and burning tears of mingled shame, remorse and tenderness—

"My mother! I will—I *will* return!" he exclaimed. And instantly seating himself at his desk he wrote to his lawyer, giving him the charge of his affairs, and requesting him to settle them in his absence. He then went to a wharf and engaged a passage in the steamboat which was to leave next day, and afterwards returned home, resolved not to expose his heart again to the dangerous influence of his enchantress, lest she should charm him from his purpose.

But the next morning, when all was ready for his departure, and he had still an hour on his hands, he had time to think of her love—her beauty—her distress—and his stern resolution gave way.

"Only once more!" he said, as he took the road to her dwelling.

He stood by her side. Almost buried in rich and downy cushions—robed in muslin, whose loose folds fell with a wavy, careless grace over her charming form, her black hair braided and bound with gleaming gems—her languid eyes, in which love and sorrow had softened the fire, half shut—a tear still lingering on the glossy lash—thus lay Adèle, half murmuring, half singing, in a tone of touching and upbraiding sadness, the following words:

"Tis gone—all gone!—the charm, the dream, the glory!

Passion has dimmed the light in Love's pure eyes;

Thus was it ever, in all *olden* story—

Warmed by the flame, the rose too early dies!

I read it in thy tone so light, so silted—

I see it in thy look, so soon grown cold;

Oh! hadst thou heard the prayer I wildly faltered,

Love yet awhile his angel-wings might fold.

Could we have kept unstained those glorious pinions,

Like the pure bird of Paradise, whose flight

Is ever near the sad earth's dark dominions,

But stoops not, lest he soil his plumes of light;

\*Could we have kept undimmed their primal glory,

Nor lured to earth the beautiful bird of Heaven;

Ours had been then a proud and peerless story,

And love so pure had surely been forgiven!

Softened by her unwonted sadness—bewildered by her rare and captivating beauty—Lansing knelt beside her as she sung, and forgot home—duty—mother—all—in the intoxicating enchantment of her presence! The French time-piece struck the half hour. He started up—"I must go, Adèle! I must leave you! oh God! forever!"

With a wild shriek, she threw herself at his feet, and wound her white arms round him with the marvellous strength of passion and despair; but the next instant she relaxed their hold, and fell senseless to the ground, the life-stream trickling from her lips! She had burst a blood vessel! He stooped to raise her—

"False-hearted betrayer! defend yourself!" shouted a voice in his ear. A pistol was pressed into his hand; he raised it mechanically—stunned into unconsciousness by the sight of the ruin he had caused—and fired without an aim. A bitter laugh was heard—a bullet whistled through the air—and Frederick Lansing fell dead at the feet of the injured husband of Adèle.

# THE ROMAN MARTYRS.

## A TALE OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

### CHAPTER I.

Roma! Roma! Roma!  
Roma non e più come era prima!

#### *Roman Shepherd's Song.*

THEY who have been at Rome must remember the view from the Capitol. Standing on the palace of the Senators, with the wrecks of the ancient city on one side, and the hum of the modern town on the other, the spectator seems to pause between the present and the past. If he looks in one direction he beholds the Palatine Hill, choked up with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and overgrown with the weeds and cypresses of neglected gardens. Before him is the Forum, its ancient pavement buried under the rubbish of centuries. Directly in front, along the route of the Sacred Way, and closing a continuous line of temples, rich with sculpture and classical associations, the eye takes in the kingly Colosseum; its shattered, though vast, walls towering high into the air, and enclosing an area that reminds him of the monsters of the earlier geological epochs. Further in the distance are the ruined baths of Titus, their shivered arches open to the day; while beyond, the broken aqueduct winds its tortuous way among vineyards and heaps of rubbish, like some enormous serpent. The prospect, in this direction, is a field of ruins, composed of masses of broken or pulverized brick, often overgrown with vegetation, or supporting a solitary pillar which has lifted its head against the storms of two thousand years. The distance is closed by the huge white mass of the Lateran Basilica, shining in the sunlit sky. The whole scene is one to affect even an unimaginative mind. Gazing on the desolation around, you are forcibly reminded of the curse pronounced against Babylon, and almost expect to hear the owl hoot, or see the fox brush from the deserted halls of the Palatine. Then your thoughts assume another aspect. You are back in ancient Rome, when what is now a city of the dead teemed with life—when Cicero thundered in the Forum, when the Colosseum shook with applause, and when triumphal processions swept up the Sacra Via with the clang of cymbals and the tramp of a hundred thousand men.

Turning your back on this scene, you meet a different view. You behold a vast metropolis, humming with the tongues of every nation, and crowded with monuments, convents and churches. Through the dense mass of buildings winds the yellow Tiber, seeming to terminate at the frowning Castle of St. Angelo directly in front. Almost in a line with the fortress, and half hid by intervening buildings, the

flat dome of the Pantheon appears; while beyond the river soars up the stupendous St. Peter's, backed by the rectangular mass of the Vatican. On the right you behold the thickly peopled Quirinal, with the gardens and palace of the Pope. At your feet is the pillar of Trajan. In front the Corso runs in a straight line to the gate di Popolo. Villas innumerable dot the landscape, both within and without the walls, while the prospect is closed by the blue mountains in the background. Imagine this picture bathed in the golden and purple haze of an Italian landscape, and you have Rome as she appears to a spectator in the nineteenth century.

But it is not with the capital of Sixtus the Fifth, nor with the imperial city dis-crowned and in sack-cloth that we have to do. Our tale carries us back to the second century of our era, in the reign of the great Aurelius, when the Seven Hills were thronged with buildings, and the Campus Martius still showed its porticos and temples. The hour was evening, that most exquisite portion of the Italian day, when the magic haze of the sky and the balmy softness of the air remind you of the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides. The narrow street was crowded with people. Here was the wealthy Roman senator bowing complacently to his clients as he swept along—there stood one of the Prietorian guard, a blue-eyed soldier of the north, looking idly at the crowd—yonder, was a chariot covered with gilding, but destitute of springs, jolting over the causeway—while, pouring along in a ceaseless stream, the Roman rabble, ill-dressed, yet noble-looking, the lazzaroni of their day, almost choked up the avenue. Houses, varying in height from one to six stories, irregular and fantastic, and presenting in front a dead wall, except where small loop-holes, high up, were intended for windows, looked down on the scene from either side. Here and there shops, opening to the streets as the bazars to this day at Damascus, met the eye; while far in the distance the gilded temples of the Capitol jutted up into the air, glittering with the last rays of the setting sun.

Just at this instant a young man, whose mein and dress bespoke him of the higher class, left the street, and turning into another avenue, threaded several lanes until he paused in front of a mansion standing apart from the rest. This building had but one story, as was usual with the structures of the wealthy, but it extended for more than a hundred feet in front, and appeared to run back for thrice that distance, enclosing a garden in the rear. Passing in at the entrance, the visitor nodded to a slave who stood in the vestibule; and thence crossing an inner hall or atrium, rich with

paintings and statuary, he emerged into the peristyle, a sort of colonnade surrounded by chambers where the family lodged. Though this was the private part of the dwelling no one was visible. The tinkling of a fountain from the garden induced him to proceed, with the hope of finding the object of his search in that cool retreat. Threading a long passage before him, he soon stood in a portico overlooking the garden, which was filled with rare plants, sculptured vases and seats picturesquely arranged, while in the centre appeared a fountain, its jet shooting to the sky and falling over in a shower of spray, through which now twinkled the evening star. On a seat by the marble basin reclined a female, gazing down into the water with her head pensively resting on her hand. She was still in the dash of youth, and possessed of extraordinary beauty. Her features were less Roman than Athenian, and there dwelt on her placid face that ideal expression of mingled majesty and grace which is still the world's wonder in the Venus of Milo. On the present occasion her countenance had won an added beauty from the pensive feelings of the hour. The young Roman gazed admiringly on her for a space: then springing from the portico he advanced eagerly.

At the sound of his footsteps the girl started up; her lips parted in glad recognition, and a roseate blush suffused her whole face. But when her lover had embraced her, the joyous sparkle faded from her eye, and, even as she gazed on him, a deep sadness fell on her brow. He noticed it with a lover's quickness.

"My Lydia," he said softly, taking her hand, and gently placing her on a seat, while he threw himself on the bank beside her, "what ails thee? I have been gone a whole week, and now when I am returned and look to find thee all smiles thou art sad. What is it, Lydia?"

The long silken lashes of the girl drooped on her cheek, and her bosom heaved; but she did not answer. At length she stole a look timidly at her lover.

"Tell me, Lydia," he said, pressing her hand. "I thought before I went that something weighed on thy spirits, but dismissed the notion as idle. Now I see thou art still sad. Art thou mourning for thy lost family whom the pestilence swept off?"

"It is not that," said Lydia at length, but her voice was so low as scarcely to be distinguishable.

"Hast thou ceased to love me?" said her companion quickly, and in a tremulous tone.

"No—no," was her eager response, "not that. Oh! how I love thee," she exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking up tearfully into his face. "But—"

"But what, dearest?" and he wound his arm around her and drew her to his bosom, as if to assure her of his sympathy and protection.

She buried her face in his bosom; looked up and seemed about to speak; and then, as if unable to proceed, she hid it again on his shoulder. After awhile, however, she appeared to gain the resolution for which she had struggled, and lifting her dark eyes to those of her lover, while a look of lofty enthusiasm shone in her face until it seemed the face of a divinity, she said—

"Caius, it must be told, though it may separate us forever. I am a Christian."

The young Roman started as if an adder had stung him, and unconsciously moved away from her side. In this day, we can hardly understand the horror, scorn and detestation with which the professors of Christianity were regarded by the believers in the poetical mythology of Greece; for the opinion was general that, among other things, the Nazarenes were accustomed to sacrifice children at their secret assemblies. The emotions of Caius on hearing these words from Lydia were, therefore, startling. He shrank from her, as we have said, and his lips turned ashy white with horror; then he stared into her face wonderingly, as one would stare on a person risen from the dead; but gradually this expression turned to one of incredulity, and a smile of mingled scorn and disbelief curled his lip. There was a timid tearfulness in Lydia's soft eyes, but she did not shrink beneath his look; for now that the words were spoken she seemed to have gained firmness. Yet a melancholy regret shadowed her countenance, and partially dimmed its glowing enthusiasm. For full two minutes neither spoke. Lydia was the first to break the silence.

"It is even so, Caius," she said, "I am a Christian."

"A Nazarene!" he said, like one talking to himself in a dream; "thou a Nazarene! It cannot be. Sweet Lydia," and his voice sunk into gentle entreaty, "recall those words."

The maiden was touched; tears gushed into her eyes, and laying her hand on his arm, she said entreatingly:

"Listen to me, Caius. What I tell you had better, perhaps, have been revealed to you long ago, but I feared that my love and your entreaties might unduly bias my mind, and so I early resolved to say nothing of this matter until all was decided. You remember last winter, which I spent at Athens. There I learned that my cousin was secretly a Christian, and at her house I met one of the teachers of that sect. If ever there was a good man, he was one; high and holy thoughts shone ever on his face, and when he spoke it was as if a teacher from the gods had come down to earth. Often did I listen as he expounded the doctrines of his sect. He taught that there was but one God, the author of all things created, a pure, eternal spirit dwelling apart in serene majesty. Yet this God was one of love, and not the fierce destroyer of his own progeny, as Saturn. How that the first human beings sinned against their just God, and thereby became liable to punishment, this teacher often told. He asserted also, that we were all immortal like the gods, the body being but the shell in which the spirit dwelt on earth. But the punishment of our first parents was also to be eternal. To save us from the awful penalty (and here is the beauty of this glorious plan) the only son of God came down on earth and suffered the death of the cross. A hundred years have scarcely elapsed since then, and many now live who have seen persons that talked with this Christ and beheld his miracles; for he raised the dead, restored sight to the blind, fed

thousands with a few loaves, and did other wonders, the fame of which went abroad throughout all Judea, and penetrated even to Rome, as I have heard my grandsire tell. All this the holy man related, and read the narratives of the works of Jesus of Nazareth. I came away from Athens half persuaded to become a Christian. Latterly I have met this teacher again in Rome, and held converse with him. I did not yield to him at first, but gradually, and against many prejudices. But when I contrasted the proofs of his religion with those of our fathers; when I read in the holy books of the Christian, words that only a God could have dictated; and when I saw this man and his brethren in the same faith not only blamelessly pure in their lives, but willing even to suffer death, as in Nero's time, for their belief. I was forced to acknowledge that what they taught was not of Jupiter or Isis, but revealed by God himself. I took my resolution accordingly, after mature thought—and can you blame me for it? Oh!" she continued, looking enthusiastically into her companion's face, "if you, too, would listen to this new faith, and partake of the joy that fills the believer—"

The maiden had spoken rapidly, as if under high excitement; and when she ceased, with her countenance all in a glow, the features were still eloquent though the tongue was silent. Something of admiration had come into her companion's face while she was speaking; but it was only from sympathy with her enthusiasm; he was still unconvinced. He shook his head mournfully.

"Lydia, why did you not tell me of this? It was wrong, very wrong. You have been misled by a zealot, whose fanatic eloquence and forged books have bewildered your mind, while his apparent willingness to die, as did the Nazarenes who, smeared with pitch, lighted Nero's gardens, has appealed to your woman's sympathies. We will talk this matter over, sweet Lydia, and you will forget this new creed."

The girl gazed sadly on the ground for a moment, for her heart yearned at the earnest words of Caius, but soon the temptation had passed, and she looked up firmly.

"It cannot be," was her mournful answer, "my love must not steal away my convictions. But we will talk this matter over, dear Caius, and oh! may it end in making you a Christian."

The lover affected to be contented, for he saw that argument in her present frame of mind was useless. He trusted, however, she would not always be so, and wished to gain time. He turned the conversation by saying—

"Will you go with me on the Tiber to-morrow? I have brought the god of flute players from Naples, and a party is to burn votive offerings at the mouth of the river."

The girl shook her head.

"My religion forbids, as the highest of sins, offering to other gods."

The brow of Caius clouded.

"Now this is madness," he exclaimed, passionately. "Lydia, Lydia, art thou crazed under the influence of this man? Is it not enough that you worship your

own God, but must you prevent others from adoring theirs?"

Lydia burst into tears. "Ah! Caius," she said, "do you speak thus? I would do any thing for you, short of committing actual sin, but indeed, indeed, I cannot do this."

"It is strange," said he gloomily, "this sect has always been called sullen; and it makes even you unsocial. Do you then go to the amphitheatre to-morrow?"

"Not there either. Are not the gods of Rome acknowledged by the very act of visiting the Colosseum?" she said timidly, as if half fearful of the effect her words would produce.

"Then, by the club of Hercules, what wilt thou do?" for the heathen's prejudices for the moment rose superior to every consideration of affection. "Will thou go instead to the meetings of these Nazarenes?"

"I go there to-morrow," answered the maiden with difficulty, and the working of the lines of her mouth told the struggle of her bosom.

"Now this would madden a Cato," passionately exclaimed the young man, "thou askest every thing, but wilt yield nothing." But again he assumed an attitude of entreaty as he said—"Grant me this one favor, dear Lydia; do not go to this assembly. Perhaps I have spoken harshly, but I know not what I say, so utter is my grief. I do not ask you to go with me, but be not seen, for my sake, at the meetings of the Nazarenes. I ask it as a favor; the first I ever sued for, since I sued for thy love."

The eloquent tone, the pleading look of the speaker, for a moment, almost prevailed, but the heart of the young Christian struggled against the temptation, and she answered, though with tears and sobs that almost choked her utterance—

"Oh! do not ask that—" and in turn she pleaded to her lover, "any thing else I will grant. But I dare not disown my faith. Look not thus sternly on me," she continued, clasping his robe, "do not leave me in anger. Oh! Caius, Caius, could you only read my heart, you would see there how I love you, and that nothing but duty to my God forces me to refuse you. Nightly, daily, hourly, I pray for you—"

The impassioned girl would have continued, but a new thought had now entered the lover's mind—a suspicion had flashed across him that she loved some one of this new sect, for in no other way could he account for her firm refusal—and shaking off her hold on his person, he said angrily—

"It is enough, and the die is cast. You love another—may I interrupt the not," he said sternly, "you love another. Go then—desert the gods of your fathers, renounce the faith of Rome, bend with this base scum of Judea, and wed the sacrilegious Nazarene who, by his foul magic, has stolen your heart from me—but take with you the curse of an injured man, and may that curse cling to you forever!" and, breaking away from the terrified girl, he rushed from the garden.

She stood, for a minute, as if transmutated into stone, her wild, straining eyes fixed on the portico where he had disappeared: then she fell heavily to the ground, where she was found by her attendants insensible.

## CHAPTER II.

Ac veluti magno in populo quum scipi coorta est  
 Seditio, servitque animis ignobile vulgus;  
 Januque faces et saxa volant: furor arma ministrant.

*Æmilius, Liber I.*

We have said that the mansions of the wealthier Romans rarely rose above one story. This remark, however, applies only to that part of the house inhabited by the owner, for against the outer wall were run up tiers of rooms to the height of several stories, usually let to indigent persons. This part of the structure was surmounted by a flat roof, overlooking the garden of the proprietor. Sometimes a hall was built above the *atrium* for the purposes of an eating-room. A Roman mansion of the better sort often presented to the eye, therefore, a succession of irregular stories rising at the sides, and a blank wall surrounding the garden in the rear, so that to the spectator it seemed as if the various incongruous parts of the building had been jumbled together by chance. A modern eye and modern comfort alike would turn from one of these classic structures.

In one of the upper eating-rooms we have mentioned, was gathered a group of about a dozen persons, sitting around a table. The little assembly was composed of every age and sex; here an aged citizen and there a blooming youth; a centurion, a slave, a merchant, a matron and a young girl of noble mien and surpassing beauty, in whom, without difficulty, we recognize Lydia. Her countenance was paler and sadder than on the preceding evening, and an expression of subdued suffering was visible around the mouth and on the brow, telling in language more eloquent than words, the agonizing struggle through which she had passed. Never, perhaps, since Paul first stood on the hill of Mars, had a neophyte been so sorely tempted. To give up the faith of her childhood, to desert father and mother, were not the only sacrifices she had been called on to make. A more bitter lot had been hers; she had to choose between her Maker and the first deep love of her heart. She had not hesitated, but the trial was none the less bitter. On recovering from her swoon, and becoming again sensible that her lover had deserted her forever, it seemed as if her very heart would break, and all through the long night her tearful prayers had ascended to heaven for strength. To give up Caius, he who, since the loss of her family, had become her only support in this world, appeared to her like tearing up her heart. When, therefore, she left her home in the morning and, closely veiled, sought the little upper room where the Christians met, the first glance at her face assured the venerable man, whose ministrations had brought her out from Pagan idolatry, that some terrible sorrow had fallen on her young heart, and, with all that child-like sympathy which characterized the early believers, he longed to comfort her.

This individual, the pastor of the little flock, sat at the head of the table with a roll of papyrus before him containing the sacred book from which he was about to read, as soon as the hymn, which was now being sung, should be finished. His brow was square and massive, long thin silvery hairs fell around his head,

and his face was full of benignity. As his mild eye passed kindly from one to another of the congregation and rested at length on the tearful face of Lydia, with a look of compassion, of love and of encouragement, all blended together, the sorrowing girl felt that she had one friend yet left to her, and her heart grew lighter thereafter.

It was, perhaps, the consciousness of some great sorrow preying on his young convert's mind that induced the selection of the passages which the holy man that morning read. With a slow and devout air, as if borne down with reverence, he unrolled the pages of Paul's second Epistle to the Corinthians, and beginning at what is now the eighth verse of the fourth chapter, read solemnly—

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed;" and interspersing his reading with casual remarks, applying the words to their present uncertain condition, he continued down to the passage "for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

At length he closed the book and looked around. Every face was bent eagerly on his, drinking in the precious words he had been reading, and he noticed that even on Lydia's countenance the glow of enthusiasm had nearly dissipated her sadness. Long and steadfast was the gaze he fixed on his flock, turning silently from one to another as he looked.

"My brethren," he began slowly, "we live in momentous times, when it behoves us all to be tried as in a furnace, for we know not the day nor hour when we may be called upon to endure the fiery crown. In the little cloud we can foresee the hurricane; and since the Parthian defeats and the plague which has wasted the army, have not the priests gone about crying that the gods are offended, and that the Christians, who bring in a strange divinity, should be sacrificed to appease Olympus? This cannot endure long without a tumult, in which, I foresee, some of us will fall victims. Are we ready? Have our lamps been trimmed, and is our oil burning? Brethren, we are not as the heathen around us; we are sojourners, not dwellers, here; having no time even to put off our sandals. Let us then be always girded, with our staff in our hand and our eyes fixed heavenward, for we know not how soon we may be called to Paradise through the fangs of the lion or the fiery gate. Shrink not from the trial, for did not our Savior suffer before us? And he who, inspired from on high, left this book for our guidance—praised be God for the same!" he continued, laying his hand on the epistle and raising his eyes to heaven; "did not he endure all things, and at last perish almost within sound of my voice, and all that he might proclaim to us the immeasurable love of God? Hear what he says! 'Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils by waters, in perils by robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the

city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness!"

He closed the book, and again, for a minute, looked around his flock.

"And now shall we shrink from the trial, if so be that it should come? Comfort, comfort—oh! my brethren," he continued in an exulting tone; "for we have that within us which shall bear us up through every mortal agony. I see, to-day, that some of you are borne down—you, my sweet Lydia, among the rest; but, whatever your sorrows, remember, they are only for a day, and that the night cometh which to us shall usher in an eternity of joy. Oh! that eternity—endless, sorrowless, and to be spent in the smile of God. There we shall wander by cool rivers, under breezy trees, through meadows fragrant with flowers; there we shall listen to harps giving forth music such as no mortal ear hath conceived of; there we shall behold the martyred Paul, Peter, and all holy men; and there we shall meet the loved and lost who have gone before, and in that glad re-union compensate for all we have suffered here. Brethren, be firm, for the hour of our trial is at hand."

He ceased, his eyes turned heavenward and his countenance glowing with holy rapture. His hearers partook of his enthusiasm; and though tears rolled down many a cheek, the tears were those of joy and not of grief. A silence, which was occupied in inward prayer, ensued.

But soon that silence was fearfully broken. Scarcely had the speaker ceased when a low rumbling sound, like the distant rolling of chariots, fell on the ear; this was succeeded, after an interval, by a noise as of the roaring of wind in a far-off forest, rising and falling fitfully; then the sound changed until it assumed that of a multitude of voices shouting in angry excitement, and appearing to draw nearer at every repetition of the shout, until finally it became distinguishable as the cry of a tumultuous mob, engaged in one of those riots which were as characteristic of the rabble of Rome in the days of the empire, as they are of the *sans culottes* of Paris in the present day.

At first no one paid attention to the sounds; but, as their character became more evident, and they approached nearer, one after another of the Christians cast hasty glances of inquiry at the door. These signs of alarm were rare, however, and the exercise of silent prayer continued. But when the shouts increased in frequency and fury, and at length approached the building and were heard in the street below, the members of the little flock looked anxiously into each other's faces, and one or two turned white as marble. No word was spoken for a minute, as each paused to listen whether or not the mob swept by. But now a louder shout than any preceding one, rose up directly in front of the house, more like the howl of wild beasts than the voices of men; and, as it filled that little room with its savage echoes, the congregation sprang to their feet—the centurion laid his hand on his sword, the lips of the merchant parted and his eyes looked wildly around, and the matron clung to the

dress of the hardy slave who started up beside her. Lydia clasped her hands and looked to heaven beseechingly. Only the minister was unmoved. A brighter lustre kindled in his eye, and he stood with a proud curl of the lip, that was yet not one of defiance. He took up the papyrus and composed his robe around him. At this instant that yell of hungry rage rose up again from the crowd outside, and amid the angry howl, could be distinguished one prevailing shout, "The Christians to the lions!" At that fearful sound all shrunk instinctively together and looked to the holy man, their mortal fears for one moment triumphing over their faith.

"Cheer ye, my brethren," said the pastor, looking enthusiastically around, with a voice of triumphant joy. "for they have power only over the body and cannot harm the soul. This day, perhaps, we shall sup with Christ in Paradise!"

How often will a few words from a brave heart, in a moment of doubt, nerve even the weakest with daring. Except the slave, Lydia and the pastor, there was not one of the congregation who had not many ties that bound him to earth, and who had not, in the first moment of alarm, naturally recurred to these dear objects of love. Such reflections, as much as any personal fears, had caused the irresolution and shrinking which, for the instant, had been exhibited. The Christians knew that there was but one outlet from the room, and that this passage led directly into the raging crowd. There was then no hope. But the enthusiasm of their leader had acted on them as a trumpet calling the warrior to battle. Each caught a portion of his high resolve, the men drawing themselves fearlessly up, and the females gazing on his face in mingled admiration and reliance. Another minute thus passed, and then came the sound of blows on the outer door, alternated with oaths and angry cries, while continually rose up over all, the cry of, "The Christians to the lions!"

"We will await their coming here," said the pastor, as he noticed the centurion cast a look at the head of the staircase; "and resist not, for so our Master hath taught us. We have been betrayed. But it becomes us neither to seek nor fly from danger. And our few moments might well be spent in singing a hymn of praise, perhaps the last we shall ever sing. Come hither, Lydia, thou hast the sweetest voice of all, and I see thou art not afraid. Thou wilt stand by me here, and begin the hymn."

The maiden moved, with downcast eyes, to the holy man's side; but there was no faltering in her step. Death had now no fears for her, since she had nothing to bind her to earth: and the holy enthusiasm that shone from her face nerved many a stouter heart and older frame. The pastor took her hand within his own, as if to support her by this token of his immediate presence. With her eyes still on the ground, she began the hymn, and her voice, at first tremulous with modesty, soon gathered firmness, and swelled out rich and deep, filling the little room with bursts of unequalled melody, and then dying softly away, only, however, to soar again prouder than ever. Gradually the others joined in the hymn, rich manly voices

alternating with woman's feebler tones, until the strains rose calmly and majestically, and were heard outside over all the uproar of the rioters. With a wild shout at the sound, those nearest the house, like frantic beasts beating the bars of their cage, flung themselves on the door, while the vaster multitude who filled the street and blockaded all the avenues thereto for hundreds of yards in every direction, burst into a prolonged and angry yell, which almost stunned its immediate hearers, penetrated to the remotest corners of the Capitol, and made the lions, confined for the approaching show, start up in their distant lairs and echo back the shout with a roar of alflight.

The blows on the outer door now increased, echoing with fearful distinctness through the upper chamber. Still the Christians sang on. The angry cries of the crowd deepened into an unintermitted howl, and when the first panel crashed beneath the axe a roar went up that shook the building to its foundations. Blow now followed blow in quick succession, panel after panel crackling under the heavy strokes; yet still the Christians sang on. Suddenly a sharp, quick yell, that partook as much of exultation as of rage, rang out, followed by the trampling of feet in the hall below. Then steps were heard on the staircase running up. Yet still the Christians sang on. And not until the frantic rabble had burst into the room, had dragged their victims to the ground, and had filled the narrow apartment with savage yells of triumph, did that hymn cease, and even then it was not so much hushed as drowned by the cries of the mob.

"Down with the miscreants. They have enraged the god by their impiety, and brought on us defeat and the plague. No mercy to the Nazarene dogs!" were the exclamations that rose on every hand. The scene that followed was one of unbridled license and ferocity. The Christians were seized on, dragged hither and thither, spat at, buffeted, trampled under foot, their garments torn, themselves mocked and taunted, while even daggers were used in the fray. The pastor and Lydia, happily, were not the first on whom the fury of the rabble burst, else they would have fallen immediate victims; but when a brawny ruffian, struggling through the press, plucked the holy man's beard, and pointed with a brutal jest at Lydia, attempting at the same time to tear the robe from her bosom, the mob forgot the other victims and rushed toward the devoted two. Borne down by the press, Lydia and her protector thought, for a moment, that their last minute had come.

"Courage! courage!" said the pastor. "The Lord is our strength."

"What says the hound?" shouted one of the mob. "Romans! he defames the gods. Hurl him headlong to the street!"

The proposal was greeted with a howl of approval, and immediately a dozen brawny arms seized on the victims and thrust them down the staircase, whence they were borne almost lifeless into the open air. No sooner did the hoary head of the Christian minister appear than the uproar became fearful: some crying to stone him, some to burn him, some to scourge him, and

others to cast him to the lions. Beaten, insulted, dragged hither and thither, the fearless Christian still retained his hold on Lydia, seeming to care more for her safety than for his own. But the very numbers and violence of the mob frustrated its own wishes. Amid the conflicting modes of punishment proposed none appeared to receive the suffrages of the majority, and part of the rage which was at first directed wholly on the Christians was now turned by each faction against its opponent. The mob began to wrangle with itself; blows were exchanged, cries of defiance rung on all sides; stones and clubs soon flew in every direction; a rush was made by the larger faction on a smaller one; and thus swayed hither and thither by contending opinions, the rioters partially forgot their prisoners, who, crowded into a narrow space immediately outside the building, awaited the event. The tumult still raged furiously, when the sound of armed men was heard approaching, and the battle appeared to be changed to the outskirts of the crowd, those immediately around the prisoners ceasing their contention. The shouts were now mingled with words of command, the mob swayed to and fro and began to retreat up the avenue, and directly the insignia of the guards was seen steadily advancing to the building where the Christians had met, driving the crowd before. Some of the boldest of the rioters now remembering the objects of their vengeance, made a rush at them and would have borne them away, but the leader of the soldiery issued a quick order, and a score of veterans, springing from the ranks, drove back the assailants, and surrounding the prisoners in front protected them with drawn swords, while the main body of the guards, wedging up the narrow street from side to side, steadily advanced, pushing the rabble before it as an avalanche moves rocks and even villages in its descent from the mountain. In a few minutes the street was cleared, though the mob still remained together, hanging sullenly on the edge of the soldiery, occasionally flinging a stone, and awaiting their retreat to return to the house, on which it proposed yet to wreak its vengeance.

"We claim your protection," said the Christian leader to the commander of the military; "we have broken no law."

"Ye are Nazarenes, I believe," said he sternly, "whom the gods abhor, and for enduring whom the state now suffers their just anger. If ye be guilty of this new and wicked faith, the prefect must award your doom. While the laws remain, however, you are entitled to a fair trial, and therefore I am come to rescue you from the fangs of the mob. But no prudent emperor will wholly disregard their wishes, so if ye be indeed Nazarenes at once prepare for the lions. My orders are, meantime, to commit you to safe confinement;" and with these words the prisoners were huddled together and marched off, guarded by the soldiery to the foot of the hill of the Capitol. Here they were thrust into the Mamartine prison, in whose damp dungeons died the miserable Jugurtha. Those gloomy dens are to be seen there at this day.

[To be continued.]



## HOPE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

HOPE in the young heart springeth,  
As flowers in the infant year;  
Hope in the young heart singeth,  
As birds when the flowers appear.

Hope in the old heart dieth,  
As wither those early flowers;

Hope from the old heart fleeth,  
As the birds from wintry bowers.

But spring will revive the flower;  
And the birds return to sing;  
And Death will renew Hope's power  
In the old heart withering.

## THE NAME DEEP CARVED ON THIS OLD TREE.

MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

The name deep carved on this old tree  
Recalls life's early dreams once more,  
Old memories that waken grief,  
And feelings that I thought were o'er;  
For now my weary soul is changed,  
My brow is marked with lines of care,  
Since years of hardship, strife and toil  
Have left dark shades of sorrow there.

But, as I gaze upon this name,  
The clouds that shroud the past have fled,  
And round me rise the friends of youth,  
The fondly loved and faithful dead:  
And one, the fairest of the band,  
With sunny looks and azure eyes,  
Seems breathing me in whispered tones,  
To join her in her home, the skies.

Poor girl! how little did I think,  
When wildly weeping o'er thy bier,  
That long, long years would pass away,  
And I should still be dwelling here,  
For then I prayed that speedy death  
Might free me from a life of pain,  
The wish was impious and unjust,  
And God, in wisdom, made it vain.

But when I think upon the day  
I carved thy name upon this tree,  
I cannot deem those cherished words  
Are all that I have left to me;  
Would that I ne'er had crossed thy path,  
Thy days had then gone calmly by,  
In tranquil happiness and joy,  
Untroubled by a tear or sigh.

But fate ordained that we should meet,  
And gave to me thy constant heart;  
We wedded, but we were not blest,  
Tho' love its sunshine could impart;

I saw thee pine mid needy care,  
With scanty want our board was spread,  
For mine the bitter fate of those  
Who strive to barter thought for bread.

What fearful anguish moved my breast,  
While thou wert drooping day by day,  
To mark the pallor of thy cheek,  
And watch thy slow but sure decay!  
Yet patient was thy gentle heart,  
That ever strove my path to cheer,  
That urged me on to brighter hopes,  
And breathed new comfort in mine ear.

But faint and fainter grew the voice,  
That anxious love could scarcely hear,  
Yet didst thou hide the hollow cough,  
And seem to smile when I was near;  
I toiled increasing day and night,  
I would have given life for gold;  
But only gained the pittance wrung  
From out the heartless and the cold.

Death came at length, a welcome friend,  
To set thee from thy sorrow free;  
Yet didst thou bid me live to gain  
The name I could not share with thee;  
And I have lived in sadness on,  
To see each dream of joy depart,  
And feel the world can ne'er bestow  
A treasure like thy tender heart.

And yet perchance, in after years,  
The burning words that I have breathed  
May gain a place they know not now,  
And be with brighter names entwined;  
The poet of the laurel was,  
In time above his tomb to wave,  
And, dearest, it may proudly rest  
In triumph o'er thy lowly grave.



Painted by Murillo.

Engr. by W. G. Kneller.



## A SABBATH

### AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY MRS. K. C. MINNET.

No lover of mountain scenery, we venture to say, ever entered the beautiful village of Wellsboro', Tioga county, Pa., on the south, without pausing at the summit of a hill, a mile distant, over which passes the stage road from Blossburg. It was there that my traveling companion bade our driver stop his horses, while we feasted our eyes so long, that the consequence was a ride of eight miles, through a forest of pines, after dark. But we leave the reader to judge when he sees the *same* picture of grandeur and beauty—when he sees it as we saw it, enriched by the hues of a gorgeous sunset in June—whether we were to blame in the matter or not. On reaching Wellsboro', where our stage route terminated, we took a light one-horse vehicle for a drive to Manchester—the newly baptized village among the mountains—where we proposed to pass the Sabbath, it being then Saturday evening. Thanks to the skill which controlled the reins, or to our sensible animal's entire knowledge of the zigzag path through the forest—which admitted not even the light of a solitary star—we met with no accident, though with not a few obstructions, in the form of fallen trees and gullied paths, sloping often too nearly on Pine Creek for the traveler's ease of mind; especially as late rains had swollen the stream to quite a formidable river, whose voice sounded hoarsely through the tops of the pines. On emerging from the forest, and looking about us in the welcome starlight, we found ourselves on the verge of a precipitous descent, beneath which, here and there, glimmered the lights of the settlement we were approaching. Our sure-footed beast carried us in safety to the foot of the hill, and halted at the gate of a comfortable-looking farm-house, where we found the best of cheer and the most grateful of couches. Hunger turns every thing into luxury, and, after a supper that Belshazzar might have envied, we enjoyed a night's sleep such as all the poppies, "sirens and medicinal guns," never administered.

Awaking "under the opening eyelids of Morning," my first consciousness was of a "concord of sweet sounds" that saluted my ear, from a choir of mountain birds sending to Heaven their Sabbath matin song. In an instant I was at the window, filled with astonishment and admiration to find myself in a deep hollow, scooped by Nature's hand out of the heart of the mountains, which environed it so entirely that the eye could discover no pathway of escape. There they stood in majesty sublime, those pine-clad mountains of centuries, encircling a little handful of human beings, whose diminutive dwellings dotted at inter-

vals the green sward at their base. The lover of Nature may gaze enraptured on a cultivated landscape, where the corn springs up in the valleys, and "the little hills rejoice on every side;" or watch with calm admiration the majestic river, rolling onward to the illimitable sea; or view with reverence the face of Heaven mirrored by some peaceful lake; but never does he realize so overpoweringly the presence of Nature's God, or worship so "humbly and softly," as when bounded by eternal mountains, whose summits are lost in the clouds.

"I gazed upon them  
Till they, still present to the bodily sense,  
Did vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer  
I worshipped the inviable alone."

No inn held out its sign to the traveler, and the hospitable mansion which had opened to receive us, was the most considerable building in the valley, save a modest edifice whose heavenward-pointing spire told the stranger that the Great Architect had revealed himself to those mountaineers no less through his word than his works. The sun was just climbing over the peaks, and filling the vale with gladness, when my eyes opened upon this scene. It was "the Lord's day," and how could I but "rejoice and be glad in it," when the trees seemed to "clap their hands," and the hills to be joyful together?

Some timid deer, too, had stolen out from their hiding-places, and might be seen grazing on the distant declivities, as if instinct had taught them the day on which they could feed fearless of the hunter's gun, while nearer, on the emerald lawn beneath the window, a beautiful pair of spotted fawns were sporting about, snuffing the fragrant air of morning. Sweet relief from carking care to the world-wearied spirit! There, methought, one might live like the nymphs and fairies, without growing old.

As we descended to the breakfast room, my companion archly suggested that I had probably conjectured by this time *why* he selected that spot for our Sabbath sojourn. And *such* a breakfast! Never were venison steaks like those; nor wild strawberries of such delicious flavor; nor bread so white, so light, so sweet; nor—maple sugar (for we had no other) so palatable before. Refreshed by the grateful meal—and Apicius himself could not have desired more delicious fare—it was proposed that we should retrace our Saturday evening's ride to Wellsboro', and attend divine service at the Episcopal church of that village. Nothing could be more favorable to the spirit of devotion, than a ride which led us through

nature's temple—that forest of pines—so tall, that when the eye looked upward through them, their branches seemed blending with the sky: truly *there* were “sermons in trees,” and never was the littleness of man preached to me so effectively as through the voices of those giant pines, as their leaves responded to the breath of heaven. On entering the inviting-looking little church, I was struck with the simplicity and neatness of its interior, as well as with the devotional appearance of the worshippers: the familiar sounds of a small organ also surprised me, for I had not thought to find such proofs of cultivation in that late unbroken solitude. There was a life in the form—a “spirit and truth” about the worship of that little band, with which the stranger's heart could at once sympathize.

“Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
Where men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!”

The solemn litany, the prayers and portions of scripture for the day, came from the meek voice of that holy man, no less eloquently for the plain black robe which he wore through the whole service. And when the deep choral tones of the organ accompanied the simple voices of the villagers in the Gloria Excelsis, never to me did it sound more impressively when chanted by the many trained voices of a cathedral choir—

“for there I found  
That outward forms do but in truth receive  
Their finer influence from the life within.”

The village of Manchester being yet too feeble to support regular ministerial services, the pulpit of their newly erected house of worship was supplied only by gratuitous “labors of love” from itinerant preachers, and it so happened on the Sabbath of our sojourn that no man of God passed that way; but hearing that the house was to be opened in the afternoon by a temperance lecturer, we determined to return and witness the gathering together of his rustic auditors: for it is a pleasing sight for those who love to note the happy peculiarities of our country, to see the innocent if not virtuous inhabitants of its secluded hamlets pouring out in their Sunday gear—the whole community meeting as one religious family around a common altar. Where the people all came from, the hills and glens must tell, for I could not imagine; but the house overflowed with numbers, and, what cannot be said of many such assemblies, contained but *one* class of human beings—all meeting on equal terms—none striving after the highest seat—difference of station having never been so much as named among them. All tinted in the tee-totaler's hymn, singing with the same spirit and the same understanding also; having all been trained in the same school—“unearthly minstrelsy!” We noticed the pretty daughter of our comparatively wealthy host, sharing her hymn book with the equally well dressed girl whom we had seen in their kitchen. God bless their unostentatious souls! long may it be ere they learn the classifications of more cultivated society. A temperance lecture was evidently a new revelation there, and no little

satisfaction was it to us to watch its effect on the wondering audience.

There sat a brawny-armed, honest-faced forester, with eyes and mouth extended to their utmost dimensions, swallowing *en masse* the marvels of the lecturer; and there, a red-nosed personification of wretchedness hung his head, as the direful consequences of intemperance were depicted; while the sun-burnt, bare-footed urchins about the door were mischievously grinning and exchanging significant glances. How many homes were made glad, or how many names added to the *PLENOR*, through the instrumentality of that lecture, is beyond my province to tell. The house in which it was delivered, had been dedicated only a few weeks previous to our visit, and was the first Presbyterian church ever erected in Tioga county. It is beautifully situated on a knoll, beneath which two streams from different directions unite. “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,” so is this humble church surrounded on every side, and embosomed in trees: there, literally, the “Fir tree, the pine tree and the box tree together beautify the place of the sanctuary.” The site, when selected, was supposed to be a natural mound, but was ascertained on leveling it to have been an Indian burying-ground: remains were found in a sitting posture. And when it is added that the bell was brought from a convent in Spain, where it had been used a century, the kind reader will not think it amiss if I end “A Sabbath Among the Mountains of Pennsylvania” with some lines, simple as the building itself, which were dedicated at the time to

#### THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.

See, through yon verdant hills,  
That heavenward pointing spire!  
Hark to that bell! whose echoed tones  
In distant vales expire.  
There hark no outward sign  
The Christian reared to Heaven;  
Nor voice of pealing Sabbath-bell  
To waiting cars was given.

But, in calm majesty,  
Those mountains mutely told  
His name, whose hand omnipotent  
Laid their foundations old!  
His praises there abode  
From mountain streams were heard,  
Or in the heaven-taught melody  
Of the wild forest-bird.

Those hills and flowery dells  
The dark-eyed Indian knew,  
And oft amid their giant pines  
His swift winged arrow flew:  
He buried there his dead  
Beside the crystal stream,  
That long its murmuring voice might sound  
The hunter's requiem.

Yes, 'neath that grassy knoll  
The perished Indian sleeps;  
Whist o'er his dust the white man now  
His Christian Sabbath keeps.  
From thence the pious hymn  
Ascends in mellow tone,  
And there is broke the bread of life  
To such as Christ doth own.

I see a little flock  
 In Sunday robes attired,  
 Gathering from cultured fields around  
 To list the word inspired.  
 Those "rocks and vales" now hear  
 The glad "church-going bell"—  
 Whose tongue of papal chimes and rites  
 A century's tale might tell.

Long may its peal be heard  
 Those towering hills among,  
 And long within those humble courts  
 The Sabbath's holy song:  
 And He whose blessing rhums  
 The temples of the proud,  
 Will o'er that sanctuary spread  
 His presence "in the cloud."

## WAR.

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.

THOU blood-eclipse of nations,—darkling o'er  
 Hopes that were lit by Heaven! Why comest thou,  
 When we are winning to the wan earth's brow  
 The primal lustre which its Eden wore?  
 'Tis not, that, wolf-like, thou wilt lap up blood;—  
 For man is Death's: but, from thy gory hand,  
 Leash'd Crime and Madness, 'gainst a shrieking land,

Are loos'd unto their revel. Not for good,  
 For virtue, nor for honor, does thy cry  
 Ring through our shudd'ring valleys, where thy track  
 Will leave heart, hearth-stone—silent, cold and black.  
 Why should earth's last, fond, fairest hope thus die?  
 Not for what now we are, but what may be,  
 Leave us to peace and hope, God and our destiny!

## HUCKNALL TORKARD.

BY W. E. C. BOSMELER.

Every sight and sound, this morning, seemed calculated to summon touching recollections of poor Byron. The chime was from the village spires of Hucknall Torkard, beneath which his remains lie buried.—W. IRVING.

Oh! what a power in sights and sounds about  
 Earth's hallowed ground—eloquent battle fields,  
 Wrecks of monastic pomp, or crumbling halls—  
 Sad, haunted places, where heroic veins  
 Have poured their crimson out in Honor's cause,  
 Or lonely grave that holds some mighty heart  
 In voiceless custody.  
 Such thoughts were thine,  
 Immortal pilgrim from our western world!  
 When Hucknall Torkard, on the breeze of morn,  
 Sent from its gray and venerable spire  
 A deep-toned mellow chime. Another voice  
 Found echo in the chambers of his heart  
 While listening, with charmed ear, to that old bell—  
 A still, mysterious voice that told of bard,  
 At rest beneath the pavement of the church,  
 Who needed not heraldic blazonry  
 To make his name undying.

On the spot  
 Through dim, stained glass of Gothic window poured  
 Attemper'd, softened light. Oh! contrast strange  
 To wild and dazzling radiance that around  
 The monarch bard of Britain fell in life;  
 Warming the buried grandeur of the past,  
 Till dim, dismembered empires from their sleep,  
 Reclothed with majesty, arose once more,  
 And icy gyves, by the Pale Tyrant forged,  
 Dropped from the bony arms of buried Power,  
 Dissolved like sunlit dew.

A landscape fair  
 Before the vision of the pilgrim spread,

In all its features whispering of peace.  
 The vale of Newstead, with its silver waves,  
 Tall patriarch oaks in which the rook found home,  
 Lawns populous with hardy English flowers,  
 Memorials of knighthood and the monk,  
 And hamlets ascending up blue, smoky wreaths,  
 Were objects unto which poetic heart  
 Might cling through changing years, and never feel  
 The burden of satiety:—and yet  
 The wayward lord of such an Eden bright  
 Went forth in youth to battle with the world,  
 Its passions and its perils—feel the shaft  
 From bow of ambushed slander darkly sent—  
 Hear the loud cry of Envy's craven brood,  
 Eclipsed in brightness by his young renown,  
 Or read the lying verse of scribbling hate,  
 Until his heart, by *mature kind*, became  
 A fount, like Mara, bitter:—then he roved  
 Far from his household gods and princely towers—  
 His genius waking wonder in all buds,  
 While an abiding sorrow made the locks  
 That clustered round his glorious forehead gray,  
 And woke, alas, although his years were few,  
 A yearning for the shroud!

Oh! that his life  
 Beneath the shades of Newstead might have passed—  
 No chord of his unequalled harp deranged,  
 Wedded to one in boyhood's hour adored  
 With love that knew no limit to its strength—  
 His Mary—Annesley's bright morning star!

# PEDLER MOLLY AND PRETTY JANE.

## A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANKAN.

AMONGST no class of the community, within the range of my observation, has the march of improvement been more signally manifest than that of the itinerant vendors of small wares. The pedlers of my early day differed as much, collectively, with the modern members of the calling, who traverse the country in all the comforts of curtained and cushioned carriages; hold forth the loudest on law, politics and religion in every bar-room discussion; usurp the highest seat at the farmer's table, and scorn any title beneath that of "traveling merchant," as does the knave Autolycus, individually, with the philosophic hero of Wordsworth. Their social position among us was of the very lowest grade. There were too many demands for the possessor of an able body and a sound mind in the regular branches of commerce, and too few attractions in the exposure and precarious subsistence incident to a wandering life in a thinly settled region, to leave him much inducement to be found among the number. In consequence, it was resorted to, chiefly, by such as were debarred, through natural or accidental infirmity, from competition upon equal terms with their fellows. A trade-union of them would have borne a likeness to no assemblage on record, if, indeed, I except Falstaff's band of substitutes—"the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" and the certainty of each bearing some unfortunate peculiarity which could suggest a convenient *sobriquet*, abolished, with respect to them, the common necessity of remembering patronymics. We had the "one-eyed" and the "one-armed," the "lipping" and the "limping pedlers;" "Ragged John" and "Rickety Joe," and throughout their whole circuit they were known by no other designations. And yet they could have been much less readily dispensed with than their more pretending successors. Many a long, hard ride over rocks and through wildernesses did they save to the fair consumers of needles, tapes and pins; and many a eholic and toothache were soothed by their little vials of essences, when a visit from the far-off doctor could only have been thought of with anguish and despair.

Wearisome and unsafe as was the occupation, it was not unfrequently assumed by females, though these were, in moral and personal standard, seldom superior to their competitors of the other sex. But in my neighborhood there was one exception whom I would not, willingly, allow any lapse of years to displace from my memory; for a more upright spirit than hers, or a more genial heart never triumphed over the selfish tendencies of a course of humble toil. "Pedler

Molly" was her professional appellation, but by those acquainted with her history and with the true worth of her character, she was always respectfully referred to as the Widow Slade.

A woman of middle age at the opening of my story, she had devoted herself, since an early widowhood, to securing a decent competence for her declining years, and for her only child—the means of fitting him for the vocation of his father—that of a schoolmaster. Summer and winter there were few days in which the light, active figure of Pedler Molly might not have been met on her accustomed round, ever neat, clean and suitably attired, and there were few houses that she frequented, in which her cheerful smile and her kind, clear voice were not gladly welcomed, for her conversation was as pleasant as her conduct was irreproachable. Even among the families who constituted the gentry of the district, a place was always freely allotted to her amidst their domestic circle, in consideration that, however homely might have been her training, her appearance and whole bearing bespoke her a lady of Nature's own patent.

The dwelling which Widow Slade occupied, and which it was a ruling object with her one day to call her own, was a cottage of the better class, a square, stone building divided into three apartments—two small chambers and a larger room into which they opened. In this outer room, which, in the words of the old song, served "for parlor, for kitchen and hall," the pedler woman, one intensely cold morning in December, sat at breakfast. The first snow of the season had come on the night before, and lay thick and unbroken on the surrounding fields, while heavy masses of leaden colored clouds, drifting wildly before the keen north wind, threatened to add another fall to its depth. But none of the external gloom had found entrance within the walls. The oaken floor, scoured with scrupulous niceness, was unmarred by a single footprint, and a crackling fire blazed in the cumbersome stove—an appliance of comfort, which at that period many a mansion far more imposing could not boast. Before one of the widows, from which the frost-work had not yet quite melted away, was placed the little table, whose freshly ironed cloth as fairly rivaled in whiteness the snow without, as did the lustre of its pewter garniture that of a service of silver. The savory odor of a plate of plump, brown sausages, and the foam-like lightness of a wheaten loaf, the staples of the repast, testified to the skill of the hand that had compounded them, while the exhalations of a tiny, black coffee-pot betrayed the presence of a luxury

that, in those days, would hardly have been remarked on such a board without reprehension. But it was one in which Widow Slade seldom indulged, and never except when she needed its harmless stimulus against the fatigues of a tour of unusual length and difficulty.

"Well, Heaven be praised for a warm house and a bountiful meal!" she ejaculated, rising from the table with an expression of gratitude on her fresh, un-wrinkled face; "if this world requires much care and hard work of me, it also yields me many blessings to be thankful for!"

Her words were directed to her son, a tall, mature looking lad of fourteen or fifteen, whose strongly marked, though handsome features were singularly impressed with the character of turbulence and self-will. He was engaged in preparing a new rifle for use, and occasionally alternated his employment, as if unconsciously, by tracing, with a pointed stick, the device on the broad side-plate of the stove, the tragedy of Judith and Holofernes, represented with the anachoristic machinery of a stack of bayonets and a pile of cannon-balls, to give a warlike aspect to the tent. Without appearing to have noticed his mother's address, he threw down the stick and said abruptly, "I shall want some money to-day; if you are going out on your beat, be sure that you leave me some."

"Money to-day!" she repeated, stopping with surprise in her occupation of removing the breakfast things; "where can you be going, George, that you will need money on such a day as this?"

"To the shooting-match at the Elk; there 's to be a famous one, and I want to win either the prize bear, or a prime old turkey for our Christmas dinner."

"One of the turkeys of our own feeding will do well enough for our Christmas dinner, George, and as to the bear, I want no such beast about me. Besides, it is a bad habit for a boy like you to get into, this going to shooting-matches."

"Good or bad, I intend to go," said the lad insolently; "so you may as well leave me the money to pay for my chances; if you don't choose to do it, I dare say I could find out where there is enough kept to answer my purpose."

The widow turned with a deep sigh to a window, and her eyes wandered vacantly over the wide expanse of snow before it, but after a moment they rested on a dwelling, the only one within sight of her own, which stood at the farther side of a trackless field, and her train of thought was changed.

"Strange that I should have been so forgetful," she observed, as if in self-reproach; "this is no time, George, to be disputing about your idle amusements, while a fellow creature near us may be in grievous want of our aid. I ought not to have neglected till this late hour my duty toward poor Margaret Wilmot. There is not a curtain drawn from her window, nor a curl of smoke rising from her chimney; perhaps she is too weak to leave her bed, and is suffering for food and fire. I must go and look after her, though indeed it will be hard enough for me to spare the time. I promised to be at Colonel Melvin's against twelve, with the white peeling ribbon for Miss Julia's wedding-

dress, besides leaving the paregoric for old Madam Greely on the way. It will try my strength to the utmost to go that distance in three or four hours, over such roads, and I may not be able to keep my promises at all if I tire myself out at the offstart, by breaking my way through a field knee deep with snow, to poor neighbor Wilmot's. Ah!—there is a curtain raised, but now it is let down again—"

"But the money—the money for the shooting-match," interrupted George, impatiently, and with a pertinacity that showed his determination to carry his point.

His mother hesitated and then replied, as if relieved to be able to make her conscious weakness subservient to some good purpose; "If you will go to the Elk, George, your nearest way will be by Margaret Wilmot's, and on condition you do my errand there, I will gratify you this time in what you ask. Will you promise me to stop and do any thing for her that she may require?"

George carelessly nodded, and with a brightened countenance his mother prepared him for his mission. "I shall put up some victuals for her," said she; "and you can give them into her own hand. Here is a loaf of bread with some rusk and cold meat for herself, and a bottle of milk for the child. See that there is water plenty from the spring, and make a fire for her—a good one that will last awhile; and carry in wood enough to do till to-morrow. Should she be so much worse as to need my help, wait to let me know when you reach the toll-gate, and I can turn into the lane and stop with her; there will be a good excuse for it, and I hope my customers would rather put up with a little disappointment than that she should suffer. If, however, she is as usual, keep on your course, and, as I return in the evening, I will come that way and look after her."

The pedler woman took from the till of a strong oak chest a few small pieces of silver, which she gave to her son, and saw him depart with the basket of provisions in his hand and the rifle on his shoulder. She then changed her home dress for a better one, consisting of a neatly quilted petticoat of glossy woollen stuff, and a short-gown of fine home-spun flannel; threw over it a small cloak of scarlet cloth, and tied upon her still, clear cap, a circular sheet of drab-colored beaver, with an inch high elevation in the centre; a queer head-covering then in vogue to supply the office of the modern bonnet. That done, she disposed in her own basket some of the various little commodities which comprised her stock in trade, and set off as usual upon her daily task. A walk of a mile brought her to the gate at which she was to decide upon the result of her arrangement with her son. He had evidently passed on, for in the lane connected with the dwelling of Margaret Wilmot, which there joined the main road, were foot tracks that she knew to be his, the only ones by which a path had been opened, and satisfied with the belief that the necessities of her sick neighbor were provided for, she proceeded on her round.

Accustomed as the pedler woman was to the inclemencies of a winter's day, those she now



encountered were so unusually severe that she was often discouraged in the prosecution of her undertaking. The air grew more and more piercing, the roads, in many places, were altogether unbroken, and the crust which was hardening over them made her way still more difficult. Her own discomforts, instead of excluding from her thoughts those of another, reminded her the more forcibly of the condition of poor Margaret Wilmot, struggling with a racked and feeble frame to protect herself and her child against the hardships of a rigorous season, or, perhaps, still worse, too much prostrated by its influence for the exertion; and more than once she felt an impulse to retrace her steps, and proffer to the lonely woman encouragements and assistance. But one of her most strongly confirmed habits was that of a strict adherence to her word, and to be able to fulfill her promises to furnish trimming for the wedding-dress of her pretty favorite, the belle of the settlement, and to administer a remedy for the cough of an invalid patroness, also shared her concern. These purposes at length were accomplished, and though urged to rest over night, and tempted, at one place, by blazing fires and rich potions of warm mulled cider, and at the other by overgrown turkeys, towering cakes, and matchlessly transparent jellies, in preparation for a grand wedding supper, when a wedding was a really grand affair; she set out on the return which she had compromised to her benevolent scruples in the morning.

The shades of evening were closing in when she came in sight of the dwelling, of which an apartment or two had been granted as a temporary abode to the object of her anxiety—a low structure of stone, though spacious, and what was called a double house. There were no new tracks in the lane, and those of George had almost disappeared under the fast falling snow, for the wind had lulled, and a brisk shower was descending. As she advanced she saw that the chimney was as free from the sign of fire, and that the windows were as closely covered with their curtains of checkered linen, which she had, herself, drawn over them the evening before, as she had remarked them to be in the morning. She climbed the fence of the yard, for the gate was so banked up with snow that her efforts to force it back were resisted, and as she passed the scanty wood heap she noticed that the axe was sticking in the log in which she had left it on her last visit, and that there were no indications of its having been afterward used. The entrance door was unlatched, and when she pushed it open she beheld her own little basket as full as when she had given it into the charge of her son, standing on the passage floor within reach of her arm. Her heart sunk, for she felt that the boy had not entered the house. She gave a hasty rap against an inner door, to which no sound was returned but the feeble wail of a child, and she hurried into the room whence that proceeded. The last embers had died in the wide, stone hearth, and the snow-flakes, which struggled down the chimney, rested unmelting on the few handfuls of gray ashes scattered over it. The child, a delicate looking little thing, some eighteen months old, sat upon a bed that had been drawn near the fire-place,

and with its blue, shivering fingers, stroked the attenuated but youthful face resting beside it on the pillow.

"Jane, my pretty Jane, what ails you?" asked the kind neighbor, trembling with apprehension, as she approached the bedside. The child sobbed anew, and leaned across the bosom of its mother in a vain attempt to reach a chair which stood against the bed. There was a crust of bread upon it, and a bowl that had contained water, but now was filled with ice and cracked by its expansion.

"Margaret! Margaret Wilmot!" gasped the pedler woman, laying her hand upon the smooth, high forehead of her she had named. There was no movement at her touch, no shrinking of the pallid flesh, and the child cowered affrighted down to the pillow as her shriek rang dismally through the lonely walls. She knew the rigidity to be that of death, and for many minutes she stood transfixed with intense horror. At length her recollection returned so far as to prompt her to seek assistance, and reaching the horn which hung against the chimney, she blew it as a signal of alarm. The time seemed long to her almost beyond endurance, before the summons was answered, yet not half an hour had elapsed when three or four neighbor men appeared.

"Dead, and frozen to death!" exclaimed a stout farmer, looking at the corpse, and he grew pale and shuddered like a woman.

"Frozen to death, and in the midst of us, the Lord forgive us all!" rejoined another, and he added in self-extenuation, "I never heard she was so low near as I live, or I would surely have looked after her. Your house is nearer still, neighbor Slade, and you women always feel for each other."

"God knows how much I felt for her!" exclaimed the pedler woman, clasping her hands; "a widow, a poor young thing in her first deep sorrow, penniless, and without the strong body and resolute mind that supported me when I was thrown in the same way upon the world! My last prayer at night and my first thought in the morning have for many a day been of her!" and too much shocked herself at the consequence of her son's neglect to have any wish to palliate his conduct, she gave a hasty recital of the occurrences of the day.

An old farmer shook his head. "That boy will cause you many a heart-sore yet, neighbor Slade," said he; "there is not as forward a lad of his years, nor as headstrong in the whole country round. He is beyond the management of a woman."

The grave looks of the other auditors attested their concurrence in his opinion, but one of them, as if to afford some relief to the mind of the mother, remarked, "Yet it may not have been the boy's fault; we are not certain but that she died in the night."

"No, no," returned the widow, with truthful earnestness; "did I not say that for a few moments I had seen that curtain raised? and I, myself, carried in wood, more than enough to last her till the morning."

The assemblage was now increased by the arrival of several women who had obeyed the signal of the horn as soon as the difficult walking would allow, and

they were clamorous in their expressions of grief and horror.

"Poor thing! she must have died without a struggle," said one of them; "her face is as calm as if she had passed away in a sweet sleep. Dreadful as it is, because it might have been prevented, they say freezing is an easy death to die."

"And she died like a Christian, with the Bible open on her breast;" added another.

The tears of Widow Slade fell fast, as, for the first time, she observed that the arms of the dead woman were stiffened across the open volume so firmly that the restless motions of the famishing child had not displaced it from the bosom whose agonies it had often soothed. "It was but yesterday," she remarked, "that she begged me to read the merciful promises to the widow and fatherless, which had been my comfort in my own days of trial."

"And what is to become of this poor lamb?" asked one of the women, carrying the child to the fire, which the men had kindled; "there are no relations to claim it, for more than one of us heard Henry Wilmot tell, when he first brought his young wife among us, that she was as much alone in the world as himself. Poor innocent!—it may have a hard life before it!"

"Not if Heaven continues to bless me as it has done!" said the pedler woman, clasping the child in her arms, while her fine blue eyes brightened with a noble resolution; "she shall share my portion with me!"

"You deserve a blessing for your true, kind heart, neighbor Slade," said one of the men, fervently; "all of us here have plenty of children of our own to provide for, but no fear that you will lack help to bring up that orphan little one, if you need it. You women," he continued, "must take care of the corpse, and we men will see to having it decently laid in the earth. We should feel it a heavy weight upon us that she died in this way, and it is as little as we can do to give her a Christian burial, poor thing!" and he looked round the room; "I did not dream that she had been so entirely stripped of her little household comforts. I did not go to the sale after Harry's death, and as he seemed to have few debts, and all the movables they had were neat and new, I thought there would be enough to pay all off, with something left besides."

Too much depressed to feel any disposition for assisting in the last offices to the dead, the pedler woman wrapped the child in her cloak, and prepared to discharge her self-imposed duties by conveying it to the home which she meant it should share. The neighbor who had so freely expressed himself with regard to her son, offered his services to carry her basket, and as they walked together he said kindly, "Don't be so down-hearted, neighbor Slade, nor fancy that you are more to blame in this sad affair than the rest of us. I hope, though, it will be a lesson to that hard-headed boy of yours. Take my advice and put him to a trade, or some place where he will have a master over him. If you don't his idle habits will grow upon him, and may cause you trouble to the day of your death. Make up your mind what you would best like to do for his good, and if you need any one

to help you in looking out a place for him, you may depend upon me. But cheer up! cheer up! and don't take this so much to yourself."

The gloom, however, upon the spirit of the conscientious woman could not be so easily removed. She raked together the live hickory coals that were embedded in the ashes of the stove, and added a warm draught of milk to the food which her basket had supplied to the sobbing child; then, throwing herself on her knees, she prayed to know the extent of her culpability, and for power to make reparation for it. She was interrupted by the entrance of her son, who noisily dashed down his rifle, of which the barrel was broken, and with his foot pushed aside the little guest seated upon the floor.

"What is this brat doing here?" he asked petulantly.

"She is here as a means of trial to me, George, to prove if I can do my duty toward a child by bringing it up more in accordance with the commandments of God than I have done my own son. There is a fearful sin and reproach upon you since you last left this door. Your disobedience to me has made this little creature an orphan. Margaret Wilmot is dead, and died of cold and hunger."

The face of the lad flushed, but it was rather with anger at his mother's tone of severity than with any emotion for its cause. "Then why did you not look after Margaret Wilmot yourself?" he demanded with the rudeness habitual to him in his intercourse with his mother; "I have paid dearly enough on her account already. Look here, if you had not been troubling me about her, and had let me attend to my own concerns, I would have loaded my gun without mistake, and saved myself from this."

He extended his hand, unrolling from it a thick wrapping, and his mother saw that he had shot away the fore-finger at the second joint. She started with a momentary shudder, but suppressing her feelings, she remarked, "Your punishment has come soon after the offence, George; I can only pray that none heavier may be sent upon you."

As her own mind acquired relief from the shock occasioned by the fate of Margaret Wilmot, the pedler woman saw, with deep sorrow, that it had made no impression upon that of her son. He even seemed to find satisfaction in proving so to her by every act of petty tyranny that he could wreak upon the infant she had adopted, and her perception once thoroughly awakened to his faults, she became solicitous to follow the advice of her neighbors, and place him where he would have steady employment and be under beneficial restraint. But he was hardened in self-will beyond his years. He scoffed at the idea of labor and control, and a few months after the change had been suggested, he suddenly disappeared, and with him, from her secret depository, the hoardings of several years. His death could scarcely have been an affliction to her more acute than such a desertion. Undutiful as he had been, and inclined to evil ways, he was the only hope of her widowhood, and to her grief was added the reproaches of her conscience for the weak indulgence that had failed to form him to better things.

To those acquainted with her circumstances it was

touching to witness the devotion of the pedler woman toward the child of her adoption. Dependent upon her daily exertion for her own livelihood, it was a burthen to her, and a heavy one, yet to acknowledge it so, even to herself, never entered her generous mind. Many a time, when her out-doors business might have flourished profitably, she was kept at home for days by its infantile infirmities, and not only then but constantly it was a serious hindrance to her vocation, for her house having no other inmate she made it the companion of her rounds whenever its strength and the season allowed. Nestled against her shoulder if awake, or, if asleep, carefully sheltered in a basket, balancing that of her multifarious wares, she bore it uncomplainingly with her during the first year or two of her guardianship, and, as it increased in size and vigor, as patiently she led it by the hand and accommodated her own pace to its uncertain steps. It was, however, well worthy of her affection, for seldom has the heart treasured or the eye rested on a gentler or a lovelier child. Ever fair, delicate and graceful as a lily, notwithstanding its exposure and its humble nurture, with its long, soft flaxen curls floating around its stately neck, and with an expression of angelic purity and meekness on its beautiful features, there was not a family in the country, no matter how high their estate, that would not have been proud of such an offspring. Its beauty and sweetness were the glory of the foster-mother, and many a wily customer learned that it was an easy thing to extort a bargain while she forgot herself in dilating upon her darling theme, "my Pretty Jane."

Years passed, and the early object of the pedler woman was accomplished. The fruits of her tireless industry had gradually made her the mistress, not only of the cottage, to the possession of which she had so long aspired, but of several fields that lay around it, and the cheerful prospect of an old age smoothed by ease and plenty seemed before her.

Her foster-child had entered upon her womanhood, and with the extreme beauty that marked her infancy, she still retained the title by which it had been acknowledged. Throughout the whole country she was distinguished as "Pretty Jane." She had learned, with her first power of reflection, to appreciate the unselfish goodness that had cherished her, and the only feeling which appeared to stir her tranquil nature with the strength of a passion, was that of gratitude.

"God bless her!" was often the tearful ejaculation of Widow Slade; "if there is one being on earth that would lay down her life for another, that would my Jane for me!"

Timid, silent and home-staying, notwithstanding that her personal charms and the presumption of her being the future heiress of the snug property of Widow Slade might have constituted her a belle among our primitive society, it was predicted that her affections would not readily be divided into another channel, yet, before she had completed her eighteenth year, she had been wooed successfully, and with quiet hopefulness was waiting to take upon herself the duties of a wife. Her lover was somewhat a man of mark among us—the handsome and educated young pastor

of the settlement, for among the most important improvements in the aspect of the country was that of a fine, new church, rearing its spire full in sight of the door of the cottage. Many an alliance far more ambitious might have been at the command of Lewis Walton, but in the gentleness, the modesty, the intelligence, the housewifely accomplishments of Jane, and above all, her earnest piety, he saw, more than in any other, the elements of a useful and lovable minister's wife, and he felt that his hand might safely be proffered where there was so much not only to win upon the fancy, but to secure the heart. As to Jane, she proved that beneath her outward placidity there ran a current of tenderness not less strong than deep.

And how busy was the happy girl with her preparations. What gaily dyed woollen coverlets; what soft, fleecy blankets, what elaborate patch-work quilts, were packed in the capacious walnut chest that had been provided for their reception! what well bleached and nicely sewed bed-linen, what delicately fringed tablecloths and napkins, cunningly marked with her initials in red and blue cotton, or, when their texture was something to be proud of, with her name in full, what dainty wearing apparel lay, in snow-white and glossy piles, in the case of drawers which towered to the ceiling of her little chamber! In this apartment, one afternoon of a sweet summer day, she sat near the window which opened upon a porch, running along the front of the cottage, tumbouring, with fine flaxen thread of her own spinning, the transparent muslin that was to be her wedding-robe. Her mind was so thronged with pleasant thoughts that though a step sounded upon the porch she did not hear it, but when a shadow from without fell upon her work, she started in trepidation from her seat, for with a modest reserve, which, in those days, was neither ridiculed nor condemned, her bridal outfit was kept sacred from any but some rarely privileged eye. She turned toward the window, and saw before it a stranger, a tall, powerfully made man, with a high flush of health glowing upon his cheek through the olive tint which otherwise would have seemed to shade too darkly his bold, but well formed features. His dress was rich and showy, and of a style quite new in that remote settlement, while the heavy whiskers and slight moustache, then not naturalized among us, gave him more the aspect of a foreigner than a denizen of any section of the country. The manner of easy assurance with which he gazed in upon her, was not less novel to Jane, and it was with some effort that she composed herself to await his commands.

"This house had once an occupant named Slade, the Widow Slade," said he, slightly raising his fine beaver from his thick, black hair; "can you tell me if she is alive? and if so, is she still here?"

Jane gave a brief affirmative, and hurried out to call her mother from the kitchen, a new apartment which had been added to the main building, while the stranger sauntered familiarly into the sitting-room. In a few moments the widow joined him, and courteously invited him to a seat.

He threw himself into a high-backed chair, of which the narrow seat was constructed of interwoven strips

of cloth, and, fixing his dark eyes on her face, he remarked, "You live in a flourishing country, Mistress Slade; I did not expect to see such heavy crops in your fields, nor so much of this pretty trumpery about your houses;" and he carelessly blew upon the floor some of the broad petals of a damask rose which he had snapped from a bush on his way through the garden.

"We think more of beautifying the outsides of our habitations now, than when the settlement was new," she replied, quietly; "as to the land, hard labor and long experience in tilling it have made most of it yield well. I have had good crops on my little farm for several years, but not any equal to what is now in prospect."

"And the world seems to have gone especially well with yourself," rejoined the stranger.

"Yes, thanks to Providence!" and the widow stopped her knitting for a moment with her accustomed devoutness; "the world has indeed gone well with me, far beyond my deserts."

"That may be, though, no doubt, you would rather say it yourself than hear it from others," said he, "but you should not let your prosperity spoil your memory for old friends."

"I am not one to forget those that I have once called friends," she returned, with some asperity at the want of respect implied by the smile which curled his lip.

The visitor rose from his seat, and drawing his hand from the vest, in which he had held it with seeming carelessness, he extended it toward her. She glanced alternately upon it and his face, and then growing quite pale, exclaimed, "I cannot be mistaken in that hand!—you must, indeed, be my own lost boy, George Slade!"

"Indeed it is, mother, your own boy, in flesh and blood, and nothing else, that you should look so bewildered," he returned, without any change of manner; "now, if I had come back lean and ragged, looking as if I had lived upon husks, and slept as well as fed among swine, like the prodigal you used to preach to me about, you'd have known me well enough, but it seems almost too much for you to believe that I should have returned like a gentleman."

The mother had extended her arms to give vent to her feelings upon the neck of her son, but a pang, such as she had not known since the years of his boyish transgressions, smote her heart at the light, mocking tones with which he sought to evade her welcome, and a gush of tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Tut—tut, mother!—where's the use of crying?" said he, "you are not sorry to see me, I suppose, and as to crying for joy, though I have heard that you women could do that, it seemed so ridiculous that I never believed it. Wipe your eyes, and, to change the subject, tell me who that pretty girl is, that stared at me as if I had been an alligator—she that called you mother?"

"My adopted daughter, George, a dear, blessed child, who is the greatest comfort of my life."

"Adopted!—bah!—is that all?—the thought struck me that you might have provided yourself with another husband, and me with a new stock of brothers and

sisters, and I felt almost sure of it when you spoke of the old place as your own."

"No, George, the place is, indeed, mine, but it was purchased by my own earnings, and has been embellished, chiefly, by the labors of my Pretty Jane," returned the widow, gravely.

"Jane—Jane," he repeated, as if trying to refresh his memory.

"Have you, indeed, then forgotten her—the child of poor Margaret Wilmot?" and believing that the reminiscence would be a painful one, with her usual delicacy she avoided his eye, that she might not seem to be watching its effect.

"Wilmot—Jane Wilmot," said George, and for the first time he spoke as if not altogether at ease; "I think I have a recollection of her—a puny, cowardly little thing; but, of course, she remembers nothing of me?"

"She indistinctly remembers her mother's death, and you were with me some months after it. She has, at all events, often heard of you."

"And no good of me, I suppose you would say, if you were not too civil to speak your mind. Well, there will be time enough to make it all up yet. But I am glad to hear that there are no other interlopers to put my nose out of joint, for as you are a woman of property, I may have a chance to become a man of consequence in these parts."

Their dialogue was interrupted by the re-appearance of Jane, who, when her first surprise was over, vainly endeavored to force a feeling of sympathy with what she presumed must be the happiness of her foster mother. There had always been a gloomy association in her mind with the name of George Slade. She remembered, though but as a dream, his overbearing harshness toward herself in her infancy, and she had never been told, except, indeed, by her protectress, of her mother's death, without hearing bitter reflections upon him. She now saw nothing in his countenance, nor in the bold familiarity of his address, to remove the unpropitious impression. As to his mother, there was too much in the restless flashing of his eye, and in the reckless scolding of his tongue, not to remind her of his early temper and habits, and her thankfulness for his return was alloyed with fear.

George Slade assiduously sought to revive the acquaintances of his boyhood; but he made no friends either among those who remembered him, or others to whom he was an entire stranger. His companionship was not, indeed, avoided, for his conversation abounded with entertaining and not improbable narratives of adventure in various foreign lands; but the objects of his wandering were never named, and it was not strange that, among a sober and unsophisticated people, the pursuits which seemed to preclude revelation should have been suspected as contraband.

Thrown constantly into his society, Jane felt not only the distrust of him communicated by others, but the involuntary repulsion of a pure spirit against one of evil. Though he was comparatively guarded in his expressions while in her presence, yet she knew that he was sensual, rapacious, unfeeling and unprincipled. A more private reason soon added to her dislike. At

first he had assumed toward her an unskillful semblance of brotherly prudence and fondness, but before long he changed it for the bearing if not the language of passion, and in this there was no counterfeiting, for it must have been a callous nature that could have resisted the power of her extreme beauty and loveliness. His mother perceived it, and attempted to warn him from any decisive purpose, by informing him of the projected marriage, but she was heard without effect. Amidst all his bold depravity, there was still room in his character for the weaknesses of personal vanity, and accustomed to win favor with the class of females among whom he had heretofore been thrown, by the attractions of a really handsome exterior, he could not understand how they could prove ineffectual to the conquest of the inexperienced and simple minded Jane. The choicest decorations of a rich and abundant wardrobe, which strikingly distinguished his appearance among the plain and homely young farmers of the neighborhood, were studiously resorted to as aids to the blandishments of his manner, but before he could flatter himself of even the smallest measure of success, Lewis Walton returned.

"That is a dainty, tily-faced spark of yours, Jane," said George, with an insolent sneer, when the young pastor had left the house, after his first visit to his intended bride; "he looks as if he had been laid on a book-shelf all his days, for the preservation of his complexion. How he must tremble at the thoughts of wind and weather!"

"His profession does not subject him to much exposure," replied Jane, without seeming to have noticed the sarcasm of his language; "but though he looks delicate, his health is sound."

"His waist is as slim, and his hand is as soft as a lady's," pursued George; "it would go hard with him to be forced to any manly exertion. I suppose you have made up your mind, Jane, to be master as well as mistress, and to look after the out-door business yourself."

"I trust I shall be able and willing to do all that will be required of me," answered Jane, as placidly as before.

"It is very well that you have prepared yourself beforehand to be properly submissive," said he, lowering his brows still more darkly; "for there is no such tyrant as your bookish man. He thinks that humble service is his due from his wife for the honor he does her by yoking himself with so weak a creature. Has this young Walton made you sensible, Jane, of the honor in store for you, and taught you to act accordingly?"

"And is it not an honor, George Slade," said Jane, now coloring deeply, and with an unwonted fire in her soft, blue eye; "is it not an honor to an humble girl like myself, without fortune, fine manners, or high connections, that a man like Lewis Walton, learned, accomplished and looked up to, should choose her to be his wife?"

"An honor to you, Jane, to be the wife of a poor milk-sop of a country parson!—why I have seen kings' daughters in my travels, and never one as fit to wear her gold and jewels as such as you would have been!

It is a man who has lived among men, instead of books, that knows how to value a woman. He would glory in beauty like yours, and wear his life out, if that should be required, in struggling for the means to set it off, and show it to the world as it deserves. He would be your slave, Jane, and that gladly, and not make you his. You are inexperienced and unsuspecting, and don't understand the step you are taking. Let me advise you; choose a man of the world for a husband, and one who would worship you as if you were a queen or an angel. Let me find you your wedding ring, Pretty Jane!"

He threw his arm round her, and attempted to force upon her hand a ring of value, which he had drawn from his own. She dug it from her as if its pressure had stung her, and pale with indignation and abhorrence, broke from his clasp. Her expression of loathing was too much for the self-love of the repulsed suitor. For an instant he grew pale as herself, but, with an effort to control his irritation, he changed the insinuating smile with which he had sought to persuade her, to one of mingled pity and disdain, and said, though in a husky and broken voice, "As you please, Jane, as you please. I have no notion to urge you. There are plenty, though, who would think the offer you have refused a greater honor than the one you have accepted;" and turning on his heel, he sauntered whistling away; yet the workings of his countenance betrayed a conflict of evil feelings.

"Are the clothes in order that I asked you to look after?" inquired George of his mother, the same evening of his unlucky interview with Jane; "I shall need them to-night," he added, "for I intend to pack up and be off early in the morning for N—."

"Why, what can take you there so soon again, George? you have been at N— already three or four times, and in as many weeks," said she.

"So I have, and now I intend to stay awhile. There would be little satisfaction for me here while men, women and children are sweating to death in the harvest fields. It is dull work enough to pass one's time among them when they can take liberty to amuse themselves."

He accordingly set off for the market-town the next day, and though his mother received no direct communication from him during the month that followed, few days passed in which she did not incidentally obtain intelligence of his pursuits. They were now undisguisedly those of a gambler.

During the absence of the young clergyman the officers of the congregation had held deliberations upon the selection of a parsonage, for the church was a new one, and, as yet, had not possessed that appendage; one which, on the marriage of the pastor, would become necessary. The result was conveyed to him on his return, that the old house which had been the last habitation of poor Margaret Wilmot, was to be purchased and fitted up for the purpose. Since her time it had been seldom tenanted, for it had neither ground nor out-buildings to render it a suitable place for a farmer, and was too secluded in its situation to be a desirable residence to a person engaged in any other than the business of agriculture. But for the present

object it appeared all that could be required. It was in convenient vicinity to the church, was pleasantly located, and was a substantial building, which could be made a comfortable and a not inelegant abode. The requisite repairs and alterations were immediately commenced, and were carried on with so much vigor that it was anticipated they would be completed against the end of the approaching harvest. At that time it was decided that, if all things could be in readiness, the marriage should take place.

The harvest was nearly over. The interior work of the house was so far advanced that Mr. Walton had already moved into it many of the simple but numerous articles of furniture it required, when he was summoned to attend an ecclesiastical assembly in session at about a day's journey off.

On the evening of his departure he called at the cottage to take leave of Jane, and received from Widow Slade a package which she requested him to deliver to a friend on his way through N—. He reproached her jestingly for her refusal to communicate, either to himself or Jane, the nature of its contents, and then said to the latter—

"Supposing you walk with me as far as the parsonage, Jane?—the coach will not be along until dark, and I shall have time to be at the tavern to meet it even if I stop some minutes on the way. I should like before I go to have your opinion of some additions that I made to-day to our little household arrangements. Your mother will spare you, will you not, dear madam? I shall have so short a while to detain her, that she will be with you, at farthest, against dusk."

He gave his arm to Jane, and they strolled slowly down the lane, which had, years since, been opened to join the one leading from the old stone house to the turnpike road. The widow stood on her little porch, looking fondly but thoughtfully after them, when, just as they had disappeared at a turn of the road, her son presented himself at the gate. His face was flushed with hasty walking, and scarcely offering any greeting, he threw himself on a bench beside her and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Much as she had heard of him to give her pain and displeasure, she addressed him with her usual mildness; "You look tired and over-heated, George—would you not be the better of some supper to refresh you?"

"No—no—I am in too great a hurry to think about eating; I must be at the road again when the coach comes along, for I want to get back to N— to-night."

"What hurries you?—what is your errand?" she asked with something of alarm.

"It is soon told—money—I must have some money, and that not a little. It is a long time since I asked any of you," he added, forcing a laugh, though his eye fell beneath hers; "and it is nothing but fair that you should make up for it by giving me what I am entitled to in a lump."

"You have, justly, no claim upon me for money, George—I grieve to say it," answered his mother; "for I have never received a child's duty from you. And, besides, a few weeks ago you boasted of your

heavy purse, and of the ease with which you could keep it: led; why do you so soon come to me?"

"Ask me no questions, mother, I am not in a humor to answer them. Just supply me with what I want, and when I have more time, perhaps, I may give an account of myself."

"I have had accounts of you to my sorrow, George, and even if I had it to spare, my conscience would not allow me to furnish you with money while I have reason to fear that every dollar would sink you deeper in iniquity. Believe me, I would a thousand times rather have heard of you as filling a Christian's grave in the furthest corner of the earth, than to have you near me and living your present course of life."

"You are as good at preaching as ever, mother; but, to come to the point, do you say that you have no money? I know that you had several hundred dollars by you when I left you last."

"So I had, but it was laid up as a marriage portion for Jane. I could not think of letting her leave me empty-handed, for she has always been as a daughter, and a dutiful one, to me, and it is right that I should do a mother's part toward her. For years I thought of you as among the dead, but when you returned to me most gladly I would have accorded to you a son's claim upon my little estate, had I found you worthy of it. You have not proved yourself so, and I cannot rob the child of my adoption even for the child of my blood. It goes very hard with me to decide against you, George, but it is my duty, and I must do it."

"So, then, I need not flatter myself that you are going to write a new will in my favor," said George, with a sneering smile; "I heard a whisper, within a few days, that a year or two ago you had made one for the benefit of Jane. Is it true?"

"Yes, George."

"A complete, regular will, is it?—signed, witnessed and sealed? You have, no doubt, also been prudent enough to place it where it can't be meddled with?"

"It is in safe hands, those of my friend and old neighbor, Robert Merrill."

"What, Merrill the popular sheriff? why, you have chosen quite a great man to attend to your concerns, mother, I did not think you were so ambitious;" then, after a moment's pause, he added more seriously, "I don't intend to say any thing against the claims of Jane. Had you acted by me like a mother, and as I wished, they would not have interfered with mine. You must have seen—I know you did see—my love for the girl. If your influence had been used to recommend me to her regard; such influence as you possess, for she worships you; you might have made her your daughter in reality, and have been the means of settling me to the sober course of life that would have contented your wishes."

"I would not have desired Jane to be your wife, George, even if she had not been engaged to another, for one of your disposition, to say nothing of your habits, could not have made her happy."

"After all, this trig young parson is not quite disinterested in marrying your pauper girl," he remarked; resuming his sneer, and rising from his recumbent posture, he proceeded, looking full into his mother's

face; "but about the marriage portion, have you it still by you?"

The widow returned his gaze, and answered with more firmness than was usual to her; "Satisfy your mind, once for all, George Slade, that it is to be applied to the purpose for which it was intended. I have as much of it by me as will answer the immediate necessities of Jane, but neither she nor her intended husband has want of much for the present. The larger part I gave out of my hands but a few minutes since to be placed in bank for their use when they choose to draw it. Lewis Walton himself carries it to town to-night—you saw him pass down the lane, did you not?—should you go back in the coach, as you stated your purpose to be, he may have an opportunity, while you travel together, to deliver a message to you, which I had intrusted to him, thinking he could call on you in N— with it. It was that you would make arrangements to go into some honest occupation, and that you might rely upon my assistance in any thing not beyond my means. If I could not persuade you, my dear George," she added, with a softened voice; but without waiting to hear more, George snatched up his hat and strode rapidly from the cottage down the road by which he had come—a by-way, terminating on the turnpike road, at nearly the same point with the lane from the parsonage.

Meanwhile the two lovers were moving from room to room in the old house. The young pastor led the way, and pointed out, with a satisfaction the fuller for its novelty, his various plans and arrangements, while Jane timidly expressed her commendations, and acknowledged, with modest gratitude, his solicitude for her comfort.

"This room," said he, opening one of the lower apartments, "you have not seen since I had the new toilet moved into it. We will keep it for our guest-chamber, will we not? for I trust that the exercise of a cheerful hospitality will always be a chief pleasure with us both. It is a light, snug looking little place, and we will try to make our friends feel at home in it."

"And yet I am afraid it will often give me a melancholy feeling to enter it," said Jane; "I do not know if I have ever spoken to you of it before, but it was in this very room, here where we now stand, that my poor mother died, and here I was found a helpless little orphan, weeping beside her corpse. When we have shown strangers to the room, and have shared with them the comforts that may be placed in our hands, how can I avoid thinking of her dying in it for want of the common necessities of life?"

Lewis pressed her hand sympathizingly. "It cannot be wrong, dear Jane," said he, "to think sometimes of those things. Our hearts would grow too hard if we closed them against all melancholy recollections. Especially to you there can be no injury from reflecting upon the misfortunes of your infancy, for while you are doing so, you cannot fail to remember the blessings which followed them, making your orphan lot a rare exception, and to feel thankful to Heaven for raising up a true and an exemplary friend—a second mother—for your time of need."

Jane attempted to smile through her tears, and hastening to change the subject, Mr. Walton resumed. "But I am overstaying my time; I shall leave you to lock up the house and take charge of the key as its mistress, for I presume that you will not object to being installed into your office a few days before the commencement of the legal term. Before I go, however, I must not forget to present a little gift which I should like to see among your bridal attire. It is no costly bauble, such as I might have been tempted to offer to my bride if I had been a man of wealth, but just a pretty silken ornament, which, simple as it is, I think, when worn over your white dress, will look right well."

He drew from his pocket a paper, from which he unrolled a pure white scarf, of rich, but delicate texture, and laid it across her shoulders. Jane blushed and smiled, and looked down admiringly upon it as she folded it round her pretty figure; and her lover, taking advantage of her recovered cheerfulness, hastened to bestow his farewell.

But the sadness of Jane returned when she felt herself alone in the scene of her first trial. She involuntarily stepped from the door, and traced the way of the young pastor, through the long grass and untrimmed shrubbery, to the gate, where, concealed from his eye, as he occasionally looked back, she could watch his receding form through the screen of lilacs and altheas. At length he reached the summit of a little knoll, which was crowned, by the side of the road, with young locust and haw trees, and beyond which he would have been hidden from her view, when the figure of a man, whom evidently he had neither seen nor heard, appeared close behind him. The first glimpse, as he emerged from the concealment of the low branches, sufficed to assure her that it was George Slade. The next instant she saw that one powerful arm was thrown around the neck of her lover, whose slight person swayed backward in its coil, and then both sunk together from her sight.

The nature of Jane was one on which fear acted as a sudden paralysis. All power of volition deserted her, and she stood cold and rigid as a marble statue, with her eyes strained upon the point at which the objects of her interest had disappeared. After a time, of the length of which she was unconscious, the head of George, who appeared advancing toward the parsonage, was again visible above the fence-row bushes. Under any circumstances she would have wished to avoid meeting him when alone, but now his approach gave shape to her undefined terrors, and, to escape his observation, she crouched upon a mound of grass beside which she had stood. At length there was a heavy tramp outside of the impervious hedge, mingled with the sound of a weight dragged over the roadside weeds; then the gate was pushed back, and George Slade stood within, panting for breath, and with his face so frightfully expressive of evil passions, that, if she had studied its lineaments, she might have doubted his identity. But another object had met her eye. At his feet lay the body of Lewis Walton, which in passing through the gate he had allowed to fall from his grasp—the pallid, bloody corpse of her lover.

Well might the ringing shriek which burst from her lips have appalled the wicked heart of the murderer. His first impulse seemed to be to double his crime to escape its consequences, but when he recognized the beautiful, feeble creature cowering before him, he thrust back to its place of concealment the broad knife which had faintly gleamed in the fading light. In the moment of oppressive silence which followed, he endeavored, without effect, to recover sufficient self-possession for deciding how to act. There was all the confusion of cowardice in his manner as he exclaimed, "You here, Jane!—how happen you to be in this lonesome, deserted old place, alone, and so long after sundown?"

No answer was returned, and a chill ran through even his iron frame as he looked upon the stone-like features, and into the glassy eyes which she turned toward him. He approached her, and, as if to arouse her from her torpor, laid his hand upon her shoulder. The shiver which she shrank from his touch alone betrayed the presence of life.

"How long have you been sitting here, Jane?" he demanded; "and can you tell me any thing of this?—a dead body, warm and bleeding, is a strange thing to find by the way-side in this peaceful country. Look at it as well as the light will let you, and tell me if I am right; it seems to me to be one you will think you have good reason to grieve over."

But Jane buried her face in her lap, and answered only by a shudder and a piteous moan.

"Answer me, Jane Wilmot!" persisted George, with more of his wonted boldness; "what do you know of this thing? I never saw young Walton but once, but my memory deceives me if this is not his body. Is it so? and how came it where I found it?—either you or I must give an account of it, or we must share between us the penalty of being near the spot where such a deed was acting!"

Still she was mute, and after a moment of perplexity, he stooped down and continued in his smoothest tones of persuasion—"Do n't fear, do n't fear, poor girl! I wished but to know if you could tell me any thing that could explain this strange mystery. It is ill luck to us both that brought us in the way at such a time, for should the charge fall on me of first handling this bloody trunk, what proof have I that I came upon it by chance, and drew it to a place where it might be secure, as an honest citizen should?—my life may be in your hands, Jane Wilmot! and how would my mother bear the trouble that a word of yours might bring upon her?"

The chord, of which he well knew the strength, vibrated at his touch. Jane clasped her hands, and, in the agony of her spirit, almost screamed, "Oh, mother!—my precious mother!" and she covered her face as before.

"Yes, Jane, a word of yours may bring the only child of her name to the gallows, and may break the heart that doeth on you, for how would she know more than others, that an innocent man was condemned? Answer me, Jane; could you, who owe her gratitude for every day of your life; you whom she cherished far more fondly than me to whom she gave existence;

could you send her in sorrow to the grave, when your silence might preserve her to a happy old age?"

"Oh, mother!—my precious mother!" repeated Jane, and clasped her hands and wrung them with greater wildness still.

"Go home to her now, Jane," murmured George; "and bear in mind if you are the first to give warning of this sad affair, you destroy her as well as me."

Jane rose from the grass, though her trembling limbs had scarcely power to support her, and murmured, "Why should I go to her again? my life will be of little worth to any one now; take it, also, George Slade, or let me look upon his face, and perhaps I may die."

The eyes of George glared fiercely upon her, and his hand grasped the weapon he had concealed, but a moment's thought restrained him, and he responded in a voice unchanged, "Take it also!—take your life!—what mean you? surely you do n't—you can't think, poor girl! that I had any concern in this thing! but your mind is unsettled with your sorrow; go, go, it will do you no good to look at what can be nothing to you again. Take care of yourself, and do not grieve too deeply for this poor youth; you may have many pleasant days yet, for there are as good men in the world, and lovers as true as Lewis Walton. Go, go, Jane, but beware of your words to my mother, and remember that I shall keep watch near you till I shall have seen that you can be relied on."

Widow Slade stood on the porch of her cottage looking anxiously along the dusky lane for the return of her foster child, and wondering at her delay. At length she saw her through the twilight, advancing with steps so slow and unequal, that apprehensive of something unusual, she hurried to the gate to meet her. "You are late, Jane, dear," said she; "what has kept you out in the chilly night air so long?"

"Oh, nothing, mother, nothing!" replied Jane, with a low, hysterical laugh, and she looked back over her shoulder with a shudder, while she tightly grasped the arm extended toward her.

"Your voice is hoarse, Jane, and your hand is as cold as ice," continued the widow, leaning forward and looking closely into her face; "you are quite pale, and your hair is heavy with dew; surely you have not been sitting by yourself grieving after Lewis!—would he think any the more of you for needlessly risking the health which you are blest with, that you may use it for good purposes? and why should you lament about a few days' separation? I know it is a solemn thing to think of, that the hour of your next meeting will make you a wife, it is solemn, or should be, to a girl to reflect upon her marriage at any time, but what plentiful reasons have you for thank-giving and hope at the prospect before you?"

"Oh, nothing, mother, nothing!" reiterated Jane, with an incoherence which betrayed that the remonstrance was unheeded if not unheard, and again her strange, doleful laugh followed.

"I trust you have not had a difference, you two who have loved each other so well!" said the widow, now as much disturbed as surprised. "Ah, no!—I see by this you have not," she added, as they passed the light



in the outer room; "let me see it—a scarf—a beautiful silk scarf!—why what a thoughtful husband you will have!—this is all that was needed to make your wedding-dress complete. I like to see a pretty wedding-dress, old as I am, especially if it is on a pretty bride—such a one as our young minister has chosen! But go into your room, dear, and compose yourself; a good night's rest will make all right again."

Thus assuming a cheerfulness which she did not feel, she affectionately kissed the cold cheek of the trembling girl, and leading her into the little chamber, begged her to try to sleep. But as she closed the door, she looked back, and saw that Jane had seated herself on the floor beneath the window, and was rocking herself to and fro, with her head bent down to her knees, in the moonlight which glimmered through the half drawn curtains into the room.

The widow then retired to her own apartment, but several hours passed and she was still awake, for ever and anon a moan, distinctly audible through the thin board partition, reached her ear. About midnight, however, she had sunk into a slight slumber, when a shriek of thrilling sharpness aroused her. She sprang from her bed, and opened the communicating door between the two chambers. Jane still sat where she had left her, with her dress unchanged, except that she had thrown the scarf over her flaxen curls, and held it closely folded upon her breast. She made no reply to the hurried inquiry of her foster mother, but with one of her pale, slender fingers, she pointed convulsively to the window.

The widow looked cautiously out. "I see nothing, dear," said she; "you must have fallen asleep and been dreaming of something to alarm you. There is no unusual sound—stay—I think a shadow did pass along the porch, but it may have been the wind stirring the long branches of the willow, yet the night is calm. What was it you saw, Jane?"

But though the cold sweat glistened on the forehead of Jane, and her teeth chattered as if with an ague, she returned no answer.

"You should not allow yourself to be so overcome with fear, dear child," resumed Widow Slade; "we are so close to the road that it would be strange if stragglers should not be sometimes tempted to look in upon us. Yet our bolts and bars have always kept us safe from the ill-intentioned, if any such came near us, and they would be sufficient now. But come, you must sit here no longer. I will draw the curtains close, and watch by you till your fright is over.

She unwound the scarf from the shoulders of Jane, and laid it in a drawer, and then, after removing the remainder of her dress, without any assistance of her own, led her in the same passiveness to her bed.

The widow returned to her own chamber no more that night. She lighted a candle and placed it at a distance from the bed, but she could see by it, when she took her seat at the bedside, that the tears were rolling fast from between the closed eyelids of Jane. Still she could elicit no explanation, for there was nothing to satisfy her in the few unconnected words which were always returned to her anxious questions. Toward morning she ceased to weep, her countenance

grew more haggard, she gesticulated wildly, and in indecipherable alarm, her foster mother despatched a message, by the first passing neighbor, to the physician of the settlement. Hours, however, must have elapsed before the summons could be answered, and the widow, who was skilled in simples, went out to select, from her garden stores, such medicinal herbs as she believed efficacious in nervous disorders, for of that nature she presumed Jane's malady to be. She was arrested in her task by the abrupt entrance of a neighbor, a carpenter, who had been employed in the repairs of the parsonage.

"Let me sit down, neighbor Slade," said he, grasping a bar of trellis, and throwing himself on a border of myrtle; "I have just seen a sight that makes me as weak as a child."

"Why, Davis, man, you are ill, come into the house, or let me bring you out a bowl of water," said the widow, with kind solicitude.

"No, no, stop, my breath has come back again and I can tell you now; but first—have you heard nothing from the old house yonder?" pointing to the parsonage.

"Certainly not; what was there to be heard?"

"It's an unlucky house, and I have seen in it what will go far to break the heart of poor Jane. I was a boy when I saw her mother lying there, stiff and frozen, but the sight was nothing like this—frightful—frightful! I went after sunrise to take away some tools I had left in the kitchen, and not knowing who had the key, I thought I would get in at one of the cellar windows—I had myself hung the wooden shutter so that it could be opened from the outside. I jumped down, and stumbled on what I supposed to be a log lying against the wall. To save myself from falling I stretched down my hand toward the ground, and it struck upon the clay-cold face of a dead body!

"But hear the worst, hear the worst!" he proceeded, after the interruption of Widow Slade's loud ejaculations of horror; "it was our young minister—it was Lewis Walton!—don't give way now, neighbor Slade;" and he grasped her arm, for her limbs seemed to be failing her; "you have seen sorrowful and terrible sights in your time, and all your strength is now needed to keep up the heart of that poor young creature who will feel the blow the heaviest. I could hardly believe my own senses, but the light came in strongly at the window I had left open, and there could be no mistake. I hurried up the stairs, and saw through the entry, and on the door step, daubs of clotted blood. He must have been murdered—brutally murdered—and the body must have been carried through the house, though the door was locked and the key gone—good Heavens!—can that be Jane, and could she have heard me?"

The livid face of Jane was protruded through the window, with eyes bloodshot, and a ghastly smile upon the lips.

"Go in, Jane, go to your bed, darling," said the widow, prompted to suppress her own emotion by the necessity of using all her firmness of mind for the support of her hapless ward, whose singular ailment she briefly described to the visitor.

The man listened with something of awe. "Depend upon it, neighbor," said he, "she has had warning of this; it is not a mere 'girl's sorrow after a lover she expects to see in a week; she has had some token of his death—perhaps she has seen his spirit. There must have been some reason for her scream in the night, and what living thing would have frightened her speechless?"

He arose to carry his startling tale further, and as he lifted his hat which he had thrown upon the myrtle vines, he saw beneath it a large key pressing down the dark-green leaves. "Why, here 's one of the strangest things of all, neighbor Slade," said he; "can you tell me how this came here?"

"I cannot, indeed; to my knowledge I never saw the key before. It does not belong here, for our doors all fasten with bolts and screw latches."

"It is the key of the parsonage," said the carpenter. "I have had it in my house day after day, since I undertook the repairs, and I know it well. This leather loop I tied in the ring with my own hands; it was but yesterday I parted with it, and then I gave it up to Lewis Walton himself."

"And this, is it yours?" asked the widow, pointing to a handkerchief which hung by a slight hold on a bush against the fence, as if it had accidentally fallen upon it.

"That?—no, a man's silk handkerchief—do n't you know it?"

"No more than I did the key; it is new and unhemmed, yet it has been used."

"There is blood upon it!" exclaimed the man; "those dark, stiff spots are blood! it must have come here with the key; it looks as if you had been in danger too, neighbor Slade; the villains must have dropped the things as they climbed the fence, for you keep your gate locked, I believe."

The widow shuddered. "Then Jane's alarm in the night may not have been from her own fancy," said she; "there, take the handkerchief, Davis, along with the key. You may be able to do more with such proofs than I could."

The ill tidings flew as only such can fly. The whole country round was filled with grief and horror. Hundreds collected at the parsonage through mingled curiosity and regard for the memory of the unfortunate young pastor, and among the crowds that constantly filled the road, poor Jane received a full proportion of sympathy and commiseration. The story of her strange melody was soon circulated with the customary amount of exaggeration, and was speculated upon by many with superstitious wonder. She remained in her chamber during the day, and her foster mother remarked that the unusual bustle in the house, occasioned by the continual coming and going of the kind-hearted and the inquisitive, failed to draw from her a single question, rational or otherwise. The only words that escaped her lips were the monotonous "Oh, nothing, nothing!" uttered with a melancholy wildness that made the listeners tremble.

Night came, and once more alone, the widow collected her thoughts, and attempted to devise some means of impressing the mind so mysteriously im-

paired. She drew a little table to the bedside, and taking down from its shelf the old bible which she had taught Jane to treasure as the most precious relic of her departed mother, she commenced reading in a low, calm voice, such passages as, in her lively faith, she trusted could not strike ineffectually upon her ear. Whilst she was thus earnestly engaged, she heard the slow tramp of an approaching horse and then the sound of heavy footsteps around the house. She paused to listen. A door faintly creaked, and she saw the eyes of Jane, which had appeared fixed on vacancy, dilate to an unnatural fullness, and suddenly from her pallid lips burst forth the same thrilling scream, that the night before had aroused her from her pillow. She looked round in affright, and beheld her son close behind her.

"Hush, mother!" he exclaimed, with rapid utterance, "you must hide me, and instantly; you refused me money yesterday to pay my debts, and now the constables are at my heels. Try to do something to serve me now."

He had opened the door of his mother's chamber, and was about to pass into it, he turned quickly and threw himself under the bed on which the young sufferer lay, muttering, "If there 's a safe place, it is here."

Then came a loud rap on the door, and to the tremulous answer of the widow, Mr. Merrill, the sheriff of the county, presented himself.

"Do not let me alarm you, good Mistress Slade," said he, after a brief salutation bespeaking an old friend; "but circumstances, which I will afterward explain, render it proper that I should search your premises. There is an out-building connected with your house which I wish to look into. Will you furnish me with lights, and, if not inconvenient, oblige me by leading the way? There is an inside door, is there not?—this open one, I believe;" and as pale and silent she complied with his request, he added, kindly, "pray let me assure you, you have no cause for personal apprehension of any kind."

The out-house alluded to was one adjoining the main building, serving, in the lower part, as a woodshed, and above, as a repository for various kinds of lumber. The sheriff looked carefully about the neatly arranged woodpiles, and then, after ascending the steep stairs, as carefully among the spinning-wheels, the reels, the barrels and bundles, and other articles which generally comprise the store of a farm-house garret.

"All appears as it should be," remarked Mr. Merrill; "I presume you have observed nothing which would indicate there having been an unusual occupant in the place?"

"Nothing, excepting this," returned the trembling woman; "these bundles of wool and flax have always been kept hanging to the joists!"

"And now they are laid together on the floor, as if they had been so arranged for a bed," rejoined Mr. Merrill, turning the bundles over, but without finding any thing extraneous among them, and as they ascended the stairs and entered the sitting-room he continued; "to explain the reason of my visit, which

seems to have agitated you much more than I could have apprehended, it is this. After the attempt I made during the forenoon to investigate the horrible occurrence at the parsonage, I rode on toward N—, and from a neighbor of yours, whom I chanced to meet on his return from there, I learned that as he passed this in the middle of the night on his way to market, he had seen a man climb into the window of the woodshed. That circumstance, in connection with the finding of the key and the handkerchief, induced me to believe that their possessor had made your premises a place of concealment for a longer or shorter time, unaccountable as it would seem that he should do so, and I regarded it as my duty to come hither without delay, and make an examination which would satisfy me as to whether he had left further proofs behind him. Several persons of the neighborhood, who were present when he made his communication, have accompanied me to know the result; and, at a notion of their own, that he might have hidden himself in the loft, waiting for the cover of the night to travel further, have stationed themselves around the house to stop him if I should disturb him in his stolen quarters."

The sheriff paused as he laid his hand on the door, and looked back to inquire, "How is Jane, our poor, Pretty Jane?—have you seen any change in her for the better?"

"None in the least."

"Poor child! poor child! her singular illness has undoubtedly some relation to this deplorable transaction, and my strongest hope of detaching the perpetrator rests upon her recovery." He took leave, and after the tramp of his horse and the voices of his companions had died in the distance, George Slade reappeared from his place of concealment.

"So then, I have had my alarm for nothing;" said he, with a forced laugh; "but when a man has got himself into difficulties it makes him cowardly, and I'm very well satisfied not to have been the object of pursuit. But you must give me something to eat, for I am again in a hurry to be gone."

Without waiting for his mother to place refreshments on the table as she proposed, he opened a large corner cupboard in which they were contained, and ate voraciously. "I should not have felt pleasant to be locked up for want of a little money, particularly after my own mother had refused to save me from it," he proceeded, and looking at her sharply, he asked, "was the money returned which you gave to that unlucky young preacher?—was it found about him?"

"No, George, that must have been the temptation to the wicked deed, for Lewis Walton had no enemies. Of course the body was robbed;" and sighing to think of the cold avarice of her son, which she believed caused him to allude thus to an event which she regarded with such deep distress, she continued; "but I have a considerable sum that I can now let you have, since the expenses for which it was intended will not be incurred. I fear I may not be doing right to give it to you, but my mind is troubled and I cannot think clearly. If you can get yourself a good name by it, you are welcome to it; if not, do not let it sink you still deeper into evil courses."

She withdrew to her chamber, and after some minutes returned full of surprise, perplexity and alarm. "It is gone," said she, "stolen from my chest. But yesterday I had it in my hands, and now it has disappeared."

"Pshaw!—you have only changed your mind, mother; returned George, with affected incredulity, and then, as if satisfied by her grave silence, he observed, "well, this comes of withholding your substance from your own flesh and blood, to bestow it upon strangers. But since you can do nothing for me, I had better be off. You may as well keep to yourself that you have seen me, for I owe some scores in the neighborhood, that I don't care to be reminded of just now."

Was it strange that during the successive incidents of that day, no thought of the implication of George in the hidden deed it had brought to light, should have entered the mind of the widow? *She was his mother*, and what mother, without proofs palpable as her own sense of existence, could suspect of so foul a crime the child of her own bosom! But for several minutes after his departure she stood in earnest and sad reflection, for in the acknowledgment of his irregular life afforded by his recent alarm, there was sufficient to make her heart still heavier.

When she returned to Jane, she saw in her a startling change. Her body seemed to have sunk as well as her mind, and she lay in a state of suspended animation that fearfully resembled death. She hurriedly resorted to such restoratives as were at hand, and when her efforts had partially succeeded, she remembered a bottle of perfumed essence, then too rare for common use, which had long been kept hoarded among the little trinkets and other valued ornaments of the invalid. She opened a drawer to search for it, and, among its various contents, she moved aside the scarf which she had, herself, thrown into it the night before. As she did so her eye was caught by a large, dark red stain on the snowy silk, so peculiarly defined, that in an irresistible impulse she drew it to the light. It was the impress, distinct even to the minute lines in the skin, of a human hand—the hand, with its shrunk and mutilated fore-finger, of George Slade.

Vain would be the use of words to describe the feelings of the heart-struck mother. The different circumstances of which she had been cognizant, tending to support the horrible evidence before her, flashed across her memory with the rapidity and vividness of lightning—her conversation with George on his visit of the evening before, his impurity for money, his abrupt departure, his unexplained absence and stealthy return. She could now comprehend the state of poor Jane, who must have been a witness of the fatal rencontre, and amidst her agonising conviction, she could appreciate the forbearance of the devoted girl in smothering the natural expression of her own horror and wo to conceal from her the guilt of her son. But her life-long habit of seeking relief in religious communion did not fail her now, and throwing herself on her knees, she remained in silent supplication, it might have been for hours, for she took no note of time. When she arose, she laid herself by the side of Jane,

whose insensibility seemed to have terminated in that of a heavy sleep, and the next morning she was found, by the harvesters of her little demesne, in a low fever, from which there seemed much to apprehend.

The sleep of Jane lasted until late in the morning, and when she awoke from it, her mind seemed to be recovering its tone. She, indeed, spoke to no one, but she was partially conscious of what was passing around her. This was apparent immediately on her waking, for she gazed intently on the haggard face pillowed beside her own, passed her hands over it, and laying her head on the aching heart of her foster mother, wept with the abandonment of a little child.

Widow Slade's illness increased, and as she rapidly sank, the governing affection of Jane's being resumed its ascendancy. Though able in a day or two to move about the cottage, she seldom left the bedside of her mother, but, with her watchful eyes fixed upon her face, sat holding her hands in a drooping and speechless melancholy, which seemed to evince that her filial anxiety had abstracted her from any other source of sorrow.

But the hours of the widow were numbered. No efforts could subdue her disease, and in answer to her own direct and solemn demand, she was told that human skill was no longer of avail. She requested to be left alone with Jane, and broke the communication to her with gentle calmness. "Yes, Jane," said she, "I must die, and let me go without the pain of seeing you grieve. Think, dear child, where is there mercy like that which promises to the weary and heavy laden soul a rest in the bosom of its Redeemer? Jane, Jane, look in my face—you will not grieve for me?"

"Oh, no, my mother dear!" answered Jane, murmuring with touching earnestness the first words she had uttered for several days; "why should I grieve, for am I not going too? many and many a day you have led me by the hand, and the Good Shepherd will let me walk by your side in Paradise."

"Jane! Jane!" exclaimed the widow rising from her pillow, with passionate energy, and fixing her eyes on those of her stricken child with a power that recalled the wandering intellect flickering through them; "listen to me! there is a weight upon my soul which causes it to faint on its passage through the gates of death. It is on yours, too, poor child, and if the command of the dying cannot remove it, your young head will, indeed, be brought to the grave. You understand me, Jane? Thank God! thank God! she is herself again!"

She clasped the hands of Jane with hers, and, for a moment, drew her to her breast.

"Now, dear child," she resumed, "bring me here the scarf which Lewis left you as his last love token. The truth is written upon it which, in your blessed love for me, you have smothered in your poor heart till it is almost broken."

The scarf was brought and laid upon the bed-covering. The dying woman unfolded it with trembling hands, and pointed to the mark which had wrought the fulfilment of her own destiny, while Jane started back appalled and shuddering at the sight.

"That," she continued, "through the strange working of Providence, revealed to me what my weak, human nature has not been able to bear. Do not answer me, for my time is precious, and I need to have nothing explained; but when I have gone to the place where the guilt and sorrow of this world shall trouble me no more, let no thought of me prevent you from telling all that is on your mind of the cruel crime that has destroyed the happiness of your young life. It goes hard with me—oh how hard!—to lay this charge upon you, but it must not be that the good perish, even in this world, and the wicked be allowed to triumph safely in his sin. Now God's grace be with you, my darling Jane, for having been nothing but a joy and a blessing to me until this shadow fell upon us both!—do not cry, darling, let me think of Heaven—you will soon have your conscience pure from the knowledge that defiles it; there, fold your pretty hands as you did when I first taught you to pray, and let our supplications go together before me to the throne of God!"

Jane felt none of the agony of grief. She folded her pale hands, and leaning forward, rested her fair head against the bosom which had never throbbled for her but in tenderness, and thus, wrapt in prayer, she remained, until its coldness warned her that its pulsations had ceased forever.

The general sympathy for the bereaved girl was redoubled. Every office of kindness and protection that her situation required was proffered to her, but though she received each expression of good feeling with meek thankfulness, her answers were often accompanied by the melancholy presentiment, "I shall not trouble any one long." Though it was remarked, and with surprise, by the neighbors, that her new affliction had removed instead of increasing her mental disorder, yet all, with native prudence and delicacy, abstained from alluding in her presence to the tragical event which still was hourly discussed and deplored.

It was soon, however, decided where Jane was to find an asylum, at least, during the early period of her mourning. Immediately after the death of the widow, Sheriff Merrill, who had been nominated as an executor of her will, while an occupant of an adjoining farm, made his appearance, and begging her to consider him her guardian, offered his house as her home. Without hesitation she acceded to his proposal.

Preparation was made for conducting the funeral of the widow with every mark of respect to her memory which her many virtues deserved. A notification of her demise was sent to her son, who was known to be in N—, and on the morning of the third day, when the company had collected to attend the body to the grave, he presented himself among them. He was attired in a handsome suit of mourning, and wore upon his countenance every proper sign of sorrow. The coffin was not yet closed when he entered the house, and Jane sat at its head, her tears, for the first time, dropping fast from her colorless cheeks upon the beloved face she was to see no more. George Slade advanced toward her with expressions of brotherly greeting, and to those around them it was startling to witness the change which came over the

afflicted young creature at his approach. Her white lips shrunk and quivered, her eyes dilated and grew dim with some emotion which none could define, and bending forward in her seat, she covered her face with her hands, as if to exclude some external object from her view. The bold man seemed not to have perceived her agitation. He looked calmly at the corpse, accounted briefly for the delay of his arrival, and expressed himself ready that the solemn rites should begin.

The concourse of people assembled was very large, and was composed of all classes of the community, for the widow had been honored equally by high and low. The church-yard was at but an easy walking distance, and thither they proceeded on foot. The body was lowered into the grave close beside where the young pastor had been so recently laid, and in the address which followed, a simple and feeling allusion was made to the affection, as of mother and son, which had subsisted between the two in life, and to the mingling of their dust in death. As the service closed, Jane withdrew from the arm of Sheriff Merrill by which she had been supported, having repulsed that offered by George Slade as the procession left the house, and knelt silently by the grave. She was allowed to remain undisturbed until the coffin was hidden by the first layer of fresh clods, and then George, to whom the duty seemed with propriety to belong, stepped forward to draw her away. She elevated her hands for a moment as if in prayer, and then fixed her eyes upon him with an expression of solemn rebuke, which none who beheld it could ever afterward forget. His countenance changed, but, as he retreated to his place, he quickly concealed it with the white handkerchief, which he had been using with the logubrious gestures suitable to the occasion.

"Help me, O Father! to relieve my soul of the burden which, in thy mysterious will, has been cast upon it!" such were the words, which in broken murmurs were heard to escape from the lips of Jane, and arising from her knees, she added, in loud, clear tones, as if her adjuration had won her the strength she invoked; "stand forward, George Slade!—here above the dust of him whose blood was spilt by your hand, I pronounce you a murderer!"

The handkerchief dropped from the grasp of George, and his face grew ashy pale; but commanding his voice, he said, in his blindest tones, "Poor girl! poor girl! her mind is still unsecluded!"

"Not so, George Slade," responded Jane, in the same manner of lofty resolution which sent conviction at once to those who, all her life, had known her timid and truthful character; "my mind did, indeed, fail me for a time, for, trained as it was to fear the commandments of my Maker, how could it remain firm under the secret knowledge of a crime so black and grievous?—when I knew that to betray it would send to the grave the being I loved more dearly than my own life?—but now it is restored to me with a power it never before possessed, and in good season to work out the retribution which a just Judge demands, and I repeat the words which I never could have spoken while her body, even though lifeless, was upon

the earth—I accuse you, George Slade, of the murder of Lewis Walton!"

The guilty man looked wildly about, and moved backward a few paces through the crowd, but when he felt the strong arm of the sheriff upon him, and saw that the assemblage pressed closely round, he knew that it was as impossible to escape as it would be vain to resist, and made a show of voluntarily surrendering himself a prisoner.

The sensation created by the scene in the church-yard fully equated that following the discovery to which it was consequent. The most anxious curiosity prevailed throughout the country, for the details which had been expected from Jane, were, according to the advice of Sheriff Merrill, reserved for himself, and for such functionaries as were requisite to prosecute the case. Yet notwithstanding this precaution to prevent any unfavorable bias of the public mind against the accused, his conduct since he had appeared in the country had been so reprehensible, and the character of Jane was so much above suspicion, that no one seemed to have a doubt of his guilt. Even had it been otherwise, a new and unexpected testimony, corroborating her assertion, would have gone far to settle the question. The blood-stained handkerchief found with the key of the parsonage, was identified by a storekeeper of N—, as one which he had sold to the reputed criminal, a few days preceding the murder.

The prison, to which George Slade had been consigned, was the architectural boast of the district to which it pertained, and, in its size, strength and costliness, corresponded rather with the wealth of the community that had erected it, than with their well deserved reputation for sobriety and good morals. It stood at some distance from the village where the courts were held, and, based upon a perpendicular mass of rock of great height and boldness, it looked, with its mural ornaments, not an imperfect imitation of some castellated fortress or guard town of feudal times. At the foot of the bluff was the residence of Sheriff Merrill, for he had obtained permission to occupy a pretty tenement there situated, with its gardens and pasture lots, a part of the public domain, instead of the suite of apartments allotted to the incumbent of his office within the prison walls; though to them he had ready access by a flight of steps rudely cut in the precipice and terminating at a minor entrance, which was ordinarily used in preference to the grand gateway facing the village.

Amidst the comforts of this quiet and pleasant home poor Jane found a kindly welcome, but neither the fatherly attentions of the good sheriff, the gentle sympathy of his wife, nor the cheerful society of his young family, ever banished, for a moment, her mournful dejection. Her bodily health soon gave way under her mental suffering, and though no complaint ever escaped her lips, and she was still able to move about the house performing such little domestic duties as she fancied, she declined so fast that it was feared she might not survive until the term of court, during which she was to act so conspicuous a part. The thought of a human life dependent upon her word seemed

ever present to her mind. She would gaze silently upon the grated windows of the jail and turn chilled and trembling away. So distressing had the subject become to her after the conference with her legal advisers, which followed her public accusation, that it was necessary to avoid it in her presence.

Meanwhile George Slade had preserved his reckless bearing, boldly asserting the continued insanity of Jane, and professing to treat the evidence of the handkerchief, of which he had been informed, as one of those strange coincidences for which there is no accounting. But when the time of trial was near at hand his demeanor changed. He became restless and morose, and on the evening of the day preceding that on which the session of the court was to commence, he was remarked by the subordinate, whose duty it was to see the prisoners secured, and to deliver the keys to the sheriff, pacing his cell with a pale face and his brow contracted as if from pain.

That night came upon him the utmost agony of terror at the fate which seemed inevitable. Midnight found him still busy with the troubled meditations that allowed him no thought of rest. The light of the broad, full moon lay silvery white upon the floor, checkered with the shadow of the heavy grating, that would have made the hope of escape a dream of madness. He walked to the window it secured and opened the sash to catch the cool breath of the autumnal air, and he clenched with painful force the rusty bars, as if to vent in physical action the inquietness of his spirit. Suddenly his eye fell upon an object moving in the shade cast by the wall into the jail-yard. It advanced into the moonlight, and presented the outlines of a female form, but so spectral with its white dress and gliding step, that his flesh crept with a sensation of superstitious dread. It paused opposite to his window, and for an instant a thin, pale hand was raised, and a death-like face turned toward him. The gesture must have been intended for his eye, for of the few inmates of the prison, he was the only one occupying that side of the building. How could any living being find entrance into that strong inclosure? He drew his hand across his eyes to clear his vision, and when he removed it the strange visitant was gone. He tried to assure himself that, in his excited state, an illusion had deceived him, yet he leaned his face close to the bars to be satisfied that it had quite disappeared. But now his ear could not be mistaken; there was a sound, scarcely more distinct than his own breathing, at the door of his cell, and then that of a key applied to the lock. The hinges faintly creaked, and the same unearthly figure stood in the doorway, in strong relief against the darkness beyond. The moonlight shone full into the large, sunken eyes, and upon the long, fair locks that had escaped from the snowy head-covering, and he doubted, scarcely less than before, the evidence of his senses, that it was Jane.

Without giving him time to recover himself, she stepped backward into the passage, and whispering the single monosyllable "Come!" she beckoned him to follow her. Hardly conscious of his own movements he obeyed, and guided by the moonbeams,

which, through an open door, faintly lighted a long vista, he felt himself breathing the free air once more. The tremulous hands of Jane fell to her side as she attempted to turn the key in the massive lock of the entrance door, and signing George to secure it, she preceded him to the gate from which the steps descended.

"Why, Jane, Jane—that's a brave girl!" he exclaimed, for the first time feeling his liberty was real, when he stood on the bare rocks with the gate barred behind him; "this timely rescue will make me forget all the injury you have done me, and I shall love you better than ever! you have proven that you are my friend, at last."

"No, no, George Slade! do not for a moment believe that what I have done is for your sake!" responded Jane, with nervous rapidity; "for nothing less than *her* memory could I have acted this base part toward the good man, who would have cherished me among his own children, *her* whose last hour was hurried on by your wickedness, and filled with the bitterness of earthly grief instead of the triumph which should have ended her saintly life. With her dying breath she bade me to make known the dreadful secret that clouded my soul, and I obeyed; but when it was done, all that you had been to her returned to my mind. I remembered that in her early days of trouble, she had poured upon you all tenderness of her nature, that you were the only thing in the world that could gladden her heart. I remembered how fondly, forgetting all your late unworthiness, she used to talk of your childish ways, and to tell how much dearer you became for every trial she endured for your sake, and I could not, Oh! I could not bear the thought, that by my means anything she had so loved should perish! I remembered how careful she was of her good name, that no stain should rest upon it—not through worldly pride—but that not a scold, for her error, should fall upon the faith she professed, and I could not endure to think, that, as borne by her son, it should go abroad, blackened by a most hideous crime, and be preserved with the record of a shameful death. Oh! it is for her memory I have done this!—that I deceived the kind confidence of my protector, watching every word and action that could show me how you could be set free. My brain almost grew wild again, George Slade, when I crept into his chamber, where I had always been trusted as freely as a child of his own, and stole from it, like a base thief, these instruments of your release! but go! go! all that will be left for me in the world, is to confess this deed, to be accused of falsehood and ingratitude—at best, to be dealt with as a maniac, and then to die!"

"But, Jane, why should that be?—withdraw your charge against me; deny the truth of what, it will be readily believed, you uttered from a deranged mind, and you may go again to your old home and be happy."

"Happy!—happy in sight of the ground that I saw wet with *his* blood!—where, at every step, I would fancy *her* eyes looking after me in pity for my load of sin!—man, man, it is you who are mad!"

"Yes, Jane, you may be happy, why not?—the

heaviest loss can be forgotten, if we take heart to bear it bravely. Could my mother look back, would she not rather see you keeping down useless sorrow, and making the best of your life?—had Lewis Walton thought he should die in his bed and leave you a widow, could he have reasonably asked, that, with your beauty and young feelings, you should remain so?—no, no, Jane, you could be happy yet, and might make me so. In the home my mother's labor earned for her, we might spend our days together, for, if you would, you could love me as well as you did Lewis Walton."

"Love you, George Slade!—God knows how hard I strive not to hate you with a hatred equal to my horror of your utter wickedness."

"Lower your voice, Jane, and answer me truly," said George, assuming an air of regretful concern; "do you, indeed, believe me guilty of the act of which you accuse me? though, through my love for you, I felt no grief for the death of one I looked upon as a rival, and did not affect it, could you really have thought that I had taken his life?"

"Did I not see you do all but plunge the weapon into his heart?" exclaimed Jane; "did I not see you spring upon him like a wild beast, and see your arm fell him to the earth? did I not see you drag his body to where you thought it could lie, without betraying you to the world, which has no tortures terrible enough for the crime?—did I not bear upon my own person the print of your bloody hand, the token of your guilt which sent your mother to the grave?" and her manner grew wild, and her voice shrill at the recapitulation.

"Hush! hush, Jane!—you will raise an alarm, your mind is wandering again, poor girl!—come here into the shadow, or you will betray yourself and me," and he stretched out his hand to draw her into the darkened recess of the gateway, for she stood in the open moonlight, and a few feet from the edge of a precipice along which the wall extended.

"Did I not see it all, and, Oh, God! can I send this man forth in safety, who had no mercy upon my own!—my own! does not his spirit cry for vengeance?—yet vengeance is mine—thine, Lord!" she continued,

with increased vehemence; "off! off!—dare you lay that hideous hand again on me?" and as he forcibly caught her arm, she sprang backward to escape from his grasp. For a moment she struggled, with the instinct of nature, to regain her foothold, and the next she had disappeared over the precipice.

In his surprise, I know not if I might use a stronger word, George Slade forgot his fear of discovery. He stepped hastily to the spot from which she had fallen. He could see, far below, a heap of white drapery without form or motion. "Poor fool! she will raise her voice against me no more, no living creature could survive that tremendous fall. Poor, pretty fool!—yet I loved her as I never did any one before, and, I think, I am sorry for her now. But she is out of my way, and shall I brave this trial!—if I were sure the law would make me the heir, I would take my lodgings again within the walls. To have scorned a chance of escape would be more than a trifle in my favor. I believe I'll go back—yet that handkerchief—that cursed handkerchief—it may, after all, be better to fly," and flinging the keys over the precipice, he turned his steps toward the most secluded road which led through the settlement.

The next morning the body of Jane was found caught upon a clump of arbor vites in the sheriff's garden. She must have been senseless before her fall was thus broken, for the limbs hung with a relaxation that evinced neither effort nor pain. Her white dress was stained with blood, and a crimson stream which had flowed from her lips across her bosom, proved that her life had ebbed from some internal source. That her fate was connected with the escape of the prisoner no one doubted, but in what manner it could have been so, was a mystery.

And a mystery it remained for long, long years, but it was revealed at last. Many, even now, remember the execution of a noted criminal for an atrocious crime upon the high seas, a man whose character was marked by every trait that could dishonor humanity. In his revolting confession it was easy to recognize the history of George Slade, while one of its episodes supplied all that was wanting to complete that of "Pretty Jane."

## THE FLOWERS.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

The flowers, the flowers so bright and fair,  
They soothe the soul like a maiden's prayer!  
They deck the meadow and light the green,  
And spangle the woods with a starry sheen;  
On spring and summer their fragrance shed,  
And snow-drops smile in the wintery bed.  
Oh! the flowers, from year to year they bless  
The soul in its weary wilderness.

The flowers, the flowers so sweet and bright,  
What dreams of beauty they call to light!  
The blushing rose like a virgin's cheek  
When her holy love she fain would speak;

The woodbine pure that still clings on,  
Through sun and shower, till life is gone;  
And faintly lilies that come, with love,  
To woo the soul to its home above.

The flowers, the flowers so fair and gay,  
They lift the thoughts to a realm away,  
Where brighter rivers than eye hath seen  
Roll silvery by groves of green,  
And winds through long arcades and dim  
Sing to the stars an evening hymn.  
Oh! the flowers, they sweetly call the soul  
Up and away to that deathless goal.

## THE REVENGE.

BY ALFRED D. SYKES.

THE sunset poured amidst the crowded woods  
In golden beauty, drenching them with light.  
Long gleams of lustre lay upon the grass  
Of a broad dell-like opening, dropp'd with trees.  
A streak of water bickered through its plants,  
Across the hollow, noiseless as a pulse,  
And crept beneath a clustered alder-bush.  
A holy silence brooded o'er the spot,  
Save the scarce audible hum the forest yields  
E'en in its deepest quiet. But the leaves  
That spread their tawny carpet o'er the earth,  
Crackled, two forms glanced past the thronging trunks  
In the gray depths, and stepp'd within the dell.  
Beside the rift they kneeled and drank, then threw  
Their lengths upon the sward. The dark red skin,  
High cheeks and snake-like eyes of one proclaimed  
His Indian blood. The other, bronzed and wild,  
Yet showed the white man's lineage. Both were garb'd  
Like hunters, with the rifle, pouch and knife.  
They talked with rapid gestures, merry laughs  
Frequent from each, with now and then a snatch  
Of joyous song. At length their tones waxed loud,  
The song and laughter ceased, their brows grew dark,  
Abrupt and fierce their voices, and their eyes  
Devoured each other. Quick as thought, at length,  
The white man darted on the Indian's breast  
A giant blow. The savage started up,  
His rifle lay upon the grass, but keen  
Flashed in his grasp his knife; the wounded wolf  
Springs not more fiercely at its foe, than he  
On the white hunter. But the latter stood  
With his long rifle aimed. One moment glared  
The Indian at his comrade, then his face  
Broke into one bright smile; he sheathed his knife,  
Pressed his dark hand an instant on his heart,  
And then extended it with dignity  
Toward his companion, who, with honest warmth,  
Grasped it with words for pardon. Lifting then  
Their rifles to their shoulders, through the cleft  
In the encircling boughs, where lay their path,  
They left the sylvan spot. The twilight soft  
Trembled within the myriad forest vaults,  
Although the hemlock spires and maple domes  
Were burnished with rich light. That passed away,  
And all looked cold. The outlines of the trunks  
Were shaded out, until long streaks of black  
On lighter gloom alone told where they stood.  
At length they reached a cabin, scarce discerned  
Amidst a thicket. The long August drought  
Had dried the saplings clustered round, and seared  
The vines dense mantled o'er it, as though flame  
Had scorched them. From its leathern hinges fallen,  
The door lay buried in the grass and fern  
Of the luxuriant forest. Night was now  
Fast closing, and the wearied hunters passed  
Within the cabin. Half the barken roof  
Away had rotted, and the autumn wind  
Had sown a seed that now a sapling stood

Where once the hearth-fire glowed. Beside the stem,  
Upon a mound of moss, the hunters stretched  
Their limbs for slumber. Onward rolled the hours,  
And midnight came. The long risen spotted moon  
Poured its delicious light upon the woods,  
Piercing with silver glance the aisles and vaults  
Of the magnificent temple reared by God,  
For Solitude to yield Him ceaselessly  
Incense from leaves and flowers, and upward roll  
Grand crushing anthems of the mighty winds.  
One ray streamed broad within the ruined hut,  
And rested on the hunters. The smooth trunk  
Of the young tree within the lustrous light  
Shone like a shaft of pearl. The ray displayed  
The Indian stealing from his comrade's side,  
With motion like the gliding of a snake.  
Undoing then his belt, he crept again  
Close to the prostrate form, and with quick strength  
Tight lashed him to the sapling. From his sleep,  
Startled so suddenly, the hunter gazed  
Wildly around, then strove to break away;  
In vain, his pinioned arms and breast were bound,  
As though in iron fetters, to the tree.  
He shouted to the Indian, but a click  
Of steel on flint alone was heard without.  
Just then a lurid streak shot brightly up  
Athwart the door-space, as the lightning darts  
Along the cloud; a crackling filled his ears,  
And a shrill whoop pealed horrid on the air.  
Again he strove to burst his bonds, the blood  
Froze in his veins, his hair crept, and his heart  
Swooned sick within him. Once more shouted he—  
Again the whoop. The door-space was one glow;  
The crevices were red; fierce tongues of flame  
Shot through the smoke that poured within the hut.  
"My God, the blow! the blow!" the sapling shook  
With his convulsive strength, in efforts vain!  
The Indian stood without, a fiendish smile  
Wriathing his lip, fierce triumph on his brow.  
Gloriously leaped the avenging flames to heaven.  
Night veiled her soft, pure eye; the silvery blue  
Was blotted out. Deep roared the raging fire,  
And blending with it, piercing shriek on shriek  
Pealed from the burning hut. The sapling flashed  
In flame, and now and then quick tremblings shook  
Its shape, as though wild strength were there at work.  
At each shrill shriek—each tremor of the tree—  
The Indian whooped, more glaring waxed his eye.  
And his grim smile more fiend-like; but at length  
Tottered the walls and sunk; more fiercely sprung  
The greedy element; it seemed as though  
The fragments of the hut were swallowed up  
In the quick crackling leap on high, so soon  
They melted in the furnace roaring there.  
No longer pealed the screams, and with quick hand  
The Indian grasped some ashes at his feet,  
Brushed them across his breast, and with a look  
Of triumph left the spot of his revenge.



## BLANCHE NEVILLE.

### A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S COURT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

In the dim chamber of a public house in Edinburgh, during the early part of Mary Stuart's reign, sat a young and humble looking individual, dressed in a foreign costume, and evidently but ill at ease in his solitude. His complexion was dark and sallow almost to unhealthiness. His features irregular, and but for hair of rich and curling blackness, with eyes that kindled, changed and flashed like a cloud on fire with lightning, his face would have been both heavy and uninteresting. He was below the middle size, short necked, and with his shoulders so lifted up by nature that most persons after a careless glance would have pronounced him hunch-backed as well as ugly. His limbs, also, were much too short for his body, which was that of a large man, and this, with hands and feet of more than ordinary size, made him an object which few persons would have cared to look upon a second time.

The stranger had ordered a fire in his room, for, though the spring was far advanced, his limbs, which had only been accustomed to the sunny climate of Italy, were chilled through and through by the bleak winds which he had encountered during a walk about the town, and he sat cowering over the fire, now and then lifting his head and casting a glance toward the door, as if in the anxious expectation of some person who delayed his coming.

At length a quick, irregular footstep ascended the stairs, the door was flung open and a young man entered, shivering with cold, and yet with a fever flush burning on his cheek and his eyes sparkling with excitement.

The young man flung his cap and feather on a table, and dashed the curling hair back from his forehead with a careless sweep of his hand, as he drew near the hearth and seated himself in the high-backed, clumsy chair which the man who first had possession of the room had placed for his accommodation.

"Well," exclaimed the strange individual, speaking in Italian, and turning his keen eyes on the new comer, while he continued slowly rubbing his hands together, "well, the news! by the gods, it is something important and agreeable." "opened."

"Both, Hugo, both! I have seen the man who recognized me."

"Well," repeated Hugo, increasing the friction of his huge palms, "did she frown? did she smile? what else—what else?"

"Thus it was, Hugo. After leaving you I gained admittance to the palace gardens just in time, for she

was coming forth for her afternoon walk. Oh, Hugo, how beautiful she is! These cold winds seem to have lent fresh roses to her cheek and spirit to her walk. It was always graceful, but now there is something regal in every movement. What a queenly woman! what a womanly queen!—"

"Well, well," interrupted Hugo, rubbing his hands more violently, and shaking his head with an air of impatience.

"Well," repeated the young man, starting up and pacing the room, "I placed myself in a turn of the path she was taking, lifted my cap and stood with my face uncovered as she drew near. She was talking to one of her ladies, and at every word her cheek dimpled into a smile—you remember the glorious sweetness of her smile, Hugo!—"

"Humph!" ejaculated Hugo, "yes, yes, I remember."

"Well, her eye fell upon me, she started, the color left her face, and then came back in a rosy flood. Her first impulse was joy, I am sure of that. She half lifted her hand as if to beckon me toward her—"

"And did she? did you speak with her?" exclaimed Hugo eagerly.

"No, she dropped her hand again half reluctantly, I could see that, and giving me another glance walked on, followed by her ladies. I lingered in the garden an hour or more, hoping that she might return to the palace that way, but a page who chanced to be passing informed me that she had chosen another entrance, and so I left the grounds."

"Without a word," muttered Hugo discontentedly, "so we have traveled all the way from Rome to reward ourselves with a start and a blush. In good sooth, you lovers are easily satisfied."

"Nay, Hugo, cease this grumbling. What more could I have expected after thus forcing myself on her notice again? Remember she is a queen, and I—"

"The handsomest man at the court of France when it was full of lordly beauty. The most accomplished gentleman, and bravest cavalier in all Italy. Think you the Queen of Scotland does not look at these qualities with a woman's eye?"

"But did she not request—nay, almost command me—not to return hither, when I went back to France with the Duke Danville?"

"What then," replied Hugo impatiently, "will she not feel the more flattered that your love was stronger than her command?"

"I only wish it may prove so," replied the young man, repeating himself, "I only wish it may prove so."

With these words Chatelard dropped into a reverie, which was interrupted by a waiter, who entered bearing several dishes which had been prepared for the travelers' supper. Hugo drew the table on which they were placed close to his master and uncovered one of the dishes—a rasher of bacon and some eggs sent up a steam which would have been fragrance itself to a native of the country, but Hugo covered it again with an exclamation of disgust—another dish met the same contemptuous rejection—but as he uncovered a third the expression of his face changed—“Oh, this will do,” he said, “I taught the man how to compose it myself; take these other dishes away and devour them in the kitchen, good man, my master will make his supper of this. If the wine is good he may possibly escape starvation.”

But though Hugo set the tempting dish before his master, and eloquently proclaimed its merits, the chevalier could not be persuaded to taste it; he poured out a cup of wine, drained it off, and then pushing the table away, started up and began to pace the floor.

“Hugo,” he said at length, pausing by the table where his man was devouring the dish with infinite relish which the master had rejected, “Hugo, bring forth my mails, and select a dress fitting for my appearance at court this evening. There will be music and dancing at the palace, and one of the Scottish lords whom I met in Paris has promised to bring me before the queen; I will claim his services this very evening; suspense is even more terrible than a bitter certainty.”

Hugo started up with an exclamation of delight, dragged forth one of the huge leathern mails that had been piled in a corner of the chamber, and hastily unbuckling the numerous straps which confined it, took out several suits of rich clothing, all of exquisite foreign pattern. The chevalier selected a plain tunic of Genoa velvet, with shoes and hose to match, and fastening a broad blue ribbon, to which a jeweled star was attached, across his bosom, took up his lute and sat down to tune it before he left the house, but his hands trembled so violently that he only disordered the strings with his efforts, and at last he flung the instrument down with an impatient exclamation.

“Oh,” said Hugo, taking up the lute and dropping on one knee while he regulated the strings with the skill of a master, “always rash—always impatient! My good mother made a sad mistake when she gave all the blows to me and the caresses to the spoiled foster-son. I always told her she would see the folly of it, but she had an eye for beauty and birth, my good mother—a woman’s failing—no matter—the lute is in excellent tune now!”

And without further words the strange being touched the strings with his fingers, which seemed heavy enough to crush them, and a strain of ravishing music swelled through the chamber, such music as thrills the soul that listens with a sensation of exquisite enjoyment. As he played, the features of that singular man lighted up with an expression of wild pleasure. His eye flashed, his heavy lips trembled, and his forehead seemed to expand and grow broader with the rize and power of his master’s passion. At last he arose from his knee shivering with pleasure, his

fingers were still woven around the strings, as birds cling to the slender twigs that conceal their nests, and the music broke forth in snatches and sighs, wild, irregular, but inexpressibly sweet.

“Take it,” he said in a broken voice, “let it speak for you. She cannot resist its eloquence. Queens should be wooed with music—women worshiped in song. She is but a woman, and music is to her what perfume is to the flower—intoxicate her with it—overwhelm her with the delirium of sweet sounds. Go, my master, my brother, my pupil, go!”

The chevalier was by no means surprised at this singular and passionate address; those wild transitions of character in his servant were familiar to him, and there was something so congenial to his own romantic spirit in Hugo’s most extravagant flights, something so sincere in his thirsting love of music, that the distance between them was always forgotten at such times.

“Oh, Hugo, if I had but your skill, your irresistible enthusiasm,” he said, in a tone of touching sadness, “but this passion has taken away my powers—my hands tremble—the throbbing of my heart chokes my voice—the very beating of my pulse creates a discord in the strings it should inspire.”

Hugo clasped his hands and pressed them over his forehead—“The love of women! Is it stronger than the sweet thirst for music which sometimes fills the brain till it is dizzy with delight? But go, go, the clock is striking, you will have little time to reach the palace. Give me the lute, I will follow with it—stay an instant, this love-lock should fall more over the bosom, its effect is lost on the dark velvet. There, now, throw this cloak with the ermine lining over your shoulders, and even in Catharine’s palace Queen Mary never cast her eyes on a more princely form.”

A smile of gratified vanity parted the lips of the chevalier, and for a moment the edges of his white and even teeth gleamed in the dim light, but the anxious expression soon came back to his face. He gathered up the short cloak, which Hugo had flung over his shoulders, and drew the cap and plume deep over his brow, as he drained another cup of wine, and went out.

Hugo followed, hugging the lute to his bosom as if it had been a pet infant, and the two were soon lost in the darkness which was now gathering fast over the town.

## CHAPTER II.

When Mary Stuart entered the palace of Holyrood, after her afternoon walk, there was a shadow on her beautiful face, and she sighed deeply while placing herself at the embroidery frame, which, with several others occupied by her favorite maids of honor, stood at one end of the apartment, where her mornings and leisure hours were usually spent. The sight of one whom she had known at the French court in her gayest days had aroused many a sweet and bitter memory in her heart, and she sat sorrowful among her ladies for more than an hour after returning from the garden, working on in silence, while a tear now and then stole softly down her damask cheek, and fell,

like a dew drop, among the flowers of glowing silk which her hands were creating. The fair maidens by whom she was surrounded had been long accustomed to these occasional fits of sadness, and though many a bright eye was turned with a timid glance on the troubled features of their queen, no word was spoken, and the lovely group pursued their occupation in silence, or if they addressed each other, it was in subdued voices, and with the smiles banished from their lips, for when the sweet Queen of Scotland was sad, those who loved her could not choose but be sorrowful also. While this unusual gloom hung around the queen, a page entered, and, bending on one knee, placed a note in her hand; she read it, and a smile broke through the tears that yet filled her eyes.

"It is but asking that which half an hour's reflection had decided us to do," she said in a low voice, then turning to one of her maids, a fair girl of high patrician beauty, who occupied the nearest embroidery frame, she spoke aloud,

"Come hither, Mary Fleming. You were in attendance but now during our walk—observed you a foreign-looking man who stood in a curve of the avenue which leads to the great arbor?"

"Nay," said Mary Fleming, "if such a man were there I saw him not, your highness."

"Is there no one here who remarked the man?" asked Mary, turning with an arch smile toward another lovely girl, who had half risen from her frame, and stood with a skein of silk in her hand listening eagerly to the conversation. The moment she met the queen's smiling eyes a flood of blushes swept over her face and bosom, the long lashes drooped over her soft blue eyes, and though she smiled her hand trembled as she snatched up the needle and began to weave in the colors of a violet with great perseverance. Again the queen smiled more mischievously than before.

"Well, my sweet Blanche," she said, addressing the girl who exhibited so much embarrassment, "you, who have such love of music, and learned to touch the lute in happy France, shall decide this question. Here is a request from my Lord of Ludsey, praying for leave to bring some Italian musician—a Chevalier Chatelard—to our ball this evening. Now our friend and reverend well-wisher, John Knox, may cavil at the introduction of a foreign papist, and profane minstrel withal, at this our court. Shall we have his displeasure for the sake of this wandering troubadour? who doubtless has crossed the seas, lute in hand, to conquer some maiden heart with his music and his rare beauty—for though our proud Fleming here marked him not, the stranger of the garden was a man of princely look and carriage. If he prove the person for whom my Lord of Ludsey presses his request, his presence at our ball were worth a little trouble. How think you, Blanche, may we venture to brave the displeasure of surly John Knox?"

Blanche drew closer to the chair of her royal mistress, bathed in blushes, and trembling all over like a frightened bird. "I pray, your majesty, spare me," murmured the poor girl, pained by the curious glances that were turned upon her.

"Ah! is it gone so far?" murmured the queen in a low voice, pitying the confusion her words had created. "Here, child, hold the skein while we wind off a needful of gold color for the heart of this pansie. Nay, do not tremble so," she added in a whisper, while the young girl bent her head over the silk, to conceal the tears that were springing to her eyes spite of her efforts at self-control; "come to our toilet when we are dressed—meantime be calm, all shall go well with you, and the adventurous minstrel shall have speech of his lady, spite of John Knox and his maledictions."

Mary did not look at her maid of honor as she whispered these kind words, but threading her needle took a stitch or two of gold in the purple leaves of the pansie, and then rising from her frame moved slowly toward her dressing-room. Two of her ladies rose to follow her, but she smilingly commanded them to remain at their needles, and entered the room followed only by the gentle Blanche, the youngest and most beautiful of her maids, who had accompanied her from the court of Catharine de Medicis.

"Come, my sweet Blanche, while you stand behind us braiding these troublesome tresses, explain the meaning of all these tears and blushes; fie, girl, one brought up at the court of our fair mother-in-law should have better control over her countenance, even when taken unawares," cried the queen, seating herself in an arm-chair before the toilet, and flinging her magnificent ringlets abroad till they fell in a flood of golden hazel over her whole person. "Come, trembler, to your task, and let us have all the history of this powerful love, for powerful it must be to bring the chevalier into this inhospitable clime, away from all the pleasures of la belle France."

"In good sooth, my kind and noble mistress, I have nothing to confess, save my own unmaidenly folly in having allowed my thoughts to dwell too much on one who never flung away a thought or kindly look on me."

"Nay, this is either too modest or hardly frank, pretty one. Was it not your arm on which we leaned this afternoon? Saw you not how bright and full of eager love were those black eyes as you passed him by? We might not have recognized him but for those strangely brilliant eyes, and the expression of fiery delight that flashed from them."

"Alas! they were fixed on your majesty alone, he saw me not—he saw me not. It was ever thus in France as well as here!" cried the fair girl, shaking her head and striving to force back the tears which were only broken and diffused through the long silken lashes that were knitted together in the vain effort.

"Child, this is folly—the very madness of folly!" exclaimed Mary, turning so abruptly that the mass of rich hair which Blanche had grasped between her hands was forced from her trembling hold, and fell in heavy waves down to the floor. "He could not so slight thy gentle beauty. He dare not lift his eyes thitherward. If we thought so for but a moment Ludsey's request should be answered by an order for his protégé to quit Scotland in twenty-four hours."

"Heaven forbid that my rash words should work

the chevalier so great a wrong," exclaimed Blanche, turning pale at the effect of her bold speech.

"Nay, it was but a rash thought, girl, let it pass. What, sobbing! Nay, nay, this will never do; get to your room at once; tears will but dim your eyes, and they must be bright this evening."

Mary arose as she spoke, passed her hand caressingly over the maiden's head, and once more kindly advising her to look beautiful for the evening, urged her from the room. When once more alone, Mary sat down, and leaning an elbow on the dressing-table before her fell into a reverie; a feeling of homesickness came over her again, for thoughts of the land she loved so much filled her heart, and more than once that small and exquisite hand, which bespoke the kingly blood of her race by its rare symmetry, was lifted to sweep the tears away as they gathered on her heavy eyelashes.

For more than an hour she sat in gentle abandonment to these sad feelings, with her pretty feet half buried in the flowers of a Turkey carpet which was spread beneath her chair, and every change of that sweet countenance reflected in a mirror which stood in its frame of filagree silver on the table before her. At length the heavy chimes of a clock from the anteroom aroused her—she started up with a half smile at her own sad abstraction, and touched a little bell which lay upon the table, in the form of a golden flower, richly veined with opal, and with a long, pear-shaped ruby quivering in its centre like a tremulous streamer.

The four Marys came trooping in at the sound of this ruby-tongued bell, smiling and filled with joyous merriment, occasioned by something that had passed among them in the anteroom. Their mistress was quick in her sympathies, and full of the cheerfulness of youth. These girls had been her companions from childhood, so spite of her low spirits she caught the contagion of their mirth, laughed good-humoredly over the pretty jests which they repeated to her, and sat down again before her mirror with brightened eyes, and her red lips dimpling with smiles.

The four maidens gathered about her like so many birds around a blossom. They were all lovely, some of them beautiful, but even in the rich diversity of her damask dressing-gown, and half veiled in her own tresses, Mary Stuart combined in her own person more than the loveliness and beauty of them all. The pearls that lay like hail-stones among a pile of jewels emptied carelessly from their caskets on the table, and which flashed their light over the round arm resting on its edge, were not more dazzling than that whiteness than the small and even teeth that gleamed through her lips every time a word or smile disturbed the fruit-like redness of their repose. No costly heap was half so bright and changeable as these soft brown eyes, one instant sparkling with mischievous love light, the next downcast and half veiled in their silken lashes, or perchance dimmed and misty with tears, as a ripe nut when the rain beats into its husk.

The royal beauty scarcely glanced at her mirror as pretty Mary Breton gathered the heaviest mass of her

tresses beneath the little coil of black velvet fastened coquetishly behind, after a fashion which has been revived in our own country during the past year or two. Breton looped up the rest with a sprig of pearls which Mary Livingston, who was on her knees by the table, withdrew from the jewels with which they were entangled. Queen Mary sat cozily in her chair the while, with one elbow still on the table, and her dimpled chin resting on a curve of her thumb and finger, chatting gaily, now with the fair Seaton, who was imprisoning her feet in their embroidered slippers, now with the more sedate Mary Livingston, who stood by with the robe of bluish black velvet hanging on her arm, and again subsiding into gentle silence, as some word or tone of those fair girls brought back memories that were at all times too near her heart.

Mary was still in mourning for her husband, Francis II., but the glowing black of her robe formed a deep contrast to the exquisite fairness of her complexion. The pearls that gleamed in her hair were only disturbed in their simplicity by a single star-shaped diamond, which fell to the edge of her beautiful forehead, while a rope of larger pearls, to which a cross was suspended, circled her throat, and fell below her waist, forming in all things that strong but pure contrast of colors which an artist loves to contemplate.

She arose from her toilet with a single glance at the mirror, gently ordered her maidens to join her in their bravest beauty before the ball commenced, and passed with a smile into an inner room. In a few minutes after a strain of sweet music swelled through the half open door, which continued with abrupt pauses till the sunset hour drew on.

### CHAPTER III.

The dim and massive old walls of Holyrood House rang with merriment and music that night. Wax torches illuminated the windows, and though flowers were scarce in that cold kingdom, Mary had supplied their place with festoons of spring foliage, variegated richly with evergreens, and in the place of blossoms were garlands of light clustering-like stars among luxurious masses of oak leaves and flowering heather. A foreign orchestra sent forth a flood of music as the ball commenced, while a native harper, with several players on the bagpipe, now and then struck in when the measure required a more vigorous and martial strain.

Mary Stuart was in the festive room watching the gambles and dances of her court, as they flew past in view of these animated native dances which sends the blood sparkling like champagne through the revels of the dance. Her four beautiful Marys were whirling through the dance with sparkling eyes, cheeks burning with crimson, and looking happy as so many wood nymphs in full enjoyment of the chase. For that night each lady of honor had arrayed herself in the Highland costume, which not only gave a coquetish and dancing style to her beauty, but, for the time, dispersed that feeling of dissatisfaction among the

nobles, which the too general adoption of French fashions at court had created.

Mary stood beneath a canopy of oak branches, interwoven with two crimson banners, whose massive and gilded staves rose like slender pillars on each side of the rural alcove. She leaned lightly against her chair of state, which stood just within the alcove, and the gorgeous tapestry, spread beneath her feet several yards around, gave the relief of rich coloring to her mourning attire. At her right hand stood her natural brother, the Lord James Stuart, Prior of St. Andrews, and just created Earl of Murray, and on her left, half withdrawing herself behind the chair of state, was Blanche Neville. Though a native of France, either to gratify her royal mistress, or from her own pure taste, she had trimmed her golden ringlets with a blue ribbon, after the fashion of Scottish maidens, and a robe of snowy silk gave to her slight figure the air of a timid wood nymph, as she shrunk back from observation into the dim shadows of the alcove.

"Pretty Blanche Neville seems to enjoy the revel but coldly to-night," said Murray in a low voice to his royal sister. "Has she incurred your grace's displeasure? See how pale she looks."

Mary turned an anxious glance on her favorite, but instead of the pallid face she expected to meet were eyes sparkling like wet violets in the sunshine, cheeks glowing with warm damask, and a beautiful mouth just parting for a smile, like a pomegranate breaking open with over ripeness. Mary smiled, and following the direction of those sparkling eyes, saw the young Chevalier Chatelard making his way toward them through the crowd of dancers. Her own face brightened, and she stepped forward a pace to encourage his approach.

Instantly the young man's features were kindled with one of those beautiful smiles that deep sentiment and fiery passion combined to render so brilliant. He came eagerly forward, leaving the Lord Ludsey among the crowd, and, dropping on one knee, pressed the hand which Mary extended to his lips—not boldly—not with the passionate warmth which might have been expected from his character—for love made him timid as a child, and the lips with which he touched that little hand quivered with gratitude for her sweet condescension.

Mary glanced at the agitated girl who stood blushing and trembling close by, and that gentle woman's heart, which always beat kindly, made her forgetful that many a stern Scottish noble might be regarding her warm reception of the handsome foreigner with jealous eyes. She kept him near her longer than the etiquette of reception required, by many a graceful expression of pleasure at his return to the Scottish court, and by kind inquiries about her friends on the Continent. She saw his eyes turn upon Blanche Neville, even while she herself was speaking, and observed that the pleased expression deepened on his face. She marked the crimson blush that spread over the sweet features, the hands and neck of her favorite as she recognized the glance, and bending toward Murray with an eloquent smile she whispered—

"My brother, our pretty Blanche has found her color again."

"And your grace a new subject for discontent to our factious nobles yonder," replied Murray, drawing her attention toward a knot of chieftains that stood conversing together, apart from the dancers, and casting no friendly glances toward the handsome Chatelard.

The queen regarded them an instant with a saddened countenance, "Oh, James," she said with a sigh, "will they never allow me to be mistress of my own heart?"

"Hearts," replied Murray, turning his handsome face toward her with a cold smile, and glancing aside at the trembling Blanche, "hearts are for such humble maidens as that—queens should forget that such things are!"

"Nay, James, if that were so, where would be all the sweet sister's love the queen feels for you?" said Mary, laying her hand on his arm with a gesture of graceful affection.

Murray turned away—a strange expression came to his eyes, and he muttered something between his teeth. Mary did not heed him, for that instant the dance broke up, and the young Earl of Arran, her nearest relation, and, at that time, a suitor for her hand, came forward to claim her promise of opening the next set with him. She gave him her hand, and turning to Chatelard bade him follow, with a smiling glance at Blanche. The little hand which Chatelard seized so eagerly, for he was overjoyed at the queen's permission to dance in the same set with her, quivered in his like a snared bird—the poor girl was filled with happiness, for his hand trembled violently as it held hers, and she thought that emotions like those which swelled her own heart gave rise to the tremor. A humble and meek hearted maiden was Blanche Neville, but this sweet delusion gave pride and radiance to her gentle beauty, and the queen herself was scarcely more admired, as she moved with graceful animation through the dance, than the lovely girl whose soul sparkled over her face like sunshine on a water lily.

"And so the royal apartments open on the garden, sweet Blanche," said Chatelard, as the two stood by a window together after the dance, "and you love music best when the stars are out to listen, and the roses asleep in their dew! Is it thus with the queen?"

"It was from her I learned to think the broad day too garish for sweet sounds. She loves to sit at her casement when every thing is still, and murmur in her own sweet voice the verses that seem to spring up from her heart at the call of music, like flowers from the dewy earth."

"And does she love music so passionately?"

"Ah! what is there sweet, beautiful or good that our queen does not love!" exclaimed the grateful and warm-hearted girl.

"Surely, she must love you, then, for good you always were, sweet Blanche, and, in this light, you look beautiful as an angel," cried the young man, transported by her praises of his idolized queen.

Oh how poor Blanche trembled, how timidly she

looked around for some shelter which might screen her burning cheek from the gaze of those eyes.

"I see that you are a favorite with the queen," continued Chatelard, without noting her embarrassment.

"Oh she is so kind to us all!" exclaimed Blanche, with a grateful look toward Mary, who was leaning on the arm of her brother, and talking to him with an air of affectionate confidence. "She is so gracious and cheerful when we are with her, and only indulges in sorrow, I sometimes think, at night time, for when every thing is still I can sometimes hear her sigh grievously, and the sound of weeping reaches my ear even to the next room, for when she retires to her chamber sad and weary-hearted there is no rest for those who love her.

"And is your apartment so near that of her majesty?"

"Nay, it is in yonder angle of the palace overlooking the little garden of foreign plants. See you not yon tall casement where the light is burning?"

"Is that the place where your royal mistress spends so many hours of sweet sadness?"

"Nay, that is the casement to my room, the windows of her majesty's chamber are muffled with heavy curtains, you can just see a gleam of light breaking through them, as it were a flash of lightning smothered in a crimson cloud."

"And you love music best in the cool of a starry night?" exclaimed Chatelard abruptly, and glancing toward the window. "It is a sweet fancy."

"Yes, a sweet and pure one, as all her fancies are; but see, her majesty is about retiring—she looks this way."

"Shall we join her?" said Chatelard, abstractedly presenting his arm to the fair girl.

"So music is her passion, and she loves it best when the stars are out," Chatelard repeated to himself inly, as he left the palace. "Hugo was right, this is the way to win her!"

As these thoughts passed through his mind the chevalier entered the palace grounds, and almost ran against a person who was gazing up at the windows, through which the departing revelers could yet be seen.

"Hugo!"

"Well, master, I am glad you have come at last; this air has chilled me through," exclaimed the eccentric man, stepping out from the shadow which had partially concealed him. "You did not send for the lute."

"I had no opportunity. The queen had only her paid orchestra. Could I mingle with them?"

"Bah! no. My ears ring now with the horrid outcry of their bagpipes."

"Have you the lute still?"

"It is lying yonder on the turf."

"Take it up and follow me."

Hugo took up the lute, passed his fingers over it, and muttered discontentedly that the dews had relaxed its strings.

But the chevalier took no heed of his muttering. "See you the window yonder, Hugo?" he said, pointing to the queen's apartments.

"What, those tall casements with the red light, that seem deluged with a shower of wine? Yes I see."

"See! see! is there not a shadow over them? Hugo, Hugo, it is the queen! She has flung back the drapery—she opens the casement and looks forth. Steal softly along the wall, good Hugo, there is a rose thicket beneath the casement—it will give us shelter. The night is still and balmy, the stars look down upon us with a golden promise. Heaven! how my heart trembles!"

"What would you do, good master? This balmy night that you tell of chills me like an ague, but I can see that your eyes and cheek are on fire, even in this dim light. What would you do?"

"Give me the lute. I would follow your advice, Hugo, woo her with music—intoxicate her heart with sweet sounds!"

"Not to-night," replied Hugo, hugging the lute closely to his bosom, "not after a revel, when her senses are jaded and weary with homage—let the lute alone, I say—are you mad?"

"She loves me, Hugo, she loves me! I am sure of it. You say truly, my heart and brain are burning with the thought! You should have seen her smile when we met, you should have heard the words with which we parted!"

"Be careful, my master," said Hugo, in a voice of serious warning, "this passion seems insane. Come away, we can find access to the grounds another time. Do not be rash enough to approach yon casement at this time of the night; such impetuosity may be fatal."

"You are right," exclaimed the young man, casting a passionate glance toward the lovely woman who sat with one arm resting on the open casement, languidly enjoying the cool breath of her flower garden after the fatigue of the revel. "You are right, let us withdraw into the shadow of this tree—"

"Let us return home," cried Hugo impatiently.

"Not till she leaves the casement," replied the master, wresting his cloak from Hugo's grasp. "Ah! she rises. The curtains fall. Well, Hugo, we will go home—the night does seem chill."

With another lingering glance at the casement, Chatelard withdrew from the palace grounds followed by his servant.

[To be continued.]

## ON NINCOM.

WHO IS VERY DEVOUT IN HIS POETRY, AND VERY LICENTIOUS IN HIS PROSE.

Two different muses Nincom must inspire,  
As opposite as water is to fire;

In verse, one is a saint devout and civil,  
In prose, the other is a very d—L. GNOMAN.

## THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

NO. V.—NEW ORLEANS.

FROM THE MOUTH OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

PROBABLY no event of the last war exasperated the people of this republic to such a degree as the official announcement of Vice-Admiral Cochrane, in 1814, that "under the new and imperative character of his orders, it became his duty to destroy and lay waste all towns and districts of the United States found accessible to the attack of British armaments." A mode of warfare so opposed to the usages of civilized communities, was, at first, hailed with a general burst of horror. But this was soon followed by an indignant burst of patriotic devotion. The spirit of the people roused itself to avenge the outrage, and from every section of the country volunteers arose to swell the ranks, and uphold the honor of their country.

But the British ministry were not withheld from pursuing their plan even by the voice of reprobation which everywhere assailed them. They resolved to devote the summer to devastations on the Chesapeake, and the winter to the plunder of the wealthy Capitals of the South. Of these New Orleans presented the strongest inducements for an attack, both on account of its vast riches, its feeble defences, and the heterogeneous character of its population. It had, moreover, been only a short time connected with the Union, and its patriotism might be suspected, indeed was said to be doubtful.

With these views, a fleet of fifty sail, and fifteen thousand veterans, were despatched to that quarter. But to divert the attention of the American commander, the Indians on the Southern border were stirred up to war as a preliminary measure. The events of that short campaign are well known. General Jackson, by a series of energetic movements, completely broke the spirit of this savage enemy, intimidated the British emissaries, took Pensacola by storm, and returned triumphant to New Orleans in time to anticipate the arrival of the foe.

The general reached that city on the 2d of December, and immediately began to place it in a condition of defence. It is well known that innumerable channels intersect the delta of the Mississippi, below the town. Few of these were properly fortified; and in consequence, the alarm was general. Treason, too, was abroad. The city corps had refused to march out; and even the legislature had encouraged the disobedience. Spies daily left the city to bear information to the enemy. In this crisis General Jackson acted with that promptness and energy which, in every event of his life, has been his characteristic. He proclaimed martial law, and laid an embargo on all vessels in the harbor, thus cutting off treasonable communication with the enemy. He called out the

militia *en masse*. He impressed the negroes to assist in the defences. Inspired by this vigor the inhabitants recovered their hopes, and labored night and day on the fortifications.

On the 5th of December the enemy appeared off the mouth of the Mississippi. He had taken care to make himself acquainted with the topography of the coast, and discovering that the routes through Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgue were the most assailable means of access to the city, he resolved to lose no time in needless delays, but to push on at once to the object of his desires. An unexpected difficulty, however, soon presented itself in a flotilla of American gun-boats, which had been sent to defend these passes. A sharp action ensued, in which the British, after a heavy loss, came off victorious. No obstacle now existing to their landing, the troops were disembarked on Pea Island, where some Spanish fishermen were speedily found to betray the information that the pass of *Bienvenu* was as yet unguarded, and that a vigorous movement of five or six hours made from this point, would carry the assailants to the heart of New Orleans. Availing themselves of this information a strong force was immediately transported across the river, and before noon on the 22d took up a position on *Vivery's canal*.

It was at this spot, scarcely nine miles distant from the city, that a part of Jackson's staff accidentally discovered the enemy. The news spread consternation through the town. But that general, with his usual promptness, leaving a force to guard the avenues to the city in his rear, marched out to assail the British with all his available force, amounting to fifteen hundred men. His intention was to make a night attack on the front and flanks of the enemy; but the plan failing in several important particulars, he ordered a retreat, and fell back, after a doubtful engagement, to a narrow plain on the road to New Orleans, flanked on the right by the Mississippi, and on the left by an impenetrable cypress swamp.

It had been the intention of Gen. Jackson to march out into the open field, and renew the engagement in the morning; but subsequent reflection, on the inferiority of his force as compared with that of the enemy, induced him to resolve on a strictly defensive system. Accordingly, he set about fortifying his position with incredible alacrity. A ditch, dug for agricultural purposes, ran along his front from the river to the swamp; it was only left for him, therefore, to throw up an entrenchment and erect flanking batteries. Bales of cotton were successfully employed for this purpose. Bastions were hastily con-

structed and mounted with heavy cannon, to enfilade the whole front. To render the position still more secure a battery of twenty guns, flanking the length of the parapet, was erected on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, and committed to the charge of Commodore Patterson, of the navy, and a body of militia.

The English force was under the command of Sir Edward Packenham, a brave and gallant but impetuous soldier. This general at first determined to make regular approaches to the works, but having failed in the attempt in consequence of the superior weight of the American artillery, he resolved, with the impetuous hardihood he had acquired in the Peninsular war, to carry the entrenchments by assault, and thus put an end at once to the affair. With troops fresh from the plains of Waterloo, he did not doubt of complete success against the raw levies of which his spies informed him the force of General Jackson was composed. He did not, however, neglect any advantage which strategy could give him; for he employed his men in secretly widening the canal behind his army, by which boats might be brought up to the Mississippi, and troops ferried across to carry the battery we have spoken of, on the right bank of the river, so as to prevent the assailing columns from being raked by its fire as they moved to attack the parapet.

These preparations having all been completed by the night of the 7th of January, Packenham determined on an assault before daybreak of the ensuing day. Colonel Thornton, with about fourteen hundred men, was to cross over by night to the western bank of the Mississippi, and storming the battery there, proceed up the river until he came opposite to New Orleans. Meantime, the main attack on the entrenchments on the eastern bank was confined to two columns, the first led by General Gibbs, the second by General Keane. There was a reserve commanded by General Lambert. Having made these dispositions the soldiers were allowed some rest; but many an eye refused to sleep, and the sentry as he walked his rounds dreamed of past victories, or anticipated the morrow's glory.

In the American camp all was still. The night was unusually cold, and sounds were distinguishable for a long distance; but nothing was heard from the British position except an occasional murmur rising and falling on the night wind.

Various delays occurred on the part of the hurry to prevent Colonel Thornton from reaching his destination in time; and hour after hour of the night passed away without Packenham receiving the expected news of his success. At length that general became impatient, and towards five o'clock ordered the assault. Gibbs' column advanced first to the attack. But the wintry dawn had now begun to break, and the Americans, hitherto ignorant of the impending danger, suddenly beheld the dark masses of the enemy, at the distance of nine hundred yards, moving rapidly across the plain. Instantly a tremendous fire was opened on them from the batteries. But the veterans of the 4th and 21st regiments, undaunted by the danger, pressed steadily forward amid a fearful carnage, closing up their front as one after

another fell, and only pausing when they reached the slippery edge of the glacis.

Here it was found that the scaling ladders and fascines had been forgotten, and a halt occurred until they could be sent for and brought up. All this time the deadly rifles of the Americans poured a stream of fire into the British ranks, which soon, riddled through and through, fell back in disorder from the foot of the parapet. Seeing the confusion, Packenham himself galloped up. No one can deny to him on that fatal day the meed of countless courage. Dashing immediately to the head of the 44th regiment he rallied the men, and led them to the foot of the glacis, with uncovered head cheering them on. While in this very act, a ball struck him and he fell mortally wounded. Appalled by this sight his troops once more recoiled. But their officers, reminding them of their assault at Badajoz, again brought them up to the attack; and with desperate but unavailing courage they strove to force their way over the ditch and up the fatal entrenchments. Quick and close, however, the rifles of the Americans met them at every turn. Again they recoiled. General Keane, who had succeeded Packenham, was struck down. But the reserve was now in full advance, and notwithstanding the tempest of grape and shell which swept the plain, it continued to press on, led by the gallant Keane. Soon he, too, fell. But the regiment he led was a thousand strong, and composed wholly of Sutherland Highlanders. It had faced death in many a battle-field before. Earning to avenge the fall of three commanders in succession, it rushed on with inextinguishable fury, forcing the leading files before it until they gained the slope of the glacis; and here, though destitute of fascines or ladders, the men still pressed on, mounting on each others shoulders to gain a foothold in the works, where they fought with the ferocity of frantic lions, mad with pain, rage and despair. Few of them, however, reached this point, for the rifles of the defenders cut them off almost to a man before they crossed the ditch, and those who clambered up the entrenchments were bayoneted as they appeared. In the midst of this terrific carnage an officer on a white horse was seen dashing to the glacis; he fell pierced by a ball just as he reached the edge; but the noble animal, plunging headlong forward over the wounded and the dead, crossed the ditch, leaped the entrenchments with one wild bound, and stood trembling in every limb in the very heart of the American forces. The gallant animal was taken care of, and subsequently became a favorite with the soldiers.

Three times the enemy advanced to the assault; three times he was hurled back in wild disorder. Nothing could withstand the terrific fire. The plain was already encumbered with nearly two thousand dead and wounded, and as fast as the heads of columns appeared they melted away before the deadly grape-shot. On the left, some companies, which at first had penetrated to an unfinished entrenchment, were lost disappearing beneath the murderous cannonade.

At places where the fiercest struggles had been made the dead were piled in heaps. The fearful carnage of that day brought to many a mind the



slaughter of the forlorn hope at St. Sebastian. In vain the British fought with desperate courage—the Americans were as brave as they. General Lambert, on whom the command had now devolved, finding that victory was hopeless, at length gave orders to retreat, and fell back in great confusion.

Thus closed this sanguinary battle. The loss of the enemy was not less than two thousand. Never since the day of Bunker Hill had such a thrill gone through the country as that which roused it to its inmost heart at news of the victory of New Orleans. The national pride was gratified, not only by the preservation of that city, but by the reflection that its de-

fenders had met and overthrown the conquerors of Waterloo.

Before we close, it is proper to state that Colonel Thornton succeeded in carrying the battery on the eastern bank, but on the defeat of the main body was ordered to abandon the work, which he did accordingly on the same day. In a short time the British retreated to their ships, when the conclusion of peace put a stop to further hostilities.

Of eight thousand men brought into the field on that memorable day, the British lost two thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners. The American loss was inconsiderable.

## TRIBUTE

### TO THE MEMORY OF MISS CHARLOTTE CHESTER

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THUS grew a lily 'mid the verdant vales  
That bless our own blue stream. Its graceful form,  
Reared in a rich and happy spot of birth,  
Bespoke the bounty of the King of Day,—  
Yet bent in lowly love to all around.  
—I well remember when I saw at first,  
Sparkling with morning dew, and wondered much  
At its exceeding loveliness—yet more  
At that serene humility, which seemed  
An angel-presence. Then I little deemed  
That it would ever be my lot to cast  
A simple wild flower o'er the mournful grave  
Of what was so ethereal.

Gentle friend!  
Would that my pencil had but skill to trace  
That blending harmony of lineament,  
Which made the whole of life so beautiful.  
Thy trusting frankness, still by judgment ruled—  
Thy perfect modesty—thy playful flight  
Of social thought—thy strength of fortitude.  
Which at each self-denying duty rose,  
Girded to act, or suffer, meekly firm,  
And inly anchored on a faith divine,  
That fears no earthly storm. Would I could paint  
Thy semblance, as it still unfading dwells  
With those who love thee, so that other hearts  
Won by the transcript of an excellence  
So sweetly feminine, might imitate

Woman's true beauty, in her own true sphere  
Thou, through a world which levieth tax on all  
That men call beautiful, didst calmly pass,  
Yielding no charm of youth, and deepening that  
Which time impairerh not, the heaven-born smile  
Of pure, transparent singleness of soul.  
Along the slippery paths of time thy step,  
So full of grace, was yet so firm and wise  
As not to shed from friendship's crystal vase,  
Poised in thy hand, a single bud or flower,  
Nor waste the sacred water-drops that kept  
Their bloom so fresh.

For thou wert of that band  
Who hold the Savior ever in their view,  
Their pattern and example, day by day,  
Till every year doth mould them more and more  
Into His image.

Those who nearest marked  
Thy lucid life, like stainless stream, flow on  
To its unshadowed close, might well expect  
Unruffled thought, and peaceful entering  
To a Redeemer's bliss. And so it was.  
Yes—so it was.

Henceforth, to us thou art  
A precious pearl-drop, set in memory's gold.  
Still purely gleaming from a cloudless sphere,  
To lure us upward, where we part no more

LIFE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Ox! dearly do I love to live,  
Earth's glorious things among;  
The fingers God has made to play  
Upon the harp He's strung

I love to feel the warm, free gush  
That rises from my heart—  
Oh world of bliss! how fair! how fair!  
How passing frail thou art!

## SONG.

BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

Oh stream, forever fresh and full,  
That gleamest through the plain!  
For thee the punctual spring returns,  
To steep thy banks with rain;  
And when thy latest blossoms die  
In autumn's chilly showers,  
The winter fountains gush for thee,  
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh Stream of Life! the violet springs  
But once beside thy bed;  
But one brief summer on thy path  
The dews of heaven are shed,  
Thy parent fountains shrink away,  
And close their crystal veins,  
And where thy glittering waters ran  
The dust alone remains.

## STANZAS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

Come, dearest, sit on this shelving rock,  
Where its shadowy arms the beech-tree flings,  
And the dappled moss, like fairy wool,  
Elastic under thy footfall springs—  
And the squirrel stays with a saucy grace  
As peering into thine own dear face.

Now listen, love, to the laboring bee;  
Too long he staid in the holyhoak's cup,  
And the flower in spite has shut its leaves  
And closed the wanton intruder up—  
Behold him now, with his yellow thighs,  
A captive made with his dusty prize.

Poor greedy thing! we will free thee now,  
For many a wiser one, like thee,  
Has staid so long at forbidden sweets,  
That soul and limb were no longer free—  
Has bartered his right to an angel birth,  
For the sickly joys of the fleeting earth.

Like a winged gem, a faucy thought,  
The Butterfly floats on the buoyant air;  
Nor flies it near to the standing pool,  
For it knows the Dragon-fly is there.  
We will not call it a useless thing,  
Nor deem it vain of a painted wing.

Oh! more like an Eden-sprite it seems,  
Like an exile mute and desolate—  
A Psyche wedded for aye to Love,  
And banished, like him, from Eden's gate.  
It pleadeth still for a higher life,  
With its melody gone, and beauty rife.

Ah! better with Love were any doom,  
Than to dwell at ease from him apart.  
The blossoms of Eden soon would fade  
In the chilling air of a selfish heart;  
And we will, dearest, the Butterfly prize.  
As minding us of our Paradise.

## THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

(SAINT JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.)

BY MRS. B. V. THOMAS.

How innocent is childhood—  
So like to heav'n above,  
Its heart forever gushing  
With tenderness and love!  
So pure its every feeling,  
So calm its holy sleep,  
Oh! well 'tis said the angels  
Their vigils o'er it keep.

But thou, the sainted shepherd,  
Far out in Judah's wild;  
Messiah's young forerunner,  
The God-anointed child!

How shall we tell the rapture  
That dwells upon thy face,  
Or paint, in earthly language,  
Its mild, seraphic grace?

There was the lofty mission  
To bear through Judah's land,  
The world-extrancing tidings,  
A Saviour was at hand!  
So, from thy youthful presence,  
There gleamed such light and love,  
That, like cherubic music,  
It bore the soul above!

# SONG OF THE SPRING.

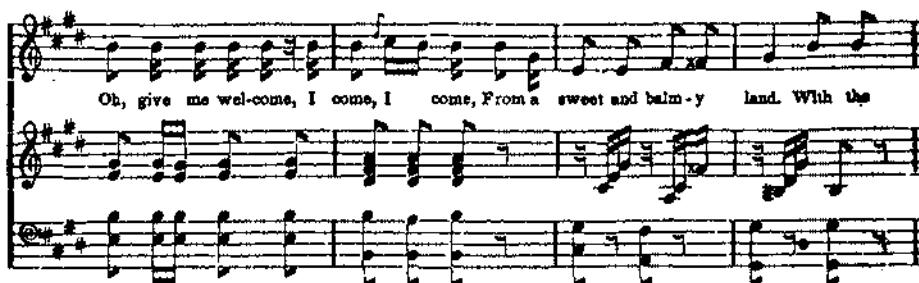
A BALLAD.

POETRY BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MUSIC BY MISS SLOMAN.

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**Tempo Allegro.**



Oh, give me wel-come, I come, I come, From a sweet and balm-y land. With the



tro-pic rose, I have made my home, Mid rip-ning fruits I have lov'd to roam.



Oh! give me wel-come, come, I come. Oh! give me wel-come, I come, I come, Where the



sea shells lie in their gold-en sand, I have toss-ed the foam of a south - - ern strand.



Oh! give me wel - come, I come, I come, Oh, give me wel - come, I come, I come.



Oh! give me welcome—I bring, I bring  
 A gift for the coming May.  
 The sunshine falls from my restless wing—  
 It kisses the ice on the mountain spring—  
 And I laugh, I laugh, as it melts away,  
 Till my voice is heard in the dropping spray.

Oh! give me welcome, a welcome now—  
 The winter was stern and cold,  
 But I sang him to sleep,—I kissed his brow,  
 While I sifted his robes of sparkling snow,  
 And the crony old sleep, as child and cold,  
 Awoke in a world of green and gold.

Oh! give me a welcome—I'll hold a foot  
 With the pleasant April rain—  
 The birds that sing with a merry shout,  
 And the fragrant buds that are bursting out,  
 Like drops of light with a rosy stain,  
 Mid the delicate hours that are green again.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Table Talk: Opinions on Books, Men and Things.* By William Hazlitt. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 12mo.

These volumes belong to Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading;" and are well entitled to rank among the literary luxuries with which they are associated. It is singular that this is the first American reprint of one of Hazlitt's works, although English editions of his essays have been sold here in very large numbers. The publishers promise to reprint the whole collection of his writings. We doubt not that the enterprise will succeed, for it would be difficult to find a more fascinating series of critical essays, on society, art and literature, than those with which Hazlitt has enriched English letters.

The writings of Hazlitt reflect the character of the man, or the character which circumstances impressed on the man. The point of view from which he surveys objects is generally intensely individual, and partakes often of the shifting feelings and caprices of individuality. This peculiarity, though it sometimes vitiates his judgment, and renders his criticism one-sided and unjust, lends a peculiar raciness to his compositions. In deciding on the merits of authors whom he personally dislikes, it is amusing to watch the strife between his insight and his will. Settling out with the determination to decry, his acuteness and sympathies are continually betraying him into splendid bursts of panegyric. Hate the author as he may, he cannot resist a fine imagination or a tempting phrase. His various remarks on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and Scott, illustrate, in different degrees, this war between prejudice and intellect.

A good part of the bitterness observable in Hazlitt's works came from the misfortunes of his life. Few literary men of the nineteenth century drew down upon themselves such a storm of opposition as pelled upon him. From the impetuosity and irascibility of his nature, leading him to feel a kind of bitter delight in fighting his way through the world, he was more inclined to exasperate adversaries than to conciliate friends. The tory party in Great Britain he hated with his whole soul, and he took every occasion to give his hate its most furious and uncompromising expression. He spared neither principles nor men. He lashed both without remorse or fear, and sometimes without a regard to the proprieties of invective. To Burke he was notoriously unjust; but considering Burke as the exponent of conservatism, he could not be otherwise than unjust. That part of a man's character on which his hatred fixed, was generally considered the whole man; and, consequently, in his rage, he was more inclined to delineate political monsters than politicians. The Tories, through Blackwood's Magazine, their most unscrupulous organ, paid back his invective in their ill-linguist. However reprehensible may have been the animosity of his attacks, they were courteous compared with the replies they elicited. His enemies were descended to sneers on his personal appearance, and "piled Hazlitt" is a standing phrase in the old volumes of Blackwood. All literary merit was denied him, as well as all moral excellence and personal honor. "Christopher North," whose praise it is so common to echo in this country, and who passes with many as a genial gentleman, as well as

editor of Blackwood's Magazine, has committed more high literary crimes and misdemeanors than any contemporary critic. No man has drawn more liberally than he from the stores of Doll Tearsheet, when it was politic to overwhelm an opponent with abuse. Mud came as naturally to his hand as flowers. In his treatment of Hazlitt he became a low libeler, affluent in nothing but brutality and slang.

In the literary history of the nineteenth century Blackwood's Magazine will have a prominent place. There is no writer of any eminence who was not subjected to its impudent familiarities. Its strange inconsistencies, its malignity, its cruelty, its indecency, its frequent violation of the sanctities of private life, its disregard of the commonest principles of literary morality, the libels and falsehoods with which it swarms, the drunkenness of mind which appears in so much of its reeling and trembling rhetoric, the rancorous abuse which it pitched at some of the best and wisest public men of the time, and especially at those who were assailing the corruptions of church and state,—these must be remembered against it, for without them the biography of many eminent authors would be incomplete. That with these shameful literary sins it combined great talent, and often contained articles evincing uncommon reach and depth of thought, and beauty of expression—that, with all its brutalities, it occasionally would display considerable magnanimity—that at one period it was the only influential journal, in whose criticism the spirit of the poetry of the nineteenth century was fairly represented—is cheerfully acknowledged; but still it could never be trusted. The whim of the editor would lead him to admit the most contradictory articles. The poet whose genius was eulogized to-day, was not sure that he would not be reviled to-morrow. But the magazine was consistent in one thing. After it had once started in its abuse of Hazlitt, it followed up the game with the most pertinacious avidity.

Another of Hazlitt's powerful adversaries was William Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly Review. From this journal he received the title of the "great slangwhanger." But in the "Spirit of the Age," he more than paid back Gifford's hatred. Those who have read his paper on the "Editor of the Quarterly," must concede the victory to Hazlitt. Had he answered Wilson in the same vein, we have no doubt he would have left a portrait to posterity somewhat different from that which Christopher North imagines to be his own.

We have spoken of Hazlitt's acuteness and glow of feeling in criticizing works of art and literature. These qualities are more or less manifested throughout his writings. "Table Talk" contains many examples, though the essays are more miscellaneous in their character than the most of his volumes. We hope soon to see a reprint of his best work, that devoted to the literature of the reign of Elizabeth, in which he roams through the writings of the old dramatist and poets with the keenest delight. The intellect observable in all of Hazlitt's writings is of uncommon penetration, and gives to his very style a sharpness which seems to cut its way through the subject he discusses. His brilliancy is proverbial. As soon as his works are fairly reprinted in the United States, their

merits will be generally known, and, if known, they must be popular.

*Poems.* By William W. Lord. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume appears under what are generally considered favorable auspices. Many distinguished persons, who saw the poems in MS., strongly recommended them for publication. They are certain of being praised, if not puffed. As the author has no enemies, he is sure of kindly and considerate treatment from all. The merit which his volume possesses stands an excellent chance of being acknowledged.

Mr. Lord represents his poems as "the offspring of an earnest (if ineffectual) desire toward the True and Beautiful." This statement is borne out on every page of his volume. His nature is filled with poetic feeling, and assimilates readily with beauty and grandeur, whether found in nature or in books. His mind is exceedingly impressionable, and occasionally mistakes sympathy for insight. What he reads, he is too apt to reproduce. His style gives repeated evidence of an unconscious indebtedness to Spenser, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth, especially to the two first. We do not mean to say that he is an imitator of those poets, or a plagiarist, but that, in communing with nature, he cannot resist the influence of more powerful imaginations, who have seen deeper than his unaided eye can pierce. By the sensitiveness of his mind, he catches the melody and spirit of the poems which have strongly affected his sympathies, and naturally reproduces them. "Saint Mary's Gift" is a compound of Spenser and Keats; it has just enough of the former to distinguish it from "St. Agnes' Eve," and just enough of the latter to distinguish it from the "Faery Queens." All young poets, who have not sufficient force and individuality of nature to resist other minds, fall into this habit of reproduction. Indeed few poets can be wholly free from it. Goethe said that it was dangerous for him to read more than one play of Shakspeare in a year, as he found that he could not, without the most careful watching of his mind, prevent himself from unconsciously imitating one whom he was proud to acknowledge his superior.

The feeling which breathes through this volume of poems is pure and high. It contains much true poetic rapture—much "fury and pride of soul." The tone of the thought, and the style of the composition, are somewhat in the transcendental vein. Occasionally there is observable a little sentimentality mingling with the sentiment, and a little jargon with the diction. But, as the production of a young poet, it is remarkably free from those gross artistical blemishes which disfigure most early attempts to embody vast or mystical conceptions. Perhaps the best pieces in the volume are those in which a certain quaint sweetness of thought and manner predominate, as in "A Rime," and portions of "Ballad Phantasies." There are passages in "Worship," and the "Hymn to Niagara," which indicate a more than common capacity and feeling for the sublime, but they are not, as a whole, so perfect in their kind as the others, and they occasionally suggest reminiscences of Coleridge and Wordsworth.

The "Ballad Phantasies" give a fair view of the author's mind, with respect to its poetic power as manifested from its poetic feeling. There are numerous passages, however, and refinements of thought introduced in these pieces which evidence a true poetic eye and heart, seeing in common things more than is commonly seen, and suggesting more than is directly conveyed. There is a true mastery in the following quiet picture, which every reader will not fully interpret.

An old man sits within the door;  
His hair is white and thin,  
But his mild and winning eye is bright;  
If not the fire it hath the light  
Of early youth therein.

Close by his head the little birds  
Carol their morning hymn;  
Above the door, on the old woodbine,  
They sing at every morning's shine,  
They have no fear of him.

He is getting deaf, but hears them well;  
They sing close at his ear:  
Each day he blesses God in heart  
That he the birds can hear.

The following stanza is fine—

And mossy stones lie black along  
A brook which gurgles there,  
As if its low incessant sound  
Part of the silence were.

We clip a few lines from the "Hymn to Niagara," illustrating his force of feeling and expression.

The stern rocks around,  
From whose high piled and adamantine fronts  
Ages have fallen like shadows, without the power  
To crumble or deface them.

Niagara! from thy heights above, when first,  
Half fearful, my expectant eyes beheld  
Thy inland sea, with its embosomed isles,  
Far-stretching and commingling with the sky;  
And nearer, its swift lapse and whitening speed,  
And the green slide of waters, that around  
The abyss, and round the rising clouds,  
Which heaven with rainbows painted as they rose,  
Stretched, sky-like, in a broad and whirling curve;  
Not then did I behold thee—and I felt  
Even in that moment that I saw thee not!  
But still without the veil, before the shrine—  
The home of an eternal splendor—stood,  
And of thy glory but beheld the skirts.

This volume doubtless places Mr. Lord in a prominent position among our American poets. It evinces much strength and delicacy of mind, and is likewise a promise of something greater. Considered as the production of a poet who was altogether unknown to the public before his volume appeared, it has singular merit. Mr. Lord has within him the capacity to do much for American literature. We trust that the present volume, in which he feels the pulse of the public, will meet with a warm reception.

*Headlong Hall and Nightmare's Abbey.* New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a cheap and elegant edition of two very curious novels, written by T. L. Picoock, of England. The object of them is to represent almost every phase of the misdirected enthusiasm and quackery of the nineteenth century. This is done with much wit and forcible ridicule. Almost everybody is hit, for nobody can live at the present time without being in some degree influenced by the spirit of the age. Reformers in government and religion, scientific pretenders, enthusiasts of all kinds, and quacks of "glorious cures," are all spread out on the page. The *Headlong Hall* is chiefly touched in the character of Mr. Cypress. One of the things in the volume is the lecture of Mr. Cypress to the geologist. He defines the human brain in a most admirable or compound of all the faculties of the human mind; "and from the greater development of one or more of these, in the infinite varieties of combinations, result all the peculiarities of individual character." After giving some details illustrating this truth, he proceeds to its practical applications in the education of children. "If the development of the organ of destruction point out a similarity between the youth and the tiger, let

him be brought up to some profession (whether that of a butcher, a soldier or a physician, may be regulated by circumstances) in which he may be furnished with a license to kill: as, without such license, the indulgence of his natural propensity may lead to the untimely resection of his vital thread, 'with edge of penny cord and vile reproach.' If he show an analogy with the jackal, let all possible influence be used to procure him a place at court, where he will infallibly thrive. If his skull bear a marked resemblance to that of the magpie, it cannot be doubted that he will prove an admirable lawyer; and if with this advantageous conformation be combined any similitude to that of an owl, very confident hopes may be formed of his becoming a judge."

The character of Scythrop, in "Nightmare Abbey," was intended by the author as a partial representation of Shelley, as he was in his youth. Pocock was Shelley's friend at Oxford, and was dismissed from college in his company. At least we presume so, from the supposition that the celebrated articles which appeared some years ago in the New Monthly Magazine, entitled "Percy Bysache Shelley at Oxford"—the only records of that portion of Shelley's life of any value—were written by Pocock. He is also, we presume, the "T. L. P.," to whom so many of Shelley's letters are directed. Scythrop, however, hardly does justice to Shelley's philanthropic principles, although their practical defects are ludicrously represented. It is singular that there should have existed so close a friendship between men so different as the author of "Prometheus Unbound" and the author of "Nightmare Abbey."

*Sketches of Protestantism in Italy, Past and Present, Including a Notice of the Origin, History and Present State of the Waldenses.* By Robert Baird. Boston. Perkins & Co., 1845. 12mo. pp 418, with an Index.

This is peculiarly a book for the times. It treats Roman Catholics with all that Christian urbanity for which Dr. Baird is distinguished. At the same time it furnishes Protestants with facts of the highest interest in regard to the practical workings and real fruits of the Romish religion, where it has the utmost freedom in its developments. Those who deem every thing relating to the Papacy defective, unless it have a spice of bitterness mixed with it, may not find this book to their taste so far as the religious spirit which pervades it is concerned, but none can fail to be interested in its luminous and ornate style, and its varied information. We know but little of Italy, except from the notices of travelers, who entertain us with its relics and classic remains, and the arts connected with such accounts of the religion and politics of the Italians are made from a hasty survey of the surface of things. Dr. Baird's book supplies a desideratum in giving us, in a compact form, a vast amount of rare information.

The extent of Protestant influence in Italy will be very surprising to most readers, while the history of that singularly interesting people, the Waldenses, will be found to be replete with the most entertaining incidents. The volume is handsomely got up, and adorned with a pretty lithograph print of the Duchess of Ferrara, and a well executed map of the valley of Piedmont.

*Orthophony: or Vocal Culture in Elocution.* By James E. Murdock and William Russell. Boston. Wm. D. Ticknor & Co., 1 vol. 12mo.

This book is the production of gentlemen who have

spent a large portion of their lives in teaching elocution, and who are aware of the practical difficulties in the way of the learner. The matter is well arranged, and the illustrative quotations pertinent. Any person, by studying the book and following its directions, can materially improve his voice. It is altogether the most complete practical work on the subject which has been published in the United States. As a book for schools, for classes in elocution, or for private learners, it will be found equally available.

*Never Too Late.* By Charles Burdett.

*The Two Apprentices.* By Mary Howitt.

*The Goldmaker's Village.* From the German of H. Zschokke. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

These little books belong to Appleton's admirable series of "Tales for the People and their Children," to which we have had occasion repeatedly to refer. The whole collection should be within the reach of every family in the land. The moral effect of such works on the young, would be in the highest degree beneficial. They would likewise give to parents many valuable hints, which would be found available in the home education of their children.

**THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.**—Mr. S. H. Parker, of Boston, is publishing his series of these world-renowned fictions, in weekly duodecimo volumes, at thirty-seven cents a volume. Each novel is printed in large type, on good paper, with the author's last prefaces, notes, and emendations. Those who desire a cheap and elegant edition of Scott, which they can read without having their eyes punched out, cannot do better than purchase this. We believe that during the last ten years the "rising generation" have not read Scott so much as is generally supposed. The fashion of reading the "last new novel" prevents many from reading the best novels. We know many good people who are fluent in praise of Bulwer, Eugene Sue and James, and yet who have not read more than one of the Waverley romances. This shows a disgraceful taste. As long as there is a cheap edition of Scott, it is a taste which has not even economy on its side.

*Poems,* by Amelia. Boston. H. Tompkins, Cornhill, 1845.

This is an elegant volume of the poems of one of the sweetest writers of the age. We look upon "Amelia" as one of the truest poets we have. In an early number we shall notice the volume at length.

*Dwell; 2 vols.* Scribner & Ball. Philadelphia. 1845.

We have not space this month to notice these volumes as they deserve, but we advise our readers to lose no time in getting hold of them.

**Mrs. ARMAN.**—The story by this lady in the present number is one of the very best we have published for a year. She writes with great care, and her compositions all evince a thoughtful regard for her reputation. We ask our subscribers to give it an early perusal.







Painted by Saunders

Engraved by W. H. K. Water

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*S. K. Mitchell*  
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# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XX.

DR. JOHN K. MITCHELL.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

We have here an admirable likeness. Graham's "Portrait Gallery" has rarely been graced by a more faithful delineation of the features of a "contributor" than is presented in the instance of Dr. John K. Mitchell; and in these days of quick inference and rapid conclusion, one is not a little tempted, with so close a resemblance in view, illuminated, as it were, by an autographic fac simile, to inquire a little into the analogies, and to endeavor to find how far we are thus furnished with a clue to disposition. It is true, indeed—at least, so they say—that induction of this sort often leads to error; and the prosaic world utters caution against opinions founded, as it thinks, upon the uncertain data afforded by the flourish of a pen, or by the "natural language" of the corporal man; and, therefore, without insisting upon it that the inward spirit invariably declares itself in outward signs, we may at least venture to intimate that the theory referred to, finds support on this occasion, and that the physiognomy, both personal and chirographic, of the "contributor" now before us, is not without its significant meaning. Though devoted to science, and deservedly distinguished in the arduous labors of professional life, Dr. Mitchell has yet retained the inclination, and improved the passing moment, to cultivate the lighter graces of literature; and by a happy facility, arising from a combination of perseverance with versatility of intellect, he has been enabled to gather a laurel in the opposite fields of fact and fancy. It must, of course, be understood that his imaginative efforts have been mainly in the way of recreation, while his more serious pursuits form the business of life; but it is so unusual, even in a less degree, to meet with those who have gained, or who seek to

gain distinction among men, who are not enslaved by a single thought—remorselessly ridden, Sinbad-like, by an "old man of the sea"—that it is pleasant to dwell upon instances which show it to be still practicable to be deeply engaged in scientific research, yet open likewise to impressions of a less rugged aspect; and we feel disposed to ask, under the assurance of affirmative response, whether a hint somewhat to this effect be not furnished both by the portrait and by the penmanship which are offered to our contemplation.

Philosophy is all the better with a demonstration at hand that it is not of necessity evermore haggard from the laboratory or hoarse from the lecture-room; and it is by no means an unimportant lesson to learn that the disciplined mind acquires a power to direct its energies at will, that painful toil may be so varied by literary diversion and by the charms of social intercourse, as rather to increase than to diminish its vigor, and to strengthen, rather than to enfeeble its capabilities for application.

Such, we may venture without flattery to remark, is the example afforded by Dr. Mitchell; and we allude to it somewhat emphatically, as it embodies an intimation to the studious that the slipshod habits into which they are tempted, should be looked upon more in the light of a fault than of a virtue. It is worth remembering that shattered nerves and an unwholesome aspect—that carelessness of dress and awkwardness of address, indicating an intellect which grows crooked without elasticity, in one direction—though so long looked upon as part of "the schools," are not essential to results; but rather betoken early feebleness and premature decay; and it is well not to forget that to maintain the mind in its soundness and integrity, there

is no wiser course than that pursued by the subject of our present imperfect sketch, who appears to keep all his faculties in exercise and alertness, by devoting suitable attention to science, to literature and to society. Upon the benefits thus derived, it is superfluous to comment.

Dr. Mitchell was born at Shepardstown, Virginia, on the 12th of May, 1798. His father, also a physician, was a native of Scotland, descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of that country, and came to America long before the birth of his son. It was the misfortune of young Mitchell to lose his father at an early age; but the circumstances of the family were such that this melancholy deprivation did not materially interfere with his education and prospects. In 1807, he was sent to Scotland, and commenced his studies at the town of Ayr, a spot consecrated by the achievements of Wallace and by the poetry of Burns. Here our youthful student beguiled his leisure hours by rambling among the picturesque scenery of this romantic region, gathering health and strength, and acquiring that love of nature which is ever a source of the purest delight. After a protracted residence at Ayr, he removed to Edinburgh, where he received his classic education.

In 1810, having passed through his collegiate career, he returned to America, and entered upon the study of medicine under the justly celebrated Dr. Chapman; and, passing with much credit through the usual probation, he received his diploma as Doctor of Medicine. Before he graduated, however, he had made a voyage to and from China, for the purpose of firmly re-establishing his health, which had become impaired by long devotion to severe study; and having thus been benefited both as regards the main objects of his pursuit and also in reference to his pecuniary interests, our young physician, now fairly entered into the ranks of the faculty, resolved once more to visit the East, and accepted the situation of surgeon to a vessel in the China trade.

It was probably to beguile the tedium of these voyages that young Mitchell first had recourse to his pen in the way of poetic effort: for we find, under date of 1820, his brilliant and spirited lyric, "The North West," published in *Graham's Magazine*, of April, 1841, which is appended, not only as offering a good specimen of the author's style in this species of composition, but likewise as embodying a thought which will find response in all who are subject to atmospheric influences, or who have fainted under the tropical sun.

In 1821, a description of the "Chinese Monster," written in China, by Dr. Mitchell, was printed in this city, in "The American Medical and Physical Journal;" and, in the same year, a poem from his pen was issued anonymously, under the title of "St. Helena—By a Yankee," which displays much poetic thought and great ease and smoothness of versification.

In February, 1823, Dr. Mitchell was married to Miss Sarah Matilda Henry, the accomplished daughter of our venerable and respected fellow-citizen, Alexander Henry, President of the "American Sunday School Union;" and, in the same year, he was

elected physician to the "Alms-House Infirmary," now known as the "Alms-House, Blockley." In 1828, he was elected in the same capacity to the "Pennsylvania Hospital;" and from 1833 to 1838, he lectured upon "Chemistry applied to the Arts," in the Franklin Institute of this city. In April, 1841, he was unanimously chosen Professor of the Practice of Medicine to the "Philadelphia Jefferson Medical College," a station which he continues to fill with equal honor to himself and advantage to the institution, being deservedly popular with the students who come under his charge, by his clearness and excellence as a lecturer, and by the agreeable manner in which his knowledge is imparted. No one knows better how to awake attention and to command respect, at the same time rendering the lesson both pleasant and impressive.

As a prose writer, Dr. Mitchell's productions have been chiefly in the line of his profession. In 1830, he edited the American edition of Sir Michael Faraday's "Chemical Manipulations," furnishing copious annotations to the text. To the "American Medical and Physical Journal" he has always been a valuable and valued contributor. His principal papers, in this periodical, are as follows: "On the Penetration of Gases through Animal Membranes, with Original Views and New Experiments," in 1830; "A New Theory, and Treatment of Rheumatism," in 1831; "On the Tests for the Detection of Arsenic, with New Points," in 1832; "On the Formation of Solid Carbonic Acid Gas, with a Peculiar Original Apparatus," in 1838, &c., &c.; and, in the "North American Medical and Surgical Journal," "A Paper on Small Pox," and another "On the Curvatures of the Spine," &c., &c.

It has well been remarked that the peculiar property of all of Dr. Mitchell's medical writings lies in their originality and independence of thought, which, as such qualities always do, are sure to excite attention. Productions of this character are too often mere compilations, evidences of industry, perhaps, in the work of following up the researches of others, but possessing no other merit. The article upon Dr. Mitchell's own discovery, "The Penetration of Gases," produced a strong sensation in scientific circles; and, as often happens in such cases, the discovery was unblushingly claimed by a physician abroad; but, at a subsequent meeting of the "British Association," the credit was unanimously accorded to our fellow-citizen, and the pretender sank into merited obscurity.

Dr. Mitchell also wrote, in 1838, a lecture, entitled, "The Wisdom of God as Displayed in the Formation of Water," which was published in "Greenbank's Periodical Library of Standard Works;" and, in 1844, his lectures "On the Means of Elevating the Character of the Working Classes," "The Value of the Practical Interrogation of Nature," and "On the Value of a Great Medical Reputation," were delivered at the Franklin Institute and the Philadelphia Medical Institute, and afterwards published, in the same year, in pamphlet form.

The only fanciful productions in prose from Dr. Mitchell's pen, with which we are acquainted, are

"The Avalanche, or The Monks of St. Bernard," and "Calumet, or The Christian Indian," both published in the "Religious Souvenir" for 1834-5.

"*Indecision, and Other Poems*," a volume upon which Dr. Mitchell's poetic reputation is chiefly founded, was issued from the press of Carey & Hart, in 1839. "Indecision" is a poem of considerable length, intended to convey a moral of the most useful character, by proving,

*"That indecision marks its path with tears;  
That want of random dashes future years;  
That perfect truth is virtue's safest friend;  
And that to shun the wrong is better than to mend."*

And the poet has carried out the idea in a story of romantic incident, somewhat unequal and hasty at times in its construction, but, on the whole, marked with power, and calculated deeply to interest the reader. As our limits prevent analysis, and as the separation of passages from their context, in a work of this character, affords but an imperfect means of estimating its value as a whole, we must content ourselves with the subjoined description of a burial at sea, which occurs at the commencement of the "Second Part." It is not, perhaps, the most striking selection that could have been made, but it probably bears isolation better than lines more interwoven with the development of individuality, while it furnishes a fair example of the author's style of thought, and method of versification.

Where sea and sky their dubious colors merge,  
And up, at one bright leap, in glory springs  
The sun, and o'er the ocean spreads his wings.  
Along the rippling waters, golden light,  
A trembling causeway paves, so pure, so bright,  
A path to Heaven it seems to fancy's eye,  
Continued upward through the yellow sky,  
In clouds like clustered gems of every hue,  
To pale the ruby's blush and glime the sapphire's blue.  
The sportive dolphin, like a floating flower,  
Or thousand tints, adorns his waving bow.  
The curving porpoise, on the crested pride  
Of curling billows, winks his liquid ride;  
And silver flying-fishes dash away  
Before the breeze, and in the sunbeams play.  
There is a freshness in the breezy air;  
There is a pygmy spirit every where.  
The ship alone, in sorrow's ensigns dressed,  
No longer waves her standard on her crest,  
But there, half-mast, its heavy fids repose,  
The gloomy signs of internal woes.  
Death, always mournful, ever seems to be  
A drearer thing upon the lonely sea.  
All know, all mourn, all speak of her who dies,  
And as the death sign o'er the ocean flies,  
Still sport the ceaseless waves and laugh the jocund skies.  
The very contrast deepens the distress,  
And pride is tutored into humbleness.

For our own part, however, we infinitely prefer Dr. Mitchell's lyrics to the more extended poem; for, indeed, it has always been a doubt with us whether brevity and condensation be not the true province of poetry, leaving the protracted story to plainer prose. We are satisfied, at least, that this is his more appropriate field; and his fancy here exhibits itself with a joyous brilliancy, and a happiness of expression, which seem to give the assurance that had Dr. Mitchell devoted himself to song writing—in which, by the way, so few succeed—his name would have ranked among the most distinguished of our time. As an evidence of the correctness of this assertion,

we subjoin several selections, which appear to us to be possessed of a high order of merit.

#### THE BRILLIANT NOR' WEST.

Let Araby boast of her soft spicy gale,  
And Persia her breeze from the rose-scented vale;  
Let orange-trees scatter in wildness their balm,  
Where sweet summer islands lie fragrant and calm;  
Give me the cold blast of my country again,  
Careering o'er snow-covered mountain and plain,  
And coming, though scentless, yet pure, to my breast,  
With vigor and health from the cloudless Nor' West.

I languish where suns in the tropic sky glow,  
And gem-studded waters on golden sands flow,  
Where shrubs, blossom-laden, bright birds and sweet trees  
With odors and music encumber the breeze;  
I languish to catch but a breathing of thee,  
To hear thy wild winter-notes, brilliant and free,  
To feel thy cool touch on my heart-strings oppress,  
And gather a tone from the bracing Nor' West.

Mists melt at thy coming, clouds flee from thy wrath,  
The marsh and its vapors are sealed on thy path,  
For spotless and pure as the snow-covered North,  
Thy cold thy cradle, thy tempests come forth.  
Thy blue robe is borrowed from clearest of skies,  
Thy sandals were made where the driven snow lies,  
And stars, seldom seen in this low world, are blest  
To shine in thy coronet—brilliant Nor' West.

Forever, forever, be thine, purest wind,  
The lakes and the streams of my country to bind;  
And oh! though afar I am fated to roam,  
Still kindle the hearths and the hearts of my home!  
While blows from the polar skies holy and pure  
Thy trumpet of freedom, the land shall endure,  
As snow in thy pathway, and stars on thy crest,  
Unsullied and beautiful—glorious Nor' West.

#### THE WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

Ay! why does this rose-bud more beautiful seem,  
Than when gracing the spot where it grew;  
All withered and pale, of a flower but the dream?  
'Tis because it was given by you.

'Tis because the sweet floweret had lingered awhile  
On the bosom of beauty and youth,  
Had borrowed her lustre, and stolen her smile,  
And came to me breathing her truth.

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,  
And mournfully drooping its stem,  
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,  
'T will still be of roses the gem.

Like its fragrance, still lingering, fond memory the while  
Will couple this blossom with thee,  
And soothe by recalling the look and the smile  
That came with the rose-bud to me.

As before remarked, the portrait now published is an excellent likeness of Dr. Mitchell; and to render it the more complete, it may be added that in person he is tall, muscular and robust, his admirable organization giving him a remarkable power of endurance, whether the call be made upon his intellectual or his physical faculties, and enabling him, when the occasion demands such exertion, to pass uninjured through those exhausting fatigues and harassing cares appertaining to his profession, which so often break down such as are less fortunately constituted. In conversation, Dr. Mitchell is remarkable for graceful fluency and brilliant expression; while few are gifted with a more ready wit, or with a better faculty for agreeable repartee. We may discover in his autograph not a little that is emblematic of character; the flowing ease and freedom from harsh angularities, which are evinced in the one, have corresponding resemblances in the other.

## TO THE FUTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O, Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's height  
Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers?  
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,  
Thy nestled homes and sun-illuminated towers?  
Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped gold,  
Its crags of opal and of crysolite,  
Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold  
Still brightening abysses,  
And blazing precipices,  
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven,  
Sometimes a glimpse is given,  
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted blisses.

O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf  
Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;  
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf  
And lure out blossoms; to thy bosom leaps,  
As to a mother's, the o'er-wearied heart,  
Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,  
The hurrying feet, the curses without number,  
And, circled with the glow Elysian,  
Of thine exulting vision,  
Out of its very cares woos charms for peace and slumber.

To thee the Earth lifts up her fettered hands  
And cries for vengeance; with a pitying smile  
Thou bleasest her, and she forgets her bands,  
And her old wo-worn face a little while  
Grows young and noble; unto thee the Oppressor  
Looks, and is dumb with awe;  
The eternal law  
Which makes the crime its own blindfold redresser,  
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,  
And he can see the grim-eyed Doom  
From out the trembling gloom  
Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace goading.

What promises hast thou for Poets' eyes,  
Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong!  
To all their hopes what overjoyed replies!  
What undreamed ecstasies for blissful song!  
Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawling clangor  
Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor;  
The humble glares not on the high with anger;  
Love leaves no grudge at loss, no greed for more:

In vain strives Self the godlike sense to another;  
From the soul's deeps  
It throbs and leaps;  
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires  
Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free;  
To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,  
And grief and hunger climb about his knee  
Welcome as children; thou upholdest  
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted;  
The Prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest,  
And, gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,  
Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,  
And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving kindly  
The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee  
Pierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith blindly  
Their own souls they were scourging; conquerers see  
With horror in their hands the accursed spear  
That tore the meek One's side on Calvary,  
And from their trophies shrink with ghastly fear;  
Thou, too, art the Forgiver,  
The beauty of man's soul to man revealing;  
The arrows from thy quiver  
Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for healing.

O, whither, whither, glory-winged dreams,  
From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye bear me?  
Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,  
This agony of hopeless contrast spare me!  
Fide, cheating glow, and leave me to my night!  
He is a coward who would borrow  
A charm against the present sorrow  
From the vague Future's promise of delight:  
As life's alarms nearer roll,  
The ancestral buckler calls,  
Self-clanging, from the walls  
In the high temple of the soul;  
Where are most sorrows, there the poet's sphere is,  
To feed the soul with patience,  
To heal its desolations  
With words of unborn truth, with love that never wearies.

## SELF-DISTRUST.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

It may be even so, that I who yearn  
With all unceasing earnestness for love,  
For genial interchange of soul with soul,  
Have that within me which may never learn  
Soul-felt content except in things above.  
It may be I do lack that self-control,  
That placidness in life's small, common things,

Which leave no vacancy to other minds.  
Forgetful that my feet earth's wayside press,  
That hidden yet are Psyche's bleas'd wings,  
Forgetful I, how earth the vision blinds,  
I do exact too much of nobleness--  
Claim that for love on earth, which Heaven can truly  
bless!

# BLANCHE NEVILLE.

## A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S COURT.

(Continued from page 39.)

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE four noble Marys had been dismissed from night toilet, and the Queen of Scots was left alone in her chamber. They had left the royal couch ready for the reception of its lovely inmate. The curtains were drawn back, and hung around the high and ponderous bedstead in voluminous folds of blue damask. The linings, of lustrous white satin, here and there turned outward in a snowy wave, were gathered in azure masses, as one sometimes sees a cloud wreathed together, and breaking up the depths of a summer sky. The counterpane, of glowing silk, was turned down, and lay across the bed in a rich crimson wave, revealing, not only the snow white pillows, profusely frilled with lace, but a portion of the perfumed sheets, sweeping downward, pure and glossy as the crust which a single frost flings upon a snow bank. One of the pillows was slightly crushed, for the cheek of the queen had pressed it for an instant, and then she had arisen in haste, thrust her little unstockinged feet into a pair of slippers that had been left near the couch, and gliding softly across the room, lifted a fall of drapery that concealed a recess at one end, and allowed it to sweep back again, that the solitude which surrounded her might be perfect.

The lovely woman had forgotten her prayers that evening, so stealing to that little sanctuary in her night-dress, she knelt meekly down on the velvet hassack, and was soon lost in devotions pure and earnest as ever rose from the human heart. How sweet and beautifully calm was the expression of that face uplifted toward the crucifix, with nothing but the transparent lace of a night eolif to cast its shadow on the snowy forehead, and not a single sound to interrupt the soft murmurs that stole from her parted lips. Unconsciously she had fallen into a position which artists love to select for their devotees. Her delicate form half knelt, half reposed on the hassack, shrouded in a mass of snow-white muslin, rendered airy and cloud-like by a profusion of delicate lace about the hands and bosom, and contrasted richly by the deep red of the cushion. Her small hands were clasped and half buried in the lace that fell around them, and over her trembled the pure light of a silver lamp which swung softly to and fro overhead, like a censer, emitting a breath of perfumed smoke at every motion, yet so cool, so delicate, that a crushed water-lily would have impregnated the air almost as much.

Those whom she loved were seldom absent from

the mind of Mary Stuart, and, in the murmured words of her prayer, more than one name was breathed whose possessor proved traitor to her in after years. The name of Blanche Neville was the last that trembled on her lips as she arose, and with it came an expression of troubled thought, it might be of gentle self-reproach, for she passed directly from her oratory to a side door, and knocking against it gently, called Blanche Neville by name.

It was late, but yet Blanche had not retired to rest, for she appeared instantly at the door, and seeing the queen up and alone, came forward with an anxious and constrained air.

"Oh! it is fortunate you are astir yet," said Mary, noticing her embarrassment. "Those mad girls were so giddy after the hunt, that we were fain to dismiss them; so they have gone away, leaving us but half cared for. The night is warm, and thus, perchance, keeps us wakeful. Bring your crimson mantle, and sit with us awhile, while we enjoy the stillness and this cool air."

Mary moved toward a large crimson chair as she spoke, and seating herself in the dim light which streamed through the uplifted curtains of her oratory, drew a stool to her feet, as if she expected Blanche to seat herself upon it.

"See if they have left any night drink in the posset cup," she said, leaning languidly back as the maiden flung a mantle of crimson silk over her night dress—"then come hither, and seat thee on this stool at our feet."

Mary claimed all these attentions with that true and delicate tact which no woman of her time possessed in greater perfection. She saw that Blanche was agitated, almost frightened, and sought by these little demands for services to reassure her. But notwithstanding all her delicate efforts, the timid girl was ill at ease. Her hands shook as she lifted the golden posset cup from the table where it had been placed, at the head of the couch, and, in her agitation, she allowed a few ruby drops of the cool night draught to flow over the sides as she bent her knee in presenting it. But Mary was mistaken in supposing all this agitation arose from sorrow or fear. It was but the overflow of a heart brimful of sweet and tumultuous emotions—the flower overlaid with dew, and beaming with sunshine, is not more tremulous when the breeze sweeps by, than the gentle and loving heart of that sweet girl.

"And now," said Mary, returning the cup, after she had bathed her lips with its ruby contents, "sit down here, and tell us of the hunt. We were too busy running down the poor hart to take much note of those around us—but, as Rosamond slackened her pace now and then, we caught sight of thy jennet darting through the branches, and of a bright face underneath the plumes of thy hunting cap. Say, sweet one, was it the near presence of Chevalier Chatelard that brought the damask so richly to this cheek?"

Blanche smiled and shook her head.

"Nay, nay," said Mary, laying her hand caressingly on the fair tresses of the maiden, "we must have the whole history of this little heart; here in this dim light, and with the evening's breath sighing around us, even my timid Blanche may speak without blushing. Surely a pure young soul may unfold itself without fear, in this hour, when the lilies open their cups boldly to the starlight. Come, *ma mignone*, make the queen your confessor for once. Who knows but she may prove the fairy who will turn all these timid doubts into blossoms of sweet promise?"

"Ah, how kind is your grace! Is it strange that love becomes almost worship with all that approach your person?" said Blanche, lifting her soft eyes gratefully to the sweet face bent with such gentle solicitude over her.

"It is your heart rather than these pretty lips that flatters the queen, my Blanche, and Mary Stuart loves such homage so well that she cannot chide. But tell us of the chevalier. He should have spoken out his love boldly to-day. We gave him ample opportunity, and in the pauses of the chase methought he seemed inclined to make good use of it. How was it, trembler—speak out, and tell us all!"

"Nay, your grace, I have so little to tell—in truth, nothing—and yet it seems to me that every thing has been spoken between us. There were looks—half words—many a gentle inquiry—and that tone of voice, to which none can listen without a heart-thrill!"

Here a quiet smile passed over the queen's lips, but she did not speak.

"Then when one of the forest men sounded his horn so near that my jennet started, and I was near falling from affright, he caught the fiery animal by the bit, and held me firmly in the saddle. When his arm was around me he uttered words that made me dizzy—the tone, I should have said, for I have no sense of their meaning. This is all, your grace—little enough truly, and yet I cannot keep down the hopes which will rise here in my froward heart. I know it is unmaidenly—foolish—but I have loved so long without hope, that this one ray of promise makes my heart tremble."

The sweet girl covered her face with both hands as she spoke, and bent forward till her ringlets fell in a golden shower on the queen's lap.

"Have no fear," said Mary, laying her hand softly on the fair and drooping neck of the maiden; "before the week is over this little ray of light shall be fanned into a noble flame. We can read all this hesitation in our minstrel chevalier. He has little of this world's

gear—and thou, my Blanche, art rich only in the queen's favor—but the crown has some lands left, and it shall go hard if Mary Stuart cannot endow the loveliest maiden of her court as becometh a sovereign lady."

The young girl looked up. Her face was flushed, her blue eyes sparkled, and a smile parted her beautiful lips—such a smile! it was like a flash of sunshine parting the red leaves of a rosebud!

"Oh, generous queen! You are so wise—so good! If you think thus it must be so! He dared not speak out because we were both poor! He has loved me—he does love me—my mistress, my noble, dear mistress thinks thus—she cannot be mistaken! Oh, how my heart beats—and this sweet shudder rising through my limbs—lady, is this hope? I never knew what hope was before!"

Her head fell upon the queen's lap, and there she lay bathed in happy tears, and trembling like a flower in the night wind. The queen was startled by this outbreak of passionate happiness; a shade of anxiety came over her face, and tears sprang to her eyes. There was something startling and yet beautiful in this utter abandonment of a soul to one deep feeling, and she, the worshiped and admired, felt almost a sensation of envy toward that frail girl who could find such devoted love in her soul. She knew that it was a beautiful insanity, but there was something sublime in it that touched all the poetry of her own high nature.

"Alas, my Blanche! and has this love taken so deep root? Struggle against it, child—struggle against it!"

"And wherefore should I struggle?" said the young girl, lifting her radiant face with a look of beautiful wonder. "If he loves me, why should I struggle?"

"Ah me," said the queen, with a faint sigh, "when we keep the flame upon its altar, fire is a beautiful thing and fit for holy purposes; but let it spread beyond and it becomes a destroying element, an enemy to flee from and shudder at. So it is with woman's love! Keep it shrouded closely in the heart, and it blesses us with a gentle and holy warmth; but when it becomes an absorbing want—when our passions, our senses, and all our faculties of mind are turned into incense that love may feed upon it, then the very excess which makes its beauty renders it fearful. Dost thou understand me, Blanche?"

"I do not know, your grace," replied Blanche Neville, while her large eyes filled with wondering light. "I have never thought of these things. But it seems to me as unnatural for the rose to strive against the sunshine that gives it bloom and beauty, as for the heart of woman to struggle against such feelings as these!"

Blanche pressed her hand on her bosom as she spoke, and the white lids fell gently over her eyes. The queen shook her head, and smiled more deeply than before.

"But, Blanche, mark that same rose when the sunshine is over warm—when it has forced open the petals, and drank the blush up from the heart of this

queenly flower, does not the blossom itself break apart, and die with excess of light?"

Blanche lifted her eyes to the beautiful face bent in loving solicitude over her, and, with a faint smile, answered—

"Ah! my noble mistress, you reason so wisely—but I can only feel. Let me be happy this brief hour! Perchance I shall be sad enough to-morrow!"

"Happy!" said the queen, passing a hand caressingly over the head of her favorite—"would to Heaven the happiness of her subjects rested on the will of Mary Stuart! There should not be a heavy heart in this our realm of Scotland—least of all thine, my Blanche. Ha! what is this? Music that might charm a seraph—and in our palace grounds! Listen, Blanche, listen!"

Blanche rose to her feet, and bending breathlessly forward, clasped her hand and listened. A strain of music, such as might have gushed from the heart of a nightingale, rose softly up from beneath the window, swelled louder and in a richer body of sound, till at last it burst in a storm of perfect melody through the chamber.

"Hush! Blanche, hush! it is a voice! Keep breathless, that we may catch the words," said the queen, gathering the mantle around her, and sinking back in her chair, every pulse thrilling with delight from the exquisite music that swept through the casement. True enough, that instant a sweet manly voice was added to the tones of the lute, and though the first words were tremulous and low, they rose distinctly, with now and then a break, through the still air.

The heavens are kindled with stars, love,  
The moon is launched proudly on high,  
Like a pinnacle o'erladen with pearls, love,  
And ploughing its way through the sky.

The flowers are asleep in their dew, love,  
And birds nestle close in the trees;  
While the voice of a heart fond and true, love,  
Is timidly cast on the breeze.

Were each star that gleams o'er us a throne, love,  
Founded deep in the purple of heaven;  
And the moon, that sails yonder, alone, love,  
Freighted down with the jewels of even—

Were the sky that bends over us mine, love,  
With its banners of crimson unfurled,  
My heart would surrender for thine, love,  
All the wealth of that beautiful world.

But, alas! I have nothing to bring, love,  
Save this passionate worship of mine;  
With thoughts that around thee will cling, love,  
Like perishing flowers to a shrub.

There is treason in homage like this, love,  
Though hopelessly murmured in song;  
But the madness is sweet, and 't were bliss, love,  
To die for the exquisite wrong.

"It is he! It is his voice!" cried Blanche, in a joyful whisper, unclasping her hands and drawing close to the queen, as the song died away in a low plaintive murmur of the lute, that seemed but a com-

plaint from the flowers for being aroused from their dewy slumber so unseasonably.

Mary had been so entranced by the thrilling music, that many of the words escaped her, and even Blanche had caught their meaning but imperfectly; for her senses were confused by the tumultuous beating of her heart. She knew that the song breathed of devoted love, timid and yet eloquent. Her apartment was close to that of the queen, and she could not doubt that it was beneath her casement, where a light was yet burning, that the musicians were stationed. It never entered the minds, either of Blanche or her royal mistress, that an avowal of love so bold and passionate could have been intended for the Queen of Scotland. The song, therefore, seemed to have arisen from the garden at that strange hour, like the voice of a spirit, to sweep away all doubt of Chate-lard's love from the mind of Blanche Neville.

Mary drew a deep breath as the maiden came to her side, and held out her hand, saying—

"Hush! hush! he may sing again!"

Music with her was a passion, and the melody of this song, so new, so thrillingly sweet, still vibrated in her heart, and she thirsted for a renewal of the strain. But the song was not resumed, and even the lute tones died softly away, though a rustling sound in the garden below betrayed the continued presence of the serenaders.

"Nay, this must satisfy even thy timid nature," said Mary, in a low voice, when assured that the music had really ceased. "The chevalier is somewhat bold to urge his suit at this time of night, and in our palace grounds; but we cannot find the heart to chide him, if it were but for the roses his song has brought to this cheek."

"Oh, my kind lady and queen, what have I done to deserve so much happiness?" cried Blanche, covering the fair hand of her mistress with kisses. "I have seen flowers in our happy France unfold themselves in a single hour; my heart seems like one of these blossoms; I can almost feel its hitherto closed leaves quivering apart under this sudden burst of happiness. I scarcely dreamed that such bliss could be known out of paradise."

"Hearts like thine must ever be the paradise of love, or—or—nay. I will not damp this joy in its first glow. Listen! the shrobberry underneath stirs yet—were it not well to give this poet lover some token that his song has not been cast away on the night wind only? See! there are roses, red and white, in the crystal vase yonder—cast one from the casement as a token that his minstrelsy has fallen on willing ears."

"Is it right? Will he not think me ungraciously?" said Blanche, half rising, and trembling at the boldness of her premeditated act. "Nay, your grace, forgive the doubt! When was aught that was not delicate and seemingly consoled by those lips?"

With these words Blanche crossed the chamber, and, taking a rose from the vase, stole softly to the open casement, drew back the curtains, and cast the blossom forth upon the night wind. She shrunk back the moment it had left her hand, and looked timidly



toward the queen, as if doubtful, even after what had been said, of Mary's approbation.

But while the expression of doubt was still on her face, there came up from beneath the casement a burst of music, so thrillingly joyful in its tones, that surprise swept away every other feeling from her heart. The queen started from her chair and stole softly toward the window, completely carried away by the music, and forgetting that the curtains were still partially drawn back from the sash. The strain, which had startled her with its joyousness, continued several minutes, varying and broken up into wild sweet snatches, as if some heart were breathing its wild sensations of joy on the instrument, as they arose, fresh and unstudied, from feelings deeply aroused.

"Now our Lady forgive us, but such sounds might win a soul from Paradise," said the queen, stealing toward her couch as the music died away in a distant part of the grounds. "Close the casement, my Blanche, and to thy couch without a word. We would fain drop to sleep with that last note dying thus upon the senses," and, as if fearful that her own sweet voice might break the charm which hung around her, Mary Stuart lay down, and drawing the crimson counterpane over her, closed her eyes and sunk to sleep with a smile on her lips, as if the sound that had so charmed her were still whispering through the chambers of her heart.

But Blanche, the happy, thrice happy Blanche Neville, no sleep visited her pillow that night, but wild, sweet thoughts kept her heart restless, as honey bees shake the flowers they rifle. Visions, such as only dawn upon the young fancy with the first flush of love, hovered around her, but in her happy unrest that fair cheek was warm with roses, and pleasant tears now and then stole down to her pillow. Sweet Blanche! love with her was in truth a beautiful insanity.

But Blanche Neville was not the only wakeful one among the personages of our story that night. Long after the morning hours came in, Chatelard and Hugo sat together in the dim old chamber of their inn. The chevalier had flung his cloak and cap on a table, and was pacing the floor with unequal and rapid steps. His hair was disordered, his dress here and there sprinkled with dew, and in his bosom was a half-blown rose, which he ever and anon drew carefully from its resting place and pressed to his lips with a sort of delirious and passionate joy. Then he would turn to Hugo, his lips curling with smiles, and his large dark eyes sparkling with joyous excitement.

"You are certain, Hugo, our eyes did not deceive us—it was the queen—it was Mary herself who came to the casement? I dare not trust my own eyes, I dare not trust my own heart in this matter. But you are sure, Hugo—nothing could escape your cool observation—that keen eye is never deceived—you are certain it was the queen, good Hugo?"

"For the twentieth time I tell you yes!" said Hugo, slightly lifting his shoulders as he proceeded carefully to wipe away the dew which had fallen on his lute with a silk scarf of his master's. "I tell you yes,

it was Mary herself, but what would you? the lute was in voice like a bird to-night. By our Lady, it would have lured a saint from Paradise." Here Hugo imparted a slight caress to his instrument, and gathering the silk in his hand went on polishing the rich wood with a delicate care, though it had been rubbed dry minutes before.

Chatelard still continued to pace the floor, now impetuously and with kindling features, and again with a slow, musing step, as if the burning hopes that filled his soul one minute were dampened and exhausted by his better reason the next. At length he cast himself into a chair, threw open his doublet, as if oppressed by the thick beating of his own heart, and allowing his head to fall against the high back of the chair, lay motionless, with closed eyes and a beautiful smile playing about his mouth, but pallid from emotions that were hushed for want of strength to endure even the joy that had been so tumultuous.

"She loves me—she, so beautiful a queen, she loves me!" he murmured, as a sweet and pleasant lethargy crept over his senses. The next instant he was asleep, but smiling in his slumbers, with one hand thrust into his bosom, and in that hand he still held the rose, but gently, as if even in his dreams he feared to crush a single leaf of the precious flower.

After a time Hugo placed the lute carefully in its case and drew toward his master.

"What a princely beauty is here!" he muttered, gazing down on the noble features of the sleeper, while more than a woman's fond admiration spoke in his own heavy face. "Who could help loving him! My master, beloved, noble master, will the love of woman ever cling to thee like that which fills the heart of thy poor servant and foster brother?"

He sunk upon his knees—this rough, strange man—while uttering these words of fondness, and taking the white hand of the chevalier, which hung listlessly over the chair arm, between both his huge palms, he pressed his mouth softly upon it again and again, while his black eyes filled with moisture, and broken whispers of affection were smothered on his lips.

"How he sleeps! Jesu, how beautiful is that smile! Oh! could the love of poor Hugo, though it burst this rough heart, make him look so happy in his dreams as this one wild hope," muttered the singular being as he rose to his feet again. "Yet why is it so wild? Is she not a woman—and has he not that which princes too often lack—beautiful manhood—the strong power of mind? Why should I call the hope of this woman's love a wild one? Why, why?—Holy saints! I know not how it is, but ever and anon my heart beats thick with fear, and I long to stretch forth my hand and pluck him back as from the brink of a precipice. Last night I dreamed of a scaffold, muffled in black, and a dim figure mounting it, with a world of human faces uplifted toward him. The figure was shadowy, the face turned away. It could not have been my master—and yet—but what are dreams? Does not he dream now sweetly, blissfully, like a child overtaken with sleep beneath a rose thicket? He thinks of love in his slumber—my vision was of death. Love and death! can these things go

together? Is the dark shadow cast on me that I should hold him back from the peril of these dreams? Nay, it is this night-stillness that darkens my brain. The little rose rises and falls softly to each throb of his heart; it is full of life and fragrance. Is not this a promise to him? But the heat, the heat of this warm, proud heart may wither it before morning. Ah! death is astir here in this little flower, a leaf is falling away even now. Not on his bosom, it must not perish there, the omen were a dark one."

Every thing around was still as the grave. The sleeping poet scarcely seemed to breathe. But for the slight shiver of that little bud, which told how quietly his heart was beating underneath, his deep repose might have been mistaken for death—happy, tranquil death. All the superstition—the deep, wild poetry of Hugo's nature—was aroused. The still night was around him—the memory of his dream gathered on his brain like a cloud. He could not disconnect that sleeping form from the dim, shadowy being that he had seen mounting the scaffold in his vision. He looked around with a sensation of vague fear, and his large hand trembled as he timidly withdrew the rose from its resting place. The stem was still in his master's hand, and a cloud—which was almost an expression of pain—swept over his face as it was withdrawn. His vision seemed to change, and he muttered gloomily in the unrest that had all at once seized upon him.

Hugo placed the rose in a drinking-cup, which stood on the table half full of water, and folding his arms, stood gazing anxiously upon it, till the leaves that were slightly drooping began to revive and freshen in the cool element. He then drew a deep breath, unlocked his arms, and an expression of unutterable relief came to his face. His spirit had flung off the superstition that oppressed it. He turned to the chevalier, who was still muttering uneasily in his slumbers, and aroused him with a cheerful voice.

"Come, my master, come. It is long past midnight. This is no place for slumber."

Chatelard started to his feet. "Ha! Hugo, is it you?" he exclaimed, with a confused laugh. "I am glad you awoke me, I was dreaming wildly."

"How! What were you dreaming—not of—but what should it be but of love!"

"Ay, Hugo," said the poet, looking round with a startled expression. "First it was of *love*, and then of *death*!"

"Of death!" said Hugo, turning pale. "Not of a scaffold, black as midnight, not of people around it with upturned faces—not—"

"In truth, good Hugo, that was the sombre part of my vision, from which you have all thanks for arousing me," replied the chevalier, making an effort to shake off the gloomy sensation that crept over him. "But give me the lamp, you have let me sleep away half the night in that clumsy old chair."

With these words Chatelard took the light and entered his sleeping closet. But Hugo sat down in the great chair, folded his arms, and remained gazing fixedly on the floor till a taper of yellow wax which stood on the table flickered and died in its socket,

casting its last faint beams on his pale and heavy features, and then leaving him in profound darkness. Still he moved not, but the gray dawn found him awake, and with his eyes riveted on the floor. They had not been closed during the whole night.

#### CHAPTER V.

Again it was night. Festal torches flashed through a range of casements in Holyrood palace, and the sounds of music rang cheerily through the winding passages of that kingly old pile. Back in the grounds, beneath a huge oak, and with his feet buried in the luxurious turf, stood a solitary man, the outline of his figure but dimly seen amid the black shadows of the tree, and so motionless that he might have been mistaken for a bronze statue, set there to ornament the gardens. This man was Hugo, the Italian. Obeying the dictates of that intense love for his master, which almost amounted to insanity, he had wasted hours in that solitary place, hoping to catch a glimpse of his foster brother as he revelled among the nobles of the court. At any time this devotion would not have been singular in this strange being, for, out of his master's presence, he would scarcely be said to exist; but on this evening a restless sensation—a vague fear of evil, altogether new, seemed to possess him. His mind, always active and excitable, was filled with gloomy forebodings. His heavy brows were drawn together as he gazed, with a wistful look, on the palace windows, and once or twice, when his master's form flitted by in the dance, he suddenly unfolded his arms and stretched them out with a sort of wild eagerness, as if prompted to withdraw that beloved object from some impending danger.

At length the casements of a banquetting hall were flung open, for the night was sultry, and the queen had desired more air as she sat down to supper, surrounded by her band of lovely maidens and a few favored courtiers. But neither this bright array of loveliness, the flashing gold and crystal that loaded the tables, the wax lights pouring their flame upon the air, nor the distant music, had power to arouse Hugo from his gloomy trance. He saw all these things as in a vision, till the form of Chatelard rose upon his view. The poet was seated near the queen, and, even from that distance, the flash of those dark eyes could be discerned as he lifted a goblet and drained its contents to the bottom. Some flash of poetic thought seemed to break from his moist lips as he set the goblet down, for the nobles smiled on one another, and Mary bent her head as if in acknowledgment of some compliment, such as even her loveliness might receive with pleasure.

Hugo looked only on his master. He saw the kindling of his handsome features, the wild grace of each motion as cup after cup of the rich wines of France was lifted to his lips. Those around seemed enchanted with his wit; all was animation, joy and revelry. But Hugo remembered how quickly the southern blood of his master had ever been fired by wine, and his heart sank within him.

At length the queen arose and left the supper room, her ladies and the courtiers thronging around her with more than usual gaiety. One young girl lingered behind the rest—she leaned sadly against the casement a few moments, with the light of a scone falling broadly upon her golden ringlets, and revealing the heart-stricken expression of her face. She lifted her hand, dashed a tear from her eyes, and moved away, languidly, and with an oppressed air.

Then there was a sound of departing revellers. Lights began to flash from one apartment to another, and Hugo knew by the signs that the royal household was retiring for the night. He left the shadow, which had concealed him so long, and, turning a wing of the palace, was making his way through that portion of the grounds which lay beneath the queen's apartments. Two previous visits had made him familiar with the premises, and he was hastening forward, in order to reach home before his master, when a man came hurricling round a projecting corner of the building, and, passing him with abrupt haste, planted himself directly opposite the window which Hugo knew to be that of the queen's chamber. Hugo looked keenly at the man and started forward.

"My master! all the saints be praised! You are safe out of the palace!" exclaimed the faithful attendant, seizing the intruder by the cloak. "Here have I been quaking with dread ever since I saw the wine cup at your lips. Thanks to our blessed lady! no harm has come of it."

The chevalier had torn his cloak impatiently from Hugo's grasp, but on recognizing the voice, he turned eagerly.

"Hugo—good Hugo!" he said, "you are here just at the right moment. This hour shall settle the destiny of your master. I wore the rose—she recognized it, and stealing a glance at one of her maidens—pretty Blanche Neville—smiled, as only that mouth can smile. I could only see her surrounded by the whole court—but there was intoxication in that smile! She loves me, Hugo—she loves me! It is this thought that fires my blood, not the wine. Why, man, I but drained a single cup—so stop this croaking about the wine."

The young minstrel shook his servant off as he spoke. His eyes sparkled with excitement, and his lips were proudly curved. There was courage even to audacity in his whole demeanor.

"Take your hands from my cloak, Hugo! I will not be controlled! Nothing shall take me hence till I have spoken with the queen."

"Are you mad?" whispered Hugo, through his shut teeth, for they were close by the palace, and the chevalier had spoken in a full tone of voice; "are you mad? See, the queen is already in her chamber, a flood of red light is even now pouring through the curtains which ruffle her casement. Come, let us away!"

"Be patient, Hugo," said the chevalier, grasping his servant by the arm; "she may yet come forth to breathe the cool air before retiring. I am told that such is her practice when the air is over sultry. I would give my life for one word with her."

"A single word with Queen Mary at this hour would most certainly cost your life," said Hugo, still holding to his master's garments.

"Life—tush, man, what were life to that one sentiment, 'Chatelard, I love you!' from those heavenly lips. Methinks the death that came after these words would be sweeter than an eternity of common existence. There!—there is a shadow against the casement,—she is coming forth. Now, Hugo, on the next instant hangs the fate of your master!"

Hugo held his breath, and the chevalier remained motionless, silently watching a little postern door that opened to a flight of stairs communicating between the gardens and that wing of the palace occupied by the queen. The door did in truth open, and a female figure appeared, hesitating, as if the sound of voices had startled her.

"It is she! it is she!" cried the chevalier, without even striving to suppress his joy, and once more rending his garments from Hugo's grasp, the rash man darted forward.

Hugo clasped his great hands, and watched the movements of his master with painful dismay. He saw him pause a moment by the open door—fling aside from the figure with an impatient gesture, and then dart forward into the palace.

A faint shriek burst from the female, and Hugo sprang forward just as Blanche Neville had turned and stood gazing wildly about, as if quite bereft of all presence of mind, by the suddenness of what had passed.

Hugo gave one glance at that pale wild face, and saw that it was not the queen.

"In the name of Heaven and all its holy saints! lady, tell me where he went!" exclaimed the terrified man; "my master—the Chevalier Chatelard I mean! He passed you—I saw him enter the palace!"

"It was he—it was Chatelard then?" cried the young girl, falling back against the heavy stone mouldings of the door.

"Tell me where he went, lady—his brain is on fire to-night!" cried Hugo.

The young girl lifted her hands, tore the linked fingers asunder, and drew close to Hugo. Her lips trembled, but gave forth no sound.

"Those stairs—the door—whither do they lead?" cried Hugo, grasping the little hand that had fastened on his sleeve. "Speak, lady!—this silence may cost a life!"

"To her chamber—to the queen's!" broke from the lips of the poor girl.

"And no where else?"

"Through mine to hers—no where else!"

"Holy saints! he is lost!"

Scarcely had these words escaped Hugo's lips, when a faint shriek broke through the door from overhead, followed by a confused sound of words, and the noise of many feet moving hurriedly about. Wild with apprehension, Hugo darted forward up the stairs, through a dark and winding passage, and into a small bed-chamber, lighted only through the open door which led to a larger and far more magnificent room.

"Too late—too late!" burst from his lips, and Hugo fell back against the wall, overpowered and utterly unmindful of his own danger in thus remaining so near the royal apartment.

The scene which met his eye through the open door was indeed one to bewilder and terrify him. In the centre of the room stood Mary Stuart, her eyes flashing and her beautiful brow crimson with resentment. She had evidently been interrupted while preparing for rest, for her hair was arranged under a low night coif—the festive robe which she had worn that evening had been loosened, and was now hastily gathered up with one hand over her neck and bosom. The other hand was held out, and one trembling finger pointed sternly toward the Chevalier Chatelard, who stood near the oratory, overwhelmed with confusion and shrinking beneath the words of proud anger that fell from the queen's lips.

"Look you, my maidens!" she cried, turning to the group of fair girls who stood trembling around her couch—"look on this bold man! We had favored him, as you all well know, for the sake of one who is near to us. His talent pleased us, and we encouraged him near our person for a single night—when lo! he breaks into our very bed-chamber with the tale of his audacious love! Mark you, girls, the love of a strolling minstrel for a Dowager of France and Queen of Scotland! It must be told here—here at our disrobing—nay, by our Lady! the thing seems past believing!"

Mary broke into a laugh, in which something of mischievous merriment mingled with bitter scorn.

The proud anger betrayed in this speech—the scorn which burdened the laugh at its close, aroused Chatelard from the stupor that had seized upon him as the first storm of her resentment broke upon him. The head which had fallen forward on his bosom was slowly lifted. The veins on his crimson forehead grew prominent, and his eyes kindled—but all the wild impetuosity of hope that had urged him into that dangerous presence was swept away. He moved a step toward the queen, who drew haughtily back, and knelt at her feet.

"Lay my head upon the block, proud lady," he said, in a low, firm voice; "my presumption deserves it—but oh! spare me this scorn! My sin is great—but I am a man, with the feelings and pride of manhood strong at my heart, as those of a king can be! Crush the being that has offended so grievously, but do not sting him to the soul with taunts like those which fell from your lips but now."

There was something in the proud humility of this speech that touched the gentle and too forgiving nature of Mary Stuart. The fine and noble features uplifted to hers, also had their effect on a being whose love of the beautiful in all things was almost a passion. She glanced toward her maidens, and saw something of her own relenting feelings reflected in their agitated faces. The angry flush grew fainter on her brow.

"What excuse—what show of reason had you, rash man, for this audacious intrusion?" she said, in a tone which it cost her a struggle to render severe.

"I had but this!" said the chevalier, in a smothered voice, pressing his hand against the withered rose which had been remarked in his bosom during the evening revels. "Had this fatal token never left your hand, I had not been the traitor that I seem!"

The queen started and changed color.

"Draw back, maidens, draw back—you press too close upon us," she said, with a hasty wave of the hand; then turning to the chevalier, she added—"The rose—well, what of the rose? What connection has that with these treasonable practices?"

"Since last night, when this little flower was cast from your casement, lady, in answer to the homage of my poor song, the love which was consuming my heart broke forth. I was filled with hope, wild, insane, intoxicating hope. It had no object, no thought, but swept over my soul, wild, sweet and fatal. It maddened me, and I am here!"

"Unhappy man! It was not my hand that dropped the mischievous flower. The song—we deemed it—addressed to another—one who—nay, our Lady help us! but this is a terrible mistake—Heaven forefend that it ends not in deeper evil."

Chatelard had kept his eyes fixed upon Mary's face as she spoke. He saw that she was troubled, and a conviction that he had deceived himself fell coldly on his heart. All her anger, all her scorn, had not the power to crush his spirit like that icy conviction. He took the rose from his bosom and it fell upon the floor. His eyelids drooped, tears swelled under them, and a single drop stole down his cheek. He arose to his feet, folded his arms, and spoke with a terrible effort to crush back the humiliating and bitter feelings that were almost choking him.

"It was a brief delusion," he said, "brief and criminal—but the anguish of this moment might satisfy even the proud vengeance of a queen. I am ready to pay the penalty of my crime. My soul can never bow before the executioner's axe—it has bent beneath the few words that have aroused me from my dream."

Mary was much distressed. All her angry feelings had vanished, and now she was only anxious to save the unhappy man from the consequences of his mad act. She looked around upon her ladies—they were all faithful and attached to her, and they alone knew of Chatelard's intrusion into her room—she forgot the insult he had offered to her dignity as a queen in her sweet and compassionate feelings as a woman. She thought of poor Blanche Neville, and her resolution was taken.

"It is wrong—it is imprudent mercy—perhaps—when we command you to depart, unhappy man, not only from the palace at once, but from Scotland also. But, in consideration of your wild mistake, we are ready to wave justice for mercy at once, before your fault is known. Go, and let this rash act be forgotten!"

Mary turned to her ladies as she spoke, and added, as if anxious to excuse the leniency of her conduct—"The man is well nigh distraught! The members of our council would think his fault worthy of death, perchance. We were no woman, great as his offence has been, to render him up to this dreadful fate."

Before any one could answer, the sound of foot-

steps approaching the chamber hurriedly and in confusion, startled them all. Chatelard lifted his head, and fire flashed back to his eyes, while Mary turned deathly white, and her ladies looked anxiously toward the door. It was flung open, and Mary Livingston appeared, followed by Lord Murray and several members of the council.

In her anger and affright at the first entrance of Chatelard, the queen uttered some hasty exclamation, which Mary Livingston had mistaken for a desire that help should be summoned. In the tumult she had gone forth, and, lo! the result.

"Seize that man!" cried Lord Murray, pointing to Chatelard with his finger.

"Nay, my lord, nay, good brother—" the queen broke off, for there was something in Murray's eye, as he turned it upon her, which checked the kind impulse that had prompted her to speak.

"Have we been misinformed, gracious sister," he said, still keeping his eyes upon her face—"Has this man traitorously intruded into the royal apartments—or comes he here with any sanction which we of your council may not dispute?"

The blood rushed over the fair brow of Mary Stuart, and her lip began to quiver. "Brother! my lord!" she cried in a tone of surprise and indignation, "mean you to insinuate that this rash gentleman is here by our connivance?"

"Nay, your grace cannot blame us if some such interpretation is drawn from the eager desire to shield the traitor, which was manifest but now!"

Tears came to the queen's eyes, but they sparkled still, and, though her lips quivered, there was something of high spirited scorn in their expression—scorn mingled and softened by outraged affection.

"If you are disposed to think thus meanly of your sister, James, the queen cannot stoop to vindicate herself. Your own heart should answer such doubts, as becomes a Stuart!"

"It does answer them, and as becomes the honor of a Stuart—that that honor, gracious lady, must be sustained before the people of Scotland. Weak mercy were but to give tongue to scandal here. I pray you let that man be taken hence!"

The queen turned pale and drew a sharp breath, but her brother's words had taught her the danger of interfering, and she made no opposition while two armed men approached Chatelard, and were about to conduct him from the room.

"It needs not force—I am ready to follow!" said the prisoner, advancing toward the door with a firm step. "Would to Heaven death could atone for the

insult which my crime has drawn on this royal lady! Never was blood more freely poured out upon the scaffold than mine would be!"

"Drag the audacious traitor forth! Stops he here to prate of the queen, now!" said Murray, gathering the heavy brows over his eyes in a stern frown—"a fair trial he shall have, and after that—speedy justice."

A slight noise in the next room followed this speech, but no one heeded it, and the prisoner was taken from the room. Murray and his companions also prepared to withdraw, but, before he went, the earl approached his sister, and, taking her hand, pressed it to his lips.

"Forgive me if I sometimes act against your wishes, and am seemingly harsh," he said, in a subdued voice. "I know these people of Scotland better than most men, and their prejudices must be humored."

"Oh, James, do not let this man's rash folly—it was nothing more, I am certain—prove fatal to him!" said Mary, softened into renewed confidence by her brother's address. "Remember, he is a stranger, possessed of all the wild impetuosity of his country!"

"He is a foreigner, and that of itself were enough to condemn him in a Scottish court," replied Murray, in the same low tone of voice. "Oh, how often have I warned your grace against showing countenance to these people? It brings bitter hatred on them."

Mary's eyes filled with tears.

"We will not contest the question," she said, with great gentleness, "only do not push matters to extremities with this poor chevalier."

Murray kissed her hand again and left the room, followed by his companions. The moment she was alone with her maidens, Mary flung herself in a chair, covered her face with both hands, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Mary Livingston—Mary Livingston!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her hands, and turning to the fair girl with a look of affectionate reproach—"your prompt loyalty has cost a life! Where is my poor Blanche? Alas, who will comfort her?"

Two of the girls went to the open door of Blanche Neville's room and looked in. She was lying upon the bed, with her hair hanging damp and dishevelled around her pale face, motionless and quite insensible.

As Hugo left the chamber, after witnessing the arrest of his master, he found the poor girl prostrate upon the wet turf where she fallen, near the outer door. Unmindful of the danger which surrounded him, he took the helpless creature gently in his arms, and bore her up the stairs to the chamber which he had left. It was the noise which he made in placing her on the bed that reached the room beyond just as Murray was leaving it. [*Conclusion in next No.*]

## SMILES.

BY JOSEPH INOLES MATTHIAS.

Woven moonbeams, sweetly dancing  
O'er the silver-rippled rill—  
Sunlight sparkles, wildly prancing  
Up on snowy-crested hill.

Flowers that bloom on bright Hope's sunny roorn—  
Rain for the soul, of angel tear-drops born.

Peering pearl-light, softly gleaming  
Mid the gems of Naiaid-land—  
Ling'ring echoes, near a dreaming  
Rosy-footed zephyr-land.

Love-leaves wreathing round bleak sorrow's dart—  
Laughing, joyous, dimpled children of the heart.





# THE JUGGLERS.

## A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

LOUISIANA was, in 179—, a Spanish province. The information to be derived from the language of doubtful grants and treaties is so vague, that it is uncertain what precise territory it included. We know, however, that it was far more extensive than that which is at present embraced under this title.

New Orleans was then, as it now is, its seat of government, its chief town, the site of most of its public buildings, and the great depôt of its trade. It was far different, however, in appearance from the present city, which has sprung up under the auspices of a new government, more judicious laws, and a new and more industrious people. No accurate census of the date in question is extant, but judging from those of prior and subsequent years, which history has handed down to us, its population, including slaves, could not have fallen far short of seven thousand souls.

The city was built almost wholly of wood, and, with a few exceptions, the houses were but of one story, built lightly and without regard to strength or durability. Even the public edifices were low and slightly constructed, and some of them were fast going to decay. Here and there, indeed, more substantial and permanent buildings might be seen; a few of them built of brick, which was then first coming into use; showing some stimulus to the spirit of improvement, and some increase in the taste and energy of the citizens. But by far the largest part of New Orleans was, in its appearance, a striking type of the character of its inhabitants, a people sluggish, enervated and without enterprise, fond of amusement and easily excited.

Its commerce had of late, slowly, but steadily, improved. Since the year 1787 the provincial government had seen the necessity of a change in the character of its population, and had encouraged the immigration of the people of the United States. The consequences were soon manifest. Its agriculture increased, and its trade became more extensive and valuable. With all changes, however, in one respect, at least, it lost nothing of its character as a Spanish city. Gaiety and pleasure still held their sway.

Among other heralds of amusement which in the winter of that year had their places in the public prints, and spread their gliding capitals at the corners of the city, were the rival advertisements of a Mexican and a Hindoo juggler. The notices were not so large and ostentatious as those which now announce such exhibitions; but the strange feats which they promised had for days stimulated to the utmost the public appetite for marvels. Full a week before curiosity could be gratified by a sight of the auti-

pated performances, eager groups of all ages might be seen, at almost any hour of the day, gathered around the placards in open-mouthed wonder. Boys chafed of the treat in prospect, and men laid aside their pens, or ceased their labors, to discuss gravely the possibility of such illusions.

It is strange how greedy we are of mystery. The healthiest human mind is more alive to things which pass the ordinary bounds of belief, and baffle the rules of common experience, than to the most necessary matters of every day comfort, which habit has familiarized and science has made simple. Wonders which mock the eye and the mind; sounds which never struck the ear before; sights supernatural; remarkable coincidences; phantoms of sleep; chambers of disease; all that shows most forcibly the narrow limit of the senses, is more keenly appreciated than the practical facts which the toil of all time has mastered and made subservient. There are many who would give all they know of the past for what they may not know of the future. There are many who would exchange this world's best wisdom for a dangerous knowledge of the next.

The Mexican appeared some days before the time which he had announced for his exhibition, with much parade of person and equipage. He had engaged a suite of rooms in advance of his arrival, and he drove up at mid-day to the most fashionable hotel in the city, drawn in style, in his own luxurious carriage, by four horses, and attended by out-riders. His dress was rich to sumptuousness. Avoiding, as much as possible, the gaze and the assistance of strangers, he stepped into the house, followed by the obsequious landlord. At some distance behind his carriage came a servant, bringing on his luggage in a capacious wagon. Boxes and trunks innumerable were piled upon it, and, when the juggler himself had entered the door, and was hidden from their view, the crowd stared at them as if they were about to disclose at every moment the darkest sorceries, or the most frightful apparitions. The servant who had charge of them was silent and mysterious, and made no answer to the thousand curious questions with which they plied him. But his silence merely served to increase the excitement, and it was only when carriage, wagon, servants and luggage had all and long disappeared that the eager groups dispersed, more than ever anxious to witness the performances of one who united so much splendor with such impenetrable reserve.

It is the way of the world. The most ready victory over the head and heart is that which first takes the eye captive. There were those, however, among



the throng who had watched the Mexican narrowly, and who had judged him calmly in spite of all his show. José Suarez, so he called himself, had a face in the expression of which low cunning and villany bore so prominent a part that the dashes of malignity which kept them company were scarcely noticeable. His eye reflected only bad passions and dark purposes. It was strangely quick and furtive, and never rested for a moment. His smile was ready and artificial, and even his gravity palpably treacherous. God had stamped rascality upon every line of his face. He was one of those persons with whom it is painful to be alone; whose presence makes us feel uneasy, though we will not acknowledge, even to ourselves, any decided fear.

He was rarely seen after his arrival, but remained closely secluded in his rooms, to which none were admitted but his own servants.

Of his rival nothing was known. He had announced himself simply as the Hindoo Magician. No name appeared in his advertisements, which were more modest and unpretending than those of Suarez in their size and language, though they promised feats far more extraordinary than he professed to perform. The Hindoo's exhibition was to take place before that of the Mexican, and yet the former had not appeared. The magnificent entry of the latter was food for exaggerated gossip far and wide, but no one could tell aught of his rival. And yet, if the placards which met the eye at every turn were to be relied upon, he could work wonders such as those who read them never dreamed of. The shrewd ones laughed at his advertisement; the more credulous soon joined them in their unbelief, and, before the evening designated had arrived, the announcements of the Hindoo were, by almost unanimous consent, deemed a hoax. Some even ventured to assert that it was a device of the Mexican, to whose performance the deception might give greater éclat.

And yet, when the evening for the performance was actually present, the room in which the mysterious magician was to appear was crowded to excess. Long before the hour named, aisles, steps and doorway were filled. Beauty, wealth and fashion shone in unusual brilliancy. A few were still credulous, others were there to enjoy the cheat, but all were eager for excitement and amusement in whatever shape they might come.

The house in which they were assembled was of one story, built of wood. It contained but a single large apartment, besides the two smaller rooms hereafter mentioned, and had been used, for many years, for such purposes as that to which it was now devoted, as well as for graver assemblies. At the end of the building most remote from the main entrance was an elevated stage or platform, about a foot in height and ten in depth. On each side of it, partitioned off from the rest of the house, of the width of the stage and opening upon it, was a small room. The one at the left communicated with the street by a side door, that at the right only with the platform. In front, rising from near the foot of the stage, and filling the rest of the apartment, seats rose in regular

and steep gradations toward the entrance, which was reached from the street by a high flight of steps. Seven or eight hundred persons might have been comfortably seated within its walls. On the night in question there was twice that number there.

Across the front of the stage a black muslin curtain was drawn. It was so simple and unpretending that its appearance contrasted strongly with the brilliant glare of the many lamps, and the bright colors of the crowd. It was not an ordinary part of the furniture of the room, however, and even this slight preparation surprised the audience. They began to look upon it with more interest as time went on and the hour drew near. Not a breath, or motion from behind it, stirred its sombre surface as they had gathered before it, until eager eyes and gay bonnets rose from its foot in regular ascent to the very ceiling. It gave an air of quiet mystery to that part of the room which impressed those who had been most doubting. A soothing odor, too, stole gently upon the senses, seeming to breathe out from behind it, pervading the room steadily, yet almost imperceptible in its increase. Curiosity is contagious. The hum of chat and greeting, the rustling of dresses, the sudden step of those who struggled in the crowd for a firm footing or a new position, the jostling and press about the door, were hushed by degrees to rest; and when a deep-toned clock in one of the side rooms struck slowly and with measured sound the hour of nine, through all that thronged and excited room not a whisper broke the stillness of expectation.

The lengthened vibrations of the clock were still trembling upon the ear when the curtain began to rise, so slowly that they who watched it scarcely believed that it could move. It had risen but a hand-breadth from the platform, and yet it already disclosed four sandaled feet beneath it. The audience, whose curiosity was increased by a motion so painfully gradual, bent forward with intense expectation. It ascended more rapidly, at length, and discovered two persons standing quietly before the multitude.

An old and withered man, bent with years, haggard and hollow-cheeked, with long white locks of hair flowing low over his shoulders and mingling with his beard in front as it fell upon his breast, held by the hand a Hindoo girl of fifteen. Like her companion she had the complexion of her race, but so perfect were her features, and so faultless her proportions, that the eye could not wander from her form, as she stood there in the boldness of innocence, with exquisite grace. His dress was a flowing robe, simple to severity; hers a tunic girt loosely about the waist, descending to her knees, and exposing above the soft symmetry of her shoulders. The two, such a contrast in all but their singularity, were a study for a painter.

None of the gilt tinsel or gaudy apparatus of common jugglery was arranged around them, but on a low table behind them burned a lamp of curious workmanship. Its flame was dull and low, but occasionally, without any evident cause, as if fed secretly and suddenly from within, it flared up fitfully, and then sank again to its usual dimness. The table

and the lamp were all that appeared with them upon the stage.

They stood there for a few minutes, quietly gazing at the scene before them, then prostrated themselves upon the platform till their faces touched it, remained in that posture for a few seconds, rose again to their feet, bowed stiffly to the audience, and the performance commenced.

Another small table was brought upon the stage from one of the side rooms, and placed where it could be seen to most advantage. Over it was spread what appeared to be a covering of coarse oiled muslin. A seed no larger than a grain of corn was laid upon it, after having been passed rapidly over the lamp. It expanded, cracked, burst open, a green and tiny shoot appeared; grew before the very eyes of those who gazed at it; leaves came and increased in size and numbers; branches shot out from the parent stem, and were soon themselves covered with leaves and new branches, until, at length, what had been seen and handled a moment before as a hard, dead seed, had sprung up, as by enchantment, into a tall and spreading plant. Nor did the wonder cease here. Flowers gathered upon it of varied hues and pleasant perfume, first the bud and then the opening blossom. They expanded fully, faded and withered; the petals dropped and a small green bulb appeared. These increased in size, changed color, and slowly ripened, until the juggler plucked a plump and juicy fruit, and handed it to those near him to be touched and tasted. The fruit dropped, at last; the leaves shrunk, curled, and fell; the stalk wasted away, and all that remained was the fibre of the root wandering over the table. Even this disappeared soon, the table and its cover were vacant, and there, on either side of them, with folded arms and drooping head, stood the juggler and the girl, as calm and undisturbed as if they had just ceased from some usual duty. The illusion was complete.

Deafening applause followed the feat, and there were loud and protracted calls for its repetition. The old man, however, proceeded in his performance without heeding them.

The covered table was removed. A sheet of metal about five feet square was brought forward, and submitted to the inspection of those who pleased to examine it and handle it. It was firm, tough and hard. Not a cut or break appeared upon its burnished surface. At the request of the Hindoo it was nailed upon the stage by one from the crowd, who remained standing near it. Others were invited to join him, and the sheet was, at length, surrounded by men determined to let no deception mock their senses, though as yet they were ignorant of what was to follow.

The juggler whistled and the girl came in from the room at the left, to which she retired as each illusion was finished. She advanced to the metal, and folding her arms over her breast knelt upon it, bending her head low, as if in silent devotion. A thin wooden box was produced, large enough to cover her as she knelt. It was first carefully examined by those who stood around, and was then placed over her, concealing her from view. A long, sharp poniard was brought

in and passed from hand to hand. A truer weapon never drew blood.

The juggler now spoke to the girl, who answered him in a smothered voice from within the box. An animated conversation sprang up between them in their own language, which became first vehement and at length angry. He spoke harshly to her. No answer came, but stifled sobs were heard distinctly from within. The old man's manner became still more violent, and his language more excited, until, snatching the poniard, as if in uncontrollable passion, from one who held it, he plunged it desperately through the box from side to side. A piercing shriek followed, and blood flowed from under its sides. Rapidly he repeated his thrusts, becoming inflamed, as it were, by his own atrocity. The shrieks continued, the red current flowed more freely. Those around could bear it calmly no longer.

When the first sudden thrust was made they had started and stared in bewildered astonishment at each other, at the box, and at the juggler. Could he be bereft of reason? They were prepared for deception, but not for such a scene of palpable bloodshed. They had expected illusions but not a murder. And yet, when they had thought of seizing the old man, or of staying his arm, the recollection of where they were, of the last feat, and of the ridicule which haste might bring upon them, had held them motionless. But when the flowing blood moistened their very feet, and the poor girl's screams were growing fainter and fainter, as if in death, the tragedy became too intensely real to allow of further indifference. As if with one accord they rushed upon the Hindoo.

Could he be a man? There were seven of them, strong, active and determined, and yet he shook them lightly off as if they had been children, and smiled at their astonishment as they stood breathing heavily after their exertion. They moved toward him again more cautiously; but with an air of singular command, which they obeyed involuntarily, he waved them back and whistled gently.

Tripping lightly upon the stage from the room at the left, full of life and graceful as a fawn, came the Hindoo girl. Not a hair of her head was injured, nor a fold of her dress disturbed. She came forward, kissed her hand to the audience, then turned toward the box and touched it lightly with her foot. It fell over, but there was nothing beneath it. Even the blood had dried up and disappeared, and no trace remained of the deception but the poniard, the pierced box, and the metal sheet still burnished and unbroken.

The juggle was at an end, and there, once more, amid applause that shook the very building, reiterated again and still again, until the ear was weary of the sound, continued till the excitement seemed to increase from its own wild uproar, meekly and calmly, side by side, stood the old man and the girl. Those, however, who stood nearest to him, saw a fire in his eye, which told that he was human in this, at least, that he felt intensely the storm that he had raised.

Another illusion began. From the stage to the ceiling above it was a distance of more than twenty feet. A tall pole, about seventeen feet in height, was

raised and fastened firmly by its larger end to the platform. It was of a pure white wood, exquisitely smooth and polished, and strange devices and hieroglyphics appeared at intervals upon its surface. It tapered gradually toward the apex, where it terminated sharply in a gilt point, and its greatest diameter was four inches.

At the foot of the pole the Hindoo made a small heap of what appeared to be dry leaves, which he took from a paper neatly folded. He touched a taper to them and they burned quietly and steadily with a bluish flame; not consuming at once, but continuing to blaze as if they contained substantial fuel for the fire which was about them. He whistled and the girl came in. She knelt by the burning heap, and bent forward over it until her forehead almost rested on the stage beyond it; then rising to her feet again, she began to climb with hands and feet and knees. Her ascent was gradual but steady. Her motions were slow and drowsy, as if she were overcome by the vapors from the flame beneath, but her eye glowed brightly as it met that of the juggler, who gazed upon her with intense keenness. So earnest was this exchange of glances that it seemed as if some mysterious sympathy or virtue passed unseen from one to the other, or as if, perhaps, the old man exercised over her a sort of singular fascination. She receded from the stage, her eye still riveted; character after character was passed as she ascended. She neared the bright gilt point and almost touched it. The juggler waved his arm, and in an instant she was gone from view. She had not descended, she had not risen. There stood the polished pole, there the old man with his arm still raised, and his gaze still wrapt; but the girl had disappeared, even while they looked. They watched the ceiling closely, as if she had flown through it, and would appear again in that direction. If she had risen through it she must have been a spirit, for it spread its cold white surface over the stage, smooth and unbroken. Then they looked, warily, at the foot of the pole. There stood the Hindoo meekly by the side of the fire, which was now fast burning out; but no trace or vestige of the girl appeared. Silent and bewildered they awaited the result.

Once more that low whistle was heard. The juggler's arm fell; his eye lost its fixed expression and wandered calmly over the crowd before him. Once more the girl came in from the door at the left, and stood at his side. The applause was not so noisy as before. It began to be subdued by deeper feelings.

We need not tell all the wonders of that night. There are few who have not listened to accounts of East Indian magic, and stared at recitals of its inscrutable feats. Where the priest is a juggler, devotion, credulity, and rites of worship gross illusions, such a science soon matures.

It grew late. With some words of seeming incantation the Hindoo made a circle upon the stage with a white powder, which he set on fire from the lamp. It burnt slowly and without flame, the heat gradually making its way round the ring and blackening its surface as particle after particle became ignited. It

emitted a heavy smoke, or vapor, which rose and whirled away in curling shapes about the room, and disappeared as they reached the ceiling. The girl stood within the circle. In the hollow of her hand he poured a few drops of a black and shining liquid, which spread partially over her palm and presented to her eye a polished mirror. She looked down eagerly into it.

The old man now came forward and spoke to the audience. His voice was deep and hollow, and he addressed them in broken Spanish, uttered with difficulty, and rendered indistinct by words of his own language, thrown in, as if in despair of conveying his ideas differently. He asked if there were any in the crowd who would know how it went with absent friends, or who would pry into the future, or test his knowledge of the past. If there were any such he was prepared to satisfy their wishes.

Not a soul stirred. We have said that boisterous applause had been subdued by deeper feelings than those which had, at first, prompted it. As the exhibition had gone on, eagerness and curiosity had subsided into awe. Superstition was at work, and its sombre shadow glided over the multitude, hushing by degrees all other excitements. The house was now silent as the grave. The old man knew well how to induce such feelings, and the painful mystery of the scenes which he presented was perfectly sustained. No one moved at his call.

He paused and waited. Minute after minute went by. The low ticking of the clock in the closed room fell upon the ear. The lamp burned as fitfully as ever. The light curls of smoke still floated about the room from the smouldering circle, round which the fire had not yet found its gradual way. The girl in singular abstraction looked with increasing intentness into her hand. So death-like was the silence, that one might almost fancy that he heard the beating of the many hearts that throbbed throughout the room.

There was a stir at length. From a distant part of the crowd a tall man, closely muffled in his long full cloak, was seen pushing aside the throng as he made his way toward the stage. All eyes were fixed upon him as he went slowly on. None saw his face, so closely was it hid; but a keen eye looked out over the folds which were wrapped over it, with a shrewd and searching glance. The slight bustle of his progress was, in some measure, a relief to the restraint and silence of the house, and breath was drawn more freely as he moved. Yet, notwithstanding this, so strange and repulsive was the presence and bearing of him who had obeyed the juggler's call, that they shrink to the right and left as he passed among them. Could he have any connection with the old man, or the mysteries of the night?

As he neared the platform the Hindoo bent upon him a stern and penetrating scrutiny; but the stranger, still muffled, went steadfastly on until they stood face to face; so near that the former stepped back as he said to the determined intruder, with a sneer in his tone and increased severity in his eye—

"What would'st thou, José Suarez?"

The Mexican started and let fall his cloak, leaving

his sinister face fully exposed. Mingled emotions of surprise and anxiety, half-controlled, struggled upon his features. Then recovering from his sudden astonishment, and assuming an air of indifference, he folded his arms over his breast and answered doggedly—

"How do you know me, old man? I have never seen you till this day. You have never crossed my path before, and yet from your mode of accosting me one would suppose we had been brought up together. Where have we met?"

"It matters not," said the juggler. "I may not tell how I know thee. We have never met before—may we never meet again. But what wouldst thou of me?"

"I would know, first," said the Mexican, firmly, "how my name comes so lightly to your lips. Do not make a mystery of a trifle. When you have satisfied me in this respect, I may inquire of you further."

"I have said it," said the Hindoo, impatiently. "Thou shalt not know. If thou wouldst inquire of aught else, say on, and say quickly. The girl waits, and the spell is passing."

"I am of your craft," said Suarez, "and can see through such flimsy pretences. If I may not know what I have asked, be it so. Tell me of the past and of the future, of any thing which can show your power over that which is shut from others; a power which no honest man asserts. Come, I am here to keep you to your boast."

"Listen, then," said the juggler, contemptuously. "Thou shalt know of both. But remember it is thine own request. The power thou hast defied is a fearful power. It is unrelenting when it is invoked maliciously. It may disclose that which thou wouldst not that others should know; it may tell thee that which thou shouldst not, for thine own peace, know thyself. Remember, again, it is thine own bidding. The past may startle thee, the future may confound thee, but the spell may not be stayed. Shall I proceed?"

The Mexican drew, almost involuntarily, the folds of his fallen cloak once more about his face, and his voice was graver as he replied—

"You would alarm me?"

"Shall I proceed?" said the Hindoo, sternly.

"I am not to be frightened," said Suarez. "I am not a girl to humble at your threat. Proceed."

The old man turned abruptly toward his companion, who stood with her glance still riveted upon the tiny mirror before her, and fixed his eye steadily upon hers. She could not have seen him, and yet as he looked her head bent forward lower and lower, her eyes dilated, her gaze became more intense, and her expression more absorbed and earnest. At length, with a countenance of unnatural significance, his lines strongly marked, and his soft skin drawn and wrinkled, her lips moved and she seemed to read from her hand. And yet no voice fell upon the ear. It was painful to see youth so transformed. The spell seemed to be on her, for as he questioned her she answered, now slowly and with a low and trembling

voice, now pouring out abruptly a torrent of words; without timidity, without bashfulness, for she was as wrapt in that which seemed to pass before her as if she were alone. The old man interpreted.

"What dost thou see?" said he to her, in her own language.

For a moment her lips still moved without a sound. Then her voice was heard. But she spoke hesitatingly, and with a pause between her sentences.

"I see a female—an infant is in her arms—it is night—she is alone with it in the street—it is a narrow street—it is the street of a city—I see no one else—she has stopped by a door—she presses the infant to her breast—her head bends over it—she is weeping—she is weeping bitterly—she has laid the child upon the steps by the door—she presses her lips to its forehead as it lies there—she hastens away—she has left the child there, upon the step—she is gone—I see no one now—the child cries—it stretches out its arms—the covering falls from about it—a man is coming—he is near the infant—he is a large man—he stops by the child—he takes it in his arms—he knocks at the door—he knocks again and again—no one comes—he waits long—he knocks and waits again—he walks away with the child—he is gone, and the street is deserted."

The image seemed to have disappeared now, for she was silent.

A minute passed and the Hindoo questioned her again. But in all her moods his eye was fixed upon hers.

"What dost thou see now?" said he.

She was still silent.

Again a minute passed. The Mexican drew the folds of his cloak tighter and tighter about his face, as if to shut out all scrutiny. The old man repeated his question.

"What dost thou see now?"

"I see a man and a boy," said she, with the same hesitation—"the man is the one that I saw before—he is tall and large—he is quarrelling with the boy—they speak angrily and with violent gestures—the boy strikes at the man with a knife—the man seizes him—the boy struggles and resists—the man has thrust him from the house—he shuts the door against him—the boy turns and beats at the door—he walks away, at last, and wanders in the street—it is the street of a city again—the houses are many, close and high—he leans against a wall—it is evening—some rough men join him—he goes away with them—"

She ceased suddenly.

"Is there nothing else?" said the juggler.

Several minutes went by before she spoke again so as to be heard, though her lips continued to move incessantly. Suarez did not look at her, but with his eye upon the floor, and his body inclined in the direction of her voice, he listened with wrapt attention. His hand was clenched tightly over his cloak.

"What now?" said her companion again.

"I see a cellar," said the girl—"it is long and dark—it has no floor but the ground—there is a dull fire at the side—there are men crouching round it—the boy is among them—gold and jewelry are on a table by them."

She paused once more.

"What dost thou see now?" said the Hindoo.

"I see the same dark cellar," said she—"I see the men, the boy and the gold—the boy has grown taller and stronger—he seems almost a man—they are all lying round the fire again—they are talking and drinking together."

She was still again for an instant, and then, without being questioned, proceeded with vehement and rapid utterance.

"They have started up from round the fire—they are looking at one another and at a door in the ceiling—the door opens—the moon shines into the cellar—there is a ladder leading down from the door—two men enter cautiously—others stay out by the door—there is running and confusion in the cellar—those within are trying to escape—the door is lifted again and others come in—there is fighting on the ladder and at its foot—the door is lifted once more—it is lifted again and again, and men rush out and fly—some are seized and carried away—the boy is not among them—they are all gone now—the fire is out and the cellar deserted."

"What more?" said he.

There was a long silence again. The girl seemed anxious and excited. Her head bent lower and lower, and her eyes glared more and more intensely upon the magic mirror. The expression of her countenance became painfully earnest. Still her lips moved.

Those who watched the Mexican saw, or might have seen, a strong effect produced by her answers, in spite of his efforts to appear composed. He had drawn his cloak higher and higher about his face, his feet had from time to time shifted their position uneasily, and at one moment during her last recital he had started evidently, though he had soon controlled his surprise again. Throughout the whole scene he had listened to her answers with the deepest attention. But his eyes never sought those of the old man or of the girl.

"Dost thou see nothing else?" said the juggler.

She spoke again, and as she went on her voice increased in clearness and energy.

"Night—a dark and narrow street—a man is lurking behind a jutting wall—it is the face of the boy still, but grown old and weather-beaten—he comes out now and then from his hiding-place, and looks along the street—the street is deserted—no! some one comes toward him—he hears the step—he crouches down low behind the wall—he has a dagger in his hand—he holds it ready for a blow—the stranger comes firmly along—he is opposite the man with the weapon—he does not see him, but walks right on—the man with the weapon springs upon him and strikes him down—he kneels upon his breast—he bends over him and rifles his pockets—the fallen man does not struggle—the blood flows from his breast—other persons come—they are running toward him—the robber flies—they pursue."

She paused again, but the Hindoo repeated his question, and, after a few minutes, she continued.

"It is a stone cell—the man who was behind the wall is there—he is there alone—a knife and file are

lying by him—he is standing on a table—he is wrenching at an iron bar in the window—the bar yields—he has it out—he is forcing himself through the window—he drops to the ground on the outside—he steals away—he is gone."

A muttered curse escaped from the Mexican, not loud enough to be heard by the crowd, but readily caught by the quick ear of the old man, whose eye now left those of the girl and looked round at Suarez.

"Hast thou had enough of the past?" said he, with the same severe scrutiny, and the same sneer to his tone.

With a strong effort to compose his voice, the Mexican replied to the question.

"This is idle trifling, old man. If you can tell me no more of the future than of the past, your boast is empty. But I will wait. Come, tell me of the future."

The brow of the Hindoo darkened, and he half opened his mouth as if to speak; but his purpose changed, and he turned again, impatiently, toward the girl. As he fixed his eye upon her, her head dropped, as before, and her eye became riveted upon the polished surface in her palm. But the spell went on more rapidly. A change came over her. Horror gathered on her face, speaking fearfully in every line. Her body seemed to feel the tension of her mind. She stood on tiptoe, and bent forward. Her eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Every vein was swollen almost to bursting. A cry of terror half escaped her.

"What is it?" said her companion, more anxiously than he had last spoken to her. "What dost thou see?"

"A dead man is lying on the floor," said she—"it is the floor of a small room—some one bends over him—it is an old man with long white hair—it is——"

With a sudden step and a hasty blow the juggler struck down her arm, and the black liquid splashed in fine drops upon her person and upon the floor. Yet still her eye, as if it could not recover from its vision of terror, remained glaring upon the spot where the hand had been, and it was only after several minutes that the expression of pain which had contracted her features disappeared, and they assumed their usual appearance. Even then, however, she showed no surprise at the old man's hasty act, but appeared passive and composed.

Just then the clock struck the hour of eleven, and, as if moved by an unseen hand, the curtain began to fall as slowly as it had risen. It sank lower and yet lower, until, at length, while the Hindoo and the girl stood side by side upon the front of the platform, it shut them from the crowd.

When they looked again for Suarez he had gone.

In a quiet room, next day, in a remote part of the city, sat the Hindoo and his companion.

The house in which they were was of one story, only. It stood at a corner formed by the larger street on which the house fronted, and an alley which bounded it on the side. It was old and ruinous. Some years before it had been occupied as a place of

public entertainment, for which purpose, or a similar one, it seemed, from its long narrow passages and numerous apartments, to have been originally built. But it was now tenantless and deserted, except when an accidental lodger was driven for a few hours within its walls by night or by a storm, or when men lurked among its ruins to concert crime, or to conceal themselves from pursuit, no life was found in its decaying halls and wretched chambers. The city in that direction was thinly built; the few houses which lay around were small and mean, and many of them, with the one we have described, bore the marks of a fire which a year or two before had ravaged that part of New Orleans.

The room which they had selected from that scene of age and dilapidation, was situated in the extreme rear of the building, and opened upon a passage which ran from the larger hall at the entrance to the back of the house, serving as a thoroughfare for several apartments which communicated with it before it reached the one we have mentioned. It was, perhaps, in better preservation than the rest of the building, but its bare, cracked walls, and its worm-eaten floor and window-sill, with the absence of all furniture, gave it an air extremely forlorn and desolate. A few boxes answered for chairs, and a blanket which lay upon the floor served as a bed. They had chosen it, probably, as a place where they might enjoy privacy, though at the expense of comfort.

A slight tap at the door was heard, and without waiting for answer or invitation some one entered. It was José Suarez.

The old man started up when he saw him, and with a look of anger and surprise stood facing the intruder.

The Mexican stood his ground.

"Are you man or devil?" said he, abruptly. "I may swear that I never saw you before last night, and yet you know my history as well as I do myself, if I understood rightly the girl's babbling last night."

"Begone!" said the old man. "Do not cross me. Why dost thou hunt me out, and intrude upon my privacy? Thou art in danger here."

"How do you know me?" said Suarez, less flipantly, but with an air of determination which seemed to demand an answer.

"Thou shalt not know," said the Hindoo. "Begone!"

The intruder changed his tone. He became fawning and courteous, as he continued—

"Patience, good father," said he. "I am a juggler like yourself, but not so deep in the mysteries of the craft. One trick such as those of last night will be a sure fortune for me. I am come with ready gold to buy them of you."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a purse, through the meshes of which gold appeared, and held it up before the Hindoo.

With a look of withering contempt, mingled with passion, the old man struck aside the hand which held the brabe, and the money fell heavily upon the floor.

"Call thyself a juggler and thy craft trickery," said

he; "I am not of thy kind. The mysteries of Brahma are not bought and sold like merchandise. Begone, I say! Do not tempt me!"

A deep muttered curse and a scowl of bitter malignity were the Mexican's reply as he departed. As he closed the door the old man sank down apathetically upon the hard seat from which he had risen, and, with his elbows resting upon his knees, buried his face in his hands.

It was evening of the same day, and, in the room which we have just described, the Hindoo and the girl were preparing for their next exhibition. The apartment was lighted by the lamp which had burned upon the stage the night before. As they proceeded in their task they chatted gayly in their own language.

There was a pause in the conversation for a moment, and when the old man spoke to her again it was without change of voice or manner.

"Stir not," said he. "Do not start. There is an eye at the door watching us. I caught its glance just now. I will leave the room at the side door. Do not rise or follow, whatever may occur, but keep your eye fixed upon what you are doing. You know well our oath, and the penalty for prying into our secrets. The vision of the mirror never speaks falsely."

The obedient child answered not, nor by word or look did she show surprise.

Her companion rose, and with seeming indifference, as if upon some casual business, left the room by a side door which, by a few steps, descended to the alley bounding that side of the building; glided round to the front of the house, entered gently at the main entrance, ascended again cautiously to the passage which led to his own chamber, and, crouching low, stole along the wall. The darkness was intense. Not a ray of light peeped in from crack or key-hole.

He crept noiselessly on until he felt that his own door must be at hand, and then slowly and carefully rose from his crouching posture. A breath so gentle that elsewhere he would not have felt it fell upon his cheek. He stooped hastily again, lower than before, and drew from his breast a dagger; then looking eagerly before him he strove to penetrate the thick darkness around him. It was in vain. He heard distinctly, now, a low and stilled breathing at his very side, but the blackness before him was impenetrable. It was striking almost at hazard, but he prepared for a blow. As he drew back his arm a tiny ray from the lamp in his own apartment struggled through the key-hole and fell upon a human eye which was prying through its narrow opening. This directed his weapon more certainly, and he thrust fiercely toward the heart.

It is strange how human nature can control itself. The Hindoo knew at once that his blow had not been fatal, but he felt the dagger glance upon the bone, and that a body of flesh and blood had received the stab. Yet no shriek or exclamation followed. There was a rush by him in the dark, heard only by the rustling of a long and flowing robe, as it swept like a sudden gust of wind through the passage, and then he was alone again.

He tapped at his own door and spoke low. The girl opened it. Silently they searched, by the light of their lamp, along the way by which the midnight visitor had fled. A single drop of blood by the threshold of the outer door, which was not continued in the street, and which they carefully effaced, was the only trace of the wounded man.

Again the assembly room was brilliantly lighted, and again beauty, wealth and fashion crowded its seats, and thronged its aisles and doors. It was the first evening of the Mexican's performance, and the noise of his rival's exhibition had gone abroad far and wide, gathering in from every part of the city eager crowds who hurried to see similar feats.

The simple muslin curtain was no longer there. In its place silken drapery was drawn across the front of the stage, rich in velvet, fringe and tassel, and glittering with gold ornaments. Behind its ample folds, seen indistinctly through them, burnt a hundred waxen candles.

The drapery parted at last, and there stood Suarez, bowing and bowing again to the audience, with smiles as fawning and as servile as artifice could afford. He stood among his toys, his juggling apparatus, cups and puppets, balls and bottles, coins and cards, all exposed to the best advantage.

He was richly dressed. He wore a flowing robe, embroidered with gold, loose trowsers of silk and velvet, light slippers, and a scarlet cap. But all the splendor of his dress could not conceal the deadly paleness of his face, rendered more striking from its strong contrast with his dark hair and beard. There were there some who had seen him as he appeared when he alighted from his carriage on his first arrival; he had not appeared so then. There were many in the crowd who had eyed him narrowly when he had confronted the Hindoo; he was not then so ghastly. There was certainly a remarkable change in his countenance. Death itself was not more gravelike than the whiteness of his cheek and the hollowness of his wandering and uneasy eye. And yet his step seemed steady and his nerves strong, and the performance went on.

It was such an exhibition as may be seen at any time in our large cities; such a show of sleight of hand and juggling tricks as every season brings round. Rings and handkerchiefs disappeared, and came marvellously to light again in unlooked for and extraordinary places. Blazing tow was swallowed as if it were a dainty viand, and ribbons of varied colors were vomited up, in return, as if from some prolific factory within. Birds flew full fledged from new laid eggs. Hats were restored unharmed to their owners in which the most savory compounds had been mingled and cooked. Liquids of various colors were poured from the same capricious vessel. Cards flew from the pack when called for, as if instinct with life and reason. Guineas multiplied almost before your eyes, until it appeared as if the juggler turned every thing into gold. Thus the evening wore away.

It grew late, and the hour for dispersing had almost arrived when Suarez appeared, with an obsequious

bow, in front of the platform. He thanked the audience for its patience and applause, and named the evening for his next appearance. He then informed them that in concluding the entertainment of the night he was about to perform a feat never before attempted, one peculiar to himself, and which resembled those of the old man, whose performances they had witnessed not long before, though it was far superior in interest even to them.

He bowed once more when he had said this, turned and left the stage by the door at the left, which he closed after him. The audience waited in eager anticipation.

Five—ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and yet he did not appear. The audience became impatient, and the house echoed with stamping and hissing. Still he came not. Half an hour went tediously by, and yet no life or motion appeared upon the stage, except when one of the many candles burned high and wild and the melting wax fell plashing among the cups and coins. The stamping, at times, grew terrific, then quieted into a long interval of patient suspense, then began again with deafening uproar. The clock struck eleven.

Patience was exhausted, at last. Suspicion spread through the audience that the trick promised was a hoax, and that this delay was part of the cheat. Two gentlemen from the front seat rose, went upon the stage, and passed from it into the room in which the juggler had disappeared. It was dark as night, and as they entered the chill air blew upon them from the street through the door at the side, which was wide open. This fact confirmed the suspicion that the juggler had deceived them. They turned and moved again toward the stage, when one of them, in groping his way through the darkness, stumbled, with an exclamation of alarm, over some object on the floor, and fell prostrate. The other brought, hastily, a light from the stage.

There lay the Mexican, dead! His body was cold and stiffening, so that life must have been extinct for some time. No wonder that he had not returned at their call—no wonder that their uproar had not moved him!

The gentlemen returned and announced their discovery to the audience. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd. Some thronged in eager curiosity upon the stage, and pressed into the room where Suarez lay. The rest dispersed in deep excitement. Death was a juggle they had not anticipated; more real and more earnest than even those of the Hindoo.

The municipal government of New Orleans, while it belonged to Spain, was never better regulated than during the administration of the Baron Carondelet. He improved and fortified the city, ameliorated the condition of the slaves, made new and wholesome laws for the suppression and prevention of crime, and enforced them with an effect highly salutary.

In a room of the Town Hall, next day, surrounded by officers of the police, lay the body of the Mexican, wrapped roughly in a coarse baize, in which it had been borne from the apartment where it had been found. The two persons who had first dis-

covered its presence were there to aid in throwing light upon the cause of death.

The corpse was carefully examined. There was a wound from a knife, or dagger, upon the left breast. The weapon which inflicted it had evidently been aimed at the heart, but, striking upon a rib, had glanced under the arm, leaving but a trifling evidence of its course. There was no blood, however, upon the dress or person of the dead man, and the slight wound which they discovered had begun to heal, with every appearance of healthy restoration. It must have been received for some days, at least, and could not have produced death.

There was no other mark of violence. From head to foot, about the throat and beneath the hair, they sought for traces of another's presence. None appeared. There were no evidences of strife or strangling; no bruises upon head, limbs, or trunk; no marks of knife or dagger but the one upon the breast; no expression of pain, or distortion of feature. He must have fallen from poison or sudden disease. This was the first conclusion of those about the body, and satisfied with it they had risen to disperse, and were but waiting till the Mexican should be wrapped again in the coarse covering which they had taken from about him.

But murder will out. God has said it by his providences since the world began, and not all man's jugglery can make them lie. As they were about to cover the face of the corpse with the baize, one of the two persons already mentioned drew the attention of the police to a fact which they had, no doubt, before noticed, but which had made no impression upon them. Lying over the dead man's open mouth, drawn in by the receding breath, and slightly cemented to the parts which it touched by the damp of decay, lay a human hair, singularly long and white. That of Suarez was raven black. It had fallen upon him, possibly from the head of some one who bent over him, as he lay in the last struggle of dissolution.

They now resumed their places about the corpse, and made more close and careful investigation. Surgical skill was called in aid of justice, and dissections were made to discover the cause of death. The process was tedious but not unavailing. The brain, it was found, has been pierced through the eye by an instrument so fine that its entrance and course were scarcely perceptible. It was sufficient, however, to do the work of one who seemed to have availed himself of science and skill in his work of murder.

This discovery, coupled with other facts, seemed to render it certain that the Mexican had met with foul play. Those who first found him had noticed that the door leading to the street was open. The assassin had, doubtless, entered and fled in that way. The healing wound showed all will on the part of some one. The same person who gave it had, no doubt, carried out his deadly purpose. Had he fallen by his own hand he would scarcely have resorted to a mode of destroying life so difficult and unusual. Suicide is not so refined in its ingenuity. Besides, had he stricken himself, the weapon he had used would have been near him, or upon him; yet nothing like it was found. They

may have been misled in their speculations, but so they reasoned who stood about the body; and when they rose, at length, to separate, none doubted the murder.

But though they were satisfied of the crime, not a breath fastened guilt on any human being. Reason was at fault there, it appeared, for no suspicion had utterance. They wrapped the body, once more, in its coarse covering; barred the windows, bolted the door, and leaving it there, stretched out upon a hard, rude table, in a gloom as dark as the crime which had been committed, went quietly to their other duties.

It was the night of the day in which the events just told had occurred, and once more the assembly room was illuminated. It was the second night of the appearance of the Hindoo magician, and his fame had gathered an unusual audience. The house was crowded to overflowing. In every spot where a footing could be had—on ledge, wainscoting, and window-sill—on every inch of aisle and door-way—on the backs of benches and on the shoulders of men—teeming, thronging, jostling—tier upon tier, row above row, eyes over eyes, stood the eager audience, wild with excitement from the anticipation of an exhibition such as New Orleans might never see again.

The hour, later than was usual—the plain black curtain—the scene as it rose—the old man and the girl standing quietly, hand in hand, before the multitude—the lamp flickering with strange fitfulness—the clock which marked from within the closed room the fleeting hour—the absence of toys and tinsel—the low and dignified reverence of the juggler—the graceful attitudes and movements of his companion—the odor stealing over the apartment—all were but repetitions of the performance of the evening when the Hindoo had first appeared.

In answer to the clamorous call of those who now saw him for the first time, the juggler again began the exhibition with the strange illusion of the seed. We need not describe its progress again. It proceeded, successfully, to its close, and was received with similar applause.

A second illusion was in preparation, and for an instant the curtain fell. When it rose again the girl stood in mid air, between the ceiling and the floor. Below her and at her side was the old man, whose eyes met hers with that same intense earnestness that we have already described. He beckoned, and some of the audience came upon the stage. At his request they passed their faces beneath her, above and around her. There was not a hair connecting her with stage or roof or wall. He waved them from the platform, withdrew his gaze from hers, and in a moment she stood by his side again. There seemed to be a singular power in the glance of his sunken eye. Was he more than human?

One of those who had gone upon the stage during this last scene, was the same person who had drawn the attention of the officers who stood round the body of the Mexican to the evidence which had changed so completely the current of their opinion—that long white hair. In his excitement that event had passed from his mind. It was now brought forcibly before him again. To pass his cane above the girl he had



stepped upon the small table on whose cover the seed had grown so marvellously just before. As he descended his eye rested upon a hair which lay upon the table. It had fallen from the juggler as he bent over the growing plant. He started, for it was singularly long and white. Suspicion is a ready visitant. He quietly brushed it into his hand; and though as he turned he saw, or thought he saw, the quick eye of the old man bent keenly upon him, he passed quietly on, joined the crowd, and soon after left the room.

He had been present at the first exhibition of the Hindoo, and had watched narrowly the scene between him and Surtz. He had noticed the sternness of the former, and the uneasiness of the latter. Till now those circumstances had not struck him in connection with the murder; but when his mind was once directed by the discovery we have just mentioned, new light and new facts pressed upon him.

They had been rivals. Their mutual antipathy was manifest when they had met, even in public. The Mexican was a stranger, and could have had, in all probability, no enemy but one who had shown his hostility so openly and decidedly. Just before his death the Mexican had promised a feat of jugglery which should surpass those of his rival, and had actually left the stage to prepare for it. The singular manner of the murder, too; so skillful, so secret, so like the work of the Hindoo, was a strong point in his train of reasoning. Beyond, and above all, this last remarkable evidence of guilt, the hair which he had brought away with him, riveted his conviction. When compared with that which had been found upon the face of the dead man, there could scarcely be a doubt that they had fallen from the same person, so minute was their resemblance in color, length and fineness. He sought the officers of the police and laid his suspicions before them.

In the assembly room, meanwhile, the performance went on. An hour had gone by, and, as before, the crowd was hushed from a wild uproar of applause into a chilling stillness of superstitious awe, which crept over them as the performance became more and more mysterious. It was near the hour of eleven, and the juggler commenced his last illusion.

He placed a table on the front of the platform, and putting his lamp upon it trimmed it until it burnt clear and high. Then he whistled gently for the girl. She did not come. He whistled again, still louder. She did not appear. A cloud gathered upon his brow, and he strode to the door of the room at the left, into which she had retired but a few moments before. There had been a light burning upon the table there, now the apartment was dark as midnight. He entered it and groped about. The door opening to the street was shut and barred upon the outside. He returned for his lamp, and again surveyed the room. It appeared, in all respects, as when he had last seen it, but his companion was not there.

He returned to the stage. In the few minutes of his absence the scene before it had greatly changed. The audience were in a stir of deep excitement. They were conversing in grave and eager whispers of some matter of intense interest, and looks of stern

significance were upon him from every part of the house. About the door, making their slow but firm way through the dense crowd, were those who bore the dress of the police. They were approaching him.

The truth rushed upon him. The girl's absence was explained. He saw the fearful extremity of his peril, and his purpose was formed. Every emotion passed from his countenance, and he proceeded calmly in his task.

There was a contest in the crowd. There were many who, in spite of the charge against him which was now spread through the room, were anxious to see his exhibition to its close. The officers pressed on to seize him at once. But the voices of the multitude prevailed, and the agents of the police, sure of the arrest now, for the girl was taken, and every avenue of escape closed, stood near the stage to become spectators of this last juggle of the murderer.

Not by word or look did the old man show alarm, or discover that he had observed aught about him more than the ordinary noise and hustle of a crowd. Not even when the door at the left of the stage opened at length by his very side, and another group of officers, with the girl, still composed and passive, in their custody, stood within a few feet of him, held back only by the entreaties of the multitude, did his perfect self control desert him.

From two small vials he filled two glasses with liquid of different colors, and placed them on the table. From its drawer he produced a metal plate, laid it before him and poured into it the contents of the glasses. They effervesced, mingled, the froth subsided from the surface and there appeared, in the place of the liquid, a dark brown powder. This the juggler moistened with another liquid, and stirred it gently over the lamp. A vapor arose which diffused itself through the room. The compound, which now resembled a dark brown paste, was spread evenly over a sheet of tissue paper and dried over the lamp. With this brown crust inside, he rolled up the paper, and then holding it in his hand bowed himself almost to the floor. This done, he turned, touched the taper to the lamp with a motion so rapid that the eye could scarcely follow it, and cast it from him toward the middle of the room.

There was no noise, no spark, no explosion. But a fierce bright flame burst from it, more brilliant than the sun's intensest ray. It filled the room with liquid fire, flashed along wall and ceiling, wrapt the crowd in its fold, drank up the very air. Then all was darkness again, for the lights were extinguished, and a vapor filled the room, heavy and suffocating. The effect was like a sun-stroke.

It was long before order and vitality in many were restored. The effect of so fearful a scene upon a crowd so excited and so dense can scarcely be described. The rush of those who sought escape from the danger, the shrieks of frightened women and of men trampled under foot, the groans of those injured in the press, the frightful turmoil of the whole were, however, at last subdued; but when all was peace once more, the Hindoo and the girl had disappeared. They had wandered to a land which their race had

never trod before, and now they had gone like the shadow of a cloud.

Our readers may think some portions of our story too marvelous even for fiction. They are strange, but quite as probable as many narratives of Indian jugglery which are well authenticated. Subtleties of art and intellect are educated beyond belief among Eastern nations. Some attribute feats such as those we have described to the influence of narcotic vapors,

which stimulate the senses and prepare them for deception. Others account for them upon principles allied to those which produce Mesmeric phenomena. With these and other theories we have nothing to do; but it is indisputable that Hindoo skill and priestcraft have given birth to illusions as wonderful as any of those which we have interwoven with our tale. If it were not out of place we might refer to pages whose authority would fully defend us against a charge of credulity or bad taste.

## RAIN IN SUMMER.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters upon the roofs  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!  
Across the window-pane,  
It pours and pours,  
And swift and wide,  
With a maddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side  
Where, far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand,  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently mutter  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil,  
Their large and lustrous eyes

Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air;  
And, from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled,  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said:  
For his thought, which never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven,  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth;  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things unseen before  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

## ALLY RAY.

### OR FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

"Your village, dear aunt, is certainly a most picturesque and beautiful place," said George Murray, a young collegian, to his aunt, with whom he was spending a vacation. It was a bright summer morn, and George had loitered in the breakfast-room to have a chat with Aunt Mary, while she was "clearing away the breakfast things," aided by her little handmaid Rose, whose sly face and thick lips brightened with many a grin at "Massa George's fun."

The little village of B. was situated in a most picturesque portion of one of our Northern States. George had always resided far South, and the mountainous, beautiful scenery of his aunt's northern home, united to the high state of cultivation and air of comfort spread over the numerous surrounding farms, caused from him constant expressions of admiration. He stood at the window of the breakfast-room gazing on the romantic, beautiful view before him. All at once he exclaimed, "Come here, dear aunt, who is this beautiful girl? I met her yesterday as I was riding in the forest; she is now coming through the grove toward the back part of the house."

"That is little Ally Ray," said his aunt, "a great favorite with us. She is the village shoemaker's daughter, and a good, nice, industrious little girl is she."

"A shoemaker's daughter," cried the southern-bred youth, "you are jesting, dearest Aunt Mary, surely."

"Not at all," said his aunt, laughing merrily at his manner. "She is most truly the daughter of Job Ray, and a very excellent shoemaker is he, as Rose and I can testify, but your aristocratic notions are quite shocked, are they not, dear George? Is she not pretty—there—she has stooped to caress Carlo—see, that little plump hand and well rounded arm—the delicate little foot and ankle. Father Job has fitted the foot well if the shoe is heavy; and her form is pretty—so nicely proportioned. The morning breeze has blown down some little rebellious curls from the comb with which she so carefully confines them—see them '*stealing*' as Irish Mary says, from under the bonnet—and that rosy cheek, George, and bright eye. Foolish fellow! I suppose you think a shoemaker's daughter should be coarse, rough, and uncouth. Why Ally—or Alice, as is her real name—is as gentle as a town bred girl, and infinitely *better* bred, for kindness and love have nurtured her. She is a notable little house-woman likewise, for her mother died some years past, and her poor father is an invalid. She takes care of the little garden, which produces most of their simple food, and your uncle sends one of the farm men once in a while 'to give,' as they say, 'little Ally a lift.' Job is able at times to work at his trade, and his work is so well done that he meets

with a ready sale for his shoes—that money buys the few things economical little Ally and her father need. That plump little hand scrubs, washes, bakes and sews. She is a notable, industrious little body. And she is not ignorant either—during the winter she attends the county school, and when I visit the city I know well that the most acceptable present I can bring to little Ally, will be some addition to her small collection of books. She does a great deal of sewing for me—all Rose's clothing is prepared by her neat hand, and my common dresses are witnesses of Ally's industry and excellent workmanship—in that way she assists her father, who is so 'ailing.' But I must not stop here chattering. Ally has come to bring home some work, undoubtedly, and Rose's new Sunday dress pattern came from the storekeeper's yesterday, and Ally must make it quickly. Come, Rose." And the lively, light-hearted Mrs. Mills hastened from the room, followed by the happy Rose, who, as she passed out of the door with the water and its ceteras, laughed outright at the prospect of a new Sunday dress. The youth leaned against the window long after the pretty Alice had disappeared—then suddenly recalling his thoughts, he rang the bell for a servant, ordered his horse, and shortly after galloped off on his morning ride.

Two months had rolled by, and the country surrounding the little village of B. was even more beautiful than it had been during the summer. A slight frost had touched the foliage, giving it a rich autumnal hue. George Murray and sweet Ally Ray were wandering in the woods together. The boy lover gazed with passionate earnestness on the innocent face of the lovely child, while her bright eyes were cast down, that he might not see the tears which dimmed their violet beauty. They were on the eve of parting. The next day and he would be far from her. His guardian had resolved he should finish his studies at a German university, and years might intervene ere they should again meet—possibly never.

"You must always love me, dearest," murmured the youth, "believe me always true—in a few years I shall be master of my own actions, then will I return to claim my little Alice for my wife. Remember, my own one, that you belong to me. Ah! Alice, do not, do not forget me."

The poor child, overcome by the thoughts of their separation, wept bitterly, and he soothed her grief with assurances of their happy future. She gazed with sad pleasure at the little locket he had purchased at the village watchmaker's, and which contained some of his hair, while he claimed one little curl in return, and bent over her to choose the

silky lock—the sun was at its setting, and its brilliant rays shot through the trees, athwart the forest path, sheathing golden light upon the lovers—was it a beam of hope as a type of the future?

He left his country with saddened feelings, but looked toward the future with the bright eye of youthful expectation. He never dreamed of how differently he and poor Ally might be situated toward each other in a few years. What sympathy and companionship could exist between the high bred, finished man of the world, that years' residence abroad might make the now impetuous youth, and lowly Ally Ray, the shoemaker's daughter and village seamstress. Poor Ally! one would almost have prayed that she might soon forget him—but no, her early training had strengthened her in confidence and truth. She had never met with insincerity. Brought up in the quiet village, her little pious soul never dreamed of change or falsehood—hers was not a nature to forget.

The first letter George received from his Aunt Mary told him of poor Job Ray's dangerous illness—he was near dying when she wrote, and Ally's uncle, who lived in the "far west," was to come on for her in case of her father's death.

"I would adopt her myself," wrote the kind-hearted Aunt Mary—"dear little creature, I am exceedingly attached to her, and I would bring her up as my daughter; my boys already love her as a sister, and you, dear George, would not, I think, object to her as a cousin—but her father wishes she should go with her uncle."

Poor George was almost frantic at the news, and when he again heard from B., Ally's father was dead, and she, poor girl, had left with her uncle for her new home in the then wild west. He could gain no certain information as to Ally's residence. She had promised to let Aunt Mary know, when she was settled, but if she wrote, the letter must have been lost, for they never heard from her.

Many changes took place before George Murray returned from Europe. Sweet Aunt Mary was dead, and when he visited B., on his return to this country, he found many things to sigh over. Uncle Mills had supplied his gentle, thrifty wife's place with another spouse—a stately, dignified maiden lady he had wooed and brought to his home. The village had much increased. A large hotel had sprung up where Father Job's sweet little cottage had stood. Scarcely a spot remained as in those happy days when he and Ally wandered through the forest.

To do him justice, he still remained unchanged in his love for Ally—it was true that he expected to find her far distant from him in point of mental culture, but then he comforted himself with the anticipation of taking her to a lovely Italian home, and by patient love-lessons soon making her a suitable companion. But no Alice was to be found—the villagers had even forgotten her, and he left the place with deeper, heavier sadness than he had years before. Then hope danced merrily before him—now the future contained no anticipations of a sweet wife, Alice and home happiness. His uncle, who had been his

guardian, was a bachelor, and resided on a large plantation at the South. He and his nephew were much attached to each other, and to his home did George repair, and so readily did he fall into the solitary habits of his uncle's bachelor life, that there seemed little possibility of his heart ever owning another love—but who will answer even for their own constancy?

"I wish you would marry, George," said his uncle one day after dinner. They had just arrived in Washington, in which place they intended staying a short while during "the season." "A sweet little wife," his uncle continued, "would cheer up our lonely plantation. I wonder you have never married—handsome, wealthy, nothing to prevent you."

"Why, my dear uncle," exclaimed George laughing, "you should have set me the example yourself, why did you never marry?"

"I should have done so, George," replied his uncle sadly, "but the only woman I ever loved died suddenly on the eve of our marriage. Heigho! had she lived, I should not now be the lonely creature I am. I visited my friend Morton this morning, while you were lazily resting after your journey—the one whose political course you so much admire—he looked so happy—he was stretched out on a lounge reading, while his daughter, a beautiful witch, was singing and playing away merrily, to cheer her old father—how I wished she belonged to me—and then I thought she would make such a glorious wife for you."

"What! Miss Mary Morton?" exclaimed George, "why she is the acknowledged belle of Washington, nay, of every place, and she is noted for rejecting every one—they accuse her of possessing neither ambition nor heart. Young Smiley bored me for an hour this morning with her peerless charms and accomplishments."

But George did not find himself so bored when he met with Miss Morton. He found her indeed beautiful and accomplished, but at the same time there was an air of frank cordiality in her greeting that made him forget she was a belle and a stranger. Her bright eye danced most regally as she returned his ceremonious salutation, and noticed his uncle's gratified look.

He was soon her favored attendant. She rode, drove, danced and walked constantly with him, until every one pronounced it a match. George was deeply fascinated with her, but at the same time felt a keen remorse for his bad faith to Ally, and a feeling of dissatisfaction would come over him when he caught himself contrasting this high bred beautiful creature with the lowly Ally Ray.

"I could never love but once," said the belle one evening in a brilliant circle, as one talked of love, and first and second loves. "A fig for your second loves—there is no such thing as second love," and she extended her hand to George, with a strange look of mingled confidence and mischief combined, as the band struck up a waltz—his brain whirled as her soft breath played on his cheek during the bewitching measure of the music—he scarcely knew how he

moved. "I will tell her all," he murmured to himself—"she may refuse me, but still she shall know that there can be a wild, devoted second love." And he told her all the next morning as she was arranging some new flowers the gardener had brought for her tiny conservatory. George dwelt on the fervency of his love for Ally—he described with manly sincerity her girlish beauty, and confessed nobly his deep affection for even her memory—the maiden blushed, and tears trembled in her bright eyes as he dwelt on the sad years after they parted.

"But why did you not write to her?" said she, in low tones, as she bent over a fragrant plant.

"I did, over and again, but in utter desperation, for I knew not even where she lived."

"She never received your letters," said Miss Morton, turning toward him—he gazed at her wildly—"George! George!" whispered she, as she drew from her breast the little locket, "and have you not recognized your little Ally?"

It was indeed sweet Ally Ray. But we will leave our hero and heroine to enjoy their delirium of love,

while we explain in sober language how the little Ally Ray was thus metamorphosed into the brilliant Mary Morton. Her uncle had become a distinguished man. The Eastern and Northern States send many such men as Eldred Morton out into the far west, to seek their fortunes, and the habits of self-dependence they are early taught make them strong in the strife and struggle of life. Ally Ray's name at her christening had been Mary Alice. Uncle Eldred loved better to call her Mary, for the only daughter he ever had, and who died in her childhood, had been named Mary, after Alice's mother, his only sister. Many forgot at last that Ally was not his daughter, and the old man wished that the world should think her his child. Through his indulgence and care she had every opportunity of education. Keen natural abilities, united to the earnest desire of fitting herself as an equal bride for George when they should meet, accomplished much; and at five-and-twenty the brilliant belle Mary Morton would never have been taken for the modest, gentle little Ally Ray. Life has many such changes, reader.

EMMA.

## FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

BY MRS. E. E. NICHOLS.

Hark! a solemn bell is pealing  
From the far-off spirit-clime;  
Angel-forms, expectant, kneeling  
On the outer shores sublime,  
Hither turn their eyes of splendor,  
Piercing through the mists of Time!

Thou art faintly, sadly sighing,  
Voyager through Time with me;  
Can it be, thou'rt sinking—dying?  
Can it be that I am free?  
Free to drink in life immortal,  
Unrestrained now by thee?

Yes! thine earthly days are numbered,  
Yet thou'rt clinging round me still;  
Still thy drooping wings are cumbered  
By thy weak and fleshy will:  
Gently thus I loose thy clasplings,  
Wishing thee no further ill.

Though I've often bent upon thee,  
A rebuking spirit's gaze,  
When thy spell was fully on me,  
In our early, youthful days,  
Sore and loath I am to leave thee,  
Treading Death's bewildering maze!

All of enmity is banished  
As I hear thee, moaning low,  
Pride and beauty have so vanished—  
Nothing can revive them now!  
See the hand of death triumphing  
In the dew upon thy brow!

Ah! thy heart is faintly tolling,  
Like a closely muffled bell,  
And the purple rivers rolling  
'Neath thy bosom's gentle swell,  
Flow like waters, when receding  
From a thirsty, springless well.

What a weight is on thy bosom!  
What a palsy in thy hand!  
Thus Death chilled fair Eden's blossom—  
Thus, at his august command,  
All of human birth and mixture  
Shuddering in his presence stand!

Let me, through thine eyelids closing,  
Look once more upon the earth;  
There thou soon wilt be reposing,  
Borne away from home and health,  
Where thy footsteps once were greeted  
With the noisy shout of mirth.

Hark! what organ-tones are swelling  
Through the spirit-realm on high;  
Ransomed souls are sweetly telling  
Of the joys beyond the sky!  
Let me here no longer linger,  
When the heavens are so nigh!

Life's companion! thus we sever;  
Our short pilgrimage is done!  
We shall re-unite forever,  
Travel-stained and weary one,  
When the voice of God Eternal  
Wakes the dead with trumpet-tone!

# THE ROMAN MARTYRS.

## A TALE OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 11.)

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

### CHAPTER III.

Your cruelty will be our glory. Thousands of both sexes, and of every rank, will eagerly crowd to martyrdom, exhaust your fires, and weary your swords. . . . Vainly will you war against God.—*Tertullian*.

It was early morning, but even at that hour the audience hall of the prefect was densely crowded, for a rumor had spread abroad that the Christians, rescued on the preceding day from a popular tumult, were now to be heard. Prominent among the spectators were the priests of the old religion, some led thither solely by curiosity, and others scowling with mortal hate beneath their dark eyebrows. A few persons of the wealthier order had been accommodated with seats, where they might see and hear the proceedings, and among this group the form of more than one senator was perceptible. The various avenues into the hall were guarded by soldiery, and a body of guards was posted nigh the bar, as if to be in readiness should a popular tumult break forth. Officers in unusual number appeared at different parts of the room. Every preparation, in short, appeared to have been made, both to give dignity to the proceedings, and to overawe the dense mass of the populace, which, thronging the lower end of the apartment up to the very bar, heaved to and fro in evident excitement, keeping up a continued murmur of dissatisfaction.

At length the prefect appeared, heralded by the officers. Moving with a stately air along the row of patricians, and bowing to those of his acquaintance, he assumed his seat. The soldiers now busied themselves in pushing back the advancing crowd to its legitimate limit. This being done, the hum of discontent and curiosity gradually died away, and then followed that profound silence which always precedes the happening of some event which the assembly deems important. So deep was the hush that the low, self-important cough of the prefect, which his courtly breeding induced him to stifle to the faintest sound, echoed through the hall with startling distinctness. The senators looked impatiently at one another, at the prefect, and along the row of the citizens among whom they sat. At length a slight stir was heard at one of the doors, and, entering with a composed air, the first one of the prisoners to be tried was ushered to the bar. All pressed forward to have a sight of him. It was the Christian priest.

Gracefully, but not ostentatiously, gathering his robe around him, he drew his majestic person up to

its full height, and, bowing to the judge, calmly surveyed the audience; but there was nothing of arrogance in his looks; on the contrary, the meek benignity of his countenance favorably impressed the crowd. A murmur of involuntary respect at sight of his silvery hairs and mild apostolic face ran through the assembly, at hearing which he raised his extended hands over the throng below and said meekly—

“The peace of God be with you.”

The words and the gesture impressed the crowd still more favorably toward him, and when he turned again to the judge a profound hush reigned among the mob, not a murmur of disapprobation being heard.

The prefect was one of the strictest of the old religion, for the infidelity of Cicero's days had passed away, and a period of general belief had succeeded, springing from much the same causes as the asceticism in the church which followed the dissolute age of Leo the Tenth. Though naturally a kind-hearted man, the magistrate had his prejudices, and he possessed little charity for a sect whose unchecked growth had, as he believed, called down the vengeance of the gods. So far forth, therefore, he shared the opinions of the mob, for education cannot always extinguish superstition, and, in matters of religion, the unwashed artisan is nearer the wealthy citizen than the latter is willing to admit. A dark frown settled on the face of the prefect as he met the unshrinking gaze of the Christian.

“Thou art charged with being a disturber of the state,” he began, addressing the prisoner, “and a contemner of the gods. What hast thou to say for thyself?”

Stretching his right arm forth, the Christian answered, and his voice, which was at first low, so that the crowd pressed forward eagerly, gradually swelled up until its clear, silvery accents rung out distinctly into the remotest corner of the hall.

“I am no disturber of the peace, oh! prefect, much less a despiser of the great God. I am an Athenian, true to the emperor and obedient to all righteous laws. My love for the commonwealth has been proved, in that I have labored day and night for that reformation among the people which the good Antoninus declared to be so necessary for the state. For to what have we not fallen! Where is our virtue fled? The whole community is a festering sore, and the spirit of the populace and the purity of our wives have departed. When Roman matrons build booths beneath the Aventine, and, dressed as tavern girls, traffic their

favors, from very whim, to profligate, as in the days of Nero—when the Roman people look idly on, as at a gladiator's show, cheering at every fluctuation of the battle, while their generals are fighting from street to street for the empire, as did Vitellius and Vespasian—Does not the state need reformation? And the faith I come to teach will work that reformation. Look at us Christians—do we commit crimes against the laws, or live lives of depravity and shamelessness? But, whether you listen to our tidings or not, be just, oh! prefect, and tolerate our religion, as you tolerate that of Egypt or of Zoroaster."

The address of the Christian was not one to please a Roman mob, and the sympathy that had, at first, been enlisted in his favor gave way before his allusions to their levity of conduct on the day when Vespasian fought his rival in four different quarters of the city, while immense crowds looked on, as at a public spectacle, cheering the combatants, and indifferent to whom the victory should fall, so that their daily dole of corn was forthcoming. Murmurs began once more to be heard in the crowd, and angry faces scowled up at him. Nor were the patrician benches more pleased. His allusion to the notorious profligacy of the higher classes was not to be brooked. Many a sullen senator gathered his robe around him and curled his lip, while sharp, angry glances were darted at the speaker from eyes half hid under the lowering brow. The prefect turned from the tumultuous populace to the angry patricians, and his frown deepened after the survey.

"Dost thou acknowledge thyself to be a Christian?—one of that accursed sect which has brought on us our late calamities?"

"I worship the one true God: as thou sayest, I am a Christian. But I am no enemy to the state; and the calamities you speak of are the work of our God, and not of the harmless ones ye worship," said the unshrinking Christian.

The speaker's words fell amid the rabble as a lighted match on powder; for no sooner had he uttered this last sentence than shouts and yells of rage rose from every quarter of the hall, and a general movement of the populace toward the bar showed that they would have torn him to pieces could they have laid hands on him.

"He blasphemes the gods! Away with him! To the lions! to the lions!" were the shouts vociferated on all sides. "Scourge him. Give him to wild horses."

For some minutes the uproar was deafening, and it was with difficulty that the soldiers could prevent the mob from gaining the bar and murdering the prisoner. Weapons were brandished at him with frantic gestures, men far back climbed on the shoulders of others to see and curse him, and the dense mass of the populace boomed wildly to and fro, like the ocean shaken by a mighty wind. But the prisoner continued unmoved. Calmly he gazed on the angry rabble, and once or twice he raised his arm, as if for silence, and essayed to speak. But the howls only increased. At length he desisted, and turned to the judge. That functionary waited a few moments until the uproar

had partially subsided, when he signed to an officer, and said loud enough to be heard by all—

"He admits his atheism. Take him away. The people demand him for the lions, and to the lions we award him."

The sentence was heard with frantic demonstrations of joy. As the prefect ceased, majestically waving his hand, a wild shout of exultation was yelled out from the mob, many of whose members sprang up and waved their arms on high, while the citizens on the patrician benches turned and nodded approvingly to each other, and smiled at the demonstrations of the rabble. Amid the uproar the victim was led from the hall, followed as he departed by hisses, groans and laughs of mockery. To the last he maintained his equanimity, and moved with a composed step from the room. Just as he reached the door, however, he turned to give a pitying look on the mob. The next moment he was lost to sight.

The populace were now in high good humor, and as praises of the prefect passed from tongue to tongue, a complacent air spread over the countenance of that individual, and, rising from his seat, he slightly yawned, and the next minute was engaged in a gay conversation with a senator whom he had beckoned toward him. His example was imitated by the patricians, and many a jest was bandied, and many a snatch of fresh gossip told during the interval that elapsed before a second prisoner was brought in.

Again, however, the door opened, and the prefect resumed his seat, and again the crowd nervously composed itself to quiet, waiting curiously for the new comer to appear.

A bustle at the entrance soon announced the approach of the second prisoner, and all eyes immediately were turned in that direction, when there appeared a young female, obviously of the middling if not higher class, moving unsupported amid the officers with a slow and graceful step. If there is such a thing as music in motion it was there in her swan-like movements. Her form was faultless, and displayed to great advantage in her classic robe, with its delicate waist and girdle, and the flowing drapery beneath. Her eyes were downcast, and a deep blush on her cheek, contrasting finely with the dark, drooping lashes, betrayed her consciousness of the many eyes that were on her. There was a mixture of dignity and modesty about her that impressed the spectators in her favor. Indeed the audience seemed taken by surprise. The senators stared inquiringly from the prefect to her, and the populace, pressing forward, looked on admiringly a moment; then a buzz of admiration ran around the room; and, finally, the spectators, as if by a common impulse, broke into applause. At this the crimson deepened on her cheek, and her form visibly trembled. She advanced more hastily, and assumed her place at the bar. It was Lydia.

Subdued by her demeanor, as well as by her beauty, the judge waited a moment for her to compose herself, and when he addressed her he spoke in a soft and even kind tone, far different from the one he had used toward the priest.

"Surely thou art not a Christian?" he said.

Lydia did not raise her head, but her bosom heaved with agitation. The judge waited full two minutes, and then said gently,

"Compose yourself, and do not hasten your answer. Thou canst not be a Christian."

Encouraged by this kindness, and perhaps ashamed of the timidity of her sex, she now looked up, with a holy enthusiasm gleaming on her face. The sudden raising of her head revealed for the first time the resplendent beauty of her countenance. It produced a visible effect; all eyes gazed on her in admiration; for apart from the statue-like chiseling of her features, there was that beauty of the soul now shining in the face, which awed the observers. They hung eagerly on her accents, as those rich, melodious tones, clear and sweet yet firm, melted from her tongue.

"I am a Christian, most noble judge. But surely that is no crime."

A deep, prolonged sigh from the audience, who had hung breathlessly on her words, was the response. The prefect shifted his seat and leaned anxiously forward. A look of regret, mingled here and there with sympathy, ran along the patrician bench. The populace were gloomily silent, some frowning, but the larger portion seeming inclined to pity.

"Think again," said the judge mildly. "If you persist I must condemn you, according to the rescript of the emperor. But sacrifice, and you are free."

Lydia had buried her face again on her hands, nor did she now look up, but she shook her head in the negative. A shade of disappointment alternated with displeasure on the face of the judge. He hesitated for a moment.

"You cannot mean this. You are young, very lovely," he continued, emphasizing the word, "and can count on many years of happiness. The death to which I must condemn you, if you persist, is painful. Only blaspheme Christ and you are free."

The judge spoke in earnest pleading, and his voice trembled with anxiety as he closed, while the spectators on the patrician bench leaned forward eagerly to listen for the response. For a slight space Lydia did not look up. She evidently felt for the sympathy shown toward her, and the color went and came on her cheek between the taper fingers which half concealed it. But her irresolution, if such had dictated her pause, was only for a minute. She raised her head, and looked firmly and even proudly at the judge. The sensitive girl was lost in the resolved Christian. Her eyes shone with the lustre of high excitement, and her cheeks and neck were flushed with a deep roseate hue, that made her beauty more resplendent than ever. Her voice was clear and firm, and though not loud, penetrated to the farthest listener.

"Blas-pheme Christ!" she began, almost in indignation, "never—never. I am a Christian, and fear not to own it. You may torment these poor frail limbs," and she outstretched her arms, "but you cannot harm the soul."

Courage is ever a favorite with the mob, and though in the priest it had failed to gain the sympathies of the rabble, yet now, united to the maiden's beauty,

and to the interest inspired by her whole preceding demeanor, it appealed irresistibly to their hearts. The populace did not indeed break out into applause, for that their bitter hatred of Christianity forbade; but they stood in melancholy quiet, as if filled with regret. Lydia remained silent for an instant, when the flush of excitement gradually died from her face. She dropped her eyes on the ground, while the judge proceeded to pronounce her doom.

But at this crisis a sudden noise was heard at the private entrance, as if the officers were endeavoring to keep out some person who was determined on ingress. Voices were heard in loud altercation. Lydia started, and her eyes sought the entrance; then she turned ashy pale, and her form trembled: while the door was now flung rudely open and a young Roman, with disordered dress, flushed features, wild eye, and every evidence of high excitement, dashed into the hall. His eye instantly sought the spot where the prisoner stood, and springing heedlessly over the benches he was at her side, sustaining her now shrinking form, and turning with a look of inquiry and defiance from the judge to the audience.

"I have come to save thee, Lydia," were his first words, "look up and take cheer. It was but this very hour I heard of your peril. Forget our last meeting—I was too hasty. Prefect," he continued, "there is some mistake here: I will answer for this lady that she is no Christian. I, Caius, the son of Rufinus, known to hundreds here."

A burst of involuntary applause from the populace followed this speech. Astonishment was the next emotion depicted on every countenance. The judge said, after a pause—

"Thou art known for an honest citizen; but she has acknowledged herself a Christian, and thou art not ignorant of the consequences."

A pang of keen anguish shot across the lover's face.

"Can this be so, Lydia?" he said, bending over the girl, who, overcome by his sudden appearance, had burst into tears on his bosom. "Recall those words—say thou art not a Christian—promise to sacrifice—" and seeing she made no answer, he exclaimed with a burst of passionate entreaty, "Oh! Lydia, Lydia, have mercy on me, and do not break my heart."

The poor girl did not answer, except by her tears, which flowed uncontrollably. She clung to her lover, who hung over her with the solicitude of a parent for her child. It was a sight to affect even the sternest heart, and more than one spectator turned his dimmed eyes from the scene. The struggle, meantime, in Lydia's breast was told by her violent emotion. Until the appearance of her lover she had believed herself deserted by him, and death, therefore, was shorn of half its terrors, even without the aid of religion—for Lydia was human. But his sudden burst into the room had produced a revolution in all her feelings. She was not now wholly alone in the world, she was still loved, and the temptation grew strong within her. For an instant, in hearing her lover's agonizing words, and in feeling the anxious beating of his heart, she forgot her faith. But it was only for an instant. She remembered what sufferings a greater



than she had endured for her sake, and her courage and determination rose again.

"Oh! tempt me not," she said, looking up pleadingly through her tears, "not even for you, dear Caius, can I desert my faith. Would that this cup could have passed from me," she continued, lifting her streaming eyes above, "yet not my will, oh! God, but thine be done."

Her lover groaned audibly, and strained her convulsively to his bosom. Then he held her a space from him and gazed agonizingly into her face. Again he clasped her to his bosom, and when the officers approached to separate him, he glared at them like an angry tiger.

"Off—off!" he shouted, encircling Lydia's almost inanimate form with one arm, while he raised the other menacingly at the officers. "off, I say—she shall not die. Oh! ye gods above," he exclaimed with an agonizing burst, "will ye look down and see my Lydia torn with lions! Strike with thy thunder, dread Jupiter, those who would murder her."

At this instant the prefect made a sign to the officers, who seized the opportunity to rush in on the frantic man. He struggled in their grasp as Laocoon with the serpent; but equally in vain; and at length, when he saw Lydia torn from him, he fell exhausted and senseless, like a maniac whose fit has passed off, into the officers' arms. He was thus mercifully spared from hearing the sentence of the judge, which condemned that fair form, on which he had doted almost to idolatry, to the dread penalty of the arena.

There were many sad faces went forth from the prefect's hall that day, for, immediately after he had pronounced sentence on Lydia, that functionary adjourned the court, feeling incapacitated for further business. A general gloom settled on all. Pity for Lydia was universal. The spectators knew that the edict of the emperor was not to be broken, for how could one professing the new and accursed faith, however beautiful she might be, escape the common punishment without injury to the general good.

"And poor Caius," said the prefect, as he walked out with a senator, "I pity him almost as much as her. I knew his father well, they are of the old race of Romans. His reason is doubtless shaken by this event: if I thought otherwise it would be impossible for me to overlook his contempt of the court."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.—*Childe Harold.*

At the termination of the Sacra Via there stood, at the period of our story, the favorite amphitheatre of Rome. Centuries have passed since then, yet still the Colosseum stands, lifting its gray, gigantic walls to heaven, though now shattered by the slow decay of time and the earthquakes of nearly twenty centuries. It has seen more vicissitudes than a history as voluminous as that of Guicciardini could reveal. It has been an amphitheatre, a fortress, a hospital, a bazar, and a Christian church; and its enormous ruins formed the mine out of which materials were dug for half the palaces of the modern

town. It stood there when Constantine bore the Labarum into Rome; it heard the revellers of the Gothic king when they feasted in the Palatine; it looked down on the hosts of the Crusaders: it beheld the crowning of Petrarch; it saw the sack of Bourbon; and there it stands yet, with its stern and furrowed face, contemplating the polished races who come to wonder at it, and who, at its first erection, were still the rude savages described by Tacitus. You cannot visit that rugged old edifice, especially when by moonlight its walls appear to swell into immensity, without experiencing that unutterable awe which overpowered you when in childhood you speculated on the boundlessness of the horizon.

The cloudless sun of an Italian sky shone down on the Colosseum sixteen centuries ago as it shines to-day; but the now desolate expanse was then filled with countless multitudes, rising backward from the arena, bench piled above bench, until the uppermost spectators seemed, when viewed from the seats below, to have dwindled into pigmies. Every eye in this vast concourse was turned anxiously on the plain below, as if momentarily expecting the appearance of a new victim; men, and even women, leaned forward from their seats: but the most profound silence brooded over the vast mass, except when a long drawn breath, evincing the absorbing interest of the spectators, rose up from the thousands present, or the sudden howl of a lion was heard at intervals, breaking startlingly from the recesses under the amphitheatre, where the beasts were confined.

It was one of the great festivals with which the Roman emperors were accustomed to buy popularity from the mob, and since early sunrise the crowd had been entertained by gladiatorial fights of every description. There had been boxing matches; contests where the opponents fought, naked or in armor, with the sword; a battle between the retarus and his usual opponent; one or two other combats, and a show in which a gladiator had combated successfully with a tiger. But now the most deeply interesting portion of the day was at hand. The Christians, condemned a few days before, were to be cast to the lions, and the suspense grew intolerable.

At length the signal was given, and each spectator, bending eagerly forward, saw a tall, dignified man, somewhat advanced in years, led into the arena. His usual garments had been denied him, and he wore no raiment except a circlet around his loins. The long silvery hair, the massive brow, and the mild aspect of the victim, surrounded him with an interest not usually obtained by persons condemned to the amphitheatre, for the Roman populace, long accustomed to the ferocities of the circus, looked on the murders perpetrated there much as a Spaniard now regards a bull-fight. But the dignified air of the sufferer, on the present occasion, increased the general interest which was felt in the approaching tragedy; and when, having advanced a space into the arena, he cast his eyes proudly around the benches, his look, which seemed to challenge all to behold how a Christian could die, comforted the rabble in the belief that they should have rare sport for the delay that had occurred.

After a calm and steady survey of the vast assembly, the Christian martyr sank to his knees, and, burying his face on his hands, prayed audibly; but the sounds, though distinguishable on the lower benches, were lost before reaching the populace above. Then he rose to his feet, and fixed his gaze on the cage, near the centre of the arena, where a tiger was confined. There was no blanching of the cheek nor quivering of the eye as he regarded it. A glorious smile lit up his countenance, and he turned his face involuntarily upward, as some thought to take a last look at the sunlit sky; but such was not his object; his thoughts were indeed heavenward, but fixed on the God he served. While thus gazing, with arms folded on his breast, a cry was heard, and the enraged and famished beast, loosened from his cage, sprang through the air, passing, at one bound, half the distance between his den and the victim. The Christian martyr well knew the meaning of that savage cry, which made every heart but his own in that vast assembly beat more quickly, and bending his head devoutly he awaited the final blow. With another wild howl and a rushing sound it came. They saw the creature throw itself on its haunches for the spring; they saw it darting through the air, like an arrow shot from a bow; and, even as they looked, the martyr lay prostrate on the sands of the arena, while the famished beast stood over him with its paw on his neck. A single blow had broken the spine. The Christian was with his God.\*

This tragic scene being over, and the arena sprinkled with fresh sand, a second pause fell on the assembly, preparatory to the introduction of another victim.

"Who is to feed the lion?" said one senator to another, as he lounged back in his seat, like a modern dandy at the opera. "I believe that comes next."

"Have you not heard?—ah! you have been from Rome during the past week. A Scioite girl, of a noble Greek family, I am told, who has turned Christian, and was condemned the same day with the atheist who has just suffered. The others, reserved from the mob, are to be tried when the emperor returns. She is said to be beautiful, but I know little of her except that she was betrothed to Caius Rufinus, whom I believe you know."

"To Caius?" said the other, in undisguised astonishment; "Per Hercules! But where is he, where are her friends—was no effort made to save her?"

"Yes! but the prefect dared not listen to a petition, for you know," here the speaker's voice sunk to a whisper, "that he is a little out of favor with the emperor, and the rescript is positive that all who confess themselves Christians are to be put to death. I happened to be present at the trial, and, by the gods! she carried herself like a Juno. He made every effort to persuade her to recant, but in vain; and just as he was about to sentence her Caius burst frantically into the hall, and besought her, in the most moving accents, to sacrifice. It was quite a romance, indeed. But she was immovable, and so there was nothing

left but to condemn her, though I would have given my estate at Bona that she might be saved."

"But Caius—has he done nothing for her? He is rich, and money will do much, you know."

"Alas! there is the worst of it. Poor Caius was borne insensible from the hall, and revived only to become a maniac. The gods have struck him! Three days ago he escaped from his relations, and yesterday," and the speaker's voice sunk to a deeper melancholy, "a body was found on the shores of the Tiber, swollen and disfigured, but which has been recognized as that of the unfortunate youth, and is to be burned with due obsequies to-day."

The speaker sighed, and both relapsed into silence. But their quiet was not of long duration, for almost immediately the signal was given, and the next victim was ushered into the arena. The two senators looked up and beheld, kneeling on the sands, like a sculptured figure on a monument, a female attired in white. They knew instinctively that she was Lydia.

Fragments of her story had got abroad in the crowd, distorted it is true in many of the facts, but still substantially correct, and the result had been that a feeling of compassion, very unlike that usually entertained for persons in her situation, had become general. During the delay that preceded her appearance her beauty, her orphanage, her demeanor at the trial, and the melancholy fate of her lover, had formed themes for conversation, so that all were predisposed to pity her; and now when she entered, the glimpse caught of her sweet, sad face, as she looked a moment timidly at the crowd ere she sank to her knees a few paces from the benches, had a visible effect in her favor. Men shook their heads, and women clasped their hands; and the audience, as its different members strove to catch a sight of her, moved restlessly to and fro, as when the wind runs in waves over a field of summer corn.

But what, meantime, were the thoughts of the victim? We know not whether to say that her ignorance of her lover's fate was blissful or not, for on the one hand she would have mourned his death, and on the other her uncertainty was torturing. That something had happened to him she felt assured, for she knew that neither bars nor jaieters could have kept him from her presence if he had been able to visit her. She had only a faint remembrance of the closing events of her trial, but it seemed to her, as if in a dream, that Caius had been carried senseless from the hall. Since then she had hourly expected to hear from him, and her suspense, from day to day, grew more intolerable at his absence. Perhaps she would have sunk under it, had it not been for the sympathy and prayers of the aged minister, with whom she had been mercifully allowed to spend much of her time. Often she almost gave way to despair. Then a heavenly calm would take possession of her. But amid these fluctuations she gradually rose superior to earthly sorrows, each day that brought her nearer to her fate making her more resigned, and even rejoicing, so that when, scarcely half an hour before, she had parted with her last earthly friend, ere he was led out to suffer, it seemed as if all mundane ties

\* The bronze reliefs in the Vatican represent the lions chained, and the victims at their feet: but we have chosen to follow the popular impression.

were thenceforth broken. Since then, and until the officers appeared to summon her, she had been engaged in prayer. Mechanically she had followed to the arena. But when she cast her eyes on the vast circle of faces rising around her, as if crowding the sides of a whirlpool in whose vortex she was placed, the suddenly increased beating of her heart, and the rush of the crimson over her cheek and even neck, revealed to her that a spark of earthly feeling yet remained which had not been rooted out. She saw herself the centre of observation to what seemed to her all Rome, with not a solitary friend in the whole vast assembly. A sensation of utter loneliness crushed her heart within her. All the old sweet recollections of love and happiness with Caius—the moonlit bay where first they became acquainted, the groves where they had been wont to worship, the fountain where beneath the stars he had first breathed his vows—these, and many other tender memories rushed across her mind, and, for a moment, the Christian was lost in the woman. She raised her face beseechingly to the crowd, and none who then saw that sad, sweet countenance, ever forgot it.

But, with the murmur of pity that woke and died along the immense living mass, like the mysterious sounds that come and go in the pine-woods on a mountain side, there rushed across her mind the consciousness of her momentary weakness, and, trembling even at that solitary regret over earthly things when eternity was so near, she sank to her knees, and bowing her head in the dust, prayed inwardly for strength from on high. It was a sight to touch peculiarly the sympathies of the audience. The long white dress in which she had been allowed to attire herself falling in graceful folds around her person, gave her the beauty of a marble statue, and heightened the interest in her favor; while her meek demeanor on entering, and her pleading though momentary look, subdued even those who had refused to join in the late murmur of compassion. At this instant the lion, provided for her sacrifice, uttered a sudden howl. It thrilled the hearers with electric suddenness. A shudder ran through the assembly. The judge who presided at the games, perceiving the emotions of the crowd, and humanely wishing to have the ceremony over as speedily as possible, gave the signal for the beast to be unloosed, and the keeper sprang into the arena and advanced for that purpose.

The excitement in the spectators had now risen to an ungovernable pitch. For the moment every other emotion but that of pity had passed from their breasts, and they gazed breathlessly on the arena, though shuddering as they gazed. Large numbers, however, turned sick at the sight; while, as the keeper placed his hand on the door bolt and paused an instant to look at the kneeling figure of the maiden, every eye followed his own, and a groan of horror thrilled through the mighty mass. Audible sobs, and even shrieks, were heard from the benches appropriated to the women; many covered their faces with their hands; and, from the bustle in various spots, it was evident that others were fainting.

But suddenly a low murmur was heard from the

benches near the entrance, the words indeed undistinguishable to those higher in the theatre, but seemingly of strange import, for the sound, at first not louder than the whisperings of a summer breeze among light leaves, rose, and rose, and rose, swelling high and spreading wide, until it roared through the countless thousands like a whirlwind in a forest. The keeper paused with his hand on the bolt. The senators turned quickly toward the entrance. The more distant spectators rose, with a rushing sound, from their seats, to see the cause of the interruption, for though they had heard the murmur, they could not yet make out its words. All eyes soon rested on the figure of a man, advanced on one of the foremost benches, who stood holding an open roll in his hand, while the judge of the games was visible at his side. A deep hush instantaneously fell over the breathless audience, so that a feather might have been heard to fall.

"Save her!" were the first words of the stranger, and they thrilled, like the blast of a trumpet at night, through the vast assembly, "I bear the respite of the emperor."

He would have proceeded, but suddenly a shout arose, which, starting from a senator by the pretor's side, was taken up from bench to bench, until it encircled the amphitheatre, and rolling upward simultaneously to the spectator on the highest seat, swelled into a huzza that startled the distant boatmen on the Tiber, and dying at length away, rose and rose again, until the gigantic walls of the circus reeled, and the very heavens above seemed tremulous. Never before or since has such a shout arisen in those walls. The voices of eighty thousand human beings in exultation are a sound for a god to hear!

Not until the voice of the stranger was heard had Lydia looked up. But at the first echo of his accents she started from her kneeling posture, fixed her straining eyes on his form, and wildly clasped her hands. She apparently comprehended nothing, save that it was her lover she beheld, and, uttering the name of "Caius!" in a tone of thrilling joy, she sunk senseless in the sands. And even as the first murmur of that mighty shout arose, her lover had sprung into the arena, clasped her form in his arms and borne her toward the nearest benches. The sight fired still higher the wild rejoicings of the lookers on, and about after about pealed out until long after the principal actors had disappeared from the scene.

When the uproar of the excitement had subsided, the inquiry began to arise how he who was thought to be dead had thus opportunely arrived. The judge himself gave the explanation. We shall rehearse his tale, and with it the facts that subsequently came out. The story of the senator had, in the main, been true, at least up to the period when Caius had escaped from his friends. The young man was sensible of nothing until he awoke sane, on the ensuing morning, in the fields several miles from Rome. The late events seemed to him, at first, like those of a dream, but gradually he became assured of their terrible reality. The thought instantly struck him to go to the emperor, who was about this time expected at Milan, and

throwing himself at the feet of Aurelius never to rise until he obtained the pardon of Lydia. His father and the emperor had once served together, and a friendship had thus grown up between the two which only death had severed. He calculated the time it would take him to go and return, and found he had half a day to spare before the hour when Lydia would probably be led out to her doom. Providentially he found Aurelius at Milan, and, after almost giving up to despair, succeeded in winning a respite from the emperor, with a promise of a final pardon if the populace did not rise in a tumult at being disappointed of their prey; for the Roman emperors well knew, and none better than the second Antonine, that, though they might do with the aristocracy as they wished, to tamper with the prejudices of the people was a venture not safely to be made. With this promise, and the emperor's letter commanding a respite, Caius set forth, but he had been delayed so long in his suit, that, although he urged his way night and day with desperate haste, he reached the Circus, as we have seen, only at the last extremity. The body found on the shores of the Tiber, bearing a general resemblance to his person, was, in its mutilated state, easily mistaken for his own.

A few months later saw Lydia and Caius sitting side by side on one of those beautiful hills that overlook the shores of Italy. A noble mansion behind them, which they had for the moment deserted for the arbor where they sat, betokened that they had fixed their habitation in this secluded and delightful region. The sun had just set, and twilight was steal-

ing across the blue sea beneath them, while the evening star, hanging in lustrous beauty half way down the western firmament, trailed a long line of delicately penciled light on the top of the mimic billows that the night breeze raised. The low ripple of these billows on the beach far down came soothingly to the ear. The air was filled with fragrance. It was an hour and a spot for lovers; and there sat Lydia at the feet of Caius, with her hand clasped in his, and her soft eye gazing up into his face. Silence seemed best to become their feelings, and so, for a long time, neither spoke.

"Are we not happy?" at length murmured Lydia softly, as if fearful of breaking the spell by words.

"And it is all thy work," fondly whispered Caius, "oh! Lydia, but for thee I would never have been a Christian."

"Nay! nay! my husband," she responded, "didst thou not save my life? Would we be here were it not for thy favor with the emperor? Happiness! thy love has given me earthly happiness indeed—and for heavenly felicity! wilt thou not share it with me above?"

Her husband looked earnestly in her face a minute and replied.

"We have each aided the other, and, that we might do this, God taught us to love. I see now that the trials of this life are sent to enlarge our sympathies: and they who here suffer the most, rightly grow thereby best fitted for heaven. Hand in hand then let us go through life, each plucking the thorns from the other's pathway; thus will we grow into that perfect love for which we were intended hereafter."

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

Hours there are when falls the bitter tear,  
And from the bosom bursts the long pent sigh—  
When life seems but a desert, and the bier  
A couch beleeked with flowers, where kings might lie;  
And there are hours when Mirth, with laughing eye,  
Tosses her saffron wreath, or with her young  
And rosy playmate, Pleasure, merrily  
Dances a measure to some gay tune, sung  
By Fancy, on whose harp a thousand dreams are hung.

To-day the goblet and the mazy dance,  
Music and mirth, the laughter-loving lip,  
And beauty beaming in the bright eye's glance,  
While Youth and Joy to late and timbral trip;  
Quick bounds the heart, and deeply we must dip  
Into the cup of Pleasure—we forget  
That he who would be happy should but sip  
The bubbles from the brim—the chalice set  
With many-colored gems, yet holds the draught regret.

To-morrow brings a change—the eye is dull,  
The voice sounds hollow, and the cheek hath caught  
A flush as of a fever—you might cull  
A rose would match its crimson—hours have wrought  
Decay's dark work upon her, such as thought  
Sickens to look upon—then comes a thrill  
And tremor of the limbs, with meaning fraught—  
A pallor of the cheek—a creeping chill—  
A clutching of the hands—a shriek, short, sharp and shrill.

Stand by the couch, but utter not a word—  
Listen to that low muttering, it seems  
Like the faint whispering of spirits heard,  
At midnight, by the waters. Hark! she dreams,  
And tells us of her vision; of the streams  
That wash her father's cottage by the hill;  
Or is it frenzy?—for a wild light gleams,  
In her blue eyes, which love was wont to fill—  
Oh! leave me now—I'd be alone—'tis very still!

## IDA GREY.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

As the lone dove to far Palmyra flying  
From where her native founts of Antioch gleam,  
Weary, exhausted, thirsty, panting, sighing,  
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream—

So the worn soul, along Life's wayside faring,  
Love's pure, congenial spring unbound, unquaffed,  
Suffers, recoils, then helpless and despairing  
Of what it would, decades and epos the nearest draught. *Mrs. Brooks.*

No—I will not attempt to deny it. She was a coquette—a desperate one—a coquette by nature—yet wild, reckless, wayward and often heartless as she appeared—every body seemed to love her, and to be happy in her presence. How could they help it? She was the veriest sunbeam that ever gladdened the weary, weary world with beauty and with light. You would hardly have wondered, as she glided by you—“with the step of a fawn and the glance of a star”—to have seen fresh flowers spring suddenly up in the way—

“Wherever on the happy earth  
Those fairy footsteps fell.”

She was a privileged person, too, and was not to be judged by common rules. Every one was willing she should be a coquette—just as they would look indulgently, because of its beauty and its grace, on a lovely, petulant, impetuous and happy little humming-bird, as it darted from flower to flower, sometimes nestling tenderly within them, and sometimes tearing them mercilessly into atoms. She was a humming-bird to hearts—and nobody could find fault that what all were willing to give, she should be willing to take. The mischief was, that when the pet was disappointed, and did not find all the treasures she expected, the poor heart had to suffer for it like the flower. But then she was so bewitching, so sportive, so affectionate, so radiantly beautiful, that you could not help letting her have her own way with you and every body else. But I am not going to describe her. I shall merely remark—*en passant*—dear Mr. reader, to you, that she bore a decided and remarkable resemblance to your latest idol. And to you, dear Miss or Mrs. reader, that she looked exceedingly like—yourself. And now, of course, you are both satisfied that she must have been the most enchanting woman in existence—if not, the fault must lie in your taste, and not in my spirit of accommodation. After all, if she let too many love her, and shared with too many her heart, it was because she had more heart to spare than most people, and did not grudge it where it could give pleasure. Oh! but it was very idle, and foolish, and mad, and indiscreet, and improper, and undignified, and unwomanly! I do not deny it. I do not attempt to defend her. But I pity her from my soul. Poor little thing! Poor, dreaming, deluded little humming-bird! She had not found the right

flower yet, and so she wasted, ray by ray, and tint by tint, the light and bloom of her existence—with an ineffable yearning in her soul, constantly asking for something purer and holier and deeper and mightier than all the love she found.

Unhappily she seemed to think that the whole world was made for the accommodation and amusement of her own sweet self. And the world returned the compliment, and insisted that she was made for it. Both were mistaken—particularly the world. Never was there a being less fitted for its heartless conventionalisms than she. She ought to have been hidden in a sea-shell, singing the music taught her by the winds and waves, or shut up in a Night-Blowing Cereus, only when day had gone down to steal out and commune with the stars and her own soul. Then, perhaps, she would have found out what she was made for, before it was too late.

Ah! well, dear Ida! we will not blame you now. You have rued too dearly the folly, the recklessness, the waste of heart and time, which wore your sin.

At twenty-four she was a widow, and still a child in heart and manner. There was no teaching her to grow old—to be sedate like other folks. There was no scolding her into propriety—a child she was, and a child she would remain. An impulsive, thoughtless, passionate and charming child—utterly incapable of stopping to think long enough to look forward or back; living, loving, laughing, in the present, a light and willing “wait upon the stream”—without a fear or care, but with a heart and mind that needed and wanted only the divining-rod of that subtle enchanter Love, to yield up treasures untold, undreamed of; and he, the enchanter, was near—nearer than she thought.

She had loved her husband in her way—that is, with that playful, caressing, yielding, docile affection which she seemed ready to bestow on all who awoke her gratitude by kindness. But he was a sort of cypher in the world—scarcely more a cypher dead than alive. She could not rest upon his heart or look up to his mind, and when he died, she wept inconsolably for a week, and in a fortnight seemed almost to have forgotten that she had ever been married. Ah! now, don't call her names! I know you are doing so! and it seems to me as if I had cruelly put her own helpless little self upon the paper, and thus exposed her to your harsh censure—and I feel an

almost irresistible impulse to put my hand tenderly and cherishingly over what I have said of her—the darling little humming-bird!—and so guard her from your cold rebuke!

I cannot help it! In spite of her coquetry—her folly—her vanity—her sauciness—she was just the dearest, loveliest and most winning creature that ever breathed the breath of life! It is a fib the sages tell, when they say every thing has its use. There were some things intended by nature to be utterly useless—for instance, the butterfly and Ida Grey. They were just sent into the world to be happy and beautiful—“only that and nothing more.” There are useful people, and grave people, and sensible people enough in the world already. Let the butterfly and Ida go! We will not clip *their* wings. Ah! if only *Love* had let her go!

I have thus far written of her as she appeared to the little world of friends of whom she was at once the idol, the pet, the torment. How little did we guess the strange, wild, passionate *inner* life, which that seemingly light and gay child of frolic and caprice was leading?

The last time I saw her in the gay world, was at a small but brilliant party, given by her friend Mrs. M—, about eighteen months after the death of Ida's husband. That night she was in one of her wildest moods, and as her soft joyous laugh,

“without any control,  
Save the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from her soul,”

all eyes were turned toward her, for all acknowledged a magic music in that laugh, which was perfectly irresistible. But afterward, as I sat watching, in the dance,

“Her airy step and glorious eye,  
That glanced in tameless transport by,

I saw her suddenly pause—the jest died on her lip—her gaze was riveted for an instant on a distant part of the room—and then blushing deeply, and faltering some hurried excuse to her partner, she left the dance and took a seat by my side. There she remained still and pale, looking down upon the rich bouquet which lay in her hand upon her knee. I asked if she were ill. She shook her head but did not speak. About fifteen minutes had thus passed, when our host approached with a remarkable looking man, whose face once seen could never be forgotten, so wonderfully spiritual was its expression. As Mr. M. asked permission to introduce his friend, Ida raised her head—

“Bloom to her cheek—fire to her eye—  
Smiles to her lip—like magic rise!”

I never saw so sudden and so lovely a change, except perhaps of a midsummer's afternoon, in heaven, in the midst of a shower, when the glorious sunlight suddenly flashes out through the clouds, leading them all a radiant rosy hue, and filling the whole atmosphere with beauty and with joy.

Only a few, formal words passed between Ida and her new acquaintance; but I remarked that his keen gray eyes were bent with singular earnestness upon her face, and though his manner and expressions were

merely and coldly courteous, there was a peculiar *depth* in his tone, which only some strong emotion could have given it.

From that evening Ida Grey was seen no more in society. She shut herself up in her little study, and read and wrote, and saw only her most intimate friends, for six months, and then she entered the convent at ——. On parting with her friends she gave to each some graceful token of affection—and with me she left the dearest of all, her journal, some extracts from which will best illustrate that inner life of which I have before spoken.

“I have seen him at last!—him of whom I have read and heard so much! For several days before our introduction there had been a presentiment at my heart that stilled and averted it—a presentiment that something was about to happen which would affect my whole future life, here and hereafter—the *outcome* of that life—and when we met I was so strangely affected that I could hardly speak. His own manner, cold and calm yet courteous, only added to my embarrassment. I knew that he had heard much of me, and had sought an introduction, and I cannot tell why, but I was foolish enough to expect that he would meet me frankly and cordially, and that we should be friends at once. But no! he was strangely distant. We spoke but a few formal words, and then we parted—parted! ah no! we shall never part again! Our souls are one forever! Yes! cold and careless as he seems, he loves me—or *will* love me! I feel it in my heart. He belongs to me, to me alone. I do not care to see him again in this world. It is better not, for his earthly nature is another's. He is married. His wife, they say, is cold and does not love him. They need not have told me this—I should have known it; for I believe that a true, heaven-inspired love is always met by its counterpart. If destiny had willed her to love him, he would have loved *her*—and do I not know that he is *my* destiny? She will find hers hereafter. No! we will not meet here any more, or if we do we will not reveal our souls. I can wait—for have we not eternity before us—and here there would be so much to alloy the poetry and beauty of our love. Eternity! what a sense of weariness that word has always until now conveyed into my soul! Impious as it may seem, I could almost feel it stretch its wings and yawn in an involuntary and prophetic fit of *ennui* at the thought; for I could not conceive—since in this world I so soon weary of every thing and every body—since I had never known a pleasure which I cared to have last, and had never been contented in my life—I could not, I say, imagine how, in another world, I was to employ eternity so as to be happy and contented. But now I see clearly that there is indeed a heaven for me as for others. Ah! not even eternity can be too long for *our love*! My soul has so much to say to his, and his so much for mine! and we shall have so much to do—for, blest ourselves, we shall then feel the sweet necessity of blessing others—and so much to learn, too. He, with his wonderful, lightning intellect, which even *here* seems godlike, will there receive all those divine truths of which this

world is but the primer, so much faster than I, that he must needs teach *me* himself! Ah! will not that be the true luxury of heaven? to love and to learn of one who loves me! I do not think I ever *felt* my soul before—and now all life but the soul-life is nothing to me. How purely intellectual and spiritual is the beauty of his face and head! He thinks, he talks, he writes, he looks as never did man before!

"We have met again. I am grieved. I am not so happy as I was. He has written to me words of almost divine passion. Ah! why did he do this? Why could not he too wait—as I would have done—with that serene and dear consciousness in my soul, that we are, not 'all the world' but all *heaven* to each other? And yet it is sweet to read those thrilling words. He feels, as I knew he felt—that God has sent him to me—to calm my heart—to spiritualize my being—to wean me from the world. How perfectly already he sees into my soul. He understands, he appreciates me as no one else does or can. He sees at once all my faults, all my errors, all the good, all the beauty that is in me—and to him alone of all the world would I wish or dare to confide the secrets of my past life. It is his fate to love me—it is mine to love him—and we can and must forgive all the past in each other, for the sake of the sweet present and the glorious future. How utterly has he merged all self in his beautiful and happy love for me! and what an exulting consciousness is mine that I am worthy of it! in spite of all the past. Ah! if I were *not* worthy, Heaven would not suffer him to love me—to sacrifice that proud and noble and mighty heart upon a false and worthless shrine! Yes, darling of my life! soul of my soul! you do me that justice—you believe, you know, as I do, that my nature is pure, and that even were it not, your love and mine would make it so! Yes! he has generously forgiven me for all the wrong I did him ere he came; for all that levity in my past life which was treachery to him; and every tone of pardon and of love, and every glance of his soul from those dark, keen, eloquent eyes, melt more and more my heart, and make it more and more worthy of his own.

"He bids me tell him that I love him, as proudly as if he had a right, an unquestionable, an undoubted, a divine right to demand my love. Ah! with what grand and simple eloquence he writes! Yet I would that he had spared me until our spirits meet in Heaven!"

I shall make but one more extract from this singular journal—it is a poem, dated several weeks later than the above.

If our poor little Ida could only have been allowed to remain in that soul world into which her pure aspirations had wafted her—to remain there with her one hope for the sustenance of her spirit—she might yet have been happy; but the following verses will show that her divine nature at times "bent to its clay," like others.

TO —.

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,  
When young romance made Eden of the world,

When bird-like Hope was ever on the wing,  
(In thy dear breast how soon had it been furl'd!)

Had we but met when both our hearts were beating  
With the wild joy—the guileless love of youth—  
Thou a proud boy—with frank and ardent greeting—  
And I, a timid girl, all trust and truth:

Ere yet my pulse's light, elastic play  
Had learned the weary weight of grief to know,  
Ere from these eyes had passed the morning ray,  
And from my cheek the early rose's glow;

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,  
Ere wrong and falsehood taught me doubt and fear,  
Ere hope came back with worn and wounded wing,  
To die upon the heart she could not cheer;

Ere I love's precious pearl had vainly lavished,  
Pledging an idol dear to my despair;  
Ere one by one the buds and blooms were ravished  
From life's rich garland by the clasp of care.

Ah! had we *then* but met!—I dare not listen  
To the wild whispers of my fancy now!  
My full heart beats—my ear, drooped lashed given—  
I hear the music of thy *boyhood's* vow!

I see thy dark eyes lustrous with love's meaning,  
I feel thy dear hand softly clasp mine own—  
Thy noble form is fondly o'er the leaning—  
It is too much—but ah! the dream has flown!

How had I poured this passionate heart's devotion  
In voiceless rapture on thy manly breast!  
How had I hushed each sorrowful emotion,  
Lulled by thy love to sweet, untroubled rest!

How had I knelt hour after hour beside thee,  
When from thy lips the rare, scholastic lore  
Fell on the soul that all but defied thee,  
While at each pause, I, childlike, prayed for more.

How had I watched the shadow of each feeling  
That moved thy soul, glance o'er that radiant face,  
"Tuning my wild heart" to that dear revealing,  
And glorying in thy genius and thy grace!

Then hadst thou loved me with a love abiding,  
And I had now been less unworthy thee,  
For I was generous, guileless and confiding,  
A frank enthusiast—buoyant, fresh and free.

But *now*, my loftiest aspirations perished,  
My holiest hopes—a jest for lips profane,  
The tenderest yearnings of my soul uncherished,  
A soul-worn slave in Custom's iron chain,—

Checked by those ties that make my lightest sigh,  
My faintest blush, at thought of thee, a crime—  
How must I still my heart, and school my eye,  
And count in vain the slow, dull steps of Time.

Wilt thou come back? Ah! what avails to ask thee,  
Since Honor, Faith, forbid thee to return!  
Yet to forgetfulness I dare not task thee,  
Lest thou too soon that *easy lesson* learn!

Ah! come not back, love! even through memory's ear  
Thy tone's melodious murmur thrills my heart—  
Come not with that fond smile, so frank, so dear—  
While yet we may—let us forever part!

## BENDING THE TWIG.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"I see nothing peculiar about her."

Very coolly and complacently dropped the above words from lips which seemed to be totally unaware of the deed of death they were doing; crushing the rare fancies of love's weaving, with the same indifference that your horse dyes his coarse hoofs in prairie-blossoms, or the followers of the Prophet treat an inconvenient beauty to a coral pillow and a silver coverlet. A heart-swell, deeper than a sigh, a quick flushing over of the cheeks and forehead, then a closing of the slightly parted lips, a drooping of the lids, and a tenderly caressing movement of the hands followed this confession of short-sightedness. Oh! what cold, blind, unappreciative beings fathers are! As though genius never hid itself under a baby-cap!

"I see nothing peculiar about her."

The faithless father, as he repeated his observation, brushed back the hair from his full, mathematical forehead, and, casting on his wife a glance full of pity for her weakness, turned to a huge folio volume spread open on the table beside him, and resumed the business in which he had been interrupted. The mother, however, was not abashed, only silenced. She passed her fingers over the vein-crossed forehead of her sleeping child, measuring the distances on it with her lips, then took the fat little hand in her own, still following the purple current till it terminated in the rosy-tipped fingers.

"Direct from the heart," she murmured; "God help thee, my Ida!" As she spoke the child opened wide a pair of dark, burning eyes, and fixed them on her face with the far-reaching expression she had often observed, and which seemed to her indicative of something like "second sight."

"There!" exclaimed the mother triumphantly, yet without venturing to point a finger, for it seemed as though the child read all her thoughts.

"Her eyes are certainly very bright; something like yours, Mary."

"Oh! you don't see it—you don't see it! God help her, for genius is a dangerous gift!"

"God help her!" echoed the father with a half-sigh. He meant his wife.

And what *did* bring those two strangely assorted people together? Certainly not sympathy. It might have been a trick of Dan Cupid's, but even he, with all his perverse blindness, seldom makes such a blunder as that. Besides, they did not look very much like turtle doves; and nothing less than entireness of idolatry, the wildest infatuation, could have bidden fate to spread the same roof over heads so different. The marble-browed, marble-hearted philosopher and the Pythoness! I never saw an improvisatrice, but

I dare say that Mary Ravelin looked more like this wild daughter of passion and poetry than any being since the days of the burning-lipped Corinna. Oh! a superb creature was Mary Ravelin, with her dark, regal brow, and sloe-colored eyes centred by a blazing diamond. And that *she*, of all peerless ones, should be the wife of the sluggish-hearted Thomas Ravelin! How *did* it come to pass? Enough that the bird of Jove does sometimes consort with the barn-yard fowl—I mean when these bipeds are minus the feathers. Plumed things keep up the natural distinctions, which the philosopher's plucked turkey is striving with all his might to destroy. But the most vexatious part of the business was, that Thomas Ravelin never knew that he was the possessor of a double diamond, and really rated his wife below other women, in proportion as she rose above them. Did Mary submit to this thralldom? Certainly. Like the generality of mankind she did not know herself. She might, at times, have had a kind of inward consciousness that Heaven had stamped her soul with a loftier seal than others—she certainly knew that she felt unlike them; that there was a depth, and intensity in her nature, a tumultuous sea of passion and pathos that sometimes broke over all boundaries, and gave her a momentary power and grandeur, acknowledged by all but one. There was something in the smile between pity and contempt which greeted her at such moments, well calculated to tame the sybil. She feared her husband—not because he was unkind, but his glance chilled her gasping heart, and held her passionate spirit in abeyance. And Mary Ravelin was far from being happy. No undeveloped nature is happy. The inward stirring, the aimless restlessness of spirit—oh! we *feel* what we are, when we do not *know* it. Neither can a misplaced nature be happy—cage the sky-lark, or bring the spotted trout to your bower of roses, and see. So, though flashes of her real inner self were every day breaking forth like summer lightning, Mary Ravelin's higher nature was undeveloped; her wings had been clipped; she had been borne away out of her native element, and she was consequently miserable. Well for her that she had one sustaining, regulating principle. But even her religion was unlike her husband's. It was the deep, impassioned faith, the high-wrought enthusiasm of the martyrs. It was the only field in which her lofty nature might revel uncontrolled; in which her power of loving might be called into action to its utmost stretch; where the high, and the good, and the beautiful all combined, with a harmony to which her own bosom furnished an echo. It was this which subdued the impatient soul of Mary Ravelin, made



her the careful wife—I had almost said the uncomplaining slave—of a man who believed himself acting a kindly part when he drew the chain about her spirit. Who dare call this an inferior kind of martyrdom?

Ida was romping, still in baby-frock and pinafore, among the vines in the garden—now thrusting her white arm among the leaves to grasp the bared shoulders of an elder sister, now shaking the blossoms above her head till they rained down upon her like a shower of colored rain-drops, then creeping away under the deep shadows, as a hare would hide itself, and raising her ringing voice to challenge pursuit. Ida might have been a genius, but she was no mere spirit-child. There was a love of the real, the actual, the earnest, breathing world of life in every turn of her pliant limbs, and in every glance of her eye. Whatever might have been swelling and shaping itself in the deep recesses of mind, there was a world without that she gloried in, loving it all the more for the key to its wondrous wealth which she bore in her bosom. And so she frolicked on, clapping her hands and laughing, and scampering off on her chubby little feet to plunge headlong into the fragrant thicket, or tumble into the arms of her playmates, with a hearty joyousness truly refreshing. Suddenly she paused in the midst of her wildest play, pressed the tip of a rosy finger against the already fully developed corner of her forehead, and gazed fixedly into the distance. The children frolicked before her, but she did not move a muscle—they attempted to take her hand, but she uttered a cry, as of pain, and they desisted.

"There Thomas!"

"What?"

"*She sees something.*"

"I should think not; she seems to be gazing on vacancy."

"I tell you, Thomas Ravelin, that child has a spirit in her beyond the common. Whether we have cause to weep or rejoice we are yet to know."

The husband looked a little interested. "Her temperament certainly differs essentially from Ruth's. She must be carefully educated, her tendencies checked—she must be taught self-control—"

"Taught! checked! educated! My poor Ida!"

The mother said no more. She seemed to be repertusing leaves of her own life, long since turned over, and as she read she trembled. The child's future presented a dismal page, for she saw it by the glooming light of her own sunless past.

"So unlike other children!" whispered the mother to herself, as she stooped among the vines and took her idol to her bosom. The child turned its dark eyes upon her wonderingly, passed its little hand along her throbbing temples, patted her flushed cheek, twined her black tresses for a few moments about its fingers, then nestled in her bosom and slept—certainly not unlike other children.

"Don't teach her any of your romantic notions, Mary," said Thomas Ravelin one day, when Ida had again become the subject of conversation.

"Teach her! No, Thomas, she is taught of a higher than I am—there is that within which may be shut,

locked there, but you cannot take it away. My poor Ida!"

"Ruth is now eighteen, she is well taught and discreet, with a strong judgment—"

"Ruth is my dependence."

"You have perfect confidence in her judgment?"

"Yes."

"Sometimes you even go to her for counsel."

"Oh! Ruth has five times the worldly wisdom that I have."

"Give Ida to her care then."

"*What!*"

"There is something in Ida's character out of tune—let her have—let her assist you in regulating it."

"She can't—she can't! Ida has more wisdom than all of us."

"Madam," interposed Thomas Ravelin sternly, "this is folly. Have done with these fancies, or the ruin of your child will be on your own head. Ida must be curbed and properly trained—"

"Then her mother's hand shall do it," interrupted Mary with proud dignity.

"As you will, Mary; but you well know the fruits of an ill-regulated imagination."

The mother crossed her arms on her breast and raised her eyes upward. She was praying God for wisdom.

"He is right—I shall make her as miserable as I have been," was the burden of her reflections that evening, "but can I give up the budding intellect to another's watchings. No, no, the sweet task of guiding and pruning be mine. But I have so many faults. *He* calls me impulsive, unreasonable, and Ruth is always so correct—always in the right—I *shall* need her judgment. Any thing for thy sake, my Ida. I have reason to distrust myself, and Ruth shall share the dearest of all duties with me."

Ruth did share in what should have been altogether a love-labor; and little Ida, though seemingly untameable, had a system of thought and action prescribed, which, however ineffective it might have been in the case of an inferior nature, soon began to exhibit quaker-like results. Instead of developing her nature, it was repressed, as an ignorant man would try to extinguish a kindling fire by smothering it in cotton; she was carefully guarded against little outbreaks of feeling, when, instead, her feelings should have been called out and directed in proper channels. And so, by degrees, the mother's influence was lost, and she grew afraid to take the child upon her knee, and draw out, as had been her wont, the charming little fancies which form the staple of the thought of childhood. She watched it tenderly and jealously, treasured up all its little sayings in her heart, gazed into its deep eyes with the far-reaching sight of Cassandra; but, like those of Cassandra, her prophecies were unheeded. To all but her mother Ida was a pretty, frolicsome child, with nothing to distinguish her from other children, except, perhaps, an unusual flow of spirits, and those strange fits of abstraction which even Ruth had not the art to cure.

"Ida! Ida! Ida!" shouted Phil Ravelin.

It was useless. Ida sat upon a mossed knoll, her

hands clasped over her knee, and her bright face, with its parted lips and eager, weird eyes, looking out from the dark masses of hair which fell almost too luxuriantly for childhood, about her beautiful shoulders.

"Ida, are you asleep? look here, Ida!"

The boy waited a moment and then shook her by the shoulder. Ida uttered a shriek as though in pain.

"Ida! look up, Ida! I have something to tell you."

The little girl shook off his hand and sprang like a scared gazelle to the nearest thicket.

"I won't follow her," muttered the boy, drawing the corner of his jacket across his eyes, "it is too bad; and they shan't make me hurt her again—indeed they shall not. Poor little Ida!"

Half an hour afterward Ida had smuggled down in the deep grass with her brother, talking with him most confidentially, but not of her strange malady. At last Phil ventured to make mention of it. There had been a long silence, and he forgot that Ida's thoughts did not probably follow in the same channel with his.

"What makes you do it, Ida?"

The little girl was plucking away with tender care the leaves of a butter-cup, and she answered without raising her eyes, "I want to find the angel in it."

"In what?"

"This."

"Why angels are away beyond the blue, Ida. To think of an angel, with its great white wings, and may be its big harp, too, coming down from heaven to live in a poor little buttercup! Whew!"

Ida smiled pityingly, as though she knew much more about these things than her brother could know, but did not care to enlighten his ignorance.

"But what were you thinking of, Ida, when I came to you a little while ago?"

"I do n't know."

"You eat looking so," and Phil mimicked his sister as well as he could. "What did you see?"

"Nothing, I guess."

"Now, Ida!"

The little girl's cheek flushed, and her lips grew tremulous, but she made no answer.

"Tell me, Ida dear—just me—whisper if you don't want to speak loud. Come, put your lips close. Won't you tell, Ida?"

Ida looked at her brother apprehensively, and seemed bewildered.

"You are not a good girl—and I never will love you any more—never—because—because—won't you tell, Ida?"

"I—I—sometimes I see a great world not like this, and hear—love me, Phil, love me; for it hurts me to tell. It is very strange—I have been there some time, long, long ago—and, Phil, I am not your little Ida there. Don't ask me any more, but you must love me, Phil!" and the child sank sobbing with excitement into the arms of her brother.

Phil repeated at home what his sister had said, and Ida was pronounced the victim of a temporary insanity. So she was carefully watched over, and the subject never mentioned to her again.

"Not like other children!" repeated little Ida

Ravelin to herself. "I have heard that before. Oh! now I remember; she used to whisper it over me when I was a baby. I wonder how I differ." Ida carefully examined her feet, her hands, passed her fingers along her full, white arms, bent the elbow, curved the wrist, folded the fingers in the palm, clapped her hands, shook them above her head, walked with head erect and foot firm, skipped, danced, tried her voice, first in a shout, then in laughter at the returning echoes, then in a gush of bird-like warblings, and, finally, knelt quietly beside a clear pool, which mirrored her bright face. Little Ida might well have been startled at the rare vision in the water. A connoisseur would not have pronounced her beautiful, but yet she was exquisitely so, and she knew it, and smiled at it. A sweet answering smile, like a visible echo, came up from the water, and Ida smiled again. But the innocent vanity lasted only a moment. Her next thought was, "How do I differ? My hair is dark and glossy and curling, just like Ruth's; my nose and chin and lips and cheeks—why, they are all like Phil's, only Phil's are a little darker, and not quite so soft; my forehead is like mamma's, and my eyes are like mamma's, too, not so large and handsome may be, but I am a little girl yet. I wonder how I differ? I can talk and—may be it is the thinking. But I don't think much—I play most of the time. May be it is because I see—but she don't know that. Unlike other children! What can it mean?" And Ida shook her little head as though it were oppressed by the weight of a great mystery. The subject did not grow to be less important to the child by constantly pondering on it. Her laughing eyes grew daily more thoughtful, but yet, as she had said, she loved her play.

Ida had crept from her bed and stood in her night-dress, her little figure all bathed in the golden-hued moonlight. How like a spirit she looked, poised so lightly on her tiny feet that she scarce seemed to touch the carpet, her arm half extended, and her lips parted as though in converse with things invisible. With a mother's inner sense, Mary Ravelin had discovered that her daughter was not sleeping, and she left her own couch to hover near her. Drawing toward the door she lifted the latch, but paused, with suspended breath on the threshold. Was that a mortal being, shrieked so gloriously, or the spirit that mightily came to guard her daughter's pillow? The moonlight streamed through the open casement, and gathered about her in a flood of radiance, quivering along her white robe, striving to rest, and yet tremulous, as though drunk with its own glorious beauty, or agitated by the proximity of a yet more glorious, deathless spirit. Softly crept in the incense-laden breezes, dallying with the curls of the child, and, now and then, casting the shadow of a lifted leaf upon her. Softly and dreamily fell the shadows about the abandoned pillow; and far off, in another corner of the room, lay heavier, darker shadows, which Mary Ravelin knew were naturally produced, while yet she felt they had a deeper meaning.

"There is a glory about thee, my child," she whispered in her throbbing heart, "but the world is a dark,

dark place for such as thou. Oh, my God! but for a talisman against this foreshadowed misery!" A sob of agony accompanied these last words which recalled Ida from heaven. She turned and sprang to the bosom of her mother.

"Oh, mamma! I am so glad you have come! there are things I want to say to you."

Mary lifted the beautiful head from her bosom, and holding it between her two hands gazed long and fixedly into the child's spiritual face.

"I will tell her what she is," she thought, "how rarely gifted, how angelic in her nature. I will tell her what she is, and warn her of the future, I will—"

The thread of thought was cut short by remembered words. "Do n't teach her any of your romantic notions." Mary shuddered, and her eyelids drooped. She could barely articulate. "What is it, my love?"

Ida felt the chill that had fallen on her mother's spirit, though she did not know the cause, and her voice became low and timid. The inspiration of a moment previous had been scared away.

"Did I ever, mamma—did I ever—do—we—come from heaven to live here awhile, and then go back to heaven again?"

"Come from heaven!" Mary shook her head.

"Where then, mamma?"

"Men spring from the dust of the earth."

"The dust we walk on?"

"Yes."

Ida mused a few moments. Then raising her little hand she pressed back the blood till it looked white and dead, then turned it downward and allowed the red current to rush back again, and then looked up into her mother's face doubtfully. "It is very strange, mamma."

"Every thing is strange in this world, my darling."

Ida was still examining the little band that lay in her mother's. Finally, raising the other she pressed it against her heart. "Not all of dust, mamma; what makes us live?"

"God gives the spirit."

"Where does he get it?"

"From himself, I mean—"

"Then," interrupted the child exultingly, "*it came from heaven*; it has lived there with Him before, and it was in heaven I saw all those beautiful things. I knew I had been with the angels—I knew I had, mamma."

Mary clasped the child closely in her arms and longed to encourage her to be still more communicative, but the charge, "Do n't teach her any of your romantic notions," rang in her ears, and she tried to calm her emotion, and act as her husband's superior judgment would have dictated.

"Ida, my darling, listen to me." Mary's voice was low and faltering, for she was not used to the cold part she was endeavoring to act. "Listen to me, Ida; for you are a very little girl, and must know that your mamma understands what is for your good better than you can. You must never have such fancies—"

"How can I help it?"

"You must not lie awake thinking at night—"

"How can I help it, mamma?"

"You must—you must—oh! my Ida, try to be like Ruth. Do as she bids you. Play with the children in the fields—"

"The angels come to me there, mamma."

"Run in the garden—"

"And there."

"Play with your dolls—fling the shuttlecock—skip the rope—"

"Oh! I do all those things, mamma. I love to play, but I can't play all the time—nobody does that."

"Well, talk with your papa and Ruth—"

"Is it wrong to think, mamma?"

"It is not best to think, unless—"

Ida waited long for the sentence to be finished, but Mary knew how incompetent she was to advise, and she scarce knew what to say. The child still gazed into her face, however, as though more than life hung upon her words. "When you are older, my Ida, you will know what thoughts to indulge, and what to repress, now strive to think only of the things about you—what you see—"

"What I see! Oh! I see every thing beautiful, every thing—"

"What you hear talked of I mean. Will you try, my darling?"

Ida looked bewildered.

"But don't think of it to-night. Now you must sleep, and to-morrow make yourself busy with your play and your lessons. Good-night, my love."

Mary laid the head of her child upon the pillow, pressed kiss after kiss upon her lips and forehead, and with pain at her heart, though fully believing that she had acted wisely, went away to her own sleepless couch. As soon as she was gone a merry, half-smothered laugh burst from the parted rose-bud of a mouth resting against the pillow, and Ida clapped her little hands together and sprang out lightly upon the carpet.

"So it was heaven that I came from. I have found it all out now. I am glad I asked mamma. But," and Ida's lips drooped at the corners, "I must n't ask her any thing more. I wonder if I was an angel and had wings up there, and if the things I see now—I wonder—but mamma said I must n't think of these things. Why must n't I think? How can I help thinking?"

Ida pressed her hand successively on her forehead and against her heart, as though feeling after some secret spring by the moving of which she might lock away that flood of thought. "How can I help thinking?" she repeated. "When I am a woman may be I can, but now the thoughts will come."

Ah Ida! if the little germ fill the heart of childhood with its first swelling, what will it be in flowering and fruit-bearing to the nature which cherished it?

"When I am a woman—but—why should n't I think now? Is it wrong to think? Perhaps I am very foolish—perhaps I do n't—" Ida's face flushed, she stood for a moment as though perplexed, stunned, and then crouched by the bedside and buried her face in the drapery. For a long time she remained motionless, and if not sleeping she must have been in

thought intense, perhaps painful thought, for memory is a traitor if it deny depth and intensity to the mental emotions of our childhood. At last she arose slowly, and with an expression of sadness which had never before overshadowed her young face.

"Unlike others!" she murmured. "I see it all now—it must be so. That is why they watch me so closely—they are afraid to leave me alone. That is why I must look at other people, and try to think as they talk. That is why every body is so kind to me, and all that look at me seem to say, poor Ida!—they are just so to her. That is why mamma looks at me so sorrowfully, and the tears come into her eyes, and she breathes so hard, as though there was something strange about me, and she had strange thoughts she was shutting in. Now I know why she always said I was unlike other children, and why she seems to love me so much better than she does Phil. I wonder if Phil knows it—he must—oh yes! he knows all about her. But she can't talk, and I can—that is, I think I can. May be I don't speak the words—she makes a sound, and I suppose she calls that talking—they seem to understand her too, and sometimes folks look at me as though they did n't understand me. Nobody seems very well to understand but mother and Phil—and Phil not always. Oh yes! I know it all now—all—all—all! *I am like poor Cicely Doane.*"

Cicely Doane was an idiot!

Poor Ida's unemployed imagination had at last conjured up a phantom which it might be difficult to lay. Was it strange that she should? Why, the child had suddenly become a philosopher, and might by a very simple process of inductive reasoning arrive at the grand theory of Hume himself. She was only a little more modest than he—she denied simply the existence of her own mind, he of every body's. So a fallacy on which a mighty philosopher could waste years of time, a child of a few summers fished up from her fancy, just between dreams on a moonlit night. And the child would have been laughed at had she ventured to name her folly, while the man is followed by crowds of admiring disciples. So much for the boasted wisdom of sages, and the gullibility of their followers! But there was a difference. The child unfortunately believed her theory and acted on it—the philosopher treated his as a brave man does the optical illusion which others might deem a supernatural visitor, *walking through it.*

From that night a chance came over little Ida Ravelin. If she commenced speaking, she stopped in the middle of a sentence to wonder if she were under-

stood. When with other children she looked on their amusements with interest, but never ventured to join them, for she was sure that they invited her only from pity. A touchingly sorrowful expression, mingled with traces of premature thought, crept over her face, and while she was as much in love with life and the things of life as ever, she moved about as a mere spectator. Thomas Ravelin thought the child improving wonderfully, Ruth joyed in the fruit of her somewhat laborious instructions, and even Mary regarded the timid, quiet child with something like a feeling of relief. Little did any one dream of the silent influence that was remoulding nature which God had fitted for high and noble purposes. To do as others did became little Ida's constant study. But still her *mind* was not an imitator—it refused to learn the lesson. She observed, and formed an independent opinion on every subject, but never dared express it, and when a different one was given she relinquished her own, certain that it must be wrong. She still felt, too, with as much freedom as ever. She loved and hated, hoped and desponded; but it seemed to her that she scarce had a right to feel, and so every thing was shut closely within her own bosom. Little Ida's cheek began to lose its roundness, and her eye its rare brilliancy, for the actual was receding from her, and she lived only in the ideal. A little world was built up within her bosom, a dear, charming, life-like world, peopled not with fairies and woodland demes, but with real flesh and blood beings, with whom the child held converse every day, when she shrank from the sight of her sister's visitors, with the firm belief that she, poor trembler, was a companion too humble for them.

"I am unlike them—all unlike them," would Ida whisper sadly to herself; and then she would smile and turn to her imaginary world, from which nothing that belongs to human nature was excluded, save the bad—turn to that and enact the queen for which she was intended originally. So Ida's mind did not feed upon itself, but grew and expanded—grew wise and lofty, yet not too much etherealized for the world that lay before her, while she shrank from contact with that world, with a sensitiveness utterly incomprehensible to those who could not take a peep behind the veil. And there the child stood on the threshold of life, rare, glorious in her spirit's beauty, but, alas! crippled in every limb. So much for trying to amend what God has made perfect, oh ye packs of the human soul!

## ROCK MOUNTAIN—GEORGIA.

In the June number we gave our readers a different view of Rock Mountain, and also a letter-press description, to which we again refer them. The engraving with which the present number is adorned represents a view of the other side of the mountain, with a pic-nic in the foreground. Our Southern and Western Views are attracting attention everywhere for their excellence and originality. We have now ready for publication several spirited sketches of our Western Prairies.

## AUNT ALICE.

To people who look on one side of Aunt Alice's character, she appears a saint; sinless as those who have gone home to heaven; a ministering angel of light. To people who look on the reverse of the picture—and see spots of this shining through, all distorted by the unhappy medium—she is a miserable, canting hypocrite. Both are wrong; Aunt Alice is neither; though much nearest saintship. A third class of people, having a wholesome contempt for extremes, and intending to be very generous in their estimate, call Aunt Alice a singular character; and, moreover, affirm that she loves to be singular, and pursues her somewhat eccentric course more for the sake of attracting attention and exciting remark, than from a love of it. They, too, are wide of the mark. That Aunt Alice performs a vast amount of good is not to be denied; and that she goes about, her left hand often destroying her right hand's work, is equally as certain.

Aunt Alice is a widow, and, all her children being married, she has nothing to detain her from what she considers her duties. Is there a sick bed in all the neighborhood, she is there. Her own hand administers the cordial; her own bosom supports the sufferer's head; her own lips whisper consolation, and breathe balm upon the wounded spirit. Then, Aunt Alice is a ministering angel; and, to see her untiring devotion, her ready self-sacrifice, and her humble piety, you would wonder that she was left upon the earth, where she had not a sister spirit. She holds the dying infant in her arms, receives its last sigh, wraps it in its little shroud, and lays it in the coffin. Then she turns to the bereaved mother, and tells her that her cherished bud is only transplanted to be better watched over and cared for; and Aunt Alice never goes away until she sees a clear light breaking through the tears in the mourner's eye, and knows that the stricken spirit has learned to love the hand that but bore its treasure before it to Paradise. But it is only to the poor—the wretchedly, miserably poor—that Aunt Alice goes thus. It is only to them that her hand is extended, and her purse and heart opened. The rich have many friends: she knows they do not need her, and she cannot waste her precious time upon mere civilities. So deeply is this impressed upon the mind of Aunt Alice, that she too often neglects the lesser charities of life—the ready smile, the encouraging word, and the kindly glance, so expressive of sympathetic interest—and thus incurs distrust, and builds up a high wall for her own influence to pass over before it can reach the heart of the worldling. Moreover, she has seen so much of real suffering—that which tears the heart, shrivels up the muscles, and withers the spirit within the bosom—that the sorrow which cannot be traced back to a cause, and an adequate one, (some real, palpable cause, whose length, breadth, and entire bearing she

can measure,) meets no sympathy from her. She feels a contempt for those minor ills born of delicacy and nursed in the lap of luxury. She does not know how deeply the cankering iron may eat into the spirit, when she cannot see it protruding beyond: she does not know that the Angel of Wo has a seat which he *sometimes* occupies by every hearth-stone, and that his visitation is always heaviest when he comes disguised. So Aunt Alice never pities those who cannot write down some fearful calamity: never even does she pity those who *can*, and are not willing to deserve her pity by opening to her its most secret fold. Sensitiveness she calls pride, and pride is one of the faults which she never forgives. Yet, Aunt Alice is very forgiving; her charity, indeed, "covereth a multitude of sins." The most sinful, those who have widest erred—the poor, forsaken victim of shame and misery and guilt, she ever takes by the hand, whispering kindly, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Among those whom crime has made outcasts from society she labors unceasingly; and many rescued ones can point to her as the parent of their better natures. Yet there is no one so severe on foibles as Aunt Alice. Does her neighbor wear a gayer bonnet than pleases her taste, is any one so dazzled by the fascinations of society as to err in world-loving; are men entangled in the net of pleasure and lured to sin, instead of being pushed into it by want and wo—for them Aunt Alice has no sympathy.

Yet, again, a current saying among the poor is, that the good lady has no clasp upon her purse—it is told by others that she has a hard and gripping hand. In truth, Aunt Alice values money highly; but she values it only so far as it gives her the means to benefit her fellow-men. From every penny appropriated to another purpose she parts grudgingly. She studies economy for the sake of the suffering; and, not content with economizing herself, she endeavors to compel those with whom she has dealings to do so also. Aunt Alice will bandy words a half hour with a tradesman for the sake of a few shillings; and, turning round, she will double those shillings in charity. It is not that she prefers generosity to justice, but her view of things is contracted. Her errors are of judgment, not feeling.

I do not wonder that people call Aunt Alice a hypocrite—but I *do* wish that they could look into the bosom where rests the meek and quiet spirit which they falsify. Oh! Aunt Alice has a true and generous heart—a heart panting to be like His who loved the sinner, while hating *all sin*. A generous heart has she! Pity that it should be curbed, half its fervor checked, and many of its best pulsations bushed, by the narrow mind which is its guide and governor!

F. F.





# MARY GRAY.

## A BALLAD.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Respectfully Inscribed to M— K—.

O'er the lake the twilight lingers,  
Like a veil on beauty's breast,  
And the eve, with rosy fingers,  
Folds the curtains of the west :—  
Sweet! where yon bright scenes await thee,  
While we wander side by side,  
I'll a simple tale relate thee,  
How a maiden loved and died.

Let my arm, love, circle round thee;—  
O, thine eyes are wondrous bright!  
Sure some magic strange has bound me,  
So serene thou look'st to-night!  
On thy cheek the love-light burning  
Shames the blush of parting day;  
Just so, in her life's sweet morning,  
Looked the gentle Mary Gray.

In a vale retired and lonely,  
Like a flower, that maiden grew,  
Where the western breezes only  
Kissed her with their lips of dew;  
Where by day the green-wing filled her  
With sweet fancies, warm and wild,  
And by night the streamlet lulled her  
Into slumber like a child.

Glossy were her locks so golden,  
Radiant were her eyes so blue;  
Such as once, in ages olden,  
Grecian blades to battle drew:  
Round her lips, with laughter merry,  
Dream-like graces seemed to band;  
O she looked a woodland fairy,  
And her vale a fairy land!

With its own pure love-light gleaming  
Shone her heart, a lonely star,  
From her bosom's heaven-deeps beaming  
On the dreaming world afar :—  
Or a flower, with leaves yet folded,  
Glistening in the morning ray,  
Till a wandering breeze unrolled it,  
And its nectar drank away.

To that happy vale a stranger,  
Idly roving, chanced to come;—  
One whom crime had made a ranger  
From his distant island-home:  
Palled with pleasure's wanton dances,  
From her courts he turned away,  
And in evil hour his glances  
Chanced to rest on Mary Gray.

Love was in his dark eyes shining,  
Love—but how corrupt and vile!  
And like flowers his lips entwining  
Wreathed each sweet and honeyed smile.  
Deep but gentle, bold but wary,  
Skilled in each seductive art,  
Was it strange if trusting Mary  
Gave to him her gentle heart?

O how lightly, pleasure laden,  
Danced the sunny hours along,  
While he lured the simple maiden  
With sweet lore of tale and song:  
Steeped each sense in bliss entrancing,  
Every thought with passion rife,  
Every pulse with rapture dancing,  
Life was love, and love was life!

But there came a dread awaking  
From that trance of wild delight,  
When her heart, with anguish breaking,  
Saw its dream dissolve in night:  
She had been the streamlet sparkling  
In his sunlight, warm and free,  
Reft of him her course was darkling  
Onward to eternity.

Lovely was the landscape round them,  
Wrapt in morning's balmy joy,  
When the flowery chon that bound them  
Snapt he, like a baby's toy!  
As of life the words had reft her,  
Tearless, motionless she stood,  
While with careless smile he left her,  
Standing in the shady wood!

"Now no longer I delude thee,"  
Thus the base deceiver cried,  
"See, the farmer boy that wooed thee,  
Now may take thee for his bride!"  
This was when serene September  
Nursed her flowers on field and brae,  
And the snows of cold December  
Wrapt the grave of Mary Gray.

Like a lily rudely broken,  
When the winds in fury rave,  
With her sorrows all unspoken,  
Sunk she to her home the grave:  
None to soothe her tearless anguish,  
No confiding bosom nigh,  
What was left her but to languish  
Out her weary hours and die!

Still the tall green woods are waving  
O'er that fair and dowerly scene,  
Still the rivalet keeps laving,  
Laughingly, its banks of green;  
And the breezes, warm and airy,  
Kiss the blossoms as they nod,  
But that valley's gentle fairy  
Slumbers underneath its sod.

Dost thou like the tale I've told thee  
Of that flower's untimely blight?  
O, no traitor arms enfold thee  
In this warm embrace to-night!  
Tears, sweet love! Thy heart flows over.—  
Let me kiss those gems away;—  
All are not like that false lover  
And the hapless MARY GRAY!



# THE STAR.

A BALLAD.

POETRY BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MUSIC BY MISS SLOMAN.

COMPOSED FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Tempo Moderato e Legato.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff contains a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The middle staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bottom staff contains a piano accompaniment with a more active bass line. A 'p' (piano) marking is present in the bottom staff, and an 'f' (forte) marking is present in the middle staff.

learn'd to love one plea-sant star, That shin-eth all a-lone, Like the

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The top staff contains the vocal line with the lyrics. The middle staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bottom staff contains a piano accompaniment with a more active bass line. A 'p' (piano) marking is present in the middle staff, and a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking is present in the bottom staff.

ra-diance of a ves-tal's lamp, A-love all al-tar stone, A

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The top staff contains the vocal line with the lyrics. The middle staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bottom staff contains a piano accompaniment with a more active bass line. A 'cres.' (crescendo) marking is present in the middle staff.

pray - er is steal - ing from my heart a sad and mourn ful pray - er, That

when God calls my spi - rit home, its haven may be there.

## SECOND VERSE.

With leafy trees and tuneful birds,  
 And flowers of sunny birth,  
 And those dear friends my heart has loved  
 So fervently on earth,  
 Bereft of these, that far bright world  
 Could be no place of bliss,  
 My heart would turn with ling'ring gaze  
 To those it left in this.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.*  
By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1  
vol. 12mo.

We are glad that a cheap and elegant edition of this work has at last been published. No book of criticism is better calculated to inspire a taste for the literature of Elizabeth's time. The material of the lectures had been gathering in the author's mind for years; and when he came to the task of writing he put his whole soul into the work. Marlowe, Decker, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Webster, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, he had read, not as an antiquary who respected them because they were old, but as a lover of genius, who found delight in grace, sweetness, beauty and power wherever embodied. His mode of treating them, therefore, is in curious contrast to the manner of Stevens and Malone.

It is not the mere environments of the age that he delineates, but its intellect and passion. His book is filled with ideas and feelings, not with dates and speculations about words. The beauties of his favorite authors he detects with the nicest sagacity, and places them before the eye and heart with admirable felicity. The pleasure he has himself experienced in their perusal he communicates to his readers. We enjoy the old familiar passages with a new zest after his glowing commentary. The criticism is generally discriminating as well as hearty. Occasionally there is extravagance in the expression, but it is an extravagance which proceeds legitimately from the enthusiastic appreciation of what his refined analysis brings to light. The prejudices which lend so much brilliant bitterness to the style of many of his other essays, are, in this volume, softened by his subjects and rarely break out in epigrammatic invective against political or personal opponents.

If this work be extensively read, we feel confident that there will be a demand in the community for the writings of the old dramatists, sufficiently great to justify a bookseller in publishing a selection from their plays. Ben Jonson, Massinger, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, can easily be procured in Moxon's cheap editions, but Webster, Marlowe, Decker and Heywood are almost shut out from the American reader. We think a couple of volumes containing several of their best plays would be popular. Hunt, Lamb and Hazlitt have made their names so familiar, and quoted so many passages from them of beauty and power, that we cannot but believe a speculation on public taste, such as we have indicated, would be successful. The lusty and untameable strength of Marlowe, the sweetness and humanity of Decker, the gravity and loftiness of Webster, would find here appreciating hearts and imaginations.

Hazlitt's view of these dramatists, and the illustrative extracts he brings in to confirm his decisions, will be found exceedingly pleasing. As a specimen of the style of his book, we will quote a few sentences from his admirable criticisms on Beaumont and Fletcher, who, he thinks, "departed in some measure from the genuine tragic style of the age of Shakespeare." "They pitch their characters at first in too high a key, and exhaust themselves by the eagerness and impatience of their efforts. We find all the prodigality of youth, the confidence inspired by success, an enthusiasm bordering on extravagance, richness run-

ning riot, beauty dissolving in its own sweetness. They are like heirs just coming to their estates, like lovers in the honey-moon. In the economy of nature's gifts they misuse the bounteous Pan, and thank the gods amiss! Their fault is a too ostentatious and indiscriminate display of power. Every thing seems in a state of fermentation and effervescence, and not to have settled and found its centre in their minds."

Again he remarks, and the observation will hold good to other writers, that "Beaumont and Fletcher were the first who laid the foundation of the artificial diction and tinseled pomp of the next generation of poets, by aiming at a profusion of ambitious ornaments, and by translating the commonest circumstances into the language of metaphor and passion. It is this misplaced and inordinate craving after striking effect and continual excitement that had at one time rendered our poetry the most vapid of all things, by not leaving the moulds of poetic diction to be filled up by the overflowings of nature and passion, but by swelling out ordinary and unmeaning topics to certain preconceived and indispensable standards of poetical elevation and grandeur." The criticism which follows on some of the plays of these dramatists is acute and genial. The quotations are in exquisite taste.

One lecture in this series is devoted to the Miscellaneous Poems of the Age, containing remarks on Fletcher, Jonson, Drummond, Daniel Drayton, Sir Philip Sidney and a few others. This chapter is resplendent with fine quotations. There is another on Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor. The volume concludes with an essay on the Spirit of Ancient and Modern Literature. The notice of Sir Thomas Browne is very characteristic. It is more a representation of the subject than a criticism on his writings. Perhaps Hazlitt never wrote any thing superior to it in force and fineness of delineation.

*The Poets and Poetry of Europe. With Introductions and Biographical Notices.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This large and elegant volume is a monument to the industry and scholarship of its accomplished editor. Limited as we are in space, it would be impossible for us to give an adequate review of such a work. The general plan and execution seem to us excellent. Translations are presented from ten languages—Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese. A number of these are from the pen of the editor. Each nation occupies a separate department of the work, and its language and poetry are considered in an historical and philological introduction. Each poet is honored with a biographical notice, varying in length according to his relative importance. The translations are drawn from various sources, and some must have cost considerable toil and research. The collection contains about a thousand specimens of the different European poets; and the motto of the whole is therefore numerically appropriate—

"From Helicon's harmonious springs.

A thousand rills their mazy progress take."

Some of these "rills," it must be conceded, are muddy

as well as "many," and give no evidence of Helicon; but they are still illustrative of the country through which they have flowed. The editor has made the best use of the materials within his reach. We are aware of no work of the kind in English literature that approaches this in completeness and compactness. It is certain of success, both because it can have no competitor and because it is intrinsically valuable. The style of the introductions and biographies is excellent. Few cotemporary authors write prose with more purity and sweetness than Professor Longfellow. The portion of the work for which he is individually responsible is full of valuable information, and is marked by the peculiar character of taste and scholarship impressed on all his compositions. If this work does not add to his fame, it is because his fame is already too firmly established in creative art to receive any addition from extensive learning and great industry.

*The History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By M. Michelet. New York. D. Appleton & Co*

We have received two or three numbers of Appleton & Co's handsome reprint of this celebrated work. If it does not obtain a large circulation in the United States, it will be owing to the ignorance of the reading public respecting its character. Read merely as a romance, or a poem, it is more interesting than the "last novel." As a history it is certainly one of the most remarkable in literature. The author is not only a profound student, drawing his facts from original sources, but he is also a philosopher and a poet. His imagination penetrates the vast mass of his erudition, and gives it life and picturesque beauty. His view of the middle ages is eminently dramatic. He gives us not so much an account as a representation of those periods of history. He seems to reproduce the passions and thoughts of the time. Wherever his philosophy may appear incorrect, his facts and his pictures are true. It has been well said that the result of his books is not to save the reader the trouble of thinking, "but to make him boil over with thought. Their effect on the mind is not acquiescence, but stir and ferment." It is like reading one of Lord Byron's poems.

Let any reader look at the "Picture of France," commencing with the third book of the history, and observe with what skill the whole is treated, in order to impress it on the imagination, and fix it in the memory. It is the very poetry of geography. The description of the river Seine is a specimen. "In every respect the Seine is the first, the most docile, and perfectible of our rivers. It has neither the capricious and treacherous gentleness of the Loire, nor the abruptness of the Garonne, nor the terrific impetuosity of the Rhone, which descends from the Alps like a wild bull, traverses a lake eighteen leagues in length, and hurries, eating into its banks, to the sea. The Seine hardly rises before it bears the impress of civilization. On reaching Troyes it suffers itself to be cut and divided at will—seeking out manufactories and lending them its waters. Even when Champagne has rendered it the tribute of the Marne, and Picardy of the Oise, it needs no strong dikes, but quietly allows itself to be restrained by our quays; and after supplying the manufactories of Troyes, and before supplying those of Rouen, it quenches the thirst of Paris." The style of the whole work is characterized by similar life and animation. Whatever objection may be brought against it, no one can call it dull. The fiery earnestness of the whole is a continual stimulant to the reader's mind.

*Lives of Men of Letters and Science who Flourished in the Time of George II. By Henry Lord Brougham. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.*

This volume contains lives of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Watt, Priestley, Cavendish, Davy and Simson. The biography of Voltaire throws no new light on his character, although it is more accurate in point of details than any we have seen. Compared with the vivid pictures of Voltaire by Carlyle and Macaulay, it is a failure. The criticism on the great skeptic's dramas and poems coincides generally with the current opinion on his poetical powers. Of the "Henriade," Brougham says—"To this work may be applied the same observation which the dramatic poetry of the author gives rise to—it is beautifully written—it abounds in fine description, in brilliant passages of a noble diction, in sentiments admirable for their truth, their liberality, their humanity—its tendency is to make fanaticism hateful, oppression despicable, injustice unbearable; but it is the grand work of a philosopher and rhetorician, more than the inspiration of a poet." "The characters are unfeigned, but it is by the descriptions of the author, not by their own words." "Want of fine metaphors, and plenty of figurative expression, have been always imputed to it; and though there is no lack of similes, these are not very happy." We can hardly conceive of any thing more decisive against the merit of the poem, considered as a poem, and not as a collection of French verses, than the two last clauses of Brougham's qualified praise. The personal character of Voltaire is dealt justly with by Brougham. His insatiable vanity, his malice, his effrontery, his irreverence, his obscenity, are sternly condemned; but the courage with which he attacked pesident prejudices, besotted dignities, and political and social tyranny, is applauded to the echo. The life of Rousseau contains some observations on that irritable genius which would apply equally well to the biographer. A good story is told of the cause of his quarrel with Voltaire. Rousseau wrote an "Ode to Posterity," which Voltaire said would never reach its destination. This jest laid the foundation of the most unrelenting animosity on the part of Rousseau. The life of Hume is excellent, though little is said respecting his metaphysical theories. The biography of Robertson places the character of that historian in a very amiable light. The style of the volume is characterized by Brougham's usual energy, contains some new information, is pervaded by a love of liberty and right, and will be found very readable; but it gives little evidence of any remarkable depth or comprehension, and hardly sustains the popular notion of Brougham's mind and learning. Brougham is the Bacon of the age, in the same sense in which Sheridan Knowles is its Shakspeare, and Beau Brummell its Sir Philip Sidney.

*Transactions of the American Ethnological Society. New York. Bartlett & Welford. 1 vol. 8vo.*

This is one of the most erudite works ever issued from an American press. Its character is in amusing contrast to the generality of books now published. The longest and most interesting paper in the volume is that on the "Semi-Civilized Nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America," by Albert Gallatin, the venerable President of the Society. It extends to three hundred and fifty pages, and is filled with curious and valuable information, exhibiting the most cautious reflection and untiring research. To the historian and philologist it will be of the greatest use. The other papers are, "An Account of Ancient Remains in Tennessee," by Dr. Troost; "Observations respecting

the Grave Creek Mound in Western Virginia," by Henry R. Schoolcraft; "On the Recent Discoveries of Hittitic Inscriptions, and the attempts made to decipher them," by W. W. Turner; and an "Account of the Punico-Libyan Monument at Dugga, and the Remains of an Ancient Structure at Bhes, near the site of Ancient Carthage," by Frederic Catherwood. The volume will doubtless receive a great deal of attention on both sides of the Atlantic, from those engaged in ethnological studies.

*The Crescent and the Cross: or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.* By Eliot Warburton. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 12mo.

This brilliant narrative of Eastern travel forms two parts of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. It is one of those books which the reader closes with regret. The fine fancy of the author lends a fascination to every thing his mind touches. The work may be likened to "Eöthen" in wit and interest, though it is characterized by more repose of manner. Much valuable statistical information, as well as excellent description, can be obtained from it. The author is singularly felicitous in painting scenery and manners and recording incidents. The image of the scene he describes is not only impressed on the reader's imagination, but it is accompanied often by the very sensations and feelings experienced by the author. The Oriental character is delineated with admirable skill. As a book of travels it is almost unexcelled for brilliancy, interest and truth.

*Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition. During the Years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842.* By Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition, Member of the American Philosophical Society, etc. With Illustrations and Maps. In Five Volumes—Vol. I. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard. 1845.

The public is familiar with the causes that threw the Exploring Expedition into disrepute, and delayed its sailing for so long a period. It finally put to sea on the 16th of August, 1838, under the command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes; and reached the harbor of New York, at its return, on the 10th of June, 1842. The volume before us is a narrative of the first year of the voyage.

The principal object of the expedition was to obtain information valuable to navigation and commerce; and for this purpose it was instructed to make surveys, study currents, and collect facts which might be of benefit to vessels engaged in the whale fisheries. A corps of scientific gentlemen was, however, added to the expedition, consisting of two naturalists, as many draughtsmen, a botanist, a mineralogist, a philologist, and a horticulturist.

The expedition first sailed for Madeira, and thence to Rio Janeiro, where it remained a little over a month. It afterwards departed for the Rio Negro, in Buenos Ayres, to ascertain the resources and facilities of that river for trade. The next stopping place was at Terra del Fuego. Here the Relief, which had parted company at Rio Janeiro, was found. In this vicinity a new island was discovered. The squadron now took its departure for the Pacific. Its passage around Cape Horn was attended with heavy gales, accompanied by snow and hail; but after a succession of perils, which enchain the attention of the reader, the ships arrived at Valparaiso. A delay here occurred in waiting for the Sea-Gull, which had been separated from her consort in the South Atlantic; but the hope of her appearance faded day by day, and from that hour to this she has never been heard of. The squadron next visited Peru, after which it sailed for Tahiti and the

Paumotu Group, where the first volume tantalizingly leaves the voyagers.

It will thus be seen that we are yet on the threshold of the most interesting portions of the narrative; and if the succeeding volumes prove as entertaining as the last chapter of the present one, we shall have every reason to thank Lieut. Wilkes for publishing his journal. His account of the Paumatu Group abounds with information wholly new, and presents some striking pictures of the habits and manners of the savage inhabitants. The portions of the narrative devoted to this and to similar descriptions will probably be sought for by the general reader with greater avidity than the scientific facts which it was the purpose of the expedition to collect, and which Lieutenant Wilkes has everywhere scattered over his pages.

The style of the author is clear and copious. The statements are generally trustworthy, though it cannot be expected that, in all cases, the author should be correct, for erroneous impressions are the inevitable consequences of a hasty visit, and accordingly Lieutenant Wilkes has fallen into several mistakes in his account of Brazil. But, when we consider the difficulties under which he labored, we must pronounce the work, so far as we have examined it, possessed of a large share of accuracy and merit.

The volume is well printed, and richly embellished with maps and wood-cuts.

*Evilun, or the Heart Unmasked. A Tale of Domestic Life.* By Anna Cora Mowatt, Author of *Fashion, a Comedy*. 2 vols. Philadelphia, G. E. Ziebel & Co., 1845.

We have the authority of several critics for pronouncing this an excellent novel, but as we have not had time to give it a careful perusal we can say nothing formally concerning it. If we may venture a hint, we will say that we think the author is attempting too many things at once to attain very high excellence in all. In a little more than a month, we have had a comedy, a novel, and a *début* as an actress. The public has been startled by the *series* of efforts, but cannot yet be said to have given a *decided* approbation to any one of them. Our own opinion is, that Mrs. Mowatt is a woman of genius, and that she wants but careful study and diligent application to succeed eminently as a writer of fiction.

"*Cabinet of American Authors, No. 1.*"—Under this title Messrs. GRAHAM & Co. have published two of the best stories of Mrs. Stephens, "David Hunt" and "Mahua Gray," with a portrait of the author. "The Cabinet" will embrace the best articles, with portraits, of the most popular writers of the day, and the first is issued in most excellent style. We look upon Mrs. Stephens as decidedly the best tale writer of the day, and we have no doubt that the edition will sell rapidly.

Number two of "The Cabinet" will contain articles by Joseph C. Neal, Esq., the popular author of "Charcoal Sketches," and the present able editor of "Neal's Saturday Gazette." The volume will be accompanied with an admirable portrait of Mr. Neal, from the brush of Welch. These volumes are sent to the country, by mail, at the rate of one dollar for five copies.

ERRATA.—In the description of the battle of New Orleans, published in our last number, the word "Waterloo" was misprinted, in two places, for "Victoria"—an awkward mistake, but such an one as will occasionally occur, notwithstanding the utmost care.





Charles & Johnstone

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

In this essay we propose to handle a very delicate subject in a very blunt way. Plain speaking is good occasionally, even if it be only for the novelty of the thing. Plain speaking on the subject of the current literature of the time, is a kind of speaking which that literature most needs. The public has become so accustomed to falsehood, that it digests lies as an ostrich digests stones. Although we dislike speculation, yet still we will hazard the experiment of trying the effect of a few scraps of truth.

By the "literature of the present day," we mean the literature which the people read. What is the character of the novel, from whose pages the young girl draws her theory of life? In what school of maxims is the young man educating himself for the penitentiary or the galleys? What influences are operating on the tastes and morals of the community? Are our authors missionaries of the Lord or the Devil? Is the current literature calculated to make the people wiser, better, more refined in feeling, braver in spirit, clearer in the head, nobler in the heart? Is it a literature of great passions or low appetites—of high thoughts, or mean thoughts, or no thoughts? In short, as everybody reads, what is everybody reading?

To this question it would be difficult to give a direct reply. The answer to it must be found in looking back into the past, as well as around upon the present. The question involves that of literary morality, the relation of the author to the public, the vices and the necessities of men of letters. Certain literary phenomena, now too apparent to the eye, had not their origin in the present time. The phase of literature which disgraces our own period, has disgraced other periods. The principles which sway the conduct of cotemporary authors are as old as authorship. The literature of to-day is, in many respects, the product of the literature of yesterday, and has intimate relations with the literature of to-morrow.

The general character of literature is indicated by

the spirit of the age in which it is produced. The feelings, habits, aspirations, of any people, are almost always data from which their books may be logically inferred. A man of talent is the mouthpiece of his time. It is the prerogative of genius, alone, to be in advance of it, and to undergo the persecution or neglect which such a superiority implies. Thus the talents of the time of Charles II. were exercised to impart wit to its profligacy, and brilliancy to its heartlessness; the genius of the same period was engaged in the composition of *Paradise Lost*. Men clothe their literary idols in purple and fine linen, and starve or torture their prophets. There is hardly an instance of a great man who was popular among his cotemporaries, and at the same time remained firm to his ideas and principles. Always is there a mixture of quackery and disingenuousness, or, as it is more gently and generally called, an "obedience to the spirit of the age," in the character of reformers who have been honored by the people they benefited.

As literature is the exponent of the ruling spirit of the age, so are there, generally, in the same age, what may be called minor literatures, to represent the various tastes, prejudices and selfish interests, which diversify the surface of every society. All these, more or less, enter into the composition of the general character of literature, but neither is its direct expression. Indeed, we sometimes find that the combination of these produces a kind of neutral literature, as the mingling of an acid with an alkali produces a neutral salt.

In running the eye along the line of English authors, and, especially, in contemplating the character of much current scribbling, in search of these varieties, we cannot fail to light upon a class of publications, having their origin in impudence, deceit, knavery and selfishness, and which may, therefore, be fitly termed the *Literature of Brass*. In these works we often detect the same qualities of mind which vivify more respectable compositions. The difference between them and



others, is rather moral than mental. The author is either hired to prostitute his talents in the service of Fraud and Folly, or enters personally into the speculation on public credulity, with the settled determination to write whatever will sell, even if he shake the foundations of good government, and openly defy the obligations of good morals.

The Literature of Impudence, or Brass, is of course mostly the product of what are called authors by profession; for they, like the legal fraternity,

"Must either starve or plead,  
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead."

To the logic of virtue they oppose the logic of hunger and cold. Their intellects are employed to provide for the wants of their craving senses. We see, therefore, that if there be, in any age, wealth and power in the hands of tyranny, vanity, folly and wickedness, the class of professional authors will almost always be found defending that tyranny, pampering that vanity, feeding that folly, gilding that wickedness. Men who live by trade, deal only in marketable commodities; and virtue and truth are not always marketable.

A slight reference to two or three periods in the intellectual history of England, followed by a consideration of some peculiarities in our own motley literature, will exhibit many curious illustrations of the subject, and perhaps carry with them a moral worthy of being meditated. The theme is as worthy the attention of practical men, as if it referred to ships and steam engines instead of authors and books. It will be seen that one of the greatest curses that can befall a community is the thralldom of its talent in the service of its licentiousness and crime.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is justly considered the greatest age of English literature. At no time, since or previous, were external influences so favorable to the development of genius. The human mind uttered human thoughts and emotions in a language which modern elegance has merely enfeebled. The great names of that period are among the greatest in all literature.\* But the immense stimulus given to intellect created authors, without, in the same proportion, increasing readers. The age was not an age of general intelligence, at least in our sense of the term. The authors addressed the mass through the theatre; the educated and refined, chiefly through books. The aristocracy, to be sure, was the finest that the world ever saw. In many cases it was the man that shed lustre on the title; not the title that covered the meanness of the man. There was more nobility of mind among the noble, than is common in privileged classes. They were liberal patrons of letters. Still, a large body of authors, and especially the mediocre portion, cannot reputably subsist without a reading public. Besides, a poet of the elder day, like Cardinal Wolsey, was a man of an "unbounded stomach," and rather riotous appetite. A great part of his life was spent in taverns. Ben Jonson's potations take up a large space in the annals of drinking. His mouth was compared to a maelstrom in a Norwegian sea, which swallowed every thing which came near it. Such poets must have been expensive livers. But

the rewards of literature were, to a large number, inadequate to support temperance, much less excess. Many were consequently driven to disreputable methods of obtaining what they were pleased to call a subsistence. At the theatre, passion was repeatedly "torn to tatters to split the ears of the groundlings," as Shakespeare makes Hamlet regret. Every person of low tastes, who could spell his way through twenty pages of brilliant trash, was gratified with pamphlets reeking with malice and indecency. Lords who refused to patronize were defamed. A good portion, or rather a bad portion, of the literature of the period, must be included in the category of impudence. Nash, a man of some genius, says, in one of his pamphlets, that if any "Mecenas will bind him by his bounty, he will do him as much honor as any poet of his beardless years in London; but, he adds, "if I be sent away with a flea in my ear, let him look that I will rail upon him soundly; not for an hour or a day, while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to times to come of his beggarly parsimony." The ethics of this theory of intellectual assassination have guided the pen of many a poor author since; and to escape a metrical whipping-post, such as Nash threatened, vast sums have been repeatedly expended by sensitive worth and fearful worthlessness.

During the reigns of James I. and Charles I., the character of English literature remained essentially the same as during the reign of Elizabeth. The Protectorate would afford a fine field to consider the literary impudence of fanaticism, but we pass it over to come to the most disgraceful era in English letters—the time of Charles II. The popular poetry of this "Age of Bronze" was characterized by an impudence which has never been equaled. Wickedness was in vogue. Hypocrisy forgot her cant; Shame her blush. Somebody, we believe Mrs. Aphra Behn, represents an old English squire as sleeping in church every Sunday morning, to set a good example to the "lower orders," and as getting the parson drunk every Sunday night, to show his respect for the church. But even this lingering reminiscence of morals and religion was above the conduct and writings of the age. For a thorough-going adherence to shameless impudence, in literature and in life, the authors of this period fairly bear off the palm from all other dabblers in ribaldry and blasphemy. There were some gradations, it must be confessed, in the scale of literary profligacy. Those writers whose stupidity was nearly as marvelous as their indecency, seem a little more hateful than their brilliant brothers in wickedness. A mud-brained hack, for instance, published a comedy, so detestably vile, that, on its being attributed to Lord Rochester, that virtuous young nobleman deemed it to be due his character to deny the soft impeachment of its authorship. A performance which could add infamy to the "character" of Lord Rochester, must have been fit food for the merriment of imps.

But the generality of these authors were not, as in other times, men rendered desperate and dissolute by poverty and misfortune; but, many of them, men of

talents and education, honored guests at palaces, the favorites of kings and nobles. They evidently wrote *non amore*. To be a wit and a fine gentleman, was to be a sensualist and a renegade. Honor in men, virtue in women—these had passed from graces into jokes. It has been truly remarked that this literature is inhuman as well as licentious; that “we have Belial, not as in Ovid and Ariosto, graceful and humane, but with the iron eye and cruel sneer of Mephistophiles. We are surrounded by faces of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, tongues set on fires of hell!” Yet in the English Book of Common Prayer, there is a thanksgiving offered for the “blessed restoration” of Charles II.—a restoration of scoffers, cowards, panders, traitors, knaves and rousés!

We observe the influence of this depravity of taste and morals as far down the stream of English literature as the latter half of the last century, with a steady tendency, all the time, to settle among the dregs and off-courings of the intellectual republic. Although in the age of Queen Anne we mark a prurient love in poets for what Dr. Johnson calls “ideas and expressions physically impure,” yet Addison and Steele began, even in that period, a reformation, which has gradually freed our higher literature from the dishonesty and profligacy with which great talent was once debased. Brazen impudence is no longer in the high places. To search for the literature of brass, therefore, after this time, we must exhume dead names and deceased pamphlets, and send a drag-net into the waters of oblivion to bring up certain hirelings who have slept at the bottom for a series of years. We now come to the queer tribe of Grub Street hacks, the “grotesque race of famished buffoons and laughing assassins,” the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in the service of Iniquity, the helots of profligate booksellers, the poet-laureates of petty infamies, living the life of a slave on the wages of sin, dying methodists or blasphemers in low cellars or high garrets—

“Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry  
Burn, hiss and bounce, waste paper, time and die.”

It was about this time that the corruption came extensively in fashion, of purchasing brains and fingers to write political pamphlets; and the system has been continued, under various forms, to the present day. During the administrations of Harley and Walpole, upwards of £50,000 sterling was paid to authors for defending the administration and abusing its opponents. One Arnall, a profligate hack in the hire of Walpole, received £10,000 for his services alone. Oldmixon, Needham, Sir Roger L'Estrange, (Lying Strange Roger, as Queen Mary anagrammatized his name,) are prominent names among this “literary banditti,” beginning at the reign of William and ending with that of George III. Home, a clergyman, and the author of “Douglas,” is the most respectable name in this band of mercenaries. To use a phrase of Sydney Smith’s, he carried his soul to the Treasury, and said, “How much will you give me for this?” Lord Bute gave him a pension. There is no pit of degradation for an author deeper than this

of systematic falsehood—of letting out his intellect, and even his passions, to defend what he knows to be a lie. Yet there has probably been no administration of the English government since the restoration, which could not at any time hire talent to defend whatever measure of rapacity and meanness it had the hardy impudence to adopt. At the very period that prominent English politicians, in debates on the question of Copyright, were denying that the offspring of the heart and brain could be considered as property, they were purchasing, what they were pleased to call “intangible” ideas, by the thousand.

In the dreary period which elapsed between 1750 and the “revival of letters” in the present century—a period when the great body of writers were in a condition of almost unparalleled degradation—the heart sickens as the eye reads the lives of authors. Here we see numerous instances of talent, capable of benefitting society, engaged in pandering to its silliest foibles or worst passions; a curse to its possessor, a pest to the world; and, in its moral bearings, too often are we reminded of the nervous couplet of the satirist:—

“Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,  
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.”

Of the numerous examples of the subject that this period furnishes, Chatterton is probably the most notable. Literary forgeries naturally come within the pale of literary impudence. Of Chatterton,

“The marvelous boy,<sup>4</sup>  
The sleepless soul, that perished in its pride,”

the severest censor would speak with tenderness. His life is one of the most melancholy chapters in the history of literature. It is full of meaning, when considered with reference to the morality of authorship. Whatever may have been his errors, they were bitterly expiated. In the pious which he published to serve the purposes of deception, there is displayed a power which must, had he lived, have lifted his name to enduring eminence. But he was proud, poor, denounced and friendless; and died, by his own hand, before his rare faculties had reached a healthy maturity. The desperate condition of his finances, and the hardness of his passions, are well displayed in a memorandum, found among his papers. He had written a patriotic and political essay, which was rendered useless by the death of his patron, the Lord Mayor Beckford. He thus calculated the profit and loss of the event:—

Lost by his death, in this Essay,	-	-	£1 11s. 6d
Gained, in Elegies,	-	£2 1s.	
“ in Essays,	-	33	5 4 0
Am glad he is dead, by	-	-	£3 13 6

Such an anecdote as this, forms a good brazen bridge, over which we may pass to the literary impudence of our own day and country. In the preceding remarks we have collected, flake by flake, a huge ball of illustrations, which we shall now proceed to roll in among the ranks of cotemporary quacks and charlatans. We trust to make it go crushingly through them. In view of their misdemeanors, the maxims of literary benefi-

cence become weak and foolish. We shall take the lowest form of the popular literature of the day, because it is the most influential. In the present essay we shall be able to consider only a portion of the mental nutriment which feeds the famished intellect of the nation, and that will be its worst portion. In another essay we hope to estimate the thickness of the partition which separates the vulgar little from the vulgar great. For the present, we must be contented with that department of letters most under the dominion of "Neediness, Greediness and Vain Glory."

During the last ten or fifteen years, a class of publications has been diffused through the land, the object of which is to make literature the tool of dishonest traffic. There is a large number of persons here who thrive by pampering prejudice and ignorance, and whose prosperity is a libel on the intelligence of the country. These men have hardly a single mental quality worthy of a place even in a Dunciad; but they possess something which, in a financial sense, is better than the most splendid talents—a certain vulgar tact, which detects the weak points of human nature, and understands the method of transmuting them into gold. Connected with this class is another, a good deal removed from the level of their brazen and brainless exemplars, and who, when their minds are surveyed through a moral microscope, can be proved to possess something which looks like a conscience. But they desire wealth and are indisposed to labor. Discovering that there is a demand in the community for the productions of imposture, they are graciously willing to provide a supply. They seem to consider that there is a pre-established harmony between the idea attached to the word "public," and the idea attached to the word "humbug." They have reasoned themselves into the conviction, that the little intelligence a man possesses, is never more naturally exercised than in overreaching those who have less. Life, to them, is a game of picking pockets and cutting purses—within the law. Very "respectable members of society," so called, contrive to manufacture fraud and folly for a public, which the more it crams the more ravenous it becomes, without any conscientious prickings or twinges. The consequences are easily seen. Moral dishonesty becomes conventional honesty. Falsehood pervades traffic. The verb "to lie," gradually grows into a synonym of the verb, to prosper. A system of worldly morality, which may be termed the ethics of humbug, displaces the Westminster Catechism and the old theories of the Moral Sentiments. The Rule of Conduct is based on the Rule of Three. And very nice people practice daily a system of baptized knavery, in which Honor consorts with Infamy, Conscience coquettes with Chicane, and Property becomes the antithesis of Probity.

In these days of cheap printing and ready writing, it is evident that no portion of the community can be in this delectable moral condition, without having a literature to express it to the world. This printed memorial we call the Literature of Impudence, and it has all the characteristics of artifice, assurance and

falsehood, which the name suggests. It is no literature in any high sense of the word, but still it is influential. In the selfish objects and practical employments of society, it has its "pendant bed and procreant cradle." It is born in sin and totally depraved. It is the mere instrument of avarice and deceit in the service of the purse. The books, pamphlets, advertisements, which give its airy nothings a local habitation, are not, to be sure, always issued to obtain money on the sales. They operate on the purse as conductors. Their object is to corrupt public opinion, to provide Folly with froth and bubbles, to feed wondering Ignorance with portentous marvels, to pamper Bigotry with lies which support its cherished credulities, to offer Vice an exemption from moral laws; and when this is effected, their authors very sagely conclude that there will be a demand for nostrums, gilded shams, and the impieties and absurdities of fanaticism, which will more than pay the expenses of a hundred thousand volumes. Let everybody beware of these gentlemen. They assume every shape. They glide into the mind through all disguises. They have moustaches in all the old women, of either sex, who drive and whine in all places. Especially beware of all the shows of philanthropy which do not immediately draw on the pocket or self-denial.

A prominent object of this literature, in the form in which we now consider it, is to overthrow the doctrine of the division of labor. It vehemently inculcates the opposite dogma, that every man should be his own physician, his own lawyer, his own priest, his own every thing. The egotism of men is flattered by this sagacious paradox, and leans a greedy ear to its teachings. It is edifying to see how industriously the machine of quackery is worked, to get this beautiful opinion into circulation, and prevent all open expression of the objections to it. The newspapers are bribed with long advertisements, and hold their peace. Publishers and editors see very clearly that nonsense and artifice, which pay two dollars a square, are better than truth and reason, which pay nothing. Gentlemen engaged in the manufacture of coffins, and the digging of graves, offer, of course, no opposition. By a shrewd calculation, the proprietors of the silliest projects for filling the head with folly and the body with disease, are enabled to spread their lucrative nonsense over the land, with but scant questioning from the "guardians" of public opinion. Children are now represented to cry for medicine, not at it, without being able to disabuse the public mind of the delusion. Death has lost its terrors by the increased age offered to the sickliest. Your modern quack refers with pitying contempt to ancient cases of longevity, and would almost echo the sublime hyperbole of old Parr in the song, in reference to the Wandering Jew—

"'Tis now some centuries ago,  
Since that poor stripling died"

With a lie on his lips, and a poison in his hand, the Quack stands in every highway of society, to demand the money and the life of our "free and enlightened" citizens; and certainly never were doses of death

recommended by fairer speech, never was there pleasanter rapine followed by more obliging murder!

This literature of impudence has effected a revolution in language. Words, of late years, have essentially changed their import. The dictionary is a poor guide to the sense of terms. It has become the custom to use language on a new principle—the high-pressure principle; and every quack strives to excel his brother, in the amount of steam he forces into his verbal engine. All the words significant of great things have been pressed into the service of infinitesimal nothings. Those epithets once properly employed to point out the qualities of sublime discoveries, and world-renowned events, are now made to glitter in the retinue of every thing base and foolish, by the undistinguishing democracy of charlatanism. All “little fishes” now talk like “big whales.” A long and illustrious line of magnificent adjectives precede every thievish, meagre, hang dog looking substantive. Lies are packed so closely together as to be impenetrable to analysis. They swarm like the progeny of the cod-fish. Immorality is made to shine in the white raiment of Virtue. The knavish leer of Craft twinkles behind the rough vesture of Honesty. Selfishness wraps itself up in the garb of Benevolence. Atheism looks out upon us from the phraseology of Faith. The ponderous style of a Webster is assumed to recommend the worst of quackeries. It would be an easy thing to build up a treatise on the sublime and beautiful, with expressions used in treatises on the mean and the low. From the deepest abyss of Bathos, from the most remote corners of the great realm of Insignificance, come voices that thunder in the tones of the immortals!

The effect of such a way of writing as this upon general literature, might easily be inferred, even if it were more cunningly concealed than it is. The public taste, necessarily corrupted by a familiarity with the productions of unposture and impudence—meeting it, as they do, at every turn and byeway, invading all dwellings and scaling every wall, thrust, like intruding curs, upon its business thoughts and Sabbath meditations—the public taste, constantly exposed to such influences, requires similar depraving stimulants in all books. It must be started before it will purchase. A clap of thunder, from a puffing press, must herald every new publication, before the good public will invest their dollars or their nincompoes in it. Hence the demand for glaring title-pages, cheap, eye-destroying editions, flash composition, horrible murders, improbabilities and personalities in novels, and other forms of literary chicane. “The Drop of Blood, or The Avenger’s Doom,” “Bill Thunder-gust, or The Murderer of Maine,” “A Mother’s Curse, or The Alley of Death”—these are titles which will sell any thing. Authors are often compelled to forget certain traditions concerning the dignity of letters, and practice a course of conduct equally repugnant to their taste and conscience. Every whim and crotchet which takes possession of the community is to be pampered with their pens. A systematic perversion of fine faculties is often the condition of success. The poet, to please, is willing

to clip his wings; the philosopher, to be enigmatical or obscure. A good metrical puff on a nostrum “pays” better than an epic; and there are thousands who prefer a collection of mist and fog, lit here and there by straggling gleams of fancy and wit, to the most deeply meditated system of metaphysics. By a very simple process, therefore, there exist all the influences to convert authors into mere drudges and hacks, with brains constantly advertised “to be let;” and philosophers into Professors of No-Meaning, holding the chair of Moonshine in the domain of Infinite Space!

We see the influence of this spirit of charlatanism even in those moral reforms which are in many respects the glory of our time. The trail of this serpent seems to be over every thing. It would not be safe, perhaps, to refer here to its agency in debasing the practical operation of much good intention, or to its influence in stimulating zeal into pious frauds and benevolent artifices. Still, we shall find, almost universally, that the same condition of the public mind which demands a literature of brass, demands a philanthropy of impudence. It is certainly a thing to be regretted that quack advertisements should be the model of so many compositions written to forward the progress of the race.

We have seen how this spirit of impudence works up from the lowest forms of literature into the higher, and is now on speaking terms with authors of a respectable grade. A pregnant illustration of this is to be found in a class of compositions, very popular on both sides of the Atlantic, which may be called the Romance of Rascality, in which talent links crime with the spirit of daring and adventure. The novel of Jack Sheppard is an illustration. Our French brethren are continually favoring us with specimens of fictitious compositions, calculated to make us treat murder and lust with more affability than our precision morality heretofore would allow. The mere vulgar murderer and highwayman is now striving hard to have his claims admitted to the honors of heroism, and the dialect and costume of St. Giles and Billingsgate find their way into parlors, and peep at us from cushioned sofas. The Corsairs, Laras and Don Juans of Byron, scoundrels of imagination and sentiment, were bad enough, even in the splendid guise in which genius arrayed their essential turpitude; but they are now translated into plain prose, and seem to give as much satisfaction, as mere robbers and ruffians, as when they were rascals with heroic souls and pirates with fine feelings. Young misses busy their minds in deciding those cases where adultery is innocent, and murder gentlemanly. The sublime and the beautiful give way, in this development of romance, to the horrible and the startling. We once heard of an old lady who, on being asked what induced her to think she was ill, answered, that of late she “had not enjoyed her murders.” If a similar sickness should abate the public appetite for “murders,” many a tale of guilt and crime, which now boasts its readers by thousands, would drop instantly into that bottomless pit of oblivion, into which the gibing lips of its own monstrous creation will pitch it at last.

It would doubtless be extravagant to assert, that if tendencies now in operation be allowed to proceed unchecked, the time may come when, for the people, there will be no poetry but a poetry of panaceas, no romance but a romance of rascality, no literature but a literature of impudence. Still, it cannot be denied, that the evil exists, and is increasing. Where, then, is the cause, and what the remedy? The cause is not to be found in the present age, although the remedy may. The lesson which literary history teaches, is, that the interests of authors have not been indissolubly connected with virtue and truth. The same blundering stupidity which has blinded society to the influence of literature, is as apparent now as heretofore. The good men in all communities have seen the most tremendous power which man can exercise employed in the service of crime and falsehood, without seeming to appreciate the policy of giving it the opposite direction. Few men of letters will starve as heroes while they can live as panders. It should be also remembered that the author, like the merchant, rather supplies than originates a demand. If the author supplies mental poison, and the merchant physical poison, it is because the people want poison.

When we consider the priceless benefits of a good literature, a literature having its foundation deep in all that is best and noblest in the national character, and the deadly curse of a bad one, having its basis in all that is corrupt and selfish, it seems singular that there should be so much indifference displayed on the subject, by men misnamed practical. All the great interests of a people are affected by the character of its literature. Besides, it is only through this source that a nation becomes immortal. Every impulse of patriotism should prompt its protection. But even if a man has no motive of action but selfish interest, it is still for his advantage that literature be pure. He may, if he please, ridicule poetry as mere rhyme-jingling, romance as moonshine, and stigmatize authors as fools and dreamers; but if he has children to be corrupted, property and reputation to lose, a country to be disgraced, is it not better that these fools and dreamers should add new beauty to virtue and truth, rather than new attractions to falsehood and profligacy? When the fire of bad passions lights on his own dwelling, and desolates his own hearth-stones—

when the most cherished secrets of his own breast are paraded in the public markets, to afford "mirth for the million"—he may think that such fools and dreamers are not impotent for evil, if impotent for good. "Literature will take care of itself," was one of William Pitt's grandiloquent commonplaces. "Yes," echoed Mr. Southey, "literature will take care of itself, and it will take care of you too, if you do n't look to it."

Indeed, no honest man, who has any stake in the community, can escape the consequences of a literature debased by bad passions. It is his duty to do all in his power to supplant it with a better. But what may be done, or however low be the standard of public taste, there is but one course for the true man of letters. No hope of wealth, no fear of poverty, should ever induce him to prostitute his talents in the service of folly and crime. Let him dig, starve, die—any thing but *that!* God never gave him talents to add new shame and misery to a world already sufficiently corrupt. He cannot escape the responsibility of his writings. He is acting in the very eye of history. A merchant may obtain riches by successful knavery, but he and his wealth are soon forgotten. Posterity knows little of him. But not so can the dishonest author escape. His name is to be held in remembrance. The greater his talents the greater his crime, the more lasting his disgrace. After this busy scene of the present has passed away as a dream, and he has descended to the grave—then comes his earthly retribution. A merciless posterity is to sit in judgment on his writings. His name is to be a synonym of fraud—he is to enjoy an immortality of infamy!

Let the man of letters, therefore, be true to his high vocation. Let no gilded baseness ever tempt him to dishonor his calling. Let him rather die a martyr to principle, than live a renegade from truth. Though poverty and misfortune dog his steps, though the cold world hiss out its scorn, let him keep the gleaming ideal of his soul steadily in his eye. Though knaves may gibe, he may be sure that Heaven approves. Let him fear no evil but dishonor, and

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,  
In his heart the dew of youth,  
On his lips the smile of truth."

X.

## SONG.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"'T were better vainly even thus to love  
Than not to know she was beloved again."

I know not what fate hath in store,  
What grief it may distill,  
I only know that more and more  
Thou wilt but love me still—  
And knowing this I well may bide  
The worst that fate may dare;  
I shall but nestle to thy side,  
Assured of comfort there.

The tears are gushing to my eyes  
At tenderness of thine,  
I listen to thy dear replies,  
Mine, wholly art thou mine:  
And 't is a joy amid our grief  
To feel love hath the power  
To whisper something of relief  
In e'en the darkest hour.

## BLANCHE NEVILLE.

### A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S COURT.

(Concluded from page 60.)

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Two weeks had passed since the occurrences just described, occurrences that had raised an excitement in Scotland which was destined to have a powerful effect upon the popularity of the queen. The members of the reformed church, headed by John Knox, were ever on the alert to find means of rendering the lovely and sometimes imprudent lady odious with the people. The countenance which she gave to accomplishments and talent, the preference which a prolonged residence abroad gave her for foreigners and their habits, was a source of complaint not only with those opposed to her in religion, but with many among the members of her own church. Chatelard was not only a foreigner, but possessed of that brilliant genius for which Mary was known to feel the most enthusiastic reverence. His commanding and masculine beauty, the taste displayed in his dress, the baughtiness of his carriage, and the open favor which Mary had manifested toward him, all combined to render the unhappy prisoner an object peculiarly obnoxious to the Scottish people. The audacious boldness with which he had forced himself into the chamber of the queen was soon a matter of gossip throughout the kingdom. John Knox preached a sermon upon it in his pulpit, filled with bitter invectives against all foreigners, and with cruel insinuations against the queen herself; others of the reformed clergy followed his example, and before Chatelard's trial came on there might have been found hosts of men in Edinburgh, bold enough to implicate their sovereign almost as deeply as the chevalier.

The trial granted to Chatelard would have been hurried on with indecent thirst for his blood, but that Murray was not yet sufficiently independent of his royal sister, to act in that rude defiance of her wishes, which made him a traitor in after years. Some show of deliberation and justice was therefore necessary to secure her cooperation in the fatal resolution which was formed against the unhappy man the moment his enemies had fastened their hold upon him.

One day had already been devoted to the trial of the prisoner, and the fate which threatened him seemed certain as if the judges had already pronounced sentence. Chatelard had already made up his mind to the result. He was a brave man, and the peril which surrounded him only served to bring out the dignity and pride of his manhood in all its strength. But though he seemed more like a spectator of the trial

than its object and victim, there was one present that no person could have mistaken for a careless observer. This man was Hugo. During the entire day he had occupied the nearest possible station to his master. With his keen eyes he had watched every new proceeding of the court, and there were times when he seemed ready to spring forward and tear the judges from the bench, so keen and terrible was the excitement betrayed in his pale and heavy features. When the proceedings of the day closed, Hugo placed himself close by the door through which the prisoner was to be conducted. He started forward as the chevalier went through, seized his master's hand, in spite of the guards, and pressed it to his lips.

"Hugo, my poor Hugo!" muttered the prisoner, grasping the great trembling hand that had seized his, and, for the first time that day, Chatelard's eye grew dim.

Hugo lifted his head, drops of perspiration stood thick on his massive forehead, and his heavy mouth trembled. He gazed after his master till the door closed between them, and then went away, forcing a passage through the crowd, but without lifting his eyes from the ground. He made his way toward a remote portion of the palace-grounds, opened a gate, which seemed to have been purposely left unlocked, and went in. It was dusk, the night was heavy with clouds, and a thin, misty rain fell through the gloom and fog which hung over the gardens, still a female figure, thinly clad and with her golden tresses all exposed to the rain, stood beneath a tree, waiting in dreadful suspense for the appearance of this strange man.

As Hugo's form broke through this fog, the figure, that had remained motionless till then, sprang forward, and the pallid face of poor Blanche Neville was lifted to his. Oh how thin, and how full of anguish were those sweet features! with what keen anxiety those eyes were lifted to his! the softness was all quenched in those blue orbs. They had grown larger with grief, dark, shadowy circles swept under them, and their expression made one's heart ache with intense sympathy.

"There is no hope—I see it all!" she said, after one long, keen gaze at Hugo. "There is no hope."

"Not from the judges—not from the court," said Hugo bitterly, "there they sit, crouching together like tigers, eager for the feast of blood to begin. They

have not spoken his doom, but I have read it in their eyes every moment of this weary day. To-morrow he will be condemned. The next day—the next—”

Hugo paused, and his rude frame shook.

“Is there nothing can be done—nothing? If I were to die in his place? think, good Hugo, is there no way?”

“Nothing can save him with these men—they are athirst for his blood. Oh! if we had any proof—any reason to give, which might excuse his presence in that part of the palace!”

“But the queen—she is so good—she will pardon him. I will go on my knees to her—she could never refuse any thing to her poor Blanche—her little orphan Blanche, as she calls me at times.”

“No, poor maiden, do not deceive thyself nor me,” replied Hugo, “Mary will never have the courage to save him—her own honor is at stake. Had it been any one else—had he but intruded there in search of any of her ladies, she might be won to mercy—but now—”

“Stay—stay! let me think!” cried Blanche. “Had it been one of her ladies, you say; what if one of her ladies confessed that he came by her appointment?”

“What is this! what wild thought is this! think, maiden, no lady could admit this without loss of honor—”

“I know—I know!”

“Of life perchance?”

“Of life, yes, Honor and Life! Did you not know, Hugo, that Blanche Neville loves this man?”

Hugo grasped her little pale hand in both his, and his heavy frame trembled from head to foot.

“Well, maiden, speak, speak!”

“They will point at poor Blanche Neville in the street—they will smile and whisper, ‘Yonder goes the queen’s favorite lady—she who lured the handsome foreigner to her room, and thus endangered the honor of her royal mistress.’ Well, Hugo, well, I shall have saved him! Those same fingers will not jeer at him on the scaffold. Do you understand, Hugo, I shall have saved him?”

“Holy saints, she seems inspired! How beautiful she is!” cried Hugo. Then he added, with sudden despondency, “Poor, sweet lady, know you not that my master loves only your proud, cruel queen?”

“Know you not it was her he sought?”

“I know all. Well, shall I see him perish because he loves me not? What will life—what will honor be to Blanche Neville after that? And then—and then if I save him, good Hugo, if I purchase with mine honor the existence which she renders up to save hers, must he not love me then? Think you he could find in his heart to look coldly on the poor girl who had purchased his life with that which was dearer to her than life—who had bought him from the scaffold by taking on a burden of shame that is not hers? Think you he will not love me then, Hugo?”

Hugo looked upon that sweet face, so pale, so touched with suffering, and yet kindled up, inspired as it were, with a frenzied wish to sacrifice herself to the being of her love. He gazed upon her face, upon those large eyes sparkling like fire through the dense

twilight that shrouded them. The thoughts to which a deep knowledge of human nature gave birth—for Hugo was not a common servant—sprang to his lips. He was about to say that female devotion, lofty and self-sacrificing as hers, might fail to win love from a soul overwhelmed by its own wayward passions, but his heart failed him. He could not crush the little bud of hope which had so suddenly started up from the ruins of her heart. He only shook his head very sadly and grasped her hands a little tighter.

Blanche Neville was too full of the wild hope that inspired her to heed this discouraging motion.

“You are right—you are right!” she said, “I will not go to the queen, he must owe his life to poor Blanche alone.”

A few more hasty words passed between the two, and then Blanche hurried away toward the palace, leaving Hugo to ponder anxiously over the chances of hope which her wild determination opened to his master. The devotion of this sweet girl gave him no surprise. His own attachment to the prisoner was strong, almost, as the love of woman, and he marveled more at Mary’s firmness in not interposing to save that beloved object, than at the self-sacrificing love of her attendant. He gazed after Blanche till the outline of her slight figure disappeared in the fog, and then slowly left the grounds. It was a strange companionship, that which had sprung up between the Italian servant and Blanche Neville, but an absorbing interest in one object had brought them together, while anxiety and grief rendered each forgetful of those distinctions which, in seasons of pride and happiness, seem so important.

Again Chateaufort was brought forth to trial. The room was filled with spectators, and every one seemed eager to hear the verdict of guilty which would be rendered, for he made no defence, and the evidence against him was overpowering. At length it was demanded of the prisoner if he had nothing to render in defence of his conduct. Before he could arise to reply, there arose a slight disturbance in one corner of the room. A stout, strange-looking man, who had been remarked during the whole trial for the interest which he seemed to take in the proceedings, was forcing a passage through the crowd for a young girl who clung to his arm. She was very pale, and her eyes were fastened on the floor, but there was something in her demeanor which bespoke the stern and unnatural firmness that had taken possession of her spirit. Hugo led her up before the judges and left her standing there alone.

The prisoner gave a start as his eyes fell upon her face, and a whisper of surprise and expectation ran through the court, for several among the crowd recognized in that pale, composed face, changed as it was, the features of Blanche Neville, maid of honor to the queen.

The young girl lifted her face; it grew a shade paler, and, for one instant, her eyes sunk, overpowered by the look of curiosity and surprise that met her on every hand. She lifted them again, and now they were full of sublime courage—the courage of a pure-hearted woman about to sacrifice all that

was dear to her on earth. She turned her look upon the Earl of Murray, who sat near the judges, and her lips parted.

"My lord," she said, "I beseech you hear me. The Chevalier Chatelard is not guilty—not so guilty as you think. He had no thought of entering the apartment of my royal mistress the queen. He entered it by mistake. I am the criminal. I am the worst culprit. Let me suffer, but release, I implore you, this innocent gentleman, who is but the victim of my own folly. She paused and seemed almost fainting, but gathered strength, and, while her neck and brow grew crimson with shame at her own words, went on.

"My room is next that of her majesty; it opens to the private staircase. I had met the Chevalier Chatelard at the revel that evening, and it was settled between us that he should seek my room when the royal household should have retired for the night. The queen sat up later than usual. I had left my room for an instant, and he, not knowing how near the royal apartment was, and unacquainted with that part of the palace, entered the chamber of my royal mistress, mistaking it for mine!"

The latter part of this narrative fell from the lips of Blanche Neville as if torture had wrung them away. The crimson melted from her neck and brow, leaving them white as marble—her strength seemed failing her, and she was sinking under an agony of terror and shame to the ground when an exclamation from the prisoner aroused her.

For the first time during his trial he seemed fearfully agitated. He started up, attempted to speak, and then sat down again with both hands to his face. The judges looked at each other in amazement. A frown gathered on Murray's brow, and considerable confusion reigned throughout the court.

"It is a device got up by Mary Stuart to screen her lover; she has learned these things in France," muttered a clergyman of the reformed church to one who stood by his side, in a voice that might have reached the judges.

"A trick to save the foreign Papist!" muttered another, while Lord Murray and the judges consulted briefly together in whispers.

By this time Chatelard had recovered from the astonishment which had overwhelmed him. He arose to his feet, still much agitated, and addressed the judges.

"My lords," he said, "the head threatened by these deliberations were scarcely worth the wearing, were it purchased at the expense of this pure and most generous lady. I cannot fathom the motives which have induced her thus to cast her woman's fame between my poor life and the scaffold. That she has motives such as an angel in heaven might acknowledge no one who looks upon her can doubt. But the story which she has told against her own spotless name is not true. The saints in Paradise are not more free from reproach, have not been more sacredly respected by every word and act of mine, than this noble girl. Neither she nor her most royal and injured mistress had knowledge of, or gave the slightest encouragement to,

my mad crime. I am guilty, deeply guilty, but not of an attempt to injure any human being. Let the vengeance of the outraged law fall on me. But, in the name of all that is sacred in your own hearts, cast no reproach on one whom I dare not mention, so lofty and sacred is her name, or on this innocent maiden!"

As Chatelard ceased speaking, his eyes rested on the shrinking form of Blanche Neville. She had been gazing wildly in his face all the time. Her lips were slightly parted, and she held up both her clasped hands, imploring him by that mute gesture, when her lips refused their office.

"He will not let me save him!"

The voice of terrible anguish in which these words were uttered thrilled through every heart in the room; but, all unmindful of the sympathy she had excited, poor Blanche tottered a step or two nearer to the place where Chatelard was standing, and sunk, with a faint sob, to the floor almost at his feet.

"Lift her gently," said Murray to the officer who came forward, and even his stern voice was agitated, "take her to the palace with all respect. Poor thing, her mind is evidently distraught."

They lifted poor Blanche Neville from the floor, and a hush like that of deep midnight fell upon the room as she was carried reverently through the crowd.

The heavy, monotonous tramp of soldiers on duty had been heard in the streets of Edinburgh since daylight; now and then the shrill tone of a bagpipe broke the gloomy sound like a cry of pain; and in one of the public squares stood a scaffold, with an ocean of black cloth wetting over it to the ground, and a block, like those used in a butcher's stall for the cleaving of beef, standing in the midst. As the hours rolled on, the soldiers that had been patrolling the streets filed slowly down the different thoroughfares, leading to the place of execution, and ranged themselves around the scaffold. These soldiers were followed by the populace, a wild, tumultuous crowd, which choked up the whole square, save that dark spot girded in by armed men.

The hour of death was nigh at hand, and the crowd became tumultuous from an eager wish for the spectacle of blood. Murmurs of impatience ran from lip to lip, which were only increased by the sight of an executioner who came slowly down through a narrow lane, guarded by two lines of military, which had been kept open that the victim might have free approach to the place of death.

This man wore a mask upon his face, but the chin and that portion of the neck which it left exposed were distorted, as if the wretch were striving to smile beneath his disguise. A broken and hoarse cheer greeted him as he mounted the scaffold. Taking up an axe that rested against the block, he felt the edge with his thumb and nodded approvingly, as if to satisfy the eager thousands that he was not only ready to minister to their craving thirst for the blood of a foreigner and a Papist, but felt a horrid pride in the task assigned him.

This act was greeted by another shout, which seemed choked back into the throats that sent it forth



by the appearance of the prisoner. Not their rude voices alone, but the heart of each man was hushed in his bosom as the unhappy chevalier passed through their midst to meet his death. He was somewhat pale, but the lustre of his dark eyes remained unquenched even by the paraphernalia of death that arose before him. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, the soldiers closed in, and the rich uniforms which they wore were blended together around the black pile like a massive and gorgeous scarf.

Priests followed the victim up to this horrible altar, and behind them, with his face bowed down and his arms hanging feebly by his side, crept a man of singular and uncouth form, but whose eyes, as he lifted them for one instant, burned like living coals. Those on whom his glance fell shrunk back into the crowd, and even the executioner turned away as if awed by their terrible expression. It was observed that Chatelard conversed with this man, while a solemn and earnest expression of countenance gave force to his words. His last act was to take a gold cross from his neck, kiss it, and then place the relic in the hands of this strange being. Those that were close around the scaffold saw Hugo fall upon his knees, press the cross to his lips, and breathe an oath of vengeance, which mingled horribly with the muffled sound of the executioner's axe as it clove through the neck of the

unfortunate Chatelard and was buried deep into the block.

The clang of a bell, tolling forth the death knell of Chatelard, sounded heavily over the city. It carried thoughts of gloom over many an humble dwelling, and aroused some to pity who had been eager to hunt the victim to his fate. It swept over the palace of Holyrood, rolled its hoarse death cry through the winding passages, and crept with a solemn voice through the sumptuous chambers even to that where Mary Stuart was weeping over the helpless form of poor Blanche Neville.

All that day the wretched maiden had been lying upon her couch, with her eyes shut and exhibiting no signs of consciousness, save a slight start now and then as some unusual sound gave warning of the gloomy preparations going on without the palace walls.

As the hour of execution drew nigh her breathing became more and more feeble. Once the broad lids that fell over her eyes quivered faintly, as if tears were swelling under them, but not a single drop crept through the heavily knitted lashes, and she gave no other signs of suffering.

At last that bell toll whispered hoarsely through the palace. Blanche started up, opened her eyes wide, and fell back to the pillow again. A faint sigh, a fainter shudder, and the tale of Blanche Neville is told.

## THE FORSAKEN.

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

Go roam through every clime on earth,  
And dream thy falsehood sets thee free;  
In joy or grief, in cure or mirth,  
I still will haunt thy memory. *Mrs. Norton.*

CANST thou forget me when bright eyes are on thee,  
And music breathes in many a gushing tone?  
Ah no! methinks some gentle spell hath won thee:  
Yet in that voice thou seem'st to hear mine own.

Go onward in the flowery path of pleasure,  
Where song and gladness are poured forth for thee;  
Yet in thy memory, as its deepest treasure,  
There still will dwell forbidden thoughts of me.

Forget me! no, thou canst not; there's a sorrow  
That, cloud-like, e'er will hover o'er thy heart;  
Though hope may point thee to a joyous morrow  
The darkened shade will never more depart.

And in sweet spring-time when the snowy blossoms,  
Or brighter flowers, are on the forest trees;  
When joy sits lightly in thy tranquil bosom,  
The breeze, soft whispering, e'en will speak of me.

For in days past how often have we wandered  
Through the lone forest by the sparkling rill;  
Though silent now the themes on which we pondered,  
Those lovely scenes will whisper of them still.

Then freely gushed the purest founts of feeling,  
Our hearts unchecked their fullest thoughts confessed;  
Responding ever to the fond revealing,  
Purest affections woke in either breast.

And when at evening by the murmuring river,  
Beneath the broad and star bespangled sky,  
Thou wanderest now, wilt thou not think thee ever  
When scenes like this before have met thine eye?

Another now may share thy joy or gladness,  
Another's smile may win thy thoughts from pain,  
Another's voice may break the spell of sadness,  
Yet it will seem a tone of mine again.

When to another thou art fondly breathing  
Vows which in other years were breathed as sweet to me,  
When smiles around her lips are gently wrenching,  
My lips will seem again to smile on thee.

And when thou art before the holy altar,  
Clasping her hand who is to be thy bride,  
A rushing thought shall cause thy voice to falter,  
For thou wilt dream that I am by thy side.

# THE CHEROKEE BRAVES OF 1760.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

## CHAPTER I.

THE race of the red man has almost disappeared from our land. It is but as *yesterday* and they were sovereigns of this great continent—their feet alone trod the unbroken forests—with the wild deer and the wolf they held the tenure of those mighty groves—their canoes floated uncontested over our virgin waters—the smoke of their wigwams ascended from valley and plain. But the white man came. Through those majestic forests, for the first time, echoed the death-welded axe, and the noble trees groaned "wo! wo!" as they sank forever, to give place on the broad bosom of earth to the cities of the pale-face! Winding along in silvery brightness the gentle rivers but reflected their own umbrageous banks, where, to slake his thirst at the crystal fount, in joyous freedom through the crackling underbrush the deer came bounding; and their calm surface circled alone to the light paddle of the Indian, the flower-laden breezes, or the soft rain from heaven. *To-day where is the red man?* With the grip of power further, still further is he hurled, away, away to *Death—to-morrow to Oblivion*—save in the annals of *what has been!*

In looking back upon the tragic scenes which mark our conquest o'er the aboriginal owners of our land, we are wont to regard the Indian as void of pity as are the savage beasts of the wilderness—as demons who delighted but in the stake and torture, the tomahawk and scalping-knife; yet when we cast aside the veil of early prejudice, we blush to find they but followed the lessons learned from us! With unsuspecting kindness they welcomed the white man—they gave him land—they ranged their beautiful hunting-grounds to bring him food, and taught him where the salmon and the trout most abounded; and, for awhile, all was peace. Here stood the rude cabin of the settler, and there, in friendly approximation, the wigwam of the savage. Together they roamed the woods, and side by side as brothers cultivated their fields. True, when the calumet of peace was broken, and the war whoop rang shrill through the forests, they fought like demons—but they fought *for their own*, for the *land of their fathers*—and when, foot by foot, inch by inch, they saw their fair inheritance receding from them—when onward, still onward, came the overwhelming avalanche of insatiate white men, what wonder that to the untutored savage revenge was sweet!

But the stigma of cruelty rests not alone on them. History tells many a bloody deed of reckless cruelty, where not alone the Indian was perpetrator! Many instances might be cited in proof of this assertion, already well known probably to the reader, and

Truth need borrow no aid from Fiction to render them thrilling or effective.

In the year 1760 South Carolina became involved in a furious and bloody war with the Cherokee nation, with whom until that period she had been upon terms of amity. This powerful tribe had also united with the English against the French, and it was almost immediately after the surrender of Fort Du Quesne to the victorious arms of the former, that the war whoop suddenly aroused the English from the calm enjoyments of a peace so lately won, to encounter all the horrors of savage warfare. The cause which had led to this direful event was slight, until nursed by cupidity and revenge into full grown bloody war.

•It appears that a party of Indians returning through the borders of Virginia, and many of them having lost their horses, they made it no matter of conscience to appropriate to themselves such as they found running wild in the woods; a practice which was by no means uncommon at that day by both settlers and natives. However, the Virginians were much offended at this uncommissioned seizure of their property, and, without seeking other means of redress, they immediately started off in pursuit, and having overtaken the Indians, fell upon and ruthlessly murdered fourteen of their number, and took several others prisoners. Such treatment as this from *allies*, whose frontiers they had aided to transform from fields of carnage to smiling peace, as might be expected, aroused all the animosity of the Indians—those especially whose relatives had been slain in the late war with the French were implacable, breathing nothing but revenge against such perfidious friends. Like blood-hounds, therefore, they came rushing down upon the families of whites residing on the frontiers, gorging to excess their thirst for vengeance, indiscriminate of sex or age!

The governor of Carolina, receiving intelligence of this sudden outbreak of the Cherokees, made immediate preparations to march against them. Independent companies were ordered to join him at Charleston, while the militia of the country had directions to rendezvous at Congaree, where the governor with his forces was to join them, and set forth immediately to the relief of the frontier settlements.

The great chiefs of the Cherokees were, however, much averse to a war, and no sooner did the "note of preparation" reach their ears than thirty-two of their chiefs and warriors set forth for Charleston, to settle all differences and if possible prevent a war.

It was a bright October morning, and although the sun had not yet burst through the rosy clouds which,

• See History of South Carolina.

golden-tinted, harbingered his coming, even at that early hour an unwonted bustle pervaded the streets of the southern city. Troops were already defiling—the cheerful din of life and drum came borne upon the morning—officers, in gay uniforms, on high-mettled steeds rode hither and thither, as if upon some sudden call of duty—citizens were grouped in earnest conversation—even the lounging sailor and indolent negro appeared to share alike in the general excitement.

This was the day upon which the governor had purposed to march with his army to join the forces at Congaree, but on the preceding evening the brave Cherokee chief Oconostota, with more than thirty warriors of his nation, had arrived in the city, and were to have audience of his excellency that morning. It was generally understood that they came to conciliate the friendship of the governor, and now the manner in which these overtures of peace would probably be received was a matter of speculation with the populace. While the more respectable citizens deprecated war, and were rejoicing in the probability of the governor's receiving the Indians in the same friendly spirit with which they came, the lower rabble, as is always the case, were bullying bravely, crying for war and destruction upon the savages.

"Och the thaves—the scalping red skins! is it pace they want? faith an' it's a *bullet* can give them *pace*—and by the blessed St. Patrick it's Thady O'Rourke will be after pouring into them that same—the *negraes*!"

"No peace—no peace!" shouted another—"we'll have blood for blood—and for every scalp they've taken ten lives shall pay!"

"Ay—blood for blood!" cries a third, "raise the hatchet and scatter the red skins from the land!"

Many an anxious wife and mother, too, whose husbands or sons were enlisted for the war, had part in the general excitement, hoping, yet fearing, the results of the conference.

The clocks pealed forth nine, and soon after, conducted by a party of military, the Cherokee warriors passed on to the council-chamber. A murmur ran through the crowd as they approached—the women hurriedly drew their children within doors—the rabble fell back, awed into silence by the stern, grim countenances of the Indians, while a few persons alone greeted them with signs of welcome as they passed.

In the meanwhile the governor with all the leading men of his council had assembled to receive this noble deputation from the Cherokees, and, with the exception of Governor Littleton himself, and two or three of his cabinet, all were in favor of an amicable adjustment of grievances. The former, on the contrary, was loud in his expressions of resentment for the late incursions of the Indians, forgetting that the first blood had been drawn by his own countrymen. His greeting, therefore, of the warriors as they strode into the assembly was far from being distinguished either for suavity or policy.

Addressing himself to Oconostota, in a stern voice he demanded—

"Why comes the Cherokee brave into the council lodge of the English? Comes he to tell of the scalps which his young men have torn from the women and children of the pale-face?"

Oconostota drew himself up to the full height of his majestic person as he replied—

"Oconostota has no ears for the words of his English brother. A cloud is before the eyes of the pale chief—he sees not the brave warriors who followed on the war-path to the Great Lakes—he sees not the chief Oconostota!"

"The eyes of the pale chief are open," answered the governor, "he sees the warriors—he sees Oconostota—but they come with forked tongues!"

"Oconostota bears no forked tongue!" was the reply. "His heart is good—his words speak truth—he comes to say let there be peace between the children of the Great Father!"

"When the nightingale sings her notes are sweet—so are the words of Oconostota—but the *mocking-bird steals the song of the nightingale*. Go—Oconostota speaks two tongues!"

At this insulting speech fury flashed from the eyes of the Cherokees—their chests heaved—their nostrils dilated, and, grasping their knives, they looked proudly around as if about to rush at once upon the uncourteous assembly. Fortunately the lieutenant-governor, who was present, and who understood well the nature of the Indians, and who from the first had endeavored to soften the manners and speech of the governor, so well calculated to inflame their jealous passions, now addressed them, and in a well adapted speech, wherein words of flattery for their wisdom, and thanks for the aid the English had received from them in the late war, were judiciously disposed, soon succeeded in calming their anger. Less successful were his efforts to induce Governor Littleton to listen to the friendly overtures of the Indians. The former was determined upon *war*. Once more addressing Oconostota he said—

"The English cannot hear the words of peace! Let then the great chiefs go home—let them sing their death-song—for the pale-face will hunt the Cherokee with dogs! The great English Father is angry—he will send a mighty army to destroy them—to burn their wigwams, and take captive their women and children!"

At the same time, well knowing the importance of retaining the persons of the chieftains at such a period, the governor basely determined to *keep them as prisoners*! Putting on now a more friendly guise, that his treacherous intentions might not be suspected, he added—

"But the warriors of the pale-faces are already in the woods and in the valleys—they look for the trail of the Cherokee. Oconostota shall march on the war-path with his English brother until he reach his own country, that the rifle of the white man may not find the heart of the chief."

Although burning with resentment, the Indians saw themselves forced as it were to accede to the friendly "talk" of the governor. Attended by a party of soldiers, they were re-conducted back to the quarters

assigned them, and a guard placed around the building to prevent their escape.

Such was the reception of these friendly chieftains, who had traveled nearly three hundred miles to represent their grievances and make conditions of peace. Thus were they insulted—denied even a hearing—and their persons put under duress! The next day saw the army under march for the Congarees, with the thirty-two prisoners (all but in name) strictly guarded bringing up the rear, where, in due time, they arrived, about one hundred and fifty miles from Charleston. From thence they were compelled to continue with the army on to Fort Prince George, where, to complete the indignities already heaped upon them, the chiefs were all confined in a small building scarcely large enough to accommodate half a dozen. There, shut out from the light of day—Forbidden to see their friends, (for they were now upon the confines of their own territories,) and treated with every rudeness, while a body of soldiers constantly surrounded them, these noble men remained in disgraceful bondage!

## CHAPTER II.

The treacherous treatment which their chiefs had received at the hands of the English goaded on the already highly excited natives to madness. "*Blood! Blood!*" was their cry; and fearfully did they make ready their sanguinary banquet! Other tribes, perhaps too weak to contest their own rights, gladly availed themselves of this opportunity to gratify their deep-rooted enmity to the whites, united with them. From every village shrilly arose the battle-song, proclaiming *death* and *vengeance*—in all its mystic horrors the war-dance nourished their maddened zeal, and fitted them for the approaching contest; and, in more than one instance, some hapless prisoner, reprieved from death even under the very stroke of the tomahawk, only to die, poor wretch, with tenfold horrors, was cruelly tortured and slain to the Manitou god of war.

Of those who most deeply lamented the impolitic measures which Governor Littleton had enforced toward the Cherokees was Horatio Denison, who, for many years, had lived not only in the immediate neighborhood, but upon the most friendly terms with that powerful tribe. He was well aware that as an atonement for the present indignities heaped upon them in the persons of their chiefs and warriors, the fair soil of Carolina must be drenched in the best blood of his countrymen ere their vengeance could be appeased. He feared not for his own safety or for that of his little household, bound as the Indians were to him by many acts of kindness, and although he was urged and entreated to quit his present residence, and seek either some more distant location or the protection of the fort, he still resolutely maintained his determination to abide the issue where he was. Mr. Denison had at one time held an office of high trust in the colony, but this he had long since relinquished. The sudden death of a young and lovely wife, after a few brief years of happiness, and under circumstances

of peculiar affliction to a husband and father, had made to him a weary pilgrimage of life, erst so bright and joyous; for she whose presence had shed light and music over his path was now forever gone from him—no longer then could Pleasure tempt, or Ambition allure; and from that moment shunning all society, he retired with his infant daughter and a few attached domestics far from the busy haunts of men. He sought the wilderness, and found therein the solitude and repose he wanted.

At no great distance from Fort Prince George, and near the borders of the Savannah river, he purchased a tract of land from the Indians, and there for many years had Mr. Denison resided, occupying himself chiefly with the education of his child, and so far sharing in the labors of his farm, as to render the relaxation of study both healthful and pleasing. He had ever cultivated the good will of the natives, by whom he was revered and loved—at different times he had been of much service to the tribes, and upon one occasion was so fortunate as to save the life of a great Cherokee brave, Tahnata.

An Indian, however he may resent an injury, never forgets a kindness, and scarcely a week passed that did not bring to "the lodge of the Open-Heart" some tokens of gratitude. Sometimes these offerings consisted of game—of birds of rare plumage—shells—moccasins, or various little ingenious articles for the "Bad of the Wilderness," as in their figurative language they named the little Rosalie.

Such, then, being the friendly relationship existing with the Indians, it is not strange that the threatened warfare failed of creating any uneasiness in the mind of Mr. Denison. With perfect confidence, therefore, he bade adieu to his darling child, and rode over to the fort, a few mornings subsequent to the arrival of the army with the chieftain prisoners. A rumor was prevalent already that Governor Littleton repented the rash steps he had taken, and that, finding much insubordination in an army thus hastily called together, he meditated returning to Charleston, leaving behind him his prisoners, with a sufficient garrison to protect the fort from any attempted sally of the natives.

It was to remonstrate with him upon the injustice of still detaining the Cherokee warriors that Mr. Denison now sought the interview with his excellency. But his labor and eloquence were alike futile—his advice received with cool contempt. Indeed, the governor had now gone too far to recede—and he now made, or pretended to make, it a matter of conscience in refusing to break the bonds of the Cherokee braves, until a certain number of powerful Indians, who were known to have led the late onslaughts upon the frontiers, were yielded up to justice!

It was the morning of the second day that, disappointed in the laudable design which had brought him there, Mr. Denison prepared to return home. The period was one of extreme danger, and, as may be imagined, very hazardous for any one to travel through forests where each tree or rock might conceal a lurking foe, yet not only alone but unarmed Mr. Denison pursued his route, probably within reach of a hundred rifles.

For some distance the road lay near the brink of the river, which, calm and peaceful, glided on its course—far as the eye could trace its windings, its surface was unbroken, save by the silver dip of the plover's wing—the batteau of the white settler and the light canoe of the native were alike moored. The air was pure, and balmy with the odors of the jessamine and magnolia, which here grew in wild luxuriance, and as he gazed around upon a scene so charming, the traveler sorrowed to think how soon the dread war cry of the justly incensed Cherokees might echo through that peaceful vale! The sun was already high in the heavens as he entered a thick wood, through which for several miles the road wound ere it emerged again into the open plain. Under the soothing influence of the scene, Mr. Denison soon forgot the mission whose futility had caused him so much regret. Insensibly his mind wandered back to other scenes—to visions of early-day happiness, when love and hope lent their enchanting colorings to his picture of life. Yet, even as he gazed through memory's magic mirror, the bright scene dimmed and paled under the sorrows which it also unsparingly gave back, until, as the fair young face of his child, his darling Rosalie, whose life the young mother had purchased by the sacrifice of her own, shone like an angel's before him, then sorrow softened, and the holy light of parental love once more irradiated the dim coloring!

Arriving at a pleasant spot where the thick interlacing foliage of the trees completely shut out the rays of the sun, and tempted, too, by the clear sparkling waters of a brook, Mr. Denison alighted. Leaving his horse to crop the fragrant herbage, he first took a long draught from the cooling spring, and then threw himself upon the bank, his thoughts still upon his child. The branches of the noble trees above him waved in the light breeze with strange harmony, as though angels concealed therein gently swept their harp-strings—the birds twittered softly, as if they too felt the influence of the hour, while the brook ever murmuring, murmuring on so gently over its glistening bed, insensibly charmed the mind of the traveler to repose. Still fainter grew the melody around him—vanished the image of Rosalie. But was it a phantom of his imagination, or was the tall, dark form which now bent over his grassy pillow clothed with vitality!

"Sleeps the 'Open-Heart,'" it seemed to whisper, "when the 'Fair-Haired' calls upon her father?" Again it spake: "The lodge of the white man is open, and the red warriors drink the blood of their foes. Awake, 'Open-Heart,' awake!"

Starting from his uneasy slumber, Mr. Denison looked hurriedly around him, as if he feared the strange vision real—but he was alone. He listened—no sound save those which had lulled him so quietly to repose met his ear, and he was about yielding a second time to their gentle influence, when suddenly the branches near him were pushed aside, and a tall, noble looking savage, decorated with all the panoply of war, stood before him. Mr. Denison sprang to his feet and confronted his unexpected visitor, in whom

he recognized the chief Talahate, yet ere he had time to speak, the Indian waving his hand said:

"Go! the 'Open-Heart' must no longer sleep. Listen to Talahate—before the shadows fall over yonder tree-tops the fire-brand will hiss in the lodge of his white brother—the great chiefs have sworn it by their council-fires. But the heart of Talahate is good. He would bid the 'Open-Heart' haste and bear away the 'Fair-Haired' ere the knives of the red men are drawn! Go—Talahate has spoken!"

With these words the Indian turned and immediately disappeared amid the intricacies of the forest.

Fearing he scarce knew what, so sudden had been the terrible warning of Talahate, Mr. Denison hastily mounted his horse and hurried rapidly on. He had nearly reached the opening of the forest when his ears were assailed by the loud appalling war-whoop—while at the same moment a lurid glow shot athwart the heavens, followed by large volumes of smoke, now one dense mass of heavy vapor, and again curling aloft in light fleecy folds. On sped the almost frantic father—he clears the woods—he strains his eyes in the direction of his peaceful cottage—but his blood chills with horror as he gazes—his *home is already burned to the ground*, while around the still raging flames hideous forms are leaping and yelling like so many demons, rejoicing in the ruin their maddened fury has created!

"O God! my child, my child, my Rosalie!" cried the distracted father, and burying his spurs deep in the sides of the already jaded animal, he rode furiously forward. Another yell from the savages proclaimed his approach was already noticed, and more than twenty rushed on to intercept his passage. Dashing down the foremost savage, still Mr. Denison pushed on. But what availed his single arm—he was over-come—closely bound, and dragged along toward the flames, which were now greedily licking up the rich herbage of the lawn, and curling around the shrubberies as if they too were in league with the evil spirits who had called them forth.

"My child! my child! where is my child? Have you killed her, inhuman monsters?" exclaimed the agonized parent.

At that instant a piercing scream reached his ear—he knew the voice of poor Rosalie! Writhing in his bonds he cried:

"Have you no pity? My child! let me go to my child!"

"The white chief makes music in the ears of the red man!" was the taunting reply.

Again the scream was repeated, and at the same moment a hideous savage, begrimed with blood and smoke, his eyes glaring death and vengeance, appeared—one hand flourishing aloft the glittering tomahawk—the other, dragged along the form of the helpless Rosalie!

"Father—father!" she shrieked, as she beheld him, "save me! save me!" Then sinking on her knees before the stern warrior she lifted her piteous hands, exclaiming:

"O spare me—spare me—let me go to my father!"  
But clasping the rich golden tresses of the kneeling

maid, the Indian with a demoniac laugh drew his knife—already it circled around her beautiful brow, when at the instant Talahate sprung suddenly before him! Dashing up the arm of the gloating captor, he raised the fainting girl from the earth, and encircling her light form with his arm, he said:

“The Great Panther of his tribe—the fierce and brave Otassite—means not to shed the blood of the girl! No! his knife finds only the heart of warriors, and the scalps of big chiefs!” Then turning to the Indians, who, in apparent indifference, awaited the result of this interference, in a voice strangely musical and persuasive he told them of the kindness the “Open-Heart” had always shown their tribes—that he had never raised the hatchet against them, but called them all brothers. He told them the Great Spirit would be angry if they did harm to so good a man—one who had the *great heart of a red skin*, with all the cunning wisdom of the pale-face! He then spoke of the captive maiden—of her innocence and beauty, and alluded in a touching manner to the affection the “Open-Heart” bore his only child.

He ceased—and for a time the silence was unbroken, when at length Otassite glancing his still burning eye upon Talahate, exclaimed:

“The sweet words of the pale-faces have found the heart of Talahate—it is soft. He would draw water for the Yengeese!”

“Talahate is a woman! He has left the war-path, and will cook venison for the ‘double tongues’ to spit at!” exclaimed another.

The tomahawk of Talahate quivered in his grasp, as if about to hurl it at the insulting speaker—but mastering his emotion by a powerful effort, he stood for a moment proudly regarding the fierce assemblage. Suddenly changing his demeanor, he now looked inquiringly around him, as if seeking those he was about to name—in a low, mournful voice he then said:

“Where is Oconostota? where Katagusta? I see them not! Are the eyes of Talahate blind that he cannot find them? Has the War-Manitou called them? No,” he added in a lower tone, “now Talahate sees them! he sees them chained like dogs in the den of the Yengeese coward, whose heart trembled when he looked even upon the shadows of their terrible forms! Shall the Cherokees go on the war-path alone, and leave the great chiefs bound in the lodge of the lying Yengeese! Shall they act as greedy wolves, and spare no scalps for the ‘Great Warrior’\* to hang in his wigwam?”

He paused for a moment, then turning to Otassite he said:

“My brother will tell his young men to spare the life of the ‘Open-Heart,’ and the ‘Fair-Haired.’ Talahate will go to the great council lodge of the Yengeese—he will say, ‘give life for life!’ The ‘Great Warrior’ shall be free—for the Yengeese love the ‘Open-Heart,’ and will cut the bonds of Oconostota for the life of their white brother.”

A murmur of approbation passed around, and then Otassite replied:

\* The Cherokees styled Oconostota the “Great Warrior.”

“The words of our brother are good. The ‘Open-Heart’ shall sleep in the lodge of Otassite—he and the maiden are safe. Otassite has spoken.”

Preparations were then made for an immediate departure from the scene of warfare. Bearing the terrified Rosalie to her father, Talahate himself cut the bonds which confined him, and telling him to be under no apprehension for their safety, for he would protect them, the prisoners were led off into the forest, happy that through the intervention of the friendly Talahate their grim captors suffered them to remain together.

### CHAPTER III.

A week has passed since the events of the last chapter. Our scene now changes to a small Indian village, whose not ungraceful dwellings, about fifty in number, were scattered at intervals over a space of some two hundred rods. Many of these were erected on the open plain, rising amid fruitful fields of Indian corn and tall flowering beans—others, near the borders of the wood, were completely overcanopied by the wide spreading branches of the sycamore—or peeping out from clusters of graceful lindens. The sun was long since down, although the west yet bore traces of his glorious descent, and the birds had folded their bright wings to rest. A few children were sporting around the open lodges, breaking forth occasionally into shouts of merriment; or the low chant of the Indian mother might be heard soothing the wail of infancy. These sounds, slight as they were, soon ceased—the children crept back into the lodges—the song of the mother died away, and now the whispers of the breeze, or the fitful chirp of insects, alone varied the perfect stillness of the hour.

It was near midnight when the silence was suddenly broken by loud repeated shouts issuing from the forest, as if announcing the triumphal return of some warlike expedition. No sooner did the first sound fall on the ear than the door of each wigwam was thrown open, as if by concert, and forth issued the women of the tribe, each with blazing pine-knots in their hands, which they waved wildly aloft, yelling and screaming in the most discordant manner. A body of about fifty Indians soon emerged from the forest, and with them came the late captive chieftain Oconostota.

As Talahate had predicted, Governor Littleton had consented to release this brave chief for the ransom of Mr. Denison and his daughter, but obstinately and blindly refused to deliver up the other prisoners.

However the heart of Oconostota may have throbbled with joy at finding himself once more in his native woods, free and unfettered from his disgraceful bondage, his arm once more wielding the battle-axe, which already quivered as it were in eager anticipation of hurling death upon the now detested English; and however the love of a husband and a father may have stirred his bosom with delight, as his eye rested once more upon the scene where his domestic happiness was centered—yet such is the imperturbable stoicism of the Indian character, that true to his nature, not a muscle relaxed—not a glance

betrayed his happiness. In unmoved dignity, therefore, not even casting one look upon the wife of his bosom, as she glided meekly before him with his young son in her arms, Ocounostota snatching a torch from one of the women strode into the council lodge. He was followed by all the principal warriors, who, seating themselves around, waited with becoming gravity the words of their chief.

Ocounostota was a stern warrior, then in all the strength and vigor of manhood. He had ever been disposed to cultivate feelings of friendship for the English, and in many instances, especially in the war which had so lately terminated by the capture of Fort Du Quesne, his bravery in their cause had elicited the highest praise and warmest acknowledgments from the English commanders. Uncomplainingly also had he tolerated the daily encroachments of the whites upon their territories, and in the spirit of kindness, as has already been seen, volunteered to go himself to Charleston to conciliate peace. But if such *had been* his feelings, very different were they *now*? His late disgrace had filled his soul with the most bitter hatred, and his paramount object now became to rid the country forever of such barbarous enemies.

With all the native eloquence of the Indian, Ocounostota addressed the warriors around him—to which his noble person, added to the rankling remembrance of his late sufferings, gave additional force. The plans which his captivity had engendered were now laid open to their approval, and each gave token of approbation at the mighty projects, the consummation of which promised them revenge and victory! Still Ocounostota forgot not his friends who were yet in bondage—ere the waning of another moon he swore they should be free! That great object accomplished, was to be the signal for a general rising of the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and other powerful tribes—even their old enemies the Creeks were expected to unite with them in driving the hated pale-faces from the land.

Aware, however, that stratagem and violence could alone achieve the liberation of the prisoners at Fort Prince George, their plans to that effect were at once arranged. It was resolved, however, to defer their operations until Governor Littleton returned to Charleston, which was to take place almost immediately. The garrison would then be so much weakened that with a few of his brave warriors Ocounostota doubted not the fort would prove an easy conquest, and freedom be restored to the unfortunate chieftains.

A few days only, and an Indian runner or scout came in with the welcome intelligence that the army had marched for Charleston, leaving only a small force of two hundred men to protect the fort.

Now then was the time for action.

Bending his steps to a lodge a little remote from the others, Ocounostota paused a moment before the entrance and listened. A low, sweet voice was heard singing a little Indian air, but broken and mournful, as if the heart of the singer was lurchened with sorrow. Waiting until the song was finished, Ocounostota gently raised the curtain of deer-skin suspended over the entrance and said:

"The daughter of Yagusta sings—but her voice is low—it cannot reach the ears of her father in the great lodge of the pale-faces!"

Instantly the figure of an Indian maid flitted across the lodge, and with the light spring of the gazelle was at the side of the chief. Raising her clear hazel eye to the countenance of her visitor she remained silent, waiting for the communication she supposed him about to make.

Placing his hand lightly upon the shoulder of the maid, Ocounostota continued:

"Nahate is the daughter of a brave! Who has not heard of Yagusta? What tribe has not felt his arrows? His enemies tremble—his leap is like the panther's—his eye like the eagle's—he springs upon them—his mantle is woven of their scalps!"

"Yagusta is very brave!" said the maid in a low, musical voice.

"But the pale-faces are cowards—they have bound the strong arm of Yagusta that he cannot strike!" exclaimed the chief. "What will Nahate do that her father may look upon the blood of the Yengeese?"

"Nahate is the daughter of a brave! her heart is very strong—look, her arm will not tremble. Will the 'Great Warrior' tell Nahate what she must do?"

"Listen, Nahate," replied Ocounostota. "The Great Spirit gave Nahate a face very pleasant to look upon—he made her eyes mild and tender as the young fawn's, and the color upon her cheeks like the blush of the morning sky. Nahate must go to the great lodge of the pale-faces!"

"The heart of Nahate is very glad—she will go to the great lodge of the Yengeese, and look once more upon her father. Is it so?"

"Nahate," said Ocounostota, again placing his hand upon her arm—"the blood of the Yengeese chief is young—when he sees thee it will leap in his veins for joy—when he hears thee speak, thy voice will be like the song of birds—he will open his ears, and the tones shall reach his heart!"

"Why should Nahate please the eyes of a pale-face? Will the Yengeese chief say to her—'Go—Yagusta is free?'"

"Will the vulture loose the dove from his talons, or the wolf unclasp his ravenous jaws from the tender fawn? No! Nahate must be like the glittering serpent, which charms before it strikes! Nahate is not a fool, she knows the words of the Great Warrior!"

The maid gave one quick glance of intelligence, and then replied:

"Nahate will be very cunning—for she will think of her father!"

Finding he was understood, the chief now opened his plans more freely to the Indian girl. It was arranged therefore that Nahate should visit the fort, taking with her any such little articles of traffic as might please the fancy of the officers—moccasins, hunting-pouches, belts, &c. If called upon, she was to profess utter ignorance of the captives, appearing only solicitous to dispose of her merchandise. All her art, however, was to be directed to one object—namely, to gain the admiration of the commander of the fort, a gay young fellow not more than twenty-

five years of age, and if possible entice him without the garrison. This done, the rest would prove easy of accomplishment.

In pursuance of this plan, then, Nahate immediately proceeded to the fort, above half a day's journey from the village, and, suffice it to say, the young soldier fell easily into the snare so cunningly prepared for him. A week passed, and now the Indian maid suddenly affecting the greatest reserve as soon as she found him in her toils, expressed her determination not to visit the fort again. This threw the young officer into despair, but finally Nahate consented, although apparently with the greatest reluctance, to meet her admirer once more without the walls of the fort, in a little clump of trees near to the brink of the river. The time appointed was at an early hour in the evening, and in accordance the designs of Ocounostota were also made to concur.

At length the night fixed upon arrived. Separating themselves in small parties of six and eight, about fifty Indians, taking different routes to avoid all suspicion, stealthily reached the neighborhood of Fort Prince George, where the "Great Warrior" and Talahate had already arrived. Concealing themselves within a dark cane-brake in the immediate precincts of the fort, each warrior crouching low waited almost breathlessly the concerted signal.

The moon had now risen, shedding her mild beams over a scene too soon to become one of fearful strife and bloodshed. The light canoe of Nahate appeared sliding gently to the shore—with her paddle upraised, the graceful figure of the Indian maid bent forward, and the soft notes of the nightingale floated on the silvered air. The next moment the postern door softly opened and the unsuspecting officer stepped forth. Gliding from the thicket Ocounostota warily

approached his victim—as he drew near, like a bird the little boat flew off into the stream, while springing upon the youth with a low guttural laugh, the chief exclaimed:

"Waagh! The pale-face loves the squaw of the red man!"

This was the signal.\* A horrible yell now burst from the thicket, while at the same time a dozen rifles were aimed at the unfortunate young commander, who immediately fell mortally wounded! Rushing now toward the postern, a party of the Indians headed by Talahate attempted to effect an entrance, while the rest, led on by Ocounostota, with the fury of demons gathered around that quarter of the garrison where their chiefs were confined. For a time the battle raged violently. Exasperated at the death of their captain, the English met the attack of their assailants with equal fury, and opened a galling fire upon them. Seeing the greatest force of the Indians now directed toward that quarter where the prison was situated, with a cruelty which not even the emergency of the case can justify, the imprisoned chieftains were ordered to instant death! One by one these wretched men, without the power of resistance, were inhumanly murdered, and their mangled bodies tauntingly thrown over the walls to the maddened Cherokees without!

Finding at length the fort too strong to be carried by their present force, Ocounostota retreated with his desperate band, bearing with them their dead and wounded.

Thus ended this celebrated expedition against Fort Prince George. How fearfully the Indians revenged themselves for that bloody murder, the annals of that period will testify.

\* Drake's History of the Indians.

LINES TO A FAT-CINATING YOUNG LADY.

I've been in love some sixty times  
 And always thought the newest fairest,  
 I've strung at least a million rhymes,  
 Though not to forms like that thou wearest.  
 Some have been short and others tall,  
 Some have been plump and others slender,  
 But slim or dumpy, large or small,  
 To thine their brightest charms surrender.  
 There is the shape I've seen in dreams,  
 Yet never met at evening parties,  
 Like real flesh and blood it seems  
 Mixed with celestial, like Astarte's.\*  
 There's nothing of the sylph or gnome  
 Exactly in thy form's expansion,  
 But it would deck the humblest home  
 And beautify the proudest mansion.  
 To flirt with for a month or year  
 One might select a different figure,  
 Less size, less heart, of course less dear,  
 With rather less of health and vigor.

\* See Byron's *Maiden's passion*.

But for a friend—ye gods! a wife,  
 To live for, fight for, love forever,  
 I never saw in all my life  
 One near so perfect—never, never!  
 I am in earnest—so, do n't laugh,  
 Thou precious, merry, darling creature!  
 I'd rather see thy smiles by half  
 Irradiate each winsome feature,  
 Than all the splendid sights that night  
 Reveals beneath her starry glories,  
 Or, steeped in day's most lovely light,  
 The scenes of old heroic stories.  
 With thee companioned, one might go  
 Content through life's low vale of sorrow,  
 And, blessed at present, care to know  
 But little of the dim to-morrow.  
 Yet fare thee well! 'Tis vain for me  
 To conjure up thy glowing vision;  
 My last thought is a sigh for thee,  
 And thine a smile of sweet derision.



## BORN TO WEAR A CORONET.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

SOME people are born to wear a coronet, no doubt; but why such things happen on this side of the Atlantic, where plain, simple, republican blood alone is allowed to pass current, I cannot imagine. Yet that such things do actually occur here, I am certain, and so would you be, dear reader of mine, if you had ever seen Rosina Brown. Well do I remember her—a tall, dark-haired maiden, in the first half of her teens, with a form remarkably well developed, an easy air, and a very peculiar manner of carrying a head which was in reality a very fine head, when it was not thrown back so far as to destroy the equilibrium of the figure. In school-girl phrase, she was a magnificent creature, with hair like the raven's wing, and eyes to match, features of nature's most exquisite workmanship, a queen-like figure, and a step like Juno's. People less enthusiastic would have said that she was a very fine girl, who, if she did not spoil herself by disagreeable airs, might become a useful and accomplished woman. We were not so tame and commonplace however; and, from the dignified Miss Martin, who had come to Alderbrook "merely to review her studies," down to us hisping Peter Parleyites, we all regarded such equivocal encomiums with the contempt they merited. Oh! how we did lament the vulgarity of American society, and deprecate the debasing sentiment which is the corner-stone of our government. But for those rusty-fusty old men, who put their heads together, as old men are forever doing, to destroy all the dear, delightful romance of life, by making believe that all the people in the world are born free and equal, our splendid beauty might have been at least a countess.

"The head of Zenobia!" Miss Martin would sigh, and, "Such a head!" came the echo from lip after lip, with a half-lisped finis from the baby-pet, Fanny Forester.

Alas! that Nature, who it is generally believed may be implicitly trusted in matters touching pedigree, should, on this occasion, so far forget herself as to send a model for a princess of the blood royal across the water, where women are expected to wash their own dishes and scrub their own floors!

It must have been some awkward mistake, and I have since come to the conclusion that Miss Rosina Brown was intended for the Queen of England, and the more simple Victoria for Miss Rosina Brown. Be that as it may, many were the fresh-hearted, simple-souled little damsels who threw up their pretty hands in ecstasy at every sentiment she uttered, and heard her animadvert on fashion, refinement, and, above all, aristocracy, with staring eyes and gaping mouths. Among these did Miss Rosina move a queen, though deprived of any other court. We

understood the contraction of her brow, the drawing up of her neck, and the curl of her lip perfectly well; and unfortunate indeed was the stranger who, by some peculiarity of voice or manner, or the display of some article of dress not precisely in accordance with our sovereign's taste, called down upon herself these unequivocal marks of disapprobation. But Miss Brown, (if her title *must* needs be simple Miss, pray why *could* 'nt it have been Neville or Montfort, or something that had at least a shadow of nobility about it?) Miss Brown, with all her holdings-forth on aristocracy, could not have defined the word any better than two-thirds of the brilliant misses and ambitious mammas that have so well nigh exhausted the theme by their continual harpings, both before her day and since her settlement. She knew that aristocrats were a touch above the vulgar, that they lost caste by making themselves useful, that they should not come in contact with—with—well, even I, her pet pupil, have forgotten whom, but it is a class whose traits it is given them to understand intuitively. That aristocracy is a shadowy word to me yet, for it is enveloped in the misty veil of Miss Brown's explanations. I think it conveyed the idea of some exclusive privileges, I do not recollect what, and a particular way of bowing and curtsying, I have forgotten how: whether it had any thing to do with the curl of the hair, or bend in the bridge of the nose, I cannot say, but it certainly had with the curvature of the lips, for I recollect one sweet little girl was voted plebeian by Miss Brown's court, because, after numerous lessons, she could not throw up the corners of her pretty mouth, as my Zikka does when angered by the bit. Neither do I know whether high birth had part or parcel in the matter of making an aristocrat, but I half suspect in theory it had; for I remember one young lady who was considered an unfit associate, because her father was a "vile mechanic;" and Miss Brown carefully concealed from us the fact that her dear papa was the same Adam Brown, the flower of his profession, who had graced so well the character of "mine host," proud, rather than ashamed, of the gilt letters emblazoned on the swivling sign before his door. Adam Brown was a worthy, pains-taking man, kind and affable, and very much of a gentleman withal, having not the slightest suspicion that his business was incompatible with the maintenance of that character. Neither was his fair daughter troubled with any qualms about the matter; but she fitted like the gladsome thing that she was among the numerous visitors, laid the snowy cloth, served the tea, and performed the thousand other offices that none can grace so well as a sweet little girl, flashing with spirit and dimpling with good-humor. Indeed, though afraid of

scandalizing myself by the expression of such a sentiment, I do more than half suspect that much of Miss Brown's Zenobian grace was picked up in this very manner. If she did not owe the shape of her head to the duties of the hostel, she certainly did the carriage of it; and not a coronetted brow in Christendom could bear its honors more proudly than she the clustering wealth of her own black tresses. But things were not destined to continue long in such an even course. Adam Brown died, lamented as men who "act well their parts" always will be, and left his daughter an heiress.

Of such stuff as this are American aristocrats made. They lay the parent who has toiled for them in his grave, and rear the fabric of their miserable, degrading glory on his ashes. Their fathers are honest laborers, they are spendthrifts and mountebanks, and their children, if no worse, are beggars. (Dear reader! a word in your ear. From the dash a couple of sentences back, not a word of all this rant is mine; but, unluckily, there is leaning over my shoulder a Democratic monomaniac—a genuine Jeffersonian Polk-and-Texas-man, as he calls himself, and I must needs submit, now and then, to an interpolation.)

It was a sad day when our clique of exclusives was broken up by the loss of the nucleus round which we gathered; but we all promised never, *never* to forget Rosina Brown, and kept the promise as well as school-girls usually do. In a short time rumor brought to our ears something, I scarce know what, about her marriage; and, one by one, most of us followed in her wake, till scarce a heart in our little band but beat the echo to another's throbbings. Then we were scattered widely—none but us "little ones" remaining at Alderbrook, and we so fluttered at the idea of growing up into womanhood as to forget our *a-bc* days entirely. Even our little keepsakes found their way into the ashes, or at best some old bag or oaken chest in the garret; and scarce a trace remains to tell of by-gone days, except, now and then, a faded flower within the heart, which the dews of memory cannot soften into life. Thus lasting are the friendships founded on a momentary fancy, and nourished by flattery. Sometimes I felt some interest—not curiosity, oh no!—in the fate of my dear Rosina, but I always quieted myself with the reflection that she must be the star of some proud circle; and, if truth must be told, (it was before my last summer's trip to New York,) I had become so in love with the quiet, simple beauties of our darling Underhill, that I valued her estate but lightly, however high it might be. But of its elevation I doubted not; and when fame descended, now and then, to waft the name of some beautiful lady, one who was the cynosure of all eyes in her own land, across the Atlantic, I involuntarily inquired if she were not American born.

More than a dozen years had passed when I took a journey to the far west. Oh! those wild, luxuriant woods! Every pulse within me dances at the remembrance of them, and even yet my heart flutters like a caged bird in sight of its own free heaven. How I clapped my hands, and laughed, and shouted in baby-like glee, until the old woods rang

with ten thousand answering echoes. Then how I sat and dreamed, till fancy transported me to gay Sherwood, and I detected among the changing foliage the Lincoln green, and started at every leaf that rustled, expecting to see peering out upon me the face of bold Robin Hood, or some one of his merry foresters. Oh! beautiful wild, wild west! I love thee, not "despite thy faults," but, as rare Etia did things scarce more lovable, "faults and all"—corduroy roads, mud and underbrush, log houses without windows, quizzing inhabitants, and gruff, brazzing hosts, who think it very strange that people can have any objection to sleeping a dozen in a room, particularly if it be summer, and that room has no air-hole but a chink in the wall, made for the especial benefit of beetles and mosquitoes.

We had left Will Waters' fine farm away in the distance, and commenced our return home. Oh, such roads! Our ample wagon was like a miniature ark of particularly clumsy make, now rising on the tip-top of a billow, and suddenly sinking almost out of sight. Then we had an over-turn, and that was the climax of the day's enjoyment; for nobody was hurt, and everybody laughed, and perpetrated stale witticisms and laughed at them again, till the birds were no doubt convinced that upsetting a big traveling-wagon is one of the rarest sports we humans engage in. Next the horses, panting as if worn out by their own strong will, set their forward feet stubbornly down, refusing to part company with the turf even for an instant; the driver flourished his whip and swore roundly; the gentlemen coaxed the horses, soothed the driver, and laughed with us, who with comical glances, half of mirth half of anxiety, nibbled the tips of our kid gloves and wondered what we should do. Then all at once one prying fellow of our party announced that a spring was broken, a pin lost, or something of that sort had occurred, which women are sure to get wrong if they mention it afterwards; to which the provoking driver responded that a horse had lost a shoe. And so, as in duty bound, we all laughed again, not heartily as before, but a nervous, hysterical laugh. The gentlemen looked perplexed; we cast sidelong glances at the woods, as though the wolves had already smelt out our discomfiture, and were only hiding behind the nearest trees till night-fall; and the driver used harder words than ever. A consultation was now held, rather short to be sure, as consultations are apt to be when there remains but one path to choose; and then each gentleman tucked his lady under his arm, and on we jogged as merrily as before. It might be five miles, indeed it might be twenty to any human habitation, but *no*—it was only *one*. A neat log cabin, situated in the very centre of a Paradisal bower, its white-washed walls nearly concealed by woodbine and eglantine, loomed up from an expanse of cleared land; and, all at once, our rejoiced party discovered that we were very tired, and could not have lived to walk further than this one mile. Beautiful dark-eyed children, in neat coarse dresses, were playing about the cottage, and interrupting with the cry—"Oh! look here, father!"—"Father! Robin has hit the target!"—a tall, sun-embrowned, inte-

lectual looking man, who was reading in the doorway. We were cordially welcomed by this man, and shown into a little room full of flowers and green bushes, through the leaves of which the hot air, made heavy by the weight of the sunshine, cooled itself and dallied lovingly with the flowers, then came to play about us who knew so well how to appreciate both its freshness and its perfume.

"A little paradise!" whispered I.

"Almost equal to the nestling-place of your friend Nora," returned J., in the same tone.

"A pretty good house-keeper for the woods, I imagine," added another of our party.

"House-keeper, indeed! Who would think of a house-keeper's arranging all this? It was undoubtedly some little sprite with taste enough to prefer such a bright spot to fairy-land!" And I tossed my head in make-believe playfulness, but, in reality, feeling quite resentful that any one should think of such prosaic things as house-keeping in a place like this.

So I looked about among the foliage for my sylvan deity, but nothing was there more fairy-like than a domesticated robin, which, perched on a fresh bough that waved above the snowy pine mantel, was practicing a little duet with its partner in the fragrant bass-wood, just beyond the court-yard fence. But we had no more time for observation or remark. Our hostess, a young woman of dignified matronly air, as unlike a fairy as any thing you can imagine, came in to welcome us; and, shortly after, we were seated around a plentiful board, smoking with hot corn-cakes, and the most fragrant imperial, and—oh! did not we do justice to these same? And did the fresh cream, and the strawberries, and the snowy cold bread for those who preferred it, and the raspberry jam, or any of the other nice things, suffer from neglect? During the repast the fine eyes of our hostess frequently turned on me, and there was such a peculiar attraction in their deep darkness, that mine invariably met them. Then there was a little blushing, a little confusion on both sides, and a resolution on my part not to be so rude and stare so again. After tea we repaired to the little embowered parlor, while our hostess was "putting things to rights;" and in less than a half hour were joined by her and her husband. They kept up an interesting conversation, but I was silent and perplexed. There was something in the face, air, and manner of this woodland lady that was familiar, and at the same time I was sure that I had never seen any one so dignified, so self-possessed, and yet so simple and unaffected in every word and movement. I ran over my list of acquaintances that had "married and gone west," but no, it was none of these.

"Faany!" exclaimed J., somewhat impatiently, "are you dreaming? I have spoken to you three times without getting an answer. Our host tells me that his wife spent some of her school-days at Alderbrook."

"At Alderbrook?"

It came like a flash of light.

"Rosina Brown!"

"My little Fanny!" and we were locked fast in each other's arms.

My countess, my queen, here in the wilderness, actually washing her own dishes, and sweeping the floor of her own log-house, and "not always with a civilized broom either," as she laughingly asserted. Only think of it! Of course I was astounded; and no wonder that I did not venture on asking a single question, while she overpowered me with a whole volley. But at midnight, when all were asleep within, and the stars alone kept watch without, (Rosina assured me that there was not a wolf in the whole neighborhood,) we stole away, and beneath the silent trees renewed our former intimacy.

"And so you wonder," said Rosina, "at my being here. Well, so do I sometimes—but oftener I wonder why I am so happy, so contented, so willingly circumscribed in my wants and desires, and yet so free in soul and fancy. Believe me, Faany, I never before knew a single day of such pure unalloyed happiness as I have enjoyed every day since we sheltered our pretty birds within this forest nook. Don't you think they are pretty, Fanny? They stole their red cheeks from the dewy flowers, and their bright eyes have grown brighter by looking on the beautiful things about them. Then these stately old trees have made them thoughtful and deep-hearted—and they are little musicians, too, vying with the woodland minstrels in melody."

"Perfect cherubs—and so happy and healthful!"

"Yes—happy, and healthful, and frolicsome, as the young colts you must have passed when you wound around the bend in the creek. They used often to be sick, and I watched beside them until all the color was gone from my cheek, and I acquired this stoop in my shoulders—see! I never shall be straight again!"

"Oh! I shouldn't observe it at all—it is very slight indeed, and you will soon overcome it. But do tell me how it happened that you, of all others, should marry a farmer, and—and—"

"A poor man, you would say. I did not."

And then I listened to a story, of which I should never have dreamed that Rosina Brown could be the subject.

Rosina had met Richard Merrival several times before she came to Alderbrook, and their acquaintance was renewed every vacation. So when she had "finished," and he threw off the student and was admitted to the bar, it was no great wonder that he pleaded his first cause in the quietly presence of Rosina Brown. It were a pity indeed if such a handsome young barrister should plead in vain; and so Merrival ensnared his lady-bird, and bore her away to town; and there, in an elegant mansion, surrounded by every luxury, their chief study seemed to be how to make every thing about them more luxurious still. At length their means failed, and Merrival applied to his father. But this fountain of wealth was dry. Failure had followed up the old man's golden schemes, and Richard Merrival and his father were beggars. Rosina saw herself falling; she knew that the magic circle of which she had been

the brightest star was shutting her without its pale; the glittering bubble, which, in her girlish days, she believed it the chief aim of her life to grasp closely, was crushed within her hand. All that was bright, all that was glad-ome, all that was worthy of possession in this world—every meteor that for long years she had gazed upon and believed a sun—all the roses that had clustered so luxuriantly about her path—all receded now, and the world lay stretched out before her, a wilderness. And yet, an old friend came, one who had loved her when a little girl in the inn by the way-side, and she would not know him. No! come poverty, come beggary, come starvation even, these should not bow her spirit to go back to things she had despised. She could suffer, but she would not bend. And so the old friend went away, and Rosina wondered where she should find bread for her children.

But Merrival, though he had spent years in idleness, was gifted and eloquent. He knew that his profession was a fortune in itself, and he gathered strength, as manliness ever does when struggling with obstacles. With a heart somewhat lightened, he sat down by his humble fireside at evening, to gain sympathy from the loved ones. But discontent and misery were there. His wife complained, his paupered children missed their accustomed luxuries, and they complained also; recrimination followed between the husband and the wife, and they lay down to rest with hearts full of bitterness toward each other. When the whole world is the object of bitterness the individual is never spared.

Weeks passed, and Richard Merrival grew gay again; but it was over the cup of death. His laugh was long and loud, and his eye had a fearful sparkle to it—a flash that every one knew was but the kindling of pent-up misery. The little cottage grew dark and darker, the loving heart grew desolate; but on the top wave of anguish rode always the harrowing thought—"Bread! bread for the little ones whom God has given me!"

Months—years went by, and Rosina was a drunkard's wife! Not a tittle of the degradation of such a lot was abated, but the bitterness of her spirit was drowned in sorrow. She had watched day and night by the bed-side of innocence, and she grew gentle in such an atmosphere. Then she laid two of her sweet nurslings in the grave, and so a link was forged between her heart and heaven.

A change came over Merrival. Poverty had taken up its abode by his fireside; suffering and sorrow were there, but none of these had driven him thence. It was the bitterness of crushed pride; and that was a guest there no longer. He had laid his hand upon the icy forehead of his dead child, his first-born darling boy, and took upon his soul a vow, and that vow never was broken. And now behold them, pale and weary, but calm and hopeful, wending their way to the far west, where they might forget their vain dreams and their degradation together.

"We are yet poor in gold and lands," continued Rosina, "but are rich in health and peace, in our children, and in each other. And now, my dear

Fanny," she added, as we turned toward the house, "I am as *aristocratic* as ever. We lord it over the natives of these wilds, the birds and beasts, as though we were peers of the realm—Nature's realm—and claim the *exclusive privilege* of making each other happy, and of offering our humble roof to the stranger benighted in these woods—privileges which not a living thing about us dares to exercise."

"But do you never long for society, Rosina?"

"Society?"

She led me to a couch where two living rose-buds, two bright-lipped sleeping Hebes, lay nestled in each other's arms, and throwing back rich clusters of golden curls, kissed cheek, and lip, and forehead—a gentle, loving pressure, so mother-like that a tear sprang to my eye, for I seemed again lying in my own little cot at Alderbrook.

"Look at these, Fanny—and my two noble boys! What more society could I desire, unless it be *his*! I wish you knew my husband, Fanny. I used to boast that he was a perfect gentleman, and so he was—but that is an abused term, and now I know the highest praise that I can offer is that he is a *man*!—in heart, and soul, and intellect, a man—full of integrity, and courage, and strength, and truth—in short, my little Fanny, he is, as I suppose every loving wife thinks of her lucky Benedict—the *one man in the world*!"

It was almost morning when Mrs. Merrival and myself gave the good-night kiss, and turned away to dream of our school-days at Alderbrook.

When the sun arose, and the discovery was made that we should be detained a whole day and night longer in our parlor-bower, my resignation on the occasion entitled me to become *pateru-woman* for the whole party; and our hostess looked any thing but sad at our discomfiture. It was a happy day; and, when evening came again, I no longer wondered that Rosina was satisfied with her society. In the course of the day I took a peep into the little library, composed of a few choice volumes, to which the Merrivals had clung in weal and wo; walked into the garden and viewed, not only the wall-flowers and sweet peas, but the beans and cabbages; and then went to the log barn across the creek, and brought in our own hands the fresh eggs that were served up for dinner. I learned, also, that Master Robert Merrival, the active little fellow who had just "hit the target" on our arrival, mounted the pony Roger every Saturday, and rode off fifteen miles, to the nearest post-office, whence he returned well laden with papers and letters.

Another morning came, and we turned with reluctance from our parlor-bower, and with still more reluctance from the dear ones who had constructed it, to pursue our journey. The adieus, the prayers and prophecies, the clasping of hands and kissing of lips, I will not attempt to describe; neither the heart-swell that it took so many miles to calm; for I would not leave a tear here at the close of my tale. So we parted, the Alderbrook Zenobia and her little worshiper. A strange throne that of rure Rosina Brown's!—her butt away in the green wilderness.

And yet—and yet, I do believe—Well! I will not brave a straight-jacket for the sake of having *my* say; but whatever mistake Fortune may have made in the execution of her plan, of one thing I am certain, my proud-browed friend was at least *born* to wear a coronet.

## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is ending,  
The night is descending,  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead;

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows,  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences,  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain;

White through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing,  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

## LINES TO A CHRYSALIS.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Musno long I asked me this,  
Chrysalis,  
Lying helpless in my path,  
Obvious to mortal scath  
From a careless passer by,  
What thy life may signify?  
Why, from hope and joy apart,  
Thus thou art?

Nature surely did amiss,  
Chrysalis,  
When she lavished fins and wings,  
Nerved with nicest moving-springs,  
On the mote and madripore,  
Wherewithal to swim or soar;  
And dispensed so niggardly  
Unto thee.

E'en the very worm may kiss.  
Chrysalis,  
Roses on their topmost stems,  
Blazoned with their dewy gems,  
And may rock him to and fro  
As the zephyrs softly blow;  
Whilst thou liest dark and cold  
On the mould.

Quoth the Chrysalis, sir bard,  
Not so hard  
Is my rounded destiny  
In the great economy;  
Nay, by humble reason viewed,  
There is much for gratitude  
In the shaping and upshot  
Of my lot.

Though I seem of all things born  
Most forlorn,  
Most obtuse of soul and sense,  
Next of kin to impotence,  
Nay, to death himself; yet ne'er  
Priest or prophet, sage or seer,  
May sublimer wisdom teach  
Than I preach.

From my pulpit of the sod,  
Like a god,  
I proclaim this wondrous truth,  
Farthest age is nearest youth.  
Nearest glory's natal porch,  
Where with pale, inverted torch  
Death lights downward to the rest  
Of the blest.

Mark you airy butterfly's  
Rainbow dyes!  
Yesterday that shape divine  
Was as darkly henced as mine:  
But to-morrow I shall be  
Free and beautiful as she,  
And sweep forth on wings of light,  
Like a sprite.

Soul of man in crypt of clay!  
Bide the day  
When thy latent wings shall be  
Plumed for immortality,  
And with transport marvellous  
Cleave their dark sarcophagus,  
O'er Elysian fields to soar  
Evermore!

## FLORA LESLIE.

BY STELLA LEE.

Could you have seen Flora Leslie you would have thought her the drollest little school-mistress that ever wielded sceptre of birch-twig, or presumed to awe four and twenty of the most rebellious little imps that ever sported a *fools-cap*, or the placard D U N C E done in capitals! And so she was. With the most roguish pair of eyes in the world, sparkling with fun beneath their dark-curtained lids, where they were oft fain to hide themselves lest they might betray the merry heart where they were kindled, and a mouth with smiles nestling in each rosy dimple, undisturbed by the pouting of those little lips, or the grave words of authority issuing therefrom, for *they* felt themselves at home, while the family of *pouts* they knew to be only formal *invited* guests. Indeed, it is a fact that at the first glance you would have pronounced Flora herself the very greatest piece of mischief within the four walls of that little school-room! But you should have seen her sitting in the old-fashioned arm-chair, raised some three feet above the level of the floor, her *pout* figure endeavoring vainly to accommodate itself to the stiff high back; one elbow dimpling its dark leather covering, as if like some pleasant old gentleman it could not help laughing at so dainty a thing; and the tips of her taper fingers finding themselves an agreeable resting place upon her blooming cheek. You should have seen how patiently she went through the A B C-dom of those little petticoat gentry—how she kissed one—patted another—coaxed a third, and cried "Oh, for shame, Master Willie!" to a fourth—and then with what gravity the Geography and History of the older classes were dismissed—and although some of those boys and girls were almost as big as she was, and though they did mischievously contrive sometimes to loosen the comb which confined her dark brown tresses, until the whole glittering mass came sweeping around her even to the tiny foot resting on the little pine bench before her; and although in play-time the urchins would pelt her with roses and sweet clover-tops through the open window, yet, for all that, she was as demure as a kitten. And then, when school was dismissed, to see how soberly she walked up the well-worn path, through a whole colony of play-houses decked out with broken china, and rag dolls, and brick ovens, with sand-pies basking in the bright sun, the amusement of the little troop at her side; and then with what a matronly air she would bid the tiny loiterers go directly home. You should have watched her until she turned aside into that shady lane forming so pleasant a walk up to that old-fashioned farm-house—and then—ah! I do not wonder you stare—for you surely never could dream yonder mad-cap tripping so swiftly over the white daisies and butter-cups, her bonnet swinging in her hand, and her merry voice waking the echoes and

the birds, was Flora Leslie, the village school-mistress!

And this is the same pale, frightened child, that good farmer Leslie brought home one day from the Alms-House, a little toddling visibility of dependence and want, saying, as he placed her on the floor by the side of his own baby—

"Here, wife—we have sons and daughters of our own to be sure, and a plenty of them, but here is a poor motherless thing, and we can find room enough for her, too."

And, bless the kind dame, she stooped and kissed the white brow of the little stranger, and bade her welcome among her own six curly-headed children.

It was a lucky day for the orphan when the eye of Mr. Leslie first rested upon her innocence. He had been to the city with a drove of as fine cattle as ever cropped grass at Cloverdale, and having a little leisure the morning he was to return, he resolved to visit some of those Institutions which the hand of charity has raised for the relief of the destitute and wretched. Chance directed him to the Alms-House. Hither this sad little pilgrim had just been consigned. There was something about her so pure, and a look so imploring of pity, that the heart of the good man swelled with compassion. Her little history, as gleaned from the garrulous nurse, was soon told, and was such as to confirm his already half formed resolution, and without delay Mr. Leslie constituted himself sole guardian of the friendless child.

He must have been well aware of the corresponding sympathy of his wife, or he would never have ventured unadvisedly to return home with such a renewed charge upon her time and patience. The reception of the child proves how rightly he understood the character of his helpmeet.

"And we will call her Flora, because she has come among us when the buds and the flowers are all so beautiful."

"Flora—Flora—what else, mamma?" demanded an inquisitive little miss of eight.

"Leslie, to be sure!" interrupted the farmer; "yes, Flora Leslie shall be her name."

And from that moment the little stranger was admitted to all the privileges, sharing alike in the pleasures and duties of the young Leslies.

Would that this world contained more of the heavenly spirit of Charity! Can wealth without usefulness—power, without beneficence, stir the hearts of their possessors with such pleasing emotions as glowed within the bosoms of this worthy pair, as they looked upon the helpless orphan whom their own generous impulses had snatched from poverty—*perhaps from crime!* Ah! go forth, ye sons of wealth, if ye would seek true happiness—go forth

among the desolate and poverty-stricken—visit the abodes of misery—open your hearts and hands, and reap the blessings of the poor, and the rich reward of an approving conscience, for therein have ye obeyed the Divine command—“*Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you!*” There are many upon whom Fortune with prodigal hand has showered her glittering favors, whose hearts are not hardened by riches, but who are only unmindful because they seek not—who, from never knowing a want themselves, cannot realize the necessities of others. Ah! would they but once shake off the habit of inertness which insensibly to themselves is daily clinging closer and closer around them, how would they bless the happy moment when, *then* for the first time, they have discovered the true value of riches!

When it became known in Cloverdale that Farmer Leslie had brought home a child of poverty—who was henceforth to share equally with his own children—and when the little Flora was seen to be dressed actually the same, and going to the same school as the Leslies, the spirit of prophecy waxed strong among the good people. Some predicted *ingratitude* and *disgrace*—if her family were *paupers*, of course they must be bad, and “*what was bred in the bone,*” &c. Others shook their heads, and were glad Jim Leslie was so rich as to adopt *beggars*—others *insinuated* that perhaps the good man knew more about the matter than he chose to tell, and they only wondered, for their part, how *poor* Mrs. Leslie could be so blind! But there were others in Cloverdale who honored the farmer for his kind feelings, and who predicted the blessings of Heaven would follow a deed so shining “*in a naughty world.*”

But all this could not blight the little flower transplanted to so new a soil. Under the smiles and tender nurture of her adopted parents, she daily grew in beauty and favor, until even those who had been the most disposed to frown upon the innocent child, would now exclaim, while they patted her rosy cheek or parted the clustering ringlets off her sunny brow—

“Well, I declare I can’t help it, but I never did see so winning a pet!”

Years passed. Mr. Leslie was a happy man, and a happy woman was his wife. Their five sons were intelligent, active boys, and where could one find a prettier or snarrier girl than Bessie? Not to mention that spirit of joy and lightsomeness pervading the old farm-house embodied in the person of Flora! She was named for the flowers, and like them her attributes were grace and loveliness.

“I have been thinking,” said Mr. Leslie, one night, to his wife, “that we will send Flora to a better school than Dame Brooks’—suppose we let her go to Troy, with Squire Jones’ daughter.”

“And why *Flora*, I should like to know—why not Bessie?” replied the *mother*, for the first time, perhaps, making a distinction between the two.

“I will tell you why, my dear—that she may in time be able to gain her own living by teaching school herself.”

“Why, surely,” interrupted Mrs. Leslie, in a tone

of alarm, “you don’t mean to send the child away from us!”

“Away from us?—no, indeed! But the fact is this—you and I, Bess, are on the decline of life, and in all probability we must leave this good little girl behind us.”

“Well?”

“Well, although the boys and Bessie love her now as much as if she were their own sister, and I do n’t know why they should n’t, yet perhaps their hearts, after awhile, may become more hard and selfish, and then they may look coldly upon poor Flora.”

“That *you*, Jim Leslie, should think such a thing of *our* children—I declare I wonder at you!” exclaimed the good dame, holding up her hands.

“I don’t think so, my dear—but—”

“*My* children unkind to Flora! Why, Jim!”

“Well—well, Bess—education is a fine thing at any rate. We will send her to Troy, and, if you please, Bessie shall go too.”

“There—there—now you talk like a rational being. Give Flora, or Bessie, or both, as good an education as the farm will pay for, but don’t talk any more about Flora keeping school for a living, just as if she was going to be cast forth again upon the wide world.”

And so to Troy the two girls were sent, where the advantages which there presented themselves were not thrown away. One year of assiduous industry and application to their studies realized all the wishes of the worthy farmer, and filled their little heads with quite wisdom enough to astonish the good people of Cloverdale.

A few months after their return from Troy, the village school was left without a teacher, and a committee now waited upon Mr. Leslie, requesting one of the two girls might fill the office. Bessie could not be spared, and Mrs. Leslie being assured that Flora should still be their own dear Flora, our little heroine was duly installed mistress over the rising generation at Cloverdale. With what credibility she went through her task has already been shown.

A very portly old gentleman, with a very red face, and an air of very great self-importance, was seen one bright sunny morning, in April, peering around the purlieus of Cloverdale. For more than half a century, midway up a gentle eminence, an old stone mansion had quietly reposed in the arms of the same noble oaks that had sheltered it in youth, now crowned with moss and creeping plants, like children clinging around old age, and resting upon a rich velvety bed, sprigged with wild roses and blue violets. Those who had once dwell so happily within its walls were all gathered side by side in the quiet grave-yard, and now the heirs, residing at a distance, had offered the venerable mansion for sale. And the portly, red faced gentleman strode around it with Esquire Wilson, the village lawyer—(they had but *one*—consequently a quiet little place was Cloverdale)—stopping here, backing there—looking on this side, now on that, and all the while flourishing his gold-headed cane at the old gray walls, as if threatening terrible things. And so it proved.

The "Grove" was sold. And then there came city carpenters, city masons and city painters, upholsterers, surveyors and gardeners, to modernize and improve. The carpenter went to work, and down came the old mahogany doors and quaintly carved mouldings—the mason followed, and the broad open fire-places came rattling about—the chimneys tottered and fell—up rose the swallows, on frightened wing, flying hither and thither, now with sharp cries soaring aloft, then swooping down, wheeling round and round, fluttering, panting, poisoning timidly upon the ruin, and again with pitiful cries flying off in dark masses over the tree-tops. The painter flourished his brush, and evanished the "Blue Room," and the "Green Chamber," and the "Hall of Roses," so called from the foundation. The surveyor and the gardener put their wise heads together, and *crash* came down the fine old trees—(O, General Morris, where were *you*?) and the terrified martins hurried confusedly together, and flew off after their neighbor swallows. Summer-houses were leveled to the dust—the arbors overthrown—the ploughshare tore up the beautiful flower-plats, and uprooted the tall box bordering the walks—and finally the "Grove," now yelped "Diddlemus Hall," came forth with a front of flaming red, as if blushing at its own degeneracy. *And this was improvement!*

Great people were undoubtedly coming—for what heavily laden teams disburthened themselves at the hall! What elegant carpets—what mirrors, couches, tables—what unnumbered articles unknown by name or use to the simple villagers might there be seen flaunting forth in every hue and shape!

It was a delicious afternoon in June, when the air was reeking with the sweet odors from the new-mown fields, that a large showy carriage entered the village, and proceeded with stately pace toward Diddlemus Hall. It stopped.

"Oh, shocking!" exclaimed a tall, thin, vinegar-faced lady, to the portly gentleman, as she alighted.

"And is *this* Diddlemus Hall? O mi!" shrieked a miniature of mamma, casting her eyes around.

"Oh, horrible! How the country air is impregnated with creatures and onions!" lisped a second, as she slowly followed her sister.

"*Onions* indeed, Bel!" cried a third, springing from the carriage, "why the air is the most delightful in the whole world!" and plucking a bunch of violets peeping up at her through the grass with eyes as blue as her own, instead of ascending the steps, and entering the house as a discreet maiden should do, off she flew like a bird.

"Sara! Sara! Come back—I insist upon it!" cried the tall lady; "how very hoydenish you are—come back!"

But kissing her hand, and waving the violets above her head, Sara bounded over the stone wall, entangling her feet with the long grass as she ran, until her course was impeded by a brook running along as merry as herself; then she stopped, and, throwing off her hat, she bent her bright face to the sparkling water, as if to kiss the happy image it mirrored, and seated herself on the mossy margin, heedless of the

solecism she was committing upon the dignity of Diddlemus Hall.

Having now introduced the fashionable Mrs. Diddlemus and her daughters, we will imagine a few weeks to have passed since their arrival at Cloverdale, during which, of course, they have been endeavoring to astonish the natives, ending, however, as such attempts are pretty apt to do, by being more astonished themselves at the obtuseness, as they please to term it, of the natives in refusing to be perfectly bewildered (and well they might be) by their grand display of dress—their airs and graces, and un-Webster-authorized diction. Many of the villagers called upon them—some from neighborly feelings—others from curiosity—the first laughed in their sleeves and said nothing, the second stared, marveled, and said a good deal.

Sara, in the meanwhile, was perfectly unmanageable by her stately mamma. What did *she* care for display? Why did *she* want to hold her head above the good country people?—she did not—no, not *she*! And in spite of mamma, and Miss Alicia and Bella, she was all over the village, made herself quite at home with all the good dames—chatted with the parson—laughed with the doctor—scrapped acquaintance with all the grave cove, and not a dog in the neighborhood but wagged his tail knowingly as she drew near—and finally, one afternoon, just as our school-mistress Flora, with a face of great gravity, was quelling the noisy tongues of her younger charge, her mischievous little face peeped in at the door, and, dropping a low courtesy, she said, in the most *naïve* manner possible—

"Please, ma'am, may I come in?"

How Flora laughed! and how Sara laughed! and then what a shout of merriment burst from the throats of the youngsters, until at last books were thrown down, slates cast aside, and school dismissed, white arm in arm the two girls sauntered over the green, and up the lane, as if they had already known each other for years.

"And so your name is Flora," said the little gipsy; "well, mine is Sara. Now kiss me, for I know we shall be the best friends in the world."

And now regularly day after day Sara might be seen tripping up the path just as school was dismissed, for Flora had insisted upon her not coming before, her laugh was so contagious—she would then accompany her to the farm-house, where, from her artlessness and good-nature, she soon became a very great favorite with the Leslies.

From such a chatty little body as Sara, Flora was soon unavoidably *au fait* to the several characters and dispositions at the Hall, besides being the confidante of many weighty secrets of her own, so weighty as must inevitably have burst her little brain had she endeavored to keep them to herself. Her favorite theme, however, was the praise of her brother Harry—*such* a brother! so kind, so good, and so funny! He always took her part, too, when things went wrong with mamma—he would be home in September, for then he was to leave College forever, and going to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or—mercy! she



hoped he would not be a minister—and then she was sure he would like Flora, and Flora, of course, must like him!

Mrs. Diddlemus in vain sought to break up the intimacy of her daughter with a humble *school-mistress*, and either from disdain at her profession, or jealous, perhaps, of her superior beauty, Miss Alicia and Miss Bella, whenever they chanced to meet her, treated her with the most insolent rudeness. But what did Flora care for all this? It could not lessen the interest she felt for the wild, misguided, but warm-hearted Sara; and so their meetings continued just as often and as pleasurable as ever.

September came—and so did Harry. But it was too bad in Sara, little jade, to do as she did! for the very next morning after his arrival, without even giving notice of her intention, she carried him over to the farm-house. Stealing softly through the back gate, and holding her finger to her lips, while she motioned Harry to follow, she tip—tip—tip-toed round to a little porch from which a clear sweet voice was merrily ringing, and *there* was poor Flora standing before a tub—*washing*—positively washing! Was ever such a predicament! Yes, there she stood—a little short-gown falling just below her hips, over a blue stuff petticoat, from which

“Her feet,  
Like little mice, stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light.”

Her sleeves rolled up displayed the beautiful contour of her fair round arms—the white creamy foam curled and mantled around them, even to their dimpled elbows, glittering as the rays of the sun shot through the lattice above like dissolved rainbows. Mrs. Leslie, with her back to the mischievous Sara, was paring apples, lending occasionally her still fine voice to the cheerful song of Flora. Rub—rub—splash—splash—and again the airy bubbles rise and break.

“There, mother, see your cap!” cried Flora, drawing forth a piece of muslin from the snowy suds, and shaking it before her—“see how white! Now I will just run and spread it out under the old lilac, and then all these stains will soon be out.”

Turning, she beheld her naughty friend and the somewhat abashed collegian! She started, blushed, and for a moment felt inclined to flee from the scene, but soon recovering her self-possession, she joined in the laugh, and in a few moments all embarrassment was forgotten.

From that moment Harry appeared to be quite as fond of visiting at the Farm as his sister—nay, he went even further, for more than once he found his way into the school-room, just to assist Miss Leslie in her arduous duties. Was not he considerate?

In the mean time, there was a constant succession of gay company arriving at Diddlemus Hall, and consequently *pic-nic-ing*, boating, riding, and fishing, in abundance. Harry, to be sure, was not always of these parties, for it was astonishing how very studious he had suddenly become—always walking off by himself with a huge folio under his arm—studying Greek in the woods, where he could not be interrupted.

But one unfortunate day, Mrs. Diddlemus, taking an airing in her carriage, strangely determined to visit Miss Leslie's school—(could she have had any motive?) and there what did she see! What but that pert young school-mistress sitting at her ease, forsooth, and her son, her Harry actually figuring sums for a dirty, white-headed, bare-footed boy! Smothering her rage, which, like a pent up volcano, was only to burst forth with the more violence, she blandly requested the attendance of her son, and then, without deigning the least notice of Flora, who had risen upon her entrance, she sailed out of the house, and entered her carriage. *She could now read Greek!* So much for going to school, at any rate! It was astonishing with how much calmness Harry listened to her voluble *translation*.

A party was soon on the tapis. Mrs. Diddlemus determined to give a grand blow out.

“Mamma, who shall we invite of these stupid villagers?” drawled Alicia, pencil in hand—“who shall I put down on the list?”

“Why, you know, my love—the Smiths, and the Wilsons, and Mrs. Hawbuck, and Susan Jones—but there is *one* person who shall not be invited!” and here Mrs. Diddlemus looked very positive—turned very red, and struck the table with the palm of her hand, all the while glancing at Sara, who, seated in a large rocking-chair, was carelessly tearing a beautiful dahlia to pieces.

“Who is that, ma?” said Bella.

“Why that school-madam—the daughter of old Leslie!”

“Daughter, indeed!” cried Alicia, now speaking very fast and thick—“why, do you know, ma, they say she came from the Alms-House! A beggar, whom the old man picked up somewhere!”

“The Alms-House!” shrieked Bella.

“The Alms-House!” ay, I'll warrant it!” nodded Mrs. Diddlemus. “A pert, conceited creature!”

“I'll tell you what it is, mother,” cried Sara, springing from the chair, and throwing the flower violently down—“I do n't care whether Flora Leslie came from the Alms-House, or the ‘White-House,’ she is a dear, sweet girl, and unless *she* is invited—I won't come into the room. I won't—I *won't!*”

“Ridiculous! you foolish child! She shall *not* come, I tell you, and *you* shall!”

Sara did not answer, but threw herself down again in a fit of the pouts.

“The Alms-House!” again said Alicia—“pray, Ma, did we ever have any poor relations?”

“Ha! ha! ha! how absurd! Poor relations? What a question, child!”

“I declare, Alicia, you must be infected with pitiful notions to allow such an idea to enter your head!” exclaimed Bella.

“Poor relations!” continued mamma, “no, indeed, I trust not. We are a great family—none of your *parvenu* gentry—our fathers came over in the—*the* May Flower. Ah, in England, girls, we may have *titled* relations, not poor ones!”

“Had we not once an Uncle Felix?” demurely asked Sara, fixing her great eyes upon her mother.

"*Hum—Felix—O, yes—poor Felix!*"

"*It's he poor, mamma?*"

"*There is a—a mystery, child, about him—you must not ask such idle questions.*"

"*Because I have heard he died in the poor-house.*"

"*Sara!*"

"*And that his wife took in washing.*"

"*Sara!*"

"*To support herself and little baby.*"

"*Hold your tongue, miss!*"

"*And that she died from starvation.*"

"*Go to your room!*"

"*And that her rich friends would not even pay for her coffin.*"

"*Sara!*"

"*Well—well! I'm going! No matter if she was your sister—*

*Rattle her bones over the stones.*

*'T is only a pauper whom nobody owns.'*"

sang the saucy girl. Then flying directly to her brother Harry, she must needs tell him how very angry she was that her dear Flora, her sweet Flora, was not to be invited to the party, because, forsooth, she was poor, and had been taken from the *Alms-House* when she was only a mere baby! And notwithstanding Harry positively forbade her from mentioning this to Flora herself, yet what does she do but runs directly to the Farm, and unburlened both her indignation and her regret at the same time.

Poor Flora! This was the first trial she had ever known. To be thus held up as a mark for malvolence and insult! And that Harry, too, should be obliged to listen to such details! She knew that she was an orphan, and indebted for every happiness her young heart had known, to the charity and kindness of those under whose roof she had been received and treated as a child. But now, for the first time, she realized her lonely state, and determining to ascertain as much as possible of what Mr. Leslie knew of her parents, she hastened to him, and begged him to give her all the information of which he might be possessed, relating at the same time the conversation she had just had with Sara.

Mr. Leslie heard her through with great attention, shrugged his shoulders once or twice—cried "*pooh!*"—muttered a little to himself, and then turning suddenly to his wife, said—

"*My dear, get my clothes ready, for I shall go to B— early to-morrow morning.*"

Drawing Flora to him, he kissed her tenderly—bid her not trouble her little head about what such people said, for she was as good as they were—yes, and ten thousand times better!

Accordingly, in the morning, Mr. Leslie left *Cloverdale* for B—, and did not return until the very afternoon of the great party to be given at *Diddlemus Hall*—and then one would have certainly thought the man beside himself to see how he acted. Flora assuredly did, when coming up to her he patted her on the cheek, and said—

"*Come, darling—you and I must go to the ball to-night—so make yourself look as pretty as you can.*

Here are some *gim-cracks* I have brought you!" displaying, as he spoke, a handsome set of pearls.

"*Ma! father, me!—to the ball! You forget!*" cried Flora, in amazement, unheeding the rich gems he pressed into her hand.

"*O no! I do n't forget—but I am in the mood for dancing to-night—so be ready!*"

And so saying, the old gentleman actually went through a few stately *minuet* slides, as he had done probably in his young days, and bustled out of the room—and the next Flora saw of him he was in the garden, in earnest conversation with *Harry*—yes, with Harry, who laughed, wiped his eyes, shook the old man warmly by both hands, and then ran off down the lane, as if he too was possessed! What could it all mean?

It was evening, and the brilliant lights streaming from *Diddlemus Hall*, together with the merry strains of the violin issuing thence, proclaimed the festivity which was going on within.

Every thing was arranged as Mrs. *Diddlemus* wished it to be. The refreshments were nil of the best—the ice-creams were ice—the *blanc-mange* just of the right consistency—the whips delightful nothings—and the cake, what could be lighter? A very proud woman, therefore, was Mrs. *Diddlemus*, as all smiles, turban, and *marabouts*, she received her guests, while on each side of her Miss *Alicia* and Miss *Bella*, decked out in the extreme of fashion, assisted their mamma in doing the honors.

But can she believe her eyes! Can it be possible! Yes, it certainly is—yes, it is old Farmer *Leslie* coming toward her, dressed in a suit of snuff-colored homespun with bright brass buttons, and, leaning on his arm, that good-for-nothing, impudent girl! Was ever any thing so strange? And Mrs. *Diddlemus* drew herself up and looked daggers—Miss *Alicia* and *Bella* tossed up their heads, and turned their backs—but directly behind Mr. *Leslie* and *Flora* were *Harry* and *Sara*, the latter evidently in great delight at the puzzled looks of her mamma.

Mr. *Leslie* stopped full in front of the lady, while his eye expressed the contempt he felt. Poor *Flora*, pale and trembling, clung closely to his arm, for now every eye in the room was upon her.

"*Madam,*" at length said the farmer, addressing Mrs. *Diddlemus*, "since you do not appear to recognize this young lady, allow me to introduce to you Miss *Duncan*—Miss *Emily Duncan*, the daughter of your brother *Felix*! Yes, madam, of that *Felix Duncan* whom your pride and avarice destroyed! Behold there the child of that noble but unfortunate man. It is to have her acknowledged as such that I have brought her here this evening, and then we take our leave. Here are the proofs of what I assert," drawing from his pocket, as he spoke, a small roll of papers—"shall I read them?"

Mrs. *Diddlemus*, taken as she was by surprise, pale and trembling from mortification and anger, had yet too much tact to permit this; she therefore immediately, although with a very ill grace, bent forward and touched the fair brow of *Flora* with her lips, while *Alicia* and *Bella* extended the tips of their

gloved fingers—but Sara, throwing her arms around her neck, kissed, laughed, and cried by turns, and even Harry, claiming the privilege of a *cousin*, saluted her lip—saucy fellow!

There was no getting over it, and so Mrs. Diddlemus put the best face she could upon the matter, and insisted that her *dear* niece should remain to share in the festivities of the evening, which should be considered, she said, as a jubilee for this happy occasion. But no! Mr. Leslie strode off, carrying with him his fair charge, and it was not many minutes ere Master

Harry and Sara were also missing from the festive scene.

Mr. Leslie had possessed himself of every proof substantiating the birth of Flora, and she was therefore formally acknowledged by the friends of her deceased father.

But Mr. and Mrs. Leslie would not part with their dear child—neither would Flora (as I love best to call her) consent to leave them—and so, in course of time, Cousin Harry was even forced to *come himself and carry her off!* What obstinacy!

## GRAND TOWER ROCK.

(ON THE MISSISSIPPI.)

In pursuing our plan of giving in "Graham" the most notable places in the South and West, we have selected for the present month the most striking object on our western waters—Tower Rock. Mr. Thomas, in a paper upon the "Great West," in the *Knickerbocker*, gives the following description of it:

"Nearly equally distant from St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, on the west side of the Mississippi, is Grand Tower. It is a column of rock about fifty feet in diameter, rising fifty feet in height above the ordinary surface of the water, and crowned with a luxurious growth of stunted trees and shrubbery. Higher up, on the Illinois shore of the river, is a mass of rock, nearly sixty feet high, which, from its peculiar shape, and from an aperture in the southern side, has obtained the appellation of 'The Devil's Bake-Oven.' This latter appears to have been, by some violent means, separated from the adjacent cliff which overhangs it. In descending the Mississippi, on approaching Grand Tower, there will be noticed in its neighborhood several other masses of rock, resembling columns or towers; these, however, are not isolated, but are connected with the shore, whereas the tower stands alone in the river, in the centre of a deep channel, breasting a current that is here stronger than any where else on the river, below the 'Rapids.' In the vicinity, on both shores, are several other curiously formed rocks, which have obtained fanciful appellations, as the 'Devil's Pulpit,' 'Devil's Grave,' etc. A few miles further up, on the Missouri shore, are the 'Cornice Rocks,' so called from the appearance of their tops, which look as if regularly wrought into a cornice. These rocks extend to the height of one hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly above the surface of the river. They form a solid wall, which rises right out of the water, and stretches along its margin for a considerable distance, marked the whole way by the *cornice*, which seems to have been produced by the abrasion of a mighty current that formerly swept near the top of the rocks. The Cornice Rocks, Grand Tower, etc., on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, form what may be termed the spur of the Merrimack hills, a line of highlands that extend north-westwardly to the Gasconade river. The Devil's

Bake-Oven, diagonally opposite the Grand Tower, is the abrupt termination of the 'Illinois Bluffs,' those stupendous cliffs, averaging one hundred and fifty feet in height, which enclose the American Bottom, and extend semi-circularly from above the mouth of the Missouri to this point, having all the way the same cornice, or water-marks, which characterize the Cornice Rocks. These facts have led many to adopt the theory that the Mississippi was once dammed or blocked up at the Grand Tower, and that here was a water-fall more mighty than that of Niagara; that the American Bottom and much of the Missouri shore formed the bed of a large lake, fed by the river, whose upper current wore the cornices in the rocks, until, by some violent convulsion, a channel was forced through at the tower, and the lake was in a great part drained, leaving its bed to form the rich alluvion of the American Bottom. The fact that pine and other trees have been found, in digging for water, in the neighborhood of St. Louis, fifty feet below the surface of the earth, is also an argument in favor of this theory.

"Before steam navigation was introduced, Grand Tower was one of the most dangerous places to the navigator on the whole Mississippi. The current being remarkably swift, the voyagers in keels and barges had to ascend the river bank in advance of their vessels, which were then drawn by ropes through the swift current, that would not admit of the ordinary means of 'poling' against the stream.

"A highly poetical suggestion in reference to the Grand Tower has been made, which every American would feel proud to see carried into effect. *It is, that a monument to FULTON be erected upon its top.* The expense could easily be defrayed by collections from passengers on the boats which pass it. A statue of Fulton, executed by Powers, the native sculptor of the Valley, and erected on the top of Grand Tower, midway in the length of the great Mississippi, and in its strongest current, would indeed be a noble memorial, at once honorable to the mighty genius who taught how to stem the tide of the great Father of Waters, to the art of sculpture, as developed by the great West, and to the gratitude of a great nation. This suggestion is quite too important to be overlooked."

## THE NEW NEIGHBORHOOD.

(FROM THE DIARY OF MISS NANCY NETTLETON.)

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

*May the 7th.*—Well, after all, it is right pleasant to get into a new neighborhood. The change not only furnishes me with fresh ideas, but brightens up my whole stock of old ones. I thought I should not easily become reconciled to living away from the place to which I had been so long habituated, yet in one week my mind has regained its composure; so much are we the creatures of circumstances, as the colonel once elegantly remarked. I can now reflect calmly that when a property has changed owners, it is natural that it should change tenants; and since I have rigidly analyzed my feelings, I am convinced that much of my attachment to Doiley Court was the result alone of the interesting visits of my deceased and ever-to-be-lamented landlord. Poor dear Colonel Timms!—how regularly at the end of every three months, the last day of every April, July, October and January, at precisely three o'clock in the afternoon, came his well known rap on the door! and how entertaining was the chat that followed!—a single person, like myself, he could sympathize in all my feelings, and appreciate all my tastes. And what a delightful memory he had! Every item of intelligence which had not got into the journals during the preceding three months he could give me with minuteness—though, to be sure, he accounted for his accuracy by stating, with his accustomed gallantry, that he had kept it in mind for my especial gratification. What was singular, he never repeated any thing stale; having recollected no doubt all the time that I was a regular reader of the morning and evening papers. For seventeen years were these pleasant visits continued—perhaps not quite seventeen. I believe a few pages back I said fifteen, and, indeed, it may have been but fourteen—be that as it may, during the whole time never was quarter day so welcome to a tenant. It was an unmixed enjoyment to me to count my rent-money, and place it in the most convenient corner of my writing-desk. Many a delightful compliment he paid me on my punctuality—it was one of his own ruling virtues. No wonder it was a subject of deep and abiding reflection to me after he had first, six years ago, overstayed the hour that he had hitherto allotted to his call, and that it became still more so when he extended the time to two, then to three hours. I have no doubt that, had he lived until another quarter-day, he would have allowed me to prevail upon him to stay to tea; had that occurred—but I must not permit myself to dwell upon what might have been the important consequences of breaking through the settled habits of such a man. He is gone now—poor dear Colonel Timms!

*Sat.*—The more I think of my former life in Doiley Court, the drier and more humdrum it appears. The whole extent was composed of pretty much the same sort of houses, filled with pretty much the same sort of people—old residents who owned the property, and were satisfied to live to the end of their days in the same old way. I could tell almost to a certainty what was to happen any time at each house, by remembering what had happened there the same day of the preceding week. For instance, I always knew they would have beef-shin soup at old Mr. Nixon's on market-day—they had it every market-day for fifteen years. I always knew when a wash was on hands at Moems's, over the way, by the smell of eggs and bacon; the widow had to get dinner herself, while the black woman was at the wash-tub, and, being an exceedingly poor cook, she was afraid to venture upon any thing else. I always knew at what house the red-nosed muffin man would stop on each particular afternoon—I wonder how any person could patronize that dirty fellow; for my part I am fastidious about my muffins—I always make them up myself. With equal certainty I could tell whenever the Misses Twigg's expected a gentleman visitor. They always rose an hour earlier, to string up the old crimson chintz curtains over the parlor windows, that their reflection might give a glow to their complexions, and they were sure to have yellow silk handkerchiefs bound tightly round their heads, to keep the curl-pins in place. They never could understand the dignity of caps or turbans, and would not give up to wear them, though Diana was not more than eighteen months younger than myself. Many a time I was tempted to betray my own age for the satisfaction of exposing hers. As to Rebecca, she was beyond all endurance in her vain desire to preserve her youthfulness of appearance; she was a young woman, doting upon the "Children of the Abbey" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," when I was a child at school, working my sampler. Yet even she had the presumption to hint that the colonel had no such object as collecting rent in visiting her, and that "dear Diana" was disposed to look up to him as something between an elder brother and a father! The greatest changes that presented themselves before us, to mark the lapse of time, were in the increasing number and size of the grandchildren coming periodically to visit old Mr. and Mrs. Poppleton next door; some days three or four new babies, in their long cloaks and quilted bonnets, from as many different points of the compass. It had, indeed, become a serious annoyance—so many youngsters shouting and whimpering,

and so many babies squalling in chorus. Carlo has a natural aversion to babies, and on such occasions added to my discomfort, always responding to the noise with those dismal howls that drowned the clarinets the time the Misses Twiggs were serenaded.

I think I have located myself in an interesting neighborhood. Some of the houses are large, some of moderate size, and some rather small, inhabited severally, I suppose, by persons of fashion, others in middle life, and a small mixture of others in restricted circumstances. None of my neighbors have, as yet, called on me, and I know nothing certain about any of them. I have not even walked up and down the square to look at the names on the door-plates. Servants are very good at picking up scraps of information about strangers, but as I observe my old rule and do not keep any as inmates, I have no such sources of intelligence at command. I can learn nothing from Sally Davis, the woman I employ to do two or three hours' work for me of mornings. She is a dull, uncommunicative person, and a little hard of hearing. I like a social, entertaining domestic, but on my removal, I had to put up with such as I could get. If my house stood close upon the street I should have better opportunities to make observations; I can see but a short distance up and down on the opposite side of the way, but the novelty of the field of view ought to compensate me for its narrowness, as the colonel remarked, the time he was going north to enjoy a descent in a diving-bell. Half a dozen of families, about whom one knows absolutely nothing, must surely afford a more intense interest to an inquiring mind than twenty whose habits and characters are as familiar as one's own. Indeed, before I had any anticipation of leaving Doiley Court, I had half determined upon giving up my diary, I had so rarely any thing novel to record. I can now note down new incidents every hour, with the inferences I can draw from them. I pride myself on a good deal of sagacity in making discoveries from circumstances which other persons would overlook as trivial. Even if my conjectures should sometimes prove erroneous, they will not be the less amusing to myself on that account when I review my memoranda. They will, on the contrary, be proofs of my ingenuity. I hope I am not vain of it, but I confess I do esteem my imagination very highly. It is to nothing else that I owe my taste for literary pursuits, such as reading the papers and keeping a diary. Indeed, the colonel once wondered that it had not made a poetess of me. I told him it had never come in my way, exactly, to write poetry, though I could not deny that I was once passionately fond of reading novels.

There appears to be a good deal worthy of attention in the occupants of the next house, number 44. It runs parallel with mine, having window for window, and door for door. I can see all that goes on in every apartment quite plainly, for the family are much less careful than I am about curtains and blinds. There are but three persons of them, it seems, exclusive of two servants—a gentleman, a handsome, sprightly little man, his wife, and a tall, dashing, black-eyed young lady, who may or may not be a

relation. The wife takes my fancy particularly. She is rather a small woman, with a soft, lovely face, and the sweetest voice I have ever heard. I should judge her to be in delicate health. She sits sewing or reading almost the whole day long, in the chamber opposite to mine, and I have seen her husband wheel her about the room in her large arm-chair. I have never observed her down in the parlors. Though their house is small, like my own, and is by no means as well furnished, they appear to be people of high fashion. They are out every night at parties—that is, the gentleman and the young lady. The latter must be a belle; she is a superb looking figure, and dresses magnificently in velvets, satins, feathers and jewels. Her constant flow of spirits, her clear, loud laugh, and her gay songs are proof sufficient to me that she knows nothing of the disappointment and anxiety of a spirited girl whose attractions are undervalued. The lady of the house has evidently a great regard for her. If not sisters they are devoted friends. She takes great pains to assist her in her dressing, turns her round and round, makes her walk to a distance and step back again, readjusts this and fastens that, and seems bent upon doing all in her power to set off her graces. In return, the young lady appears very grateful for her kindness; she seems never to forget while she is out amusing herself that her friend is at home in solitude, and she always returns against twelve o'clock—an early hour for one so brilliant to give up the pleasures of a party, such as she must go to from her splendid style of dress. I have been tempted to envy them the pleasant chat they enjoy over the supper table. The married lady always sits up for her husband and friend, and has supper waiting for them in her chamber. If it were later in the season—that the windows could be kept open—I might be an auditor of their cheerful conversation, even if not a sharer in it. It would be a great treat to me, and could do them no harm. Their lively gossip about their stylish acquaintances and elegant amusements would be exactly to my taste.

Number 45, across the way, promises also to afford me subjects of remark and speculation. It is by far the largest house in the square, four stories high, and very respectable looking—the more so, perhaps, for being a little old-fashioned. Its inmates seem to be a very large family, and they are undoubtedly wealthy as well as fashionable, which I do not judge my next door neighbors to be. There are two or three elderly ladies, and half a dozen young ones, who appear to have nothing to do but to decorate their persons and sit at the windows looking out and making remarks upon the passers by. They keep a number of servants, and have a constant run of visitors, and they must live on the fat of the land, for there is no end to the marketing carried in through the basement. The gentlemen inmates—there are several of them—are business looking men, that hurry in to their meals and then hurry out again; but there is a striking exception, one of the finest, sturdiest, noblest looking young fellows, of twenty-eight or thirty or so, that could be found in a thousand. His teeth are perfectly dazzling—when he smiled to-day to one of the ladies in the

window I could distinguish their lustre and regularity even at this distance. The poor colonel must have been much such a man, before his hair changed and his person grew so corpulent.

*9th.*—A soft, warm day, and an incident to register, which has illustrated me rather more, perhaps, than may be necessary. I went out into the front yard, an hour or two ago, to see that the shrubbery was not in want of trimming—such things are too often neglected on rented property. I hope there is no impropriety in a single female—an elderly single female—taking a little air and exercise in front of her own dwelling, particularly when she does so in compliance with the instructions of her physician. I should never have thought of a house with an enclosure in front, if Doctor Dingley had not insisted upon it, and expressed his solemn conviction that if I could not get into some place where I might move about freely in the open air, my sedentary life would be the death of me. Yet people, in passing, did look at me as if they considered me an object of curiosity. Conscious, however, of no unfeminine desire to attract attention, I was enabled to bear that with the composure of innocence, when an unaccountable circumstance destroyed entirely my comfortable equanimity. What should it have been but a bow and a graceful wave of the hand from the young gentleman with the white teeth, at No. 45! I observed him at one of the third story windows, but should never have suspected that he was watching my movements. He surely could have meant no rudeness. I think I bear sufficiently in my appearance the marks of a character too dignified to be trifled with; but what could he mean? I did not reply to his gesture—of course I did not—and, to assure him that I had not perceived it, I stooped down to break off some of the last year's dead twigs from the chrysanthemums. When I arose he was still at the window, and, as I am alive, he not only waved his hand, but kissed it. He may have been deceived by the distance, and have imagined me an acquaintance. I should be sorry to suppose that so handsome a young man could be guilty of the unhand-some intention of any disrespect to a lady.

From some talk which I partly overheard between the two ladies next door, I judge their name, at least that of the gentleman and his wife, to be Macbeth.

*10th.*—In spite of the doctor, made up my mind not to take a walk in the yard-to-day. The young fellow of No. 45 spent an hour in the morning, and another in the afternoon, in looking intently across the street, and I have no idea that he should fancy me anxious, like some foolish chit of a girl, to submit myself to the gaze of a handsome young man.

The married couple next door are as loving as a pair of turtle doves. Such tender, honey-moon talk as I overheard between them this morning, I did not suppose was ever used two years after marriage, as the lady declared was the case with them. Both houses were thrown open to admit the warm air, and as the gentleman stood leaning over his wife's chair, beside the window opposite to mine, I could catch a good deal of their conversation, though not quite as connectedly as I might have wished. Their language

was exceedingly fine and flowery—they must be persons of the most refined education. I suppose I may think myself fortunate that I could hear so much. It is a wonder they did not take the precaution to lower their voices a little, as would seem natural in such tender confabulations, but I conclude they had no suspicion of a listener, as they could not distinguish me through my curtains. I don't wonder, however, that they are so much in love with each other, if their dispositions are worthy of their personal attractions. The tall young lady must be accustomed to their courting, for she was present, and sat reading a book, as if she did not think their high-flown talk worth listening to.

*11th.*—Rain—rain—rain—for three or four days. Shut up from morning till night without seeing or hearing any thing to keep up my spirits. Regret more and more that my house is so far back from the street. Can see nothing of passers by but their umbrellas and lower extremities. The Canaries wont sing, and Carlo does nothing but sleep. Quite long to meet a human being face to face, without window-glass between. Mrs. Macbeth seems to take it patiently. She sits in her arm-chair and sews and reads, and sews, almost incessantly. Mr. Macbeth, I have observed, makes it a point to break the monotony two or three times a day, by flourishing round her in his lover-like way, but the young lady is generally invisible.

I don't know what to think of that persevering young man in number 45. He stands at his third story window over the entry, and gazes in this direction by the hour. To be sure he always has a book in his hand, not to appear too much of an idler, but he does not give it much attention. One would think he might find more amusement in chatting to the young ladies in the parlors, but since the first day he came under my observation I have never noticed him among them.

*15th.*—Bright sunshine. Spent half an hour sauntering about the front yard, in spite of the everlasting starrer of No. 45. I should be very sorry to allow him to imagine he could have any influence on my actions. He is a good-hearted young fellow though, if he is too much given to idle curiosity, as a circumstance that came under my eye this morning will prove. A little candy-girl upset her basket by striking it against the railing of the arch, while he was coming down the door-steps. He stopped to discover how many of her taffies were broken, and gave her money to repair the loss. Such incidents exhibit human nature in its better aspect, as the colonel used to remark.

*Afternoon.*—So, it seems, the couple next door have sometimes a little wormwood mixed with their honey and molasses, contrary to my first impressions. To-day they wound up one of their courting confabs in pretty much of a mill, if I might judge from their countenances and a few unusually loud expressions. The gentleman seemed to be extolling some lady to the skies; his wife frowned and pouted and called her certain names that meant she was no better than she should be, and he went on defending her so earnestly that poor Mrs. Macbeth put her handkerchief to her

eyes, and seemed hurt as well as vexed. I don't wonder at it. What business has a married man to be so earnest in his admiration of any woman but his own wife?—particularly if he has a wife so very pretty and sweet looking as Mrs. Macbeth, and so devoted to him. It is not only imprudent, it is unfeeling, in him to make her jealous.

*16th.*—The baseness—the deception—the ingratitude of this world! It is no other than that tall black-eyed girl, whom she has always treated so kindly, that has become the object of poor Mrs. Macbeth's anxiety. I was clear-starching my caps, at the side-door, this morning, when I caught a few sentences of such earnest conversation, through the chinks in the division fence, that I could not resist the temptation to try to hear more. I recognized the voices of Mr. Macbeth and his wife's friend, that seemed to be, who were walking up and down the parlors. Unfortunately I could only distinguish what they said in passing the windows, though more than that would, perhaps, have been too much for my nature to bear. At the beginning he was praising his wife, and the next thing I heard was that brazen-faced creature reminding him that he had loved her first! and then she went so far as to say that she still loved him—fervently—fondly—those were her very words. He seemed a little startled, and not altogether inclined to encourage her, but afterwards he gave himself up so far as to flatter her as no honest man could have flattered such a base creature. Then she declared she would go to a convent, and to dissuade her from that, which I dare say was all a sham, he raved as wickedly as herself. "We must love!" he gasped out, as if he were choking—and no wonder. I could not stand it any longer. I stepped back and slammed the door after me. I do not care if they do know that I overheard them—any thing to put a stop to such iniquity. Poor, poor Mrs. Macbeth! my heart aches for her; to be afflicted with such a husband and such a friend! oh men! men! the false, fickle beings! how tough I have reason to thank my stars it has never come in my way to be duped by any of them! Yet it is more the fault of that deceitful girl than of Mr. Macbeth; but, then, how could he forget such a nice little woman as his wife! The girl's name, I discover, is Aldabella.

*17th.*—What an unprincipled creature is that Aldabella, and what a misguided, vacillating wretch is her admirer! This morning he and his wife had another quarrel about the girl, which ended in an agreement that he should give her up, as I judged, yet during the very next half hour he allowed her to wind herself into his good graces again in the back parlor. She is an over match for him, and, in one way, I am glad of it. Her art will create a just revenge for the injured wife. She has a fancy to carry on a double intrigue, it appears, and who should the next victim be but the handsome young man of No. 45! She thinks, I dare say, that it would be something of a triumph to tie such a figure to her chariot wheels. I could not have supposed though, with all her boldness, that she could lay aside her good breeding, and make the first advances toward acquaintance with a gentle-

man. I saw her do it, however. The young man was in his usual place, at the third story window, and happened to look over just as she came out of the front door, dressed for a walk, at about ten o'clock. She waved her hand, with what, no doubt, she meant as a most fascinating smile. The poor fellow leaned forward, started back, kissed his hand, and the next moment sprang down the steps and crossed the street with the speed of the wind. She met him at the gate, offered him her hand, pretending to look modest, and then they strolled down the street together as if they had been friends forever. I have taken a fancy to that young man—I am sure he is amiable, for I have never seen a finer countenance; he must have good morals, for he appears to be always contented with staying at home, and I was particularly struck with his thoughtful kindness toward the little candy girl. I cannot conscientiously see him imposed upon. I will keep a sharp eye on Miss Aldabella, and if I perceive her to be gaining too much influence upon him, I shall certainly take the liberty of exposing her character to his mother, or whoever the eldest of the ladies at No. 45 may be.

*Afternoon.*—It takes some people an amazingly short time to become intimate. Had occasion to go out for some Canary-seed, and came in view of Miss Aldabella, leaning familiarly on the arm of her new dupe, who was listening to her in a perfect transport. When I reached home, I could perceive them both in Mrs. Macbeth's front parlor, she singing love songs at the piano, and affecting to blush and turn away her head when he played with her long black curls. Poor unsuspecting young man! how shocked would he have been could he have known that the door had scarcely closed after him before she renewed her high flights of tenderness with her friend's husband!

Poor Mrs. Macbeth, with her true woman's confidence in those she loves, seems to be quite assured that she has put a stop to her husband's unfaithful conduct, and sits sewing patiently at her window, working upon another splendid party dress, if I am not mistaken, for her ungrateful guest. She little knows how her tears and entreaties have been disregarded.

*18th.*—Was scarcely able to sleep all night, with thinking of the melancholy fate in store for that unfortunate young man, if no kind hand should be stretched forth to snatch him from it. That base-minded Aldabella has completely ensnared him with her enchantments. She went out, as usual, last night, and he, instead of Mr. Macbeth, who had returned earlier than common, accompanied her home. They stood at the door whispering for better than an hour in the moonlight, though Mr. Macbeth sent down every few minutes to call them in, no doubt pretending to his wife, who had the table waiting, that he was impatient for his supper. He even walked up to the table every now and then, and at last carried the deception so far as to sit down by himself, and eat as if with extraordinary appetite. Mrs. Macbeth would scarcely have waited on him so kindly if she had known, as I did, that jealousy was gnawing at his heart more voraciously than his teeth were at his bread and cold chicken.

I came to one decided resolution during the night, and that is, I will lose no time to warn the young man of his perilous situation. I have a brief note prepared for him, directed "To the Young Gentleman of No. 45," which I shall send over by my help, Sally Davis. He can hardly miss getting it, as he is the only young gentleman of the family. The contents are simply these:

"The young gentleman residing at No. 45 will hear something of vital importance to him by calling, without loss of time, on  
NANCY NETTLETON."

I thought it best, after consideration, not to make the first communication to his mother, lest it might create a disturbance in the family. No doubt a few hints to himself will be sufficient to put him on his guard. I must watch, and if I see him come out of the house after breakfast I shall send my woman after him with the note.

*Afternoon.*—I have accomplished my purpose. The interview is over. Now, let things work for better or for worse, my duty is fulfilled. I saw him descend the marble steps at ten this morning, and ordered Sally Davis to overtake him with the note. She grumbled at having to leave her scrubbing, with her slipshod feet and draggled wrapper, but I could not allow her scruples to overrule an object so important as mine. I watched nervously while she tottled after him, and saw him turn at her call. She says he looked surprised, and then he smiled and asked, "It came from 44, did n't it?" But she insisted the note came from 42. He turned to follow her. I collected myself to receive him. It was a trial to feminine timidity, to the delicacy of an unmarried female, but had I not an approving conscience to sustain me? Still, when he entered the parlor, ushered by Sally Davis, my lips felt glued together, and I could merely point to a seat.

"I presume I have the honor of addressing the lady who here requests my presence?" said the young man, extending the note, and with a courteous but imposing dignity. I bowed assent, and he sat awaiting my commands. I found myself constrained to begin, but I did so with trepidation.

"I have undertaken a task, sir," said I, "extremely repulsive to my womanly feelings, inasmuch as it compels me to speak severely of one of my own sex, but my motives should give me courage. I feel that I am exerting myself in a good cause—that of rescuing from destruction a fellow creature who walks blindly upon the brink of a precipice."

He looked at me with astonishment, but only bowed, and I proceeded:

"I am an entire stranger to you, sir,—you made a mistake in addressing those marks of recognition toward me, which I do not deny having perceived—but I have for some time past been an attentive observer of your deportment, and I regard you as a gentleman of honor and good feeling. If I did not I should be much more indifferent to your perilous situation."

"I am greatly obliged to your interest in me, madam," said he, with a smile that betrayed rather too much security, I thought, after what had passed;

"but I cannot imagine on what point you presume me to be menaced with danger."

"I will not ask, sir," I replied, "if your affections are already concerned in the young lady next door." He started, but I continued resolutely; "I trust that they cannot be very deeply so upon so short an acquaintance, but from some circumstances I have witnessed during the few hours you have been visiting her, I apprehend they are in a fair way to be so, and I consider it my solemn duty to endeavor to avert that fatal catastrophe. Yes, sir," said I with emphasis, "it is against that lady I have nerved myself to forewarn you."

The poor young man blushed up to the eyes, and jumped from his chair, exclaiming, "I hope, madam, you do not insinuate any imputations against that lady?"

"Have patience, sir, and be seated," said I, "I will merely suppose a case, and allow you to draw your own conclusions. A young lady makes a protracted visit to a married friend, who shows her every kindness that affection and confidence can suggest. The young lady appears openly to return it with gratitude, yet in secret inflicts an incurable wound in the peace of her friend by inveigling from her the heart of her husband."

"Very well stated, madam," said the young gentleman, "but so far I cannot perceive this to be a case in point."

I waved my hand. "At the same time," I continued, "the young lady, not satisfied with one victim, or with two, for the husband and wife must both be regarded as victims, this young lady fastens her basilisk eyes on a young gentleman, a worthy and honorable man, and attempts to allure him into her snares. Oh, sir! if you could have seen and heard what has been brought to my eyes and ears through the close contiguity of these two dwellings! if you had seen, as I have, the tender, faithful wife, reposing with delight on the apparent affection of her husband, and then if you had heard, as I have, that false girl exercising her siren arts to mislead him from the path of fidelity! but you know her—you have listened to her fascinating voice and her flowing language, and you may judge if it is not likely she has succeeded. I will no longer disguise that the person I mean is Miss Aldabella."

"Miss Aldabella!" he repeated, gazing at me a moment, as if in wonder, and then his feelings seemed to overpower him. "Miss Aldabella! Oh, yes, yes, I understand it all!" and covering his face with his hands he sat shaking with emotion. I was terrified almost out of my five senses. I ran for my hartshorn bottle but he would not allow me to hold it to his nose. He still kept his hands to his face, and swayed his body from side to side as if frantic. I snatched a cruet off the sideboard, and dashed a handful of vinegar over his head, and, as if to resist any restorative, he tossed on his hat and flew from the house. His face was flushed like a damask rose, and his eyelashes were wet with tears, yet he was laughing violently a fearful laugh of distraction. I hurried after him to the door, appalled at the effect I had produced.



He stopped outside the gate, and held by the post, still shaking convulsively.

Suddenly I saw the stately figure of Aldabella move down Mrs. Macbeth's yard and pass out of the gateway. The unfortunate young man let go the post, put the white handkerchief with which he had been wiping his eyes into his pocket, and hurried to join her. What will be the result of this meeting? I would give worlds to hear their conversation. I trust the wicked creature will meet with the reproaches she deserves. She will affect to wish for an *eclaircissement*—I believe that is the word—and, no doubt, I shall be called upon to answer for my statements. Let it be so. In a just cause I do not shrink from facing a storm.

*19th.*—What under the sun!—a cake as large as a cheese—white gloves, and a clergyman! I see into it all—a wedding at No. 44, and brought about, or at least hurried on, by the very means which, in my honest solicitude, I made use of to avert it. That wicked, unscrupulous girl! she has had the art to explain away all that I related as suspicious in her conduct, and to secure her prey without giving him an opportunity to inquire more deeply into a subject on which his whole earthly happiness may depend. Unfortunate, misguided young man!

The ceremony appears to be over. Several gentlemen, in white kid gloves, are bowing and making polite speeches to the bride. Mrs. Macbeth is for once in the parlors, and looks cheerful and pleased, poor thing, as she has good reason to be, at the prospect of getting a dangerous rival out of the way. Mr. Macbeth, looking down in the mouth, stands, with red eyes and folded arms, at one of his chamber windows. The bridal party must intend to take a trip, or rather a short excursion, for I see no baggage. There is a carriage in waiting, and one of the gentlemen is assisting to arrange a basket of cake and wine under the coachman's seat. There they go—the deluded victim, and his beguiler hanging on his arm. The white veil and white gloves are all that look very bridish about her, but when such an affair is got up so much in a hurry, it is hardly to be expected that it should be done in proper order. A bridesmaid and a groomsman go with them, and Mrs. Macbeth, supported by her crest-fallen husband, stands in the door waving them off. What can this mean? Mrs. Macbeth's little colored boy coming in at my gate—

Was there ever such impertinence! a slice of wedding-cake, tied up with white satin ribbon, and the envelope directed to me, with the compliments of "Mrs. and Mr. Onslow, late Miss Adabella and the Young Gentlemen of No. 45." Shameless creature! it must have come from her, for the writing is in a lady's hand. She has, indeed, gained a triumph, but it is one of little honor. Her deceived husband will repent when too late that he allowed the solemn warning of a disinterested friend to pass unheeded. I'll not touch the cake. I should not wonder if she had sprinkled arsenic over the icing to prevent any further revelations.

*20th.*—Poor Mrs. Macbeth! I fear very much that her weak-minded husband will be driven into dissi-

pation by the shock of being duped by that treacherous Adabella. It appears he was out all night, trying to drown his disappointment, in drinking or gaming, no doubt, while his sweet, patient wife watched for him at home, mourning over the desertion. This morning she sat as usual at her window, with a book in her hand, but it was evident she was not reading, for every now and then she talked wildly to herself. Once, in particular, she looked up and exclaimed, "Not all the night, not all the long, long night—not come to me! not send to me!" and then seeing that I had observed her, she stopped suddenly and turned away. The poor thing! how desolate and wretched she must feel. If she had some discreet, virtuous female friend to advise and console with her, it would surely be a relief to her mind. It would be nothing but a neighborly charity in me to call on her. At all events, the mere recreation of a little friendly chat, now that she is so solitary, would do her good. I really ought to go in. To be sure, it is her place to make the first visit, according to etiquette, but under present circumstances she can have no disposition to be ceremonious, and it would be wrong in me to be so. I will dress myself and venture upon it. I suppose it will look more neighborly to go without a bonnet.

*Afternoon.*—Well, I did pay that visit, and I have been stupefied ever since. Such mistakes! such discoveries!

I walked up the yard, in a sociable sort of way, dressed in a neat morning cap and wrapper, and the black boy came to the door. "Is Mrs. Macbeth at home?" I asked. Of course I knew she was.

"She does n't live here ma'am," said the boy.

"Is not your mistress Mrs. Macbeth?" inquired I.

"No ma'am, her name is Mrs. Jeffry."

"Then ask Mrs. Jeffry if she can see her neighbor Miss Nettleton."

He showed me into the back parlor and ran up stairs. I took my seat beside a table, and looked over it for something to amuse myself with, and what should I behold upon it but a naked dagger! An odd taste, I thought, to make such a murderous weapon a parlor ornament, and, the next instant, I found a pistol lying at my elbow. I almost screamed. If there is any thing on earth I dread more than wicked people it is fire-arms. I hastily ran to the other side of the room. Carlo had followed me in, and now barked fiercely at something on a stand in a corner. It looked fearfully like a guillotined head, but was only, as a sharp look convinced me, a mask attached to a curly wig. A pair of crossed swords lay beneath it. I was more and more surprised, and wondered into what sort of a den I had got myself. There was a scarlet coat, too, hanging on a chair, lined with silk and trimmed with gold lace, such as I have understood the British officers wore in the Revolution, and, perhaps, in the last war also; but before I had time for further investigations, the boy returned and asked me to walk up to Mrs. Jeffry's chamber.

"Excuse me, madam, for not coming down to you," said the pretty little woman I had taken to be Mrs. Macbeth, "I have been quite lame for a short

time past, and am not allowed to make the exertion of walking." She invited me to a seat, and continued, "You are the lady, I presume, of whom Mr. Onslow spoke to me yesterday; how glad I should have been if you had called sooner! I am certain I should have found your company very agreeable and entertaining."

So, then, he really did question her on the subject of my communication, and she, no doubt, had tried to make the best of it. That, however, was not surprising, for she had reason to be willing to get rid of her dangerous inmate on any terms, though she could not have known half her guilt. Of course, she had not overheard what reached me. This thought flashed through my mind, but I merely answered, "Thank you, I should have been happy to come if I had known you would consider it desirable. But better late than never, ma'am, and I am now ready to be of every service in my power to you, as a friend and neighbor, either in the way of advice or any other kind of assistance."

"You are very kind, and I shall not fail to call on you if in need," said she, with a smile so bright and pleasant I wondered at her ability to conceal her melancholy and assume it.

"You must have been considerably surprised, ma'am, as well as gratified by the event of yesterday morning," said I.

"Surprised! Oh, not at all; I was quite prepared for it; and as to being gratified, though I rejoice in her happiness, it was a sore trial to part with poor Julia."

"Julia! I thought it was Miss Aldabella that was the bride!" I exclaimed.

"Oh dear! what a comical mistake that was of yours! Onslow told us all about it," said she, with an immoderate but a good-natured laugh; "so you really thought that Julia was a treacherous friend, coquetting with my husband, and that I was an injured, heart-broken wife. How laughable! why Julia is our sister—Mr. Jeffrey's sister—and deservedly very dear to us both."

I dare say I looked confused and astounded enough.

"But I understand how easy it was for you to make the mistake," she continued, "you overheard us rehearsing our parts to each other. We are studying Fazio, and I suppose you have never seen nor read it. Were you not aware that we are dramatic performers?"

"Do you mean play-actors, ma'am?" said I, starting from my seat with horror.

"Just so, but let me explain. I assure you none of us felt any thing but amusement at the mistake—Julia enjoyed it quite as much as the rest of us. Onslow has been attached to Julia for two or three years, and she to him, but Mr. Jeffrey was unwilling that she should marry any man who had not a prospect of eminence in his profession, and he had doubts of Onslow in that respect, though in every other he was unobjectionable. To satisfy her brother, whom she

has always looked up to as her protector, Julia discouraged her lover, and never would give him an opportunity to renew his addresses, though, to be near her, he has for a long time past been lodging, as you know, across the street at Mrs. Brown's boarding-house. He has been studying hard, however, and last week solicited my husband, who is manager, to let him try his hand at the first rôle. Jeffrey was not averse to giving him a chance, and he made a decided hit in Sir Edward Mortimer—you know the character—"

"I have read about Lord Mortimer, though I do not remember if his name was Edward," said I, in a perfect fever to break away.

"Oh no, no, I mean in the Iron Chest," said she, laughing; "well, he next tried Virginus and a couple more new characters, and came off so triumphantly that Mr. Jeffrey withdrew his prohibition. Of course, after waiting so long, it was natural they should wish to be married at once."

And so I had been listening to all this from an actress! to a long story about the doings of a set of people I had always been taught to regard as the scum and off-scourings of the earth! I had been grieving my heart over the pretended wrongs and sorrows of a woman, who, in reality, was a play-actress! I could stand it no longer. I made a move toward the door, but the nimble-tongued little woman still kept on.

"Pray, do not make such a short visit, dear madam, or, at least, promise to call soon again. Would you like to see Fazio? I should give you tickets with the greatest pleasure. We are only waiting for my ankle to get well, to bring it out, (I sprained it awkwardly in hopping about at the conclusion of the Maid of Munster.) I, of course, am to be Bianca, though I do think tragedy so troublesome; Julia, as you know, is Aldabella, and I should n't wonder if Jeffrey would give up Fazio to Onslow. We will all do our very best. Would you like to go?"

I do not know if I answered at all. I was almost blind at the idea of the commotion that would be produced among the old set in Doiley Court if it should be discovered that I, with my correct habits and strict principles, had drawn myself into a lengthy interview with a woman of the play-house. I jerked open the door with a force that caused a couple of things hanging behind it to fall with a tremendous clatter upon the floor.

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Jeffrey, "it is only some of Jeffrey's traps—his ghost helmet and pot-lid."

I fairly broke away. I, who always had been so fastidious about my acquaintances, as a single woman ought to be, I to be led into such a snare! I am still quite bewildered. About one thing, however, I need have no uneasiness. As they regarded my mistake as a joke, they certainly did not poison the wedding-cake. There is a liberal slice of it, and it may compose me to try a piece.

## THE WESTERN CAPTIVE.

(WITH AN ACCOMPANYING ENGRAVING.)

The exquisite illustration which we give this month, with the above title, was designed for Graham's Magazine by WARNER, a young artist of great promise, from a passage in Mrs. Seba Smith's novel, entitled, "The Life and Times of Tecumseh." We look upon this as the very best engraving Mr. Smilie has ever done for us. The following is the passage which the artist selected:—

"Scarcely had they seated themselves upon a point projecting into the river, when Kumshaka sprang to his feet, and sent a keen glance down the river. Mansfield followed the direction of his eye, but nothing was obvious to the senses. At length a faint plashing of the water fell upon the ear, but whether from the dip of an oar or the wing of a wild duck, he could not determine. The sounds approached, and he could distinguish the measured fall of a paddle, and soon a slight curve of the river revealed to him a canoe of diminutive dimensions, propelled by a single voyager. The youth sprang forward with eager surprise, as a moment more revealed the occupant to be a young girl of surprising beauty; her slight figure gently bent, as, with the least imaginable effort, the small paddle sent the canoe rippling over the water. Filled with her own sweet thoughts, her lips were slightly parted, and her head thrown back, revealing an outline that a sculptor might envy. Her deep, expressive eyes were fixed upon the pile of gorgeous clouds that draped the pavilion of the setting sun, and occasionally a few notes of a wild song burst from her lips, as if she sang in the very idleness of delight.

"'It is the Swaying-Reed,' whispered Kumshaka.

"A few strokes of the paddle brought the slight barque under the shadow of a tree, almost at the feet of the young men. Kumshaka leapt to her side, and took the canoe from the water to the green bank. A sweet, but haughty smile played for a moment over the face of the girl, and then a blush mantled her cheek and bosom as she perceived his companion. An instant her full eye rested upon his face, and then she passed on, her small slender fingers instinctively grasping the robe that shaded and yet revealed her bosom. Her dress was a mixture of the savage, with a tasteful reference to the civilized mode. It was composed of skins so delicate in their texture, and so admirably joined together, as to give the appearance of a continuous piece, the whole resembling the richest velvet. The robe reached but little below

the knee, with a narrow border of the porcupine quills, richly colored. It was confined at the waist by a belt wrought in the same manner, while a like facing passed up the bust in front, leaving it partially open, and spreading off upon each shoulder, descending the arm upon both sides of the sleeve to the elbow; the two portions of which were joined together by a row of small white shells. In this way the neck and shoulders were left exposed, and the bust but partially concealed. Her hair was drawn to the back of the head, and fell in long braids below the waist; a string of the crimson seeds of the wild rose encircling it, like a coronal of rubies. She was rather above the ordinary height, delicately, and yet so justly proportioned, as to leave nothing to desire. There was a freedom and grace in her stately step, totally unlike the long trot of the natives. Mansfield was a young man, and familiar with classical allusion; and he thought, as might have been expected, of Diana and her nymphs, and the whole train of goddesses from Juno down; and concluded, by turning as if to follow in the direction of the maiden. Kumshaka arrested him.

"'The Swaying-Reed is a proud maiden, and fit for the councils of our people.'

"'Can it be that she belongs to the tribes? I thought she must be some white girl from the settlement, who perhaps in sport had adopted your dress.'

"'A white girl,' retorted the chief, scornfully; 'a white girl, with a step like the fawn in its stateliness or speed, an eye that can bring the eagle from the cloud, and a hand to paddle the birch canoe over the rapids, to the very verge of the cataract.'

"'Surely, surely,' said the other, 'she can be no Indian maid, with those soft features; and where the wind lifted the hair from her brow it was pure, as—as—' in his eagerness he was at a loss for a comparison, and the Indian laughed at his perplexity.

"'She is beautiful,' resumed Kumshaka, 'for she hath lived in the freedom of wood and mountain. The spring-time blossom hath slept upon her cheek, and the red berry clustered about her mouth. The brown nut hath painted her hair, and the dusky sky looked into her eyes. The wind that swayeth the young woods hath lent her its motions, and the lily from the still lake made its home upon her bosom. But the Great Spirit hath given her a proud heart, and wisdom to mix in the councils of old men.'

# FIELD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## NO. I.—THE SPORTSMAN'S DRAG.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

When land and rent are gone and spent,  
Then driving is most excellent;  
For if all other fortunes fail,  
You still, at least, can drive the mail.—*Old Song.*

In one of the south-western counties of New York, one of those, I mean, which lie between the Hudson and the Delaware, and along the eastern or Mohawk's branch of the latter river, there is a great tract of wild and thinly settled land, well watered and well wooded, and well peopled with those tribes of fur and feather which are so keenly sought by the true sportsman; though, for the most part, human habitations are few and far between.

In the heart of this wild tract, among the huge round-headed hills, some stone-ribbed, bare, and crowned with circlets of primeval rock, there lies a beautiful and lonely dell. The hills fall down to it on every side abruptly, for the stream, to which it owes its existence, winds to and fro so deviously, and in such sudden curves, that the eye can neither detect the point by which it enters or departs from that small verdant basin.

Through this soft lap there sweeps an excellent though narrow road, dividing it into two parts nearly equal, that up the stream, to the right hand, being occupied by a sweet green meadow, as level and luxuriant as an English lawn; that downward, to the left, much narrower and deeper, and filled with dense and thrifty timber.

There was no house, however, on the meadow, nor, with the exception of the winding road, any sign of civilization in the place at all.

The green savannah lay some forty feet above the bed of the stream, where the road crossed it on a rough wooden bridge, and was fringed on every side, but the lowest, with an even and regular belt of willows, aspens and maples, now clad in their most gorgeous hues by the first frosts of autumn. Across the lower end of this basin there ran a long green mound, now forming the fence of the road on that side, partially overrun with brushwood and briars; but in the centre it had been cut, or broken down abruptly, to give egress to the stream, which plunged down to its lower level by an irregular foaming descent, half cataract, half rapid, of nearly forty feet in height.

It needed but one glance to discover the origin of that smooth natural meadow; it had once been a beaver pond; and that low grassy mound, all overrun with tall weeds and thick shrubbery, had been, long years ago, the work of the industrious amphibian. The hand of man, it is probable, had broken it, when the beavers disappeared from their old haunts, and the small woodland lake, drained by its stream, had become the wood-girt savannah which we see before us.

Immediately in front of the fall, scarce ten yards distant from it, the bridge spanned the brook; and oftentimes, when the wind blew from the northward, its planks were slippery with the driving spray. Beneath the single arch there was a deep black pool, wherein the foam-wreaths of the waterfall wheeled round and round in sullen eddies; but within ten yards the water became shallower, leaving

an awkward stony ford, between the bridge and a second descent, longer and steeper than the upper fall, down which the mountain rivulet fretted and chafed, till it was lost both to ear and eye far in the dingle to the left.

It was past five o'clock one lovely autumn evening, and the sun had already sunk behind the crest of the western hill, though long slant rays of yellow light streamed through each gap and broken hollow of its ridge, filling the valley with a transparent hazy lustre, which half revealed the scenery, half veiled it from the dazzled eye.

The woods were in their flush of autumnal glory, for the air was clear, keen and bracing. There had been a hard frost on the previous night, and the washed road and brimful turbid stream showed that it had succeeded heavy and continuous rains. Not a leaf, therefore, had yet fallen from the earliest of the deciduous trees; yet not a leaf upon the hardest, except the evergreens alone, but had already suffered "a change to something new and strange;" and no imagination, unused to the effects of an autumnal forest in America, can fancy its unrivaled beauty.

A beautiful wild deer had come out of the wood to drink, and was standing beside the ford, having quenched his thirst, gazing about him lazily, and undecided what to do.

Suddenly he raised his head, snuffed the air eagerly as if he caught a taint on its breezy current, tossed his wide antlers proudly, and dashed through the flooded ford.

He was a tall and stately beast, yet for three times his length in the middle of the brook he was swimming, nor was it without something of an effort that he reached the bank on the farther side, up which he bounded with long graceful strides, and disappeared immediately in the thick wood beyond.

It was some minutes ere any human sense could have discerned the approach of that, whatever it might be, which had alarmed the stag.

But, in a little while, the clatter of quick hoofs might have been heard on the hard-beaten road, and the rapid roll of a well-built and easy-running carriage, forming, as it were, an accompaniment to a fine manly voice, trolling the stanza which I have prefixed to this chapter, until the wild woods rang with the jocund sound.

In a minute or two the vehicle which bore the singer came rapidly into view over the brow of the eastern hill, drawn by four capital horses at a snapping pace.

It was rather a singular looking carriage, half mail-coach, half dog-cart, yet nothing could have been contrived more suitable for a sporting conveyance, combining at once room, lightness, strength and beauty.

In front it was neither more nor less than a high-seated open phaeton, with a tall square dash-board, and a driving seat so elevated that the reinsman was almost in standing

posture as he sat, having thus the greatest possible command over his horses. Behind this was a long box body, with a slight rail along the top, and a comfortable seat much lower than that in front, as far aft as possible.

The whole body, which was supported upon three long elliptic springs, and well furnished with wings of patent leather to ward off the mud splashed from the wheels, was painted of a deep rich tea-color, picked out with black, and ornamented only by a small crest, surrounded with a garter, painted in relief of the same color.

It had three lamps, one under the foot board, so placed as to throw its light under the horses' feet far forward; the other two, one above each fore-wheel, with powerful reflectors. No baggage was in sight, except a small trunk of tawny leather on a rack behind. But there was a profusion of fine bear skins hanging over all the seats, and covering the legs of the travelers, in the guise of aprons, all of the richest and most costly fur.

The four horses, which came trotting over the gentle slope as if they had nothing behind them, were as clever and powerful cobs as ever wore a collar. None of them above fifteen hands and an inch high, with capital forehands, high clean withers, arched crests, small heads well set on, and bloodlike ears; no one could look at them without being struck by their high breeding and exquisite condition, as well as by their perfect similarity in shape, size, symmetry, and style of action. But here the similarity ended; for two, the off side wheeler and the near hand leader were as black and as glittering as polished jet; the other two, beautiful silver grays.

Such were the team, that, stepping out at the rate of ten miles an hour, all together, at a square handsome trot, heads and tails showily up, came clattering down the road, snapping at their long bright steel curbs, or nibbling in play at each other, without a flick or foam or a spot of sweat on their shining coats, whirling the drag and its heavy load along as if it were a plaything.

For the load was indeed a heavy one. The fore seat held two persons. The driver, a tall, well made and athletic young man, with light hair and a keen quick eye, dressed in a blue box-coat with many capes, disguising his whole figure. But it could not disguise the graceful ease, combined with firmness, of his seat; the quick, delicate strength of his finger as he mouthed his high-mettled cattle, or the thorough coachmanlike skill with which he handled the long English four horse whip, which he carried athwart his neighbor's person. That neighbor was as different a person as can well be imagined. He was a man of about fifty years, not above five feet six in height, by about four feet in breadth across the shoulders, and six in girth about the waist, weighing at least three hundred pounds of solid flesh, yet lithe withal and active. His face was excellent, sun-burned and ruddy, yet with fine small features, a lip curling with a perpetual smile of humor and benevolence, an eye gleaming with mirth and kindness and untaught intellect. That man had a heart of a million. You could not look at him for half a moment and doubt it. Aye! and a soul, too, that would do honor to a prince. Though the rich men, the would-be aristocrats of our cities, would sneer at him, forsooth, and perhaps eat him, in town, after sharing his hospitality in old Orange County—because, forsooth, he is rough, and not a gentleman! A gentleman—heaven save the mark! I should like to see one of them that could vie with him in any of those points which make the real gentleman; kind heart and open hand; unwillingness to hurt the feelings of the meanest; respect for every thing that is honorable, great and noble, and contempt for every thing that is not, however well it may be gilded; promptness to fight for himself or his friend when aggrieved; unblemished in honesty;

undaunted in courage; with the stomach\* of the lion, joined to the heart of the man!

But to return to our party. The body of the carriage was occupied by four dogs, as perfect specimens of the canine as were the nags that drew the carriage of the equine genus. Two of them were red Irish setters, with coats as soft as silk, deeply feathered, and curly on the sterns and about their legs, soft large dark eyes, and lips and noses black as jet. The others, pointers, were very high bred, one black as a coal without a speck of white, the other white as snow, with liver colored ears and eye spots, with a small dot of tan over each eye, and a tan shadowing round the muzzle—not your coarse, raw-boned, bull-headed, thick-tailed, double-nosed Spaniards, but the true thoroughbred English pointer, with tails thin, whiplike, tapering; feet round as a cat's, strong loins, thin flanks, deep chests—built both for speed and power, the coats as sleek as satin, and the outline of the arched ribs just showing through the skin, telling of the perfection of their condition.

Two more persons made up the complement, seated at the back of the wagon, well wrapped in the warm bearskins, and smoking the one a mouilla cheroot, and the other a short, very dingy looking black clay pipe.

The former was a gentleman a year or two younger, and three or four inches shorter, than the driver, with a countenance singularly expressive of fun, kindness and good humor; the other, as was shown clearly by the silver hat-band, and crest buttons of his dark gray box-coat, was the groom, a stout, short, hard-faced, knowing-looking Yorkshireman, broad shouldered and duck legged, with his black hair clipped bowl-fashion round his bullet head, and that too so closely, that, had you laid your hand upon it suddenly, it would have pricked you, like the bristles of a shoe-brush.

That was a merry party, and though the wagon, splashed with the mud of some half dozen different soils, indicated that they had traveled many a mile since day-break, there was nothing like fatigue or weariness to be seen either in the bipeds or the quadrupeds of the company.

The latter, as I have said, were trotting along merrily, full of play and spirit; and it was evident by the cleanliness and brightness of their coats that they had been thoroughly well rubbed down and polished at their mid-day halting place. Their harness, too, which was of the lightest make, plain black, with covered rings and buckles, and not a particle of metal visible, except a small crest on the blinkers, had evidently been cleaned likewise. The road had become drier during the afternoon moreover, and the cattle were not splashed at all in the same proportion with the vehicle they drew.

The men were singing, jesting and laughing all the way, and the wild woods had rung for many a league with their sonorous music, while ever and anon at his master's bidding the Yorkshire varlet would produce a key bugle, which hung in its leathern case beside him, and wake full many an echo, with points of war, or hunting calls, wildly symphonious.

"Halloo! Tom!" cried he who was handling the ribands, suddenly, as he brought his strain to an end—"you are falling asleep, you fat devil you! Come, wake up, man, and tell us how far it is to this Dutchman's shanty, you were telling us about."

"Well! well!" responded the fat man, shaking himself; "it's four miles arter you git across the bridge there. We'll be there to rights. Why, Aircher, what is 't? It is n't half an hour since we drink!—are you so dry already you can't wait a mile or two? But I can tell you, you 'll be disappointed if you count on gitin' any thing to drink at Dutch Jake's."

\* Isonis,  
Vin stomacho appouisse gastro.—Hox.

"Why not?" asked the young man from the hind seat, "why not? Is Dutch Jake temperance?"

"About as much as you be, little wax skin!" answered the fat man, laughing. "No—no! Dutch Jake ar n't temperance, no how; but if he was, we'd have a better chance. But, bless you, Forester, he do n't keep nothin' as a pig could drink—leastwise I car'nt."

"A very clear proof that a pig cannot!" said the other.

"Just see, now, lad, if I do n't pay you off for that are, when we git out o' this ere rattle-trap," replied Tom, but suddenly changing his note he cried out sharply—"But what the devil's bin to do hereaways? By the eternal! Archer, the bridge has fitched away. One o' the joists is gone and three o' them darned sleepers. We'll niver git across it."

"That we shall not, indeed," said Archer, pulling his horses up. "What the deuce is to be done now? It is eighteen miles back to the tavern where the other road forks. We cannot get back there to-night, that's clear enough; besides, it is off our road. This is all your fault, you old stupid porpoise. You swore that this was the best road."

"So it be!" growled the fat man. "I niver see a prettier, nicer road in all my life, nor you nother—and I could n't tell nothing about the darned bridge."

"Well! hold the ribbands, while I jump out and look at the ford. The brook is devilish full. Sit still, all the rest of you—do n't let the dogs jump out, Tim."

And with the words he sprang to the ground, ran down the steep pitch, by the bridge side, to the stream's edge, and examined the ford and the farther shore with a practised and a wary eye.

Within two minutes he returned.

"Will it do, Harry?" asked Frank Forester.

"I think so," returned Archer; "at all events we'll try it—but it is full and strong—there's no denying it."

"It's a darned hole, anyways!" said the fat man, doubtfully.

"I know it is, Tom," said Harry; "but there is no help for it, that I see. There's one thing in our favor, a deer has gone across within half an hour—"

"Then we'll go clear, sure enough," said Frank.

"That's not so sartain, neither," replied Tom; "a deer has n't got a dog-cart at his heels."

"Had not we better all jump out, and make it a lighter pull?"

"Not by any means, Frank," answered Harry. "The weight is the only thing to save us. If we were empty the stream would sweep us over the rocks in a minute. What do you say, boys—do we try it? I will not deny that we shall have a squeak for it; but if we do not we must give up our trip."

"Oh! try it, I say," answered Forester. "One must die some day, and some one must die every day—as well to-day as to-morrow! I say try it!"

"I say so tew!" Tom took up the word. "But I ar n't a goin' to be killed yit a while, now I tell you—there ar n't no stream, hereaways, that can begin to drown me!"

"I should think not," said Harry; "they might as well try to drown a whiskey barrel."

"T' rocks might be bre-aking him, ay reckon tho'," interposed Timothy, with perfect gravity—"ay've seen a pounceon stove in, vary quickly."

"You never saw a feather bed broken, did you, Timothy?" asked Forester.

"Noa!" replied Timothy with a grin, but his face changed as they came to the summit of the pitch, and looked down upon the red turbid stream, and the steep rocky cleft below it, down which the waters were raving fiercely. "Ey deary me! but there's a heavy fresh on. Ay doot we never win across 't!"

"We shall soon know," said Archer, gathering the horses well in hand, and shaking loose the thong of the four horse-whip. His face was grave, for he knew that there was danger—but his eye was bright, and his lip firm.

The stream was about twelve yards over. The leaders entered it quietly, and for two or three steps the water did not reach their knees. But in the middle there was a strong current with a heavy swirl.

"Come, come! it is nothing, after all!" shouted Frank, joyously.

"Ar n't it, though?" replied Tom.

And as he spoke the leaders were waltering up to their saddle-leaps, and scarce able to keep their footing. The next moment they were on sounder ground and in shallower water, but the wheelers, plunged into the deep hole, the wagon followed, the broad flat side of the latter opposed the full weight of the torrent, for such indeed it almost was, just as the horses had relaxed their pull, and were floundering heavily themselves. The hind wheels were swept round, and the whole carriage began to yield sensibly, and drive toward the rocks.

At this critical moment Harry rose quickly to his feet, gave his reins a shake, uttered a shout, and brought his sharp lash down in a figure of eight, striking all the four horses in a second, and so keenly that the blood sprang from the leaders.

Together they all bounded to the lash, with snort and plunge, amid the flashing water. Every thing strained and creaked about the carriage and the harness, as if it must have gone to pieces. Had any thing broken at that moment, they must have been swept down the fall.

But nothing failed at the pinch. Another moment, and the leaders were straining up the farther bank—the wheelers' feet were on the gravel bank. A violent jolt followed as the fore wheels were dragged over a block of stone at the water's brink—when crack—crack—both the traces of the rear leader parted, and almost at the same moment, with a shivering crash, the off-horse's bar broke in the eye. The leaders were loose but for the reins; and, for a moment, though happily the wagon was oak and out of the stream's way, all was in confusion.

Not a word had been spoken since Harry's shout, but now all was again merriment and bustle.

"Jump out, Jim—jump out quick, to the leaders' heads. Never mind the water."

The hardy groom was out in a moment, scrambled through the water, and up the bank as fast as his duck-legs could carry him.

He had the horses by the bits in a second, and Harry, flinging loose the leaders' reins, which were unbuckled, they were led off and tied to a tree, as quickly as it is described.

"What's to be done now, Harry?" asked Frank. "How the deuce is this to be righted?"

"You'll see—sit still, that's all! Get away, lads!" he added, touching the wheelers gently with the whip.

A steady effort released the wagon from the stones, and drew it up the bank to the spot where Jim stood with the leaders.

"Now look alive, boys. Forester, just unhitch that spare set of bars from the back of your seat—there! don't you see them? Get on the spare traces, Timothy, and the wrench from the harness trunk—that's it. Look alive!"

Ten minutes had not elapsed before the broken bars and traces were removed and thrown into the wagon bottom, the new harness rigged, and all again a-taunto.

Within the hour they pulled up joyous, hungry and athirst at Dutch Jake's tavern door—but of that more hereafter.

# "THE APPEAL."

POETRY BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MUSIC BY MISS SLOMAN.

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*Tempo Adagio con Gusto.*

*f* *p* Can

hearts that have mingled in love, like the mist and the per-fume of flow'rs, With

star-light that falls from a - love, Hearts thrill - ling with feel-ings like ours, Thus

turn in their cold - ness a - way, Re - sum - ing the love they have giv - en, And

strew - ing with sor - rows the way, That might have known some - thing of

*dim.*

heav'n, if the fire of a mo - ment has sprung, Too vi - vid - ly up from its

shrine, It touched not the heart that has clung with its

*cres.*

love and its faith un - to thine.

*dim. ritard.*

SECOND VERSE.

As the bird driven forth from her nest,  
 Still hovers around the green tree,  
 The heart will return to its rest,  
 And mine is returning to thee,  
 When clouds gather dark in the sky,  
 The sunflower forgetteth to turn;  
 When the incense that fed it is dry—  
 The altar fire ceases to burn.  
 And tenderness coldly received,  
 Like flowers beat down by the rain,  
 May die on the heart that has grieved,  
 But ask for no shelter again.



## FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, 30th June, 1845.

MR DEAR GRAHAM,—During the parliamentary season in London, and the season of Tom Thumb in Paris, there is very little literature "going on," so that Lord Brougham's "Life of Voltaire" was a perfect godsend to the clubs and the newspapers. The Ex-Chancellor of England is no favorite either of the public at large, or of the aristocratic portion of it in particular. In politics he has frequently deserted the former, and he has betrayed the secrets of the latter in his work on the Philosophy of Government. Lord Brougham's character is such that it is hardly possible for him to have many friends; yet he is unquestionably a man of much greater talent, acquirements and energy than the party press of his country, which is in a habit of distorting the truth in every thing, will give him credit for. Lord Brougham is a man of universal talent, though he lacks that speciality of direction which alone ensures permanent success. As an individual, Brougham is perhaps the most remarkable man in England; though there is not any one branch of literature which would count him among its Coryphæi.

The best, but also the severest, review of the ex-chancellor's latest work is that of the London Chronicle, which will never pardon his lordship for deserting the whig party; the mildest and most trashy one in the Literary Gazette, a periodical which has obviously over-lived itself, and might have been considered a tolerable authority a quarter of a century ago, but is now in influence and circulation obviously behind the other weeklies—the Athenæum, the Spectator and the Examiner. The Athenæum is perhaps the most entertaining (Fraser is too personally abusive) of them all; but then it is but a four-penny, and had for a long time to wait in the ante-chambers before it was admitted into the company of "the six-pennies." The Morning Chronicle calls Lord Brougham very pleasantly "the Zimri of our days."

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long,  
But in the course of one revolving moon  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon."

Brougham had the misfortune, in the introduction to his "Life of Voltaire," to accuse Condorcet of not having read the scoffer's fourteen volumes of correspondence; but, in the body of the work, frequently cites Condorcet, and in his remarks on "*Candide*," "*Essai sur les Mœurs*," and "History of Charles XII.," copies or paraphrases whole passages from that distinguished writer. His views about Voltaire's religion satisfy neither the religious portion of his critics nor the opposite extremity, and the German critics assure him that the literary APPENDIX to Schlosser's "History of the Last Century," contains a far better critical analysis of Voltaire's works "than that furnished by the author of 'Natural Theology.'" Brougham never tells how much the deistical school of England has influenced the mind of Voltaire, and the relation in which he stood to the religion and morals of his own country. The

Chronicle is even of opinion that Voltaire's Biography by Mrs. Shelly, published in Lardner's Encyclopedia, is far superior to Brougham's.

The best and only interesting part of the whole book is the part which treats of British authors in connection with Voltaire, Hume, Watt, Black, Priestley, Davy and Cavendish. The latter died at the age of eighty, and was personally known to Lord Brougham. He had probably spoken fewer words in his life than any man in the world, the monks of La Trappe not excepted. He died, according to Brougham, on the 10th of March, according to Wade's Chronology on the 4th of February, 1810, after a short illness. He observed patiently the progress of his disease and the gradual extinction of his vital powers. Not to be disturbed in these operations he begged to be let alone. His servant, who entered his room sooner than he wished for him, he beckoned to withdraw. When the poor mental returned his master was dead.

Ben D'Israeli has brought forth the pendant to his "Coningsby," in "Sybil, or the Two Nations," 3 vols.—an analogous mixture of rubbish from the middle ages and the liberal and popular views of our own times. "Young England," I am afraid, will not fare better than "Young France," "Young Germany," or "Young Italy." It is a misfortune that these youngsters are all guided by *literari* who are much better critics than architects. The parliamentary career of Mr. D'Israeli is not so brilliant as his literary and historical genius, and he would, perhaps, better nurse his reputation by confining himself to writing. D'Israeli is no friend to the Dutch, and is rather peevish in regard to the revolution of 1688, which brought William of Orange into England. He says that that prince first introduced into England the system of Dutch finance, which pledged the industry of the country for the protection of property—but does not expatiate on the fact that England has since enlarged and improved it so as to put even its originators to the blush. The revolution of 1688, says D'Israeli, has laid the foundation to the oligarchy of the nobles, whom he not very improperly, though by no means originally, calls the "Venetian Party." The history of England, he opines, has not yet been written; but should a man be found with sufficient knowledge and courage to write one, the world will be more astonished by it than by Niebuhr's "Roman Annals." In the present written histories of England most of the great events are turned and disguised, their most important causes concealed, and some of the most important characters not brought on the stage, and those who are introduced so disfigured that the reader is in the end completely mystified, and no more benefited than if he had read Plato's "Republic," or Moore's "Utopia."

Another work which has just left the press is a book of travels, (one of the thousand and one,) published by Bentley, bearing the title "Travels in France and Spain in 1840, by the Rev. F. French." The book belongs to the same category as Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and treats principally of religious subjects—viewed, of course, from the point of the Episcopal Church of England. In the

Pyrenees, the Rev. Mr. French visited the old Convent Azapatia. Here he was shown by the chaplain (the now only remaining priest of the establishment) the rooms once occupied by Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits. The walls were adorned with paintings representing scenes of the life of that extraordinary man. One of the pictures bore the inscription—"Ignatius Loyola, fundatori societatis Jesu magno, ecclesie bono nato, paravi optimo, atque dulcissimo." This furnished the chaplain a pretext for asking the Rev. Mr. French whether he is a Christian, when the following colloquy ensued:

Priest. *Proferis, domine, religionem Christianam?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Immo, domine.*

Priest. *Catholicam?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Immo.*

Priest. *Romanam?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Minime. Catholicam, et apostolicam, sed non Romanam.*

Priest. *Agnoscis potestatem Papp, successoris Petri Apostoli?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Minime. Credimus usurpationem esse ecclesiasticam potestatis.*

Priest. (After a pause and with a sardonic smile.) *Quid facis hodie O'Connellius?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Agitationem continuam.*

Priest. (After another pause.) *Et quid Wellingtonius? Valer?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Multos annos habet.*

Priest. *Vigetne adhuc mente et facultatibus?*

Rev. Mr. French. *Immo, maxime. Tertium sane prodest patrie in re politica quantum olim in re militari.*

Then they talked about reading the Bible; and the priest observed: "Minister legit; populo explicatur:" upon which the Rev. Mr. French presented him with a copy of the New Testament in the Spanish language. After this, no one will, assuredly, doubt that the Rev. Mr. French acted as became an honorable member of Trinity College. The work is entertaining and instructive, and would well answer reprinting in the United States.

French literature is almost wholly confined either to the *feuilleton* and dramatic writing to which I have alluded in my former letters, or to historical and biographical accounts of the Republic and the Empire. The Napoleon literature was never richer than at this moment, and it actually seems as if French society were divided into two distinct parts, one of which occupied itself exclusively with serious things, whilst the other, morally and physically *blaze*, hunts forever after fresh excitement. The French people find in the events of the day, which are "stale and flat," though not always "unprofitable," very little to interest them. Speculations in railroad stock, in the public funds, and in ministerial employments, leave the heart empty; and the French people having for the last fifty years been the excitors of Europe, are at last reduced, for their own encouragement, to feed on the memory of their great chieftains. The portion of the French people that pants for nothing but amusement can only be satisfied with enormities. They resemble the drunkard, who, having become indifferent to the milder and more healthful potations, pants for nothing but brandy or pure alcohol. The description of virtue, of domestic happiness, of friendship and the like, is fit only for the nursery. Such stories may be found in the spelling-books of innocent young girls, but the grown up portion of the French population require murder, treason and seduction as an ordinary condiment for their daily reading or theatrical amusement. I doubt much whether the translation of that species of literary fungus with which, as I perceive from the advertisements in the newspapers, our country is about to be overwhelmed, will contribute to the morals of the people, and recommend

this subject seriously to the attention of the proper authorities, as well as to the friends of morals and religion in general. Even Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, not to speak of Soulié, Dumas, and other popular writers, is steeped in that horrible school of vice and criminality. There is no necessity of making the galley and the gallows so prominent, and of leading the reader through the fifth of dungeons and the stretch of hospitals. Eugene Sue describes the cholera in Paris in a manner which calls for the interference of the officers of health, so insufferable is the odor of dying men, women and children filling the rooms through which he takes delight slowly to lead his readers; and yet he is one of the best of the whole tribe of periodical writers! The stage rivals with the novel literature in presenting scenes the very allusion to which in mere conversation would not, in our own country, be tolerated in respectable society. The two most contemptible productions of the kind, are, of late, a piece called "The Students of Paris," (*les Etudiants de Paris*), which is a succession of the most horrible orgies, denunciations, assassinations, revenge, poverty, attempts at seduction and at suicide, all ending in marriage, and "The Tower of Babel," (*la Tour de Babel*), the most unprincipled trash I believe that has ever been produced on the stage. The author's name is Anatole Bruant, and he is very accurately described in the "Memoirs de Satan," as "a man with a big pounce, a starched collar, a glossy black coat, trimmed with the rosette of the legion of honor, short whiskers, flushed complexion, red ears, false teeth, a scratch on his head, and ten thousand francs a year." The critic has not seen him, but judges him, from his knowledge of comparative anatomy, as belonging to a race of beings which will leave no fossil remains, being wholly composed of perishable materials, and known as the creation of Louis Philippe.

The same vulgar, corrupt taste is also visible in poetry. There is, for instance, a collection of poems called "Colères," (inspirations of wrath,) by Amédée Pommier, who styles himself "le mètre mane," (the metre manne,) a rare specimen of a genus which, I am afraid, is too common all over the world. The subjects of M. Pommier's inspiration are ten, viz. Juvenal, Atheism, Ecstasies, Money Worship, Luxury, Bowly Weakness and Effeminacy of Our Age, Progress of Charlatanism, and Political Mania, with an interpolated poem, "The 6th of May, 1812," the day of the terrible accident on the Railroad of Versailles. The author seems to know the faults of the age exceedingly well, observes a critic, but he has no love for his species, and is therefore content with reforming them after the manner of Juvenal,

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versus!*

One of his verses, in which he feels disposed to destroy Paris like Sodom and Gomorrah, runs thus:

*Si j'étais Jéhovah, moins patient que lui  
Le feu du ciel sur vous pleuvrait dès aujourd'hui.*

Of his delicacy, the following verse will give evidence. In which he rails against the filthy habit of smoking, now becoming even more universal in France than in Germany or the United States:

*La pipe a renoué chez notre nation  
Cet horrible défaut de la spiration,  
Evitez les fumées, car souvent leur saïve,  
S'éparpillant dans l'air jusqu'au nez vous arrive,  
Et je les voudrais voir, ces insensés goudais,  
Noyés dans un tonneau rempli de leurs crachats.*

This, certainly, is sufficiently filthy for any nation, (Swift is a pedant to it,) and shows to what extremes poets, novel writers and melodramatists in France are reduced, to excite the public and procure themselves an audience.

Among the serious productions of the French press are "*Chûte de l'Empire Histoire des Deux Restaurations, précédée d'un précis historique sur les Bourbons et le Parti Royaliste depuis la Mort de Louis XVI.*" (The Fall of the Empire, History of the Two Restaurations, preceded by an Abstract of the History of the Bourbons and the Royalist Party since the Death of Louis XVI.) The work is written in a sober, earnest style, and is a sort of antidote to Thiers' histories of the Empire and the Revolution.

A third work, on the same subject, and perhaps the most impartial of the whole, is that of Frederic von Rath, bearing the title of "Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French. An Historical Essay." The modest essayist is introduced to the public by no less personage than the great German historian Schlosser. The book is not very large—not as large as Thiers—and contains only two volumes. I could wish some enterprising publisher in the United States—perhaps Hiliard, Grey & Co., in Boston, or Messrs. Carey & Hart, in Philadelphia—would publish a translation of it. The German scholars of New England are at least equal to those of England; why then should the United States wait the introduction of German writers until they have been favorably received in England. Translations from the German, in the absence of better original works, are incomparably more instructive, and certainly less debasing than the great number of publications from the French with which the American "book market" is now glutted.

Another valuable French historical work is "The History of the Cabinets of Europe\* during the Consulate and the Empire, 1800—1815, from Official Documents in the Archives of the Department of Foreign Affairs. By Armand Lefebvre." Those who have read Walter Scott's Napoleon, who was permitted to use the British archives, ought not to omit comparing it with the present publication. *Audiat altera pars.*

The memoir literature of Europe has also been recently enriched by two very clever English publications, viz. "The Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I. King of England and Elector of Hanover," 2 vols. They are instructive as to the manners, habits, and high intellectual qualities of the race of the Georges in England, and their peculiar predilection in favor of scandal, as regards their wives. One of the chief reasons of Queen Victoria's popularity is certainly the indisputable fact that she is a woman; and from this simple contrast, an inexpressible relief from a series of such men!

More instructive than the above, and of greater historical value, are the "Memoirs of Lady Esther Stanhope, as Related by Herself in Conversation with her Physician, (probably the author) comprising her Opinions, with Anecdotes of the most Remarkable Persons of her Time," 3 vols., with illustrations. Lady Stanhope, from her former relation to Pitt, had once a powerful influence on the destiny of England. Her retirement in the East has been touched by a number of English and American travelers. She was certainly one of the most extraordinary personages of the age, and her memoirs cannot but be read with great interest.

The religious literature of the present day is swelling to an enormous size; the publications in Germany alone being already numbered by thousands. Nothing, in my humble mind, surmounts such a complete proof of the existing elements of revolution, as the fact that matters of faith

\* This must not be confounded with "The Crimes of Cabinets" an old work of Mr. Goldsmith's, the present father-in-law of Lord Lyndhurst. *Armand Lefebvre* is, as far as he is known, a man of high respectability; and not a man who has, up to a very late period, received a salary from the French Government as one of its secret police agents.

and conviction, in the midst of the corruptions of the present day, should find such a numerous public. The works for and against the Jesuits, the demonstrations for and against the new Catholic dissenters, form the universal theme of religious writers, as they already seriously occupy the minds of statesmen. The question of religion contains after all that of morals, ethics, and even politics, and, to judge from the works which are daily leaving the press, and the mere nomenclature of which would fill a volume, this is well understood by the writers themselves, who thus address themselves to the masses. Among the greater publications for scholars, I must mention the series of historical works on theology about to be published by a society, under the auspices and presidency of the Bishops of Lincoln, Salisbury, Exeter, Norwich, Bangor, and St. David's. The object of the society is the publication of original papers on English Theology in the Middle Ages, and according to the prospectus which it has privately issued, the following works are about to leave the press:

1. "The complete Works of Geraldus Cambrensis," one of the oldest and ablest historians of the Welsh Church.
2. "Letters of Cadmer, the friend of Bishop Anselm," from an only manuscript.
3. "Theological Dictionary of Dr. Gascoigne," Chancellor of the University of Oxford, (died 1457,) a Wickliffite, and the only ecclesiastical writer of his time. His work is in the library of Lincoln College, and very little known.
4. "Life, Letters, and Rules of St. Columbanus," (died 615,) author of the first monkish rule in England.
5. "Alcuin's (the friend of Charlemagne) Letters," augmented by several Letters never before printed.
6. "Life, Letters, and Rules of Archbishop Laufranc."
7. "A Collection of Chronicles and Documents, referring to the History of the Archbishopric of Canterbury."

Simultaneously with the promise of these valuable publications, I must notice a work which unfortunately has already left the press in Paris. "*Historie des Sciences de l'organisation et de leurs progrès comme base de la philosophie, par de Blainville, et Maupeïd, prêtre.*" (History of the Sciences of Organization, and their progress, as the basis of Philosophy, by De Blainville and Maupeïd, priest.) The work fills three ponderous volumes. Mr. Blainville is, unfortunately, the successor of Cuvier in the botanical garden, (*Jardin des Plantes*), and professor of comparative anatomy. But instead of extending the large circle of philosophical and experimental knowledge, opened by Cuvier, who was for the organic sciences what La Place was to the astronomical, Mr. Blainville purposes to become celebrated by a new species of philosophy, which he calls "the final one." According to him the cycle of human knowledge is now closed, religion being the centre, and at the same time the circumference of all earthly and spiritual things. "Zoology is the science of things relating to men and animals; comprising their education, morals, ethics, and political government. The Christian Religion, or rather Catholicism, and Philosophy are identical." Science is "the knowledge of God *à posteriori* through his works. Its object is to deduce principles and maxims for the government of human society—in other words, to prescribe its laws, based upon the nature of man." So you see that mysticism does not only exist in Germany, but among the professors of comparative anatomy in the botanic garden of Paris, and that it is the successor of Cuvier who teaches it!

Among the scientific works of Germany, those of Kepler, which have never yet been published, claim the universal attention of the learned. The three great theorems of Kepler, which form the basis of our astronomical sciences, are known to every sophomore in College; but further

than that little is known of the wonderful astronomer and mathematician. A singular fatality seems, indeed, not only to have accompanied that wonderful man through life, but to have attached itself even to his works after death: Kepler, as is generally known, died in great poverty, and left his son Lewis nothing but his manuscripts, one of which, (*Somnium, seu de Astronomia Lunari*) which had been prepared for publication by Kepler himself, was published in 1634; the remainder became, after the death of the son, the property of the celebrated Selenographer Hevel, from whom they descended to Lange, an alderman of the city of Danzig. The latter sold them to the mathematician Haensch for one hundred florins, (40 dollars.) They comprised twenty-two folio volumes, among which were the manuscripts of "the Harmony," the Rodolphinic Tables, and other printed works, as also Kepler's correspondence with many of the most distinguished men of his age, and many of his mathematical and astronomical labors and notices. Haensch intended to publish them; but only obtained sufficient means from the Emperor Charles VI. to commence the undertaking by the publication of a part of Kepler's Correspondence. Haensch became too poor to continue the publication, and was obliged to pawn the remainder of the manuscripts. Being unable to redeem them, a citizen of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, by the name of *Etlinger*, took them for 928 florins, (about \$330.) From him they became the property of a lady, named *Trummer*, in whose possession they remained till 1770, when they were discovered by the learned historian *Fox Murr*, who, to save them, addressed the astronomers *Meler*, *Kastner*, and *Bernoulli*, to aid him in obtaining them for publication. All these men expressed their ardent desire to contribute what means they had to assist in the laudable enterprise, but all of them together were not rich enough to accomplish the design! After this, *Murr* sent a list of the manuscripts to the Academy of St. Petersburg, and begged Professor John *Albrecht Euler* to aid him in saving them. On the favorable report of the latter, they were at last bought by the Academy, and the academicians *Kraft*, *Euler* and *Lexell* charged with perusing them, and preparing the publication of those which were likely to interest the scientific world. Accordingly, *Kraft* and *Lexell* began their labor, but died before they had accomplished it. Professor *Fritsch*, in *Struttgard*, *Wartemberg*, has now obtained permission to use the manuscripts of the Academy of St. Petersburg, or rather these manuscripts will be sent him in the way of diplomatic despatches, so that we at last expect to see them published in the course of this century. How much quicker the works of *Paul de Kock* have found publishers in France, England, and America!

*Koenig*, in a late work "on the circulation of the blood, and its analogy to the planetary system," has, by a series of experiments, and a brilliant course of reasoning, proved that each drop of blood in the human or animal body may be considered as a planet of a system whose centre is not properly the heart, but the point where the great nerve meets the heart, which is, properly speaking, the focus of an ellipse of which the occiput and the extremity of the feet form the two extremities of the great axis. The similarity of the motion of the blood to the rotation of the planets, and the centrifugal and centripetal forces which produce it, was long suspected by mathematicians and physiologists; but has never been shown with such precision of reasoning and abundance of detail. The work is small, and might deserve a notice in one of our medical journals, if not a complete translation.

Quite remarkable and interesting to the historian is a little work "On the Organization of the Trades and Handicrafts in Germany, during the Middle Ages," by *Archivarius*. Ch. L. *Stock*: Magdeburg: 1845. Some of the cus-

oms of the stone masons of these days strongly corroborate the opinion, lately rendered highly probable, that the institution of Free-Masonry was very closely connected with the real stone masons, and that Europe is actually indebted for some of the noblest remains of Gothic architecture to the design and co-operation of that order. It is well known that the journeymen of each craft had their own manner of making themselves known to their brethren, and obtaining aid and protection whenever they stood in need of them. For this purpose each craft had its peculiar mode of salutation. The following was that of the masons, from which the readers of "the magazine" must draw their own inferences.

#### *Salutation of the Masons.*

With your favor and permission! God bless this plan, and all that stand around me.

(Here the journeymen place two scales upon one another at right angles, thus X.)

(The honorable members here read the letters presented to them, or return the salute.)

*Stranger*. I am a mason by salute. Through snow and ice have I come. Do you wish to know my name?

*Foreman*. Who has sent thee hither?

*Stranger*. My honorable master, honorable foreman, and the whole honorable craft of masons in the city of N. N.

*Foreman*. For what purpose did they send thee?

*Stranger*. For the purpose of honorable promotion, morals, and honorable conduct.

*Foreman*. What dost thou understand by morals and honorable conduct?

*Stranger*. The usages and habits of our craft.

*Foreman*. When do these commence?

*Stranger*. When I have honestly and faithfully completed my apprenticeship.

*Foreman*. When do they finish?

*Stranger*. When death breaks my heart.

*Foreman*. By what means is the mason known?

*Stranger*. By his honorable conduct.

*Foreman*. What sort of mason art thou?

*Stranger*. I am a mouth mason.

*Foreman*. How dost thou make this known?

*Stranger*. By my honorable salute, and the words of my tongue.

*Foreman*. Where was the honorable craft of masons first erected in Germany?

*Stranger*. At the Dome of Magdeburg.\*

*Foreman*. Under what monarch?

*Stranger*. Under Emperor Charles II., of the Christian Religion the fifth in the year 578.†

*Foreman*. How long did that Emperor reign?

*Stranger*. Three years.

*Foreman*. What was the name of the first mason?

*Stranger*. HERRONTRUJ—and the first tool was called *Walken*.

*Foreman*. How many words has the mason?

*Stranger*. Seven.

*Foreman*. Then name them.

*Stranger*. God bless all honorable conduct.

God bless all honorable knowledge.

God bless the honorable craft of masonry.

God bless the honorable master.

God bless the honorable foreman.

\* One of the oldest Gothic Churches in Germany.

† Probably disfigured by tradition. Emperor Charles ruled 825-77. The Dome of Magdeburg was commenced 983—then stopped—then re-commenced under Otto IV., (1087.) Under Charles IV. the first Stone-Cutters' or Masons' Lodge, as it was called, was erected.

‡ Possibly a corruption of another name.

God bless the honorable fraternity.

God grant honorable promotion to all masons here and all places, by sea and by land.

*Foreman.* What is secrecy in itself?

*Stranger.* Earth, fire, air, and snow, through which I hope to be promoted.

*Foreman.* What dost thou carry under thy hat?

*Stranger.* Honorable wisdom—(knowledge of my craft.)

*Foreman.* What dost thou carry under thy tongue?

*Stranger.* Nothing but honorable truth.

*Foreman.* Why dost thou carry an apron?

*Stranger.* In honor of my craft, and for my own advantage.

*Foreman.* What constitutes the strength of thy work?

*Stranger.* That which cannot be consumed either by fire or water. &c.

Two new political tragedies have been performed at Athens, viz: *O Hekatombedon*; (the Minister President,) and *O Arkturos*; *Hektor*; (the Unshaken Poet,) by Alex. Sutsos. Both have reference to the late revolution in Greece.

I forgot to mention a remarkable work, which has just been published by Adr. Pascal, and deserves to be placed by the side of the British accounts of the Peninsular War, and the Despatches and official Correspondence of Admiral Lord Nelson. It is the inedited correspondence of Napoleon with the commander-in-chief of the artillery of the great army—(*Correspondance inédite de l'Empereur Napoleon avec le Commandant-en-chef de l'Artillerie de la Grande Armée*)—and proves the extraordinary activity of that wonderful man, which was scarcely inferior to his genius.

Fenimore Cooper's "Lucy Hardinge" has, in its translation, and in the original, passed already through several editions in Germany.

Perhaps it is not altogether uninteresting to some of our readers to learn that Emerson's Arithmetic, one of the best Boston school books, has been translated into German, and is now used as a text book in the Southern Provinces and in Switzerland.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Essays on Art.* By Goethe. Translated by Samuel Gray Ward. Boston. James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

No artist, no writer, no person interested in the science of criticism, should overlook this volume. It contains a whole philosophy of Art, together with admirable remarks on individual works; and is characterized by that clearness of insight, and completeness of expression, for which the great German is renowned. The *Essays* are twelve in number—each of them containing matter worthy of profound consideration. "The Collector and his Friends," "Truth and Probability in Works of Art," the "Aphorisms," and the essay on "Dilettantism," are especially worthy of attention. Occasionally we notice a sentence which contains a truth capable of extensive application to cotemporary criticism. Here is an example. "He who would reproach an author with obscurity, ought first to make an examination of himself, to be sure that he is inwardly clear. A very clear hand may not be legible by twilight." The outlines of the essay on "Dilettantism" are capable of being expanded into a much larger space. The piece is crammed with thought and allusion. If the principles advanced in it were applied rigorously to current literature, but a very small portion would escape condemnation. We subjoin a few sentences:

Art itself gives laws, and commands the time.

Dilettantism follows the lead of the time.

When masters in art follow a false taste, the Dilettant expects so much the sooner to reach the level of art.

The Dilettant, receiving his first impulse to self-production from the effect of works of art on him, confounds these effects with the objective causes and motives, and would now make the state of feeling he has been put into, productive and practical; as if out of the *fragrances of flowers one should try to re-produce flowers themselves.*

The speaking to the feelings, the last effect of all poetical organization, but which pre-supposes the concurrence of the whole of art, seems to the Dilettant to be the thing itself, and out of it he endeavors to produce.

In general, the Dilettant, in his ignorance of himself, puts the passive in the place of the active, and because he receives a lively impression from effects, thinks from these impressed effects to produce other effects.

The peculiar want of the Dilettant, is the *Architectonic*, in the highest sense—that practical power which creates, forms, constitutes. Of this he has only a sort of misgiving,

and submits himself to his material, instead of commanding it.

The Dilettant never paints the object, but only the feeling it gives rise to in him.

Reasons why the Dilettant hates the powerful, the passionate, the characteristic, and only represents the muddling, the moral.

The Dilettant thinks to reach poetry by means of his wits.

Dramatic botches go mad when they desire to give effect to their work.

The Dilettant subjects himself to the necessity of working by false rules, because he cannot work even as a Dilettant without some rules, and he does not understand the true objective rules.

He departs more and more from the truth of objects, and loses himself in subjective errors.

In Dilettantism the loss is always greater than the gain. Dilettantism favors the indifferent, partial and characterless.

Architectural Dilettantism, without being able to accomplish the object of beauty, fails usually in the physical aim of building, utility and convenience.

*The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time, and Other Poems.* By Henry B. Hirst. Boston. Phillips & Sampson. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have read this collection of poems with considerable pleasure. It is evidently the production of a mind filled with a love for the beautiful and good, and endowed with some poetical power. It is stamped by a character of sincerity and truth. Expression, and quite felicitous expression, is given to refinements of thought and feeling which, to common rhymers, are expressionless. A few extracts from some of the poems will give our readers a better idea of their merit, than could be obtained from any description of ours.

The "Coming of the Mammoth" is quite spirited and picturesque, with here and there a touch of the sublime. The legend on which it is based is well known. The

closing portion of the poem, which represents the Titan beast in his strife with the Indian deity, contains many grand stanzas.

Bolt rushed on bolt, 'till one by one,  
Howling in agony, they died;  
Save him—the fiercest! And alone  
He stood—almost a god in pride—  
Then, with a loud, defying yell,  
Leap, like a shaft, o'er hill and dell.

Our sires, upon his adamant brow,  
Saw the red levin strike and shiver;  
And yet, amid the infernal glow,  
He battled fierce and firm as ever;  
Slowly retreating to the west,  
With haughty front and dauntless crest.

Before him, far as eye could view,  
The prairie lay; but, as he sprang  
Again to flight, the lightning flew  
Around him, and the thunder rang.  
The wild grass flashed to flame—a sea  
Of burning billows swept the sea.

Flame o'er him—round him—neath him, still  
He kept his western path, 'till lay  
The Rocky Mountains, hill on hill,  
A granite barrier in his way;  
And, at their base, he turned again,  
While on him lightning fell like rain.

Tearing up trees and rocks, he flung  
Them fiercely in the face of God.  
Drowning the thunder, loudly rung  
His yells, and, still defying, he trod  
The blackened ground, with dauntless eye  
Daring the Highest of the High.

"Isabelle" is one of the sweetest and most melodious poems in the collection. "The Unseen River" is a fine phantasy, lit up with mystical light, and filled with dreamy images. "The Burial of Eros" is a distinct personification of moods and feelings of the heart, which none but a poet could shape. "The Sea of the Mind" has much suggestive beauty, and some of the lines sing like rivulets leaping in the sunshine. "The Birth of a Poet" is, in some respects, an echo of one of Tennyson's melodies. "The Autumn Wind" is written with much energy and feeling for the subject. "Mary" has strong claims upon our love and admiration. From the "Sonnets," we select the following:

ASTARTE.

Thy lustre, heavenly star, shines ever on me!  
I, trembling like Eudymion over-bent  
By dazzling Dian, when, with wonderment  
He saw her crescent light the Lætanian sea;  
And, like a Naiad's, sailing on the sea,  
Floats thy fair form before me; the azure air  
Is all undriven with thy hyacinth hair;  
While round thy tips the moth, in airy glee,  
Flutters, and hums in dim and dizzy dreams.  
Drunken with odorous breath; thy argent eyes,  
Twin planets, swimming through love's lustrous skies,  
Are mirrored in my heart's sereneest streams—  
Such eyes saw Shakespeare, flashing bold and bright,  
When queenly Egypt rode the Nile at night.

Mr. Hirst's volume contains faults and weaknesses of thought and diction, and occasional repetitions of the thoughts of others, but it is still one of promise. It displays a most luxurious sense of beauty, a fine feeling for the melody of things, and much spiritual insight. The mechanical execution of the book is in excellent-taste, well printed in large type on good paper. We trust that this is not the last work of the author that we shall have the pleasure of reading.

Tales. By Edgar A. Poe. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

These tales are among the most original and character-

istic compositions in American letters. In their collected form, they cannot fail to make a forcible impression on the reading public. We are glad to see them in a "Library of American Books." "The Gold Bug" attracted great attention at the time it appeared, and is quite remarkable as an instance of intellectual acuteness and subtlety of reasoning. "The Fall of the House of Usher" is a story of horror and gloom, in which the feeling of supernatural fear is represented with great power. The pertinacity with which Mr. Poe probes a terror to its depths, and spreads it out to the reader, so that it can be seen as well as felt, is a peculiarity of his taste. He is an anatomist of the horrible and ghastly, and trusts for effect, not so much in exciting a vague feeling of fear and terror, as in leading the mind through the whole framework of crime and perversity, and enabling the intellect to comprehend their laws and relations. Metaphysical acuteness characterizes the whole book. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget," are fine instances of the interest which may be given to subtle speculations and reasonings, when they are exercised to penetrate mysteries which the mind aches to know. "A Descent into the Maelstrom," "Mesmeric Revelation," "The Purloined Letter," "The Man of the Crowd," "The Black Cat," are all characterized by force and refinement of intellect, and are all effective as tales. The volume is a great stimulant to reflection. It demands intellectual activity in the reader. There are some hardly paradoxes in it, uttered with unhesitating confidence, and supported with great ingenuity. These "stir and sting" the mind to such a degree, that examination and reasoning become necessary to the reader's peace.

Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headly. New York. Wiley & Putnam, 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a pleasantly written volume, thrown off in a genial spirit, and abounding in brilliant sketches of manners, and picturesque descriptions of scenery. Though Italy is the land of tourists, and numberless volumes have appeared in its praise, Mr. Headly's book loses none of its attractiveness by comparison. The epistolary form in which the work is cast, allows a wide scope for individualities of feeling and expression, and gives freshness and colloquial grace to the style. The notices of Genoa, Gibraltar, Veauvua, Naples, Rome, the Columbus Manuscripts, American Artists in Florence—the observations on some of the masterpieces of art, the speculations on Italian society and politics, the anecdotes of individuals, and many of the personal incidents which occurred during the journey—will be found exceedingly interesting to the general reader. At Genoa, Mr. Headly saw the Italian teacher of Byron, and gleaned from him some interesting facts concerning Byron, Shelley and Hunt. He said that the former was penurious, irritable, often unjust, and did his seemingly generous actions for effect; and that he always had four books on his table—the Bible, Shakespeare, Machiavelli, and Alfieri's Tragedies. Hunt is called, on the same authority, "cold and repulsive." He might have been so at Genoa, but this is not his natural character. The Italian considered Shelley the noblest man of the three. A good story is told by Mr. Headly of an American trader, who, after making some money by lucky speculations, concluded to travel like a gentleman. He went into Powers' studio, and after gazing knowingly at the different objects of interest, asked the price of the "Greek Slave." He was informed that it was held at three thousand dollars. "Three thousand dollars!" he exclaimed—"you do not say so, now. Why I thought of buying something on you, but that's a notch above me. Why staidary is riz, aint it?" That may have been the

same gentleman who objected to Rome, on the ground that the houses were sadly out of repair.

Mr. Headly's "Letters" form Number Three of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of American Books"—a collection which promises well both for authors and booksellers.

*The Works of that Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. Richard Hooker, with an Account of his Life and Death.* By Isaac Walton. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 2 vols. 8vo.

The present edition of Hooker is carefully reprinted from the last Oxford edition, edited by the Rev. John Keble. The work is interesting, not only to the theologian but to the student of English literature. Hooker is one of the greatest names on the roll of English worthies. Many of his opinions have passed into axioms. His works cannot be opened on any page without presenting instances of powerful reasoning, or majestic eloquence, or deep and varied learning, or the spirit of Christian holiness and love. It is rare to see such mental acquisitions in connection with so much meekness and saintliness. His writings please, and insensibly purify as they please the mind of the mere student: while to the Christian they are of inestimable worth, as revealing a soul at peace with God, tolerant, just, meditative, filled with divine truth, and devoting the noblest capacities to the noblest purposes. His life was in harmony with his works; and his death was worthy of both. To read Isaac Walton's biography of him is an era in a man's literary experience. The extensive circulation of his writings in this country, viewed merely from a moral and intellectual point of view, would be a blessing. Certain it is, that the library of no person, be he saint or scoffer, is complete unless it contains Hooker; for Hooker belongs to the literature as well as the theology of England.

*The Smuggler. A Tale.* By G. P. R. James. New York, Harper & Brothers.

We believe it is Emerson who remarked of Byron, that he had large utterance but little to say. It is now the misfortune of Mr. James to have a muddy utterance and nothing to say. We believe that the patience of his adherents, in this last book of his, has fairly given out, and that they are now to be ranked among his philanthropic opponents. Everybody is beginning to see into the secret of his facility. The present novel is the dreariest of all trash—the mere lees of a wine that never had much of the flavor of grapes. How a man can have the impudence to continue writing, for so many years after he has ceased originating, is an enigma. As a good Christian, he is bound to have some mercy on a long-suffering public. If there be no compassion in him it would be a public benefit to pension him into silence. The publishers of "The Smuggler" have presented it in a mean dress, but are admirably in harmony with its intrinsic wretchedness. To wade through such a mass of worn and muddy verbiage, without a flash of even the weakest lightning to cheer the bog, is a penance for sin which the severest theology would not countenance.

*Sybil, or the Two Nations.* By B. Disraeli, M. P. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart.

Mr. Disraeli is not a novelist in any high meaning of the word. His object is not so much to exhibit character and manners as to exhibit himself. He gives some brilliant sketches of social life, and occasionally throws off an acute criticism, but his mind has not sufficient comprehension to represent life. An air of individual pretension, a kind of

flashing quackery, is over every thing he writes. The present novel contains many good and just sentiments, pretends to a wide sympathy with the poorer classes, and zealously attacks the oligarchy of England. The object of the work is political. It is a partisan novel, and contains all the faults which cling to partisanship. What is true in it, is not peculiar to the author, though he states some of his truisms as though they were startling paradoxes. The remedy he would apply to acknowledged evils, seems to us puerile in the extreme. The class of writers to whom he belongs, the sentimental Tories, are not the men to play any prominent part either in the ruin or the regeneration of a country. They have not among them a single sturdy, strong-minded or deep-minded man. They strike us as the mere fops of philanthropy and dilettant of politics. Mr. Disraeli, himself, is merely a sparkling charlatan.

*Evelyn: Or, A Heart Unmasked. A Tale of Domestic Life.* By Anna Corn Mowatt. Philadelphia. G. B. Ziebler & Co. 2 vols. 16mo.

Mrs. Mowatt is well known as the author of the Comedy of "Fashion," and as a prominent contributor to the various periodicals of the day. The present novel is in every way worthy of her reputation. The style is flowing and sparkling, well adapted for narration, and full of spirit and grace. The plot is deeply interesting, and is developed with great skill and boldness. The passions are represented with much power. The characters are well drawn, some of them displaying an insight into the heart at once keen and comprehensive. Evelyn, the heroine, is delineated with the most graphic skill. The whole novel evinces more mental resources than usually characterize works of the kind. Some scenes are wrought up with tragic force, and there are passages of exquisite pathos. It is a work which will outlive the ephemeral romances of the day, for it is grounded deep in human passion and affection.

*The Bridal Wreath. A Wedding Souvenir.* Edited by Percy Bryant. Boston. W. J. Reynolds. 1 col. 24mo.

An elegant little volume, containing selections from a large number of poets, tastefully chosen. We were hardly aware of the many coruscations shed by poetry on the married state, before a glance over this volume revealed the number and the beauty of the offerings. Such a collection is sufficient to convert the iciest bachelor that ever scoffed at "domestic felicity." At a time when the sufferings of Mr. Coude are engaging so large a portion of the public sympathies, and when his amiable helpmate is fast passing into a synonym for the word wife, it is well to look at the poetical aspect of marriage, and occasionally turn from a "lecture" to an epithalamium.

*Popular Lectures on Science and Art, Delivered in the Principal Towns and Cities of the United States by Dionysius Lardner.* New York. Greety & M'Ettrick, Tribune Building.

This is a most beautiful edition of the celebrated lectures of Dr. Lardner, and the public is indebted to the publishers for issuing works of their stamp, at a time when the country is flooded with the most pernicious novels of the French school. These lectures are issued at the very low price of twenty-five cents per number, and, considering that they are illustrated with expensive cuts, they are cheap indeed.







Engraved by J. G. Kneller

Designed by W. G. Kneller

Robert Morris

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## THE CONTINENTAL HISTORIANS.

(FRENCH AND GERMAN SCHOOL.)

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

HISTORY, in the sense of modern French and German writers, is no longer a mere philosophical recital of events, chronologically arranged and classified—a mirror held before nations in which themselves are reflected—or a code of morals taught by examples, but a *positive science*, of which, indeed, we know, as yet, but few dates, but which, nevertheless, is capable of a scientific arrangement, analogous to our knowledge of the laws of nature in general. The moral condition of man—that which renders him capable of living in society, and, in truth, forces him to obey his gregarious instincts, in order to fulfill his mission on earth—must be subject to *rules*, similar to those by which the natural phenomena are governed, but which the course heretofore pursued by historians was incapable of detecting, though approaches toward it have been made at all times with various success.

That which a certain class of speculative philosophers has been pleased to call "common sense," consists, in the opinion of continental writers, principally, in the close connection which exists between cause and effect, in science as well as in the ordinary walks of life. In the early, primitive stages of the development of our race, in which man was necessarily guided more by his instincts than by reasoning, common sense seems to have been the principal regulator of his actions; but in proportion to the development of his higher powers that elementary faculty of the mind has lost the capacity of guiding him, and we must look to a uniform law—a scientific formula—capable of evolving the infinite series expressive of the "*World's History*." Common sense is seldom employed in connecting more than two

links of the long chain of human speculation and reasoning: *science*, to which the mind ascends through a complicated but *certain* process of reasoning, embraces the law by which *motion*, the cause of all phenomena in the moral as well as physical world, is governed.

In a high state of civilization, and in proportion as we depart from our mere animal instincts, the whole region of error is opened to us—we have then eaten of the forbidden fruit—and yet the question may arise whether this "artificial state," as certain writers are pleased to call the civilization of the present age, based upon that of the Greeks and Romans, is not, after all, a *natural* one, at which humanity must necessarily arrive in the evolution assigned it by the Creator. And we may further inquire whether this evolution of humanity is not, after all, subject to the same invariable laws which exist between cause and effect in that limited sphere which is scanned by common sense, bearing to those which daily come within the sphere of our observation the same relation which, in the mathematical sciences, exists between the higher and common mode of induction.

The arts, for instance, are essentially human, and reflect the genius of humanity in the most direct manner perceptible to human faculties; yet common sense, acting from the commencement of the human era, would not have been equal to the creation of a statue of Praxiteles or a tragedy of Sophocles. The arts, nevertheless, are *necessary* to a high state of civilization, and to the moral and intellectual elevation of a people. And they are also subject to *laws*, obeyed intuitively by the artist, and accounted for scientifically by the critic; the two faculties of crea-

tion and criticism, the synthetic and analytic powers of the mind, being seldom united in the same individual. Homer lived before Aristotle, and the revival of the arts in Europe preceded that of the sciences. A law must be at the basis of every thing, in the physical as well as in the moral world, and it is certainly absurd to suppose that while the motion of every particle of matter is subject to eternal rules, that of the human mind, in its manifestation throughout the whole progress of mankind, should not, in a similar manner, be subject to immutable laws. Whatever progress mankind arrives at in the arts, in science, in the mode of governing themselves, and in the pursuit of happiness generally, must necessarily have entered into the design of the Creator, and must be the consequence of one and the same unchangeable and uniform law of action.

We know that all the causes of phenomena in the physical world are, to use a mathematical term, *constant* quantities, in the formulæ which express the results derived from them in an infinite variety of cases, by assigning different values to the variable quantities therein contained, and that no mathematician would ascribe the different phenomena of gravity, for instance, to different causes acting at different times. The human mind itself is so constituted that it can comprehend only those things which it can reduce to a unit, by stripping them of all accessories; that is, it can comprehend those things only of which it is capable of seizing the law, by reducing them to a system. The process of reasoning or investigation by which we arrive at this system is, in science, called the method; which, as far as new discoveries are concerned, is of infinitely more importance than all isolated facts; for without a proper method of inquiry no satisfactory scientific result can ever be obtained. It is not so much the spirit of inquiry, as the method pursued, which leads us to the discovery of truth in the physical and moral sciences, for even in natural philosophy, we must methodize our experiments, with a view to a particular object, or time and labor will be lost in useless empiricism.

As long as we do not discover that uniform moral law which has governed the actions of men at all times, and will continue to govern them in all ages, we shall be incapable of forming the least idea of what the continental philosophers call "the evolution of humanity;" and universal history, notwithstanding its detailed accounts of battles and conquests, will to us remain a sealed book. We behold nothing but a piece of a large fabric, but understand nothing of its tissue or the machinery by which its design was woven.

The continental historians have abandoned that school of philosophy which assigns to itself the task of discovering the essence of things. The ultimate causes of phenomena, in the physical and moral world, will never be known to us, and the mathematical school of philosophy has bestowed no small benefit on science, by surrendering all inquiry on this subject, and confining itself strictly to the laws of matter, as far as they come within the cognizance of

our senses, or are deducible by a course of reasoning.

Thus we know nothing of the cause of electricity, of magnetism, of light, heat, gravity, &c., though it is highly probable that the different phenomena of light, electricity, &c., are all but different manifestations of the same principle. Yet we have ascertained the laws of light, of electricity, of heat, and so forth, with wonderful accuracy, and can, with the utmost precision, foretell what phenomena must take place when either of them is submitted to a particular experiment.

And thus we may, in course of time, arrive at a tolerable knowledge of the laws of our nature, and the nature of that compound, *mankind*, which, in its progress, acts as a *single being*, subject to the laws of that universal moral gravity which it is the proper province of the historian to investigate. Whenever this shall be done, the term "accident" will be banished from the moral as from the physical sciences, or be equivalent to ignorance; men will believe but in a *universal Providence*, which will be identical with the immutable *laws* of the Divinity. It is with a view to the discovery of this great universal law, according to which the phenomena of humanity take place on our globe, that the continental historians now re-examine the mass of facts thus far recorded, and watch the development of nations now on the stage. The inquiry into the *essence* of humanity is, by them, entirely given up as a useless pursuit, which will never lead to a satisfactory result.

Thus far the modern continental school of historians has nothing to do with transcendentalism, or any other school of metaphysics whatever. It does not interfere with men's faith or belief, or with any religious persuasion whatever. It resigns the individual man to his hopes and convictions, but treats the evolution of the aggregate as a science, by endeavoring to investigate its laws. In their estimation every thing that occurs is not only for the best, as Leibnitz endeavored to prove, or *right*, as conceived by Bolingbroke and expressed in poetry by Pope, but *necessary*, as *demonstrated* by the father of all modern metaphysicians, the glass-cutter Spinoza, of Amsterdam.

There is, indeed, one remarkable historical fact in reference to this school, which is this, that the French and Germans have, almost at the same time, arrived at this method of reasoning, although they started from very different premises, and in the midst of the anarchy which pervades at this moment the scientific world. For here I would observe, by way of marking the close connection which exists between all moral phenomena, that political revolutions always follow or are coeval with revolutions in science; as, indeed, the revolutions of America and Europe may be strictly traced to the great disparity between the intellectual requirements of the age and the antiquated forms by which men continued to be governed. The revolution was inevitable, whatever might have been the conduct of the kings of England or France, and must have been accomplished under all the

attending circumstances, as the form had become too limited for its material contents. The revolutions of America and France were in obedience to the universal law of humanity.

But to return to my subject. The French and the Germans conceived at the same time the idea of treating history as an experimental science; the former arriving at it through strictly mathematical reasoning; the latter through philosophical disquisition. This appears to be a circumstance highly corroborating the theory—for truth is always discovered through a variety of means—which arises necessarily from the close connection between all natural laws, as emanating from a common cause, and constitutes in fact the whole basis of our reasoning from analogy. The differential calculus was invented simultaneously by Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, the former reasoning from mechanical, the latter from philosophical data. The truth discovered was the same, although the latter method, from the universality of its conception, has proved to this day the most fertile of application. Truth is, like light, reflected from a prism; it shines in all hues, which again united form but one ray. Nothing is so conclusively demonstrative of quackery in any science as the perseverance with which one or the other theory is pressed forward, to the exclusion of all others. There never was a philosophical or scientific system that gained any credence in the world that was not, with all its errors, based upon some truth, and whose principal error did not consist in excluding from its consideration things that were more or less essential. The error was not so much in the things admitted as in those excluded from the philosopher's consideration. (Ex. Phenology.)

The scientific anarchy above alluded to consists in the different methods now pursued in the discovery of truth. In the physical sciences, the principle has at last been put down, and universally agreed upon, that nothing is true which cannot be proved by an experiment. But in the moral sciences the course pursued is a very different one. We there commence with a hypothesis, and endeavor to adjust the facts tolerably to our abstract theory. This method must be corrected, or we can hope for no improvement in science. We must compare phenomena, and watch the experiments that are daily making before our eyes, and by endeavoring to trace their laws, and not their essences, to reduce them to a common formula.

This idea, I am aware, is yet looked upon as visionary in England; but what have English philosophers to offer us in its stead? What is history, without this mode of investigation, but an unfinished novel or tragedy? What is the whole enunciation of humanity, but a blank-book filled with accidents?

And yet English historians speak of the lessons inculcated by history. But what does this mean, if not that there is a law according to which even historical events take place; an agency which acts uniformly through all ages and climes? They believe, then, that a part of mankind is governed by a principle; but that the whole is in the hands of a special Providence, acting at intervals. They believe in the rise

and progress of nations, and in the perfectibility of individual man; but have no faith in the gradual improvement of the human race. They treat universal history as a succession of special histories, denying their necessary connection, and rejecting the idea of a universal law governing the most important phenomenon on earth—the evolution of humanity. According to their notion, there is no continued progress; but only a progress to a certain point, then a period of inertia, and at last a retrograde movement. And this miserable play is gone through by generation after generation without a ray of hope save that which shines upon them from another world!

Compare to this the views of the historical school of the continent, and the manner in which it establishes a connection between the different phenomena recorded in history, and judge for yourselves on which side the philosophical probability preponderates. Take, for instance, the first and most regretted phenomenon—that of the mortality of man. This, says the continental historian, is necessary for the progress of humanity as manifested on earth. Without it mankind would persevere in their present condition, and there would be no evolution, no development. The changes which are produced by death are necessary, for it is through death that a series of impulses is given to humanity, by which each generation can bequeath its progress as an element to start from and improve, to its successor, and that the variety of phenomena is introduced which are called the world's history. Each generation is a term in an infinite series, in which the preceding term is necessarily contained, plus a certain increment consisting of the impetus imparted to it by the generation which has just left the stage. The physical conditions of mankind are, as far as perceptible to our senses, constant quantities; while the progress of the mind is infinite, connecting in one continued chain the present, the past, and the future, and establishing the perpetuity of the human mind through the physical changes of individual life and death.

I am aware that this doctrine infringes, in a measure, on the principle of *Free Will*, as understood by some metaphysicians. But what, after all, constitutes free will? Does it not resemble, to use a trivial comparison, the liberty of a fish in a pond to swim in any direction it pleases? We may do as we please; but then we are so constituted as necessarily to be pleased by things comporting with our nature. A fish is most pleased in water, the medium adapted to its motion; and so is man accessarily pleased with those things which agree with his hopes and aspirations, based upon the laws of his nature. Whichever way we pursue the inquiry, we shall meet with a law, capable of being expressed by a formula.

Take the second great historical phenomenon—the introduction and spreading of Christianity throughout the world—and see how completely the facts in the case tally with one another, as the consequences of one and the same eternal law. We see a people, the Jews, having preserved their patriarchal simplicity, brought to Egypt, the then most civilized country on earth, and already so far advanced in

science as to have necessarily arrived at monotheism, the worship of one invisible God. The greatest man of the Jewish race, Moses, receives his education with the sons of the Pharaohs, and then becomes the leader, legislator and deliverer of his people. Meanwhile, Egyptian learning is brought into Greece, there coupled with the arts, and sublimated by the almost divine spirit of her philosophers. But as soon as the Greeks have fulfilled their mission of becoming the teachers and eternal models of mankind in every branch but one, Rome becomes the mistress of the globe. In her onward career she conquers Jerusalem, and thus the Savior of the world is born a *Roman* subject.

Now let us try to show the intimate connection in that chain of historical facts. The Egyptians had already passed from fetichism and polytheism—the earlier stages of humanity, at which, from the unacquaintance with the laws of nature, a Divinity is supposed to be the immediate cause of every striking phenomenon—to monotheism, that stage of progress in the evolution of humanity in which the various causes of phenomena, from their intimate connection with one another, are referred to one and the same common origin. But still the worship of the One God, by the philosopher, is coupled with the polytheism of the masses. Moses taught his people the universal worship of the One living invisible God.

This faith of the Jews may be considered a *partial* revelation—such as the world was then fit to receive. When Greek learning had civilized the western world, and Rome had conquered it, Christ was born. It was then time for Jerusalem to become a Roman province, for without the mediation of the Roman empire, the Christian religion could not, humanly speaking, in a few centuries have become the predominant religion of the Western Continent. St. Paul, with the Greek and Roman languages, could reach the people of Asia, Africa, Italy, France and Spain; and, what is more, he found the people of all those countries assimilated to one another, and similarly disposed to hear him. The Jewish people had fulfilled their mission, which was a purely theocratic one, and the Romans, who had already entered upon the second stage of history—the military rule—were ready to take their place. The conversion of a single Roman emperor was the introduction of Christianity into the whole civilized world.

Rome is, in turn, destroyed by the Scythians and Germans; but this is only to infuse fresh blood into their veins; for the conquerors, settling down on the soil of the vanquished, become, in turn, conquered by their civilization. Christianity is thus spread through all the northern tribes of Europe. The age of spiritualism and of religious enthusiasm succeeds to this stage of history; the hierarchy of the Church is built up; men live for a single idea; and through the age of chivalry preserve and strengthen their physical faculties, until the spirit of the Greeks and Romans is again disinterred from the convents, to spread before the *Christian* world the civilization and learning of thirty heathen centuries!

The Europeans are, in energy of character, vastly superior to the Asiatics, all their faculties being more strongly excited by different national characteristics. And these different nationalities we behold, for the first time, co-existing without an attempt made by one of them to reduce the other to physical slavery. They are already *Christian* powers. The fetters have fallen from the hands of the bondmen, a common *spiritual* tribunal decides their differences, and where arms are appealed to, and conquests made, the conquered share the rights and privileges of the conquerors.

A glance at the map of Europe convinces us that its inhabitants are destined to become a maritime people. Look at the different inlets of the ocean, by which every European nation has access to the sea. Russia, Finland, Bothnia, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, the Italian States, and Turkey; and, at their gates, the great sentinel—the British Empire. One of those nations, or all combined, must discover America—the new Continent destined for a still further stage in the evolution of humanity—for the emancipation of mankind from the Gothic rules, the necessary concomitants and remains of the military organization of Europe.

Now let us review the whole, and see the necessary and unavoidable connection between these different phenomena. None but a simple patriarchal people, such as the Jews, were fit for a theocratic government like that established by Moses; yet it was evident that they must receive the element of that purely theocratic government by a superior Intelligence, and a people for ages devoted to philosophical speculation and inquiry. Such were the Egyptians.

The Jews, to preserve their religion unsullied, had to dissolve their connection with the Egyptians, and become an independent people, as the Americans had to declare themselves independent of Great Britain, to carry out the great principle of freedom nursed and reared on the British soil. But when *Christianity* was introduced, a mightier and more warlike people, a people that had accomplished the conquest of more than half the world, became its principal support. Again, such a people as the Romans, arrived at *that* stage of civilization and power, must necessarily be tainted with the vices resulting from a military organization, and a long series of usurpation and conquest. The wealth accumulated in Rome must have rendered the people effeminate and voluptuous, and on this account the feudal system of the Teutonic race was engrafted on the *virtus militaris* of the Romans.

The present civilization of Europe is essentially Christian; for the different nationalities of her people, the main reason of her power and influence, could not have co-existed without the introduction of Christianity, and the complete sway then exercised over the minds of princes by the head of the Christian Church.

Had the Goths and Vandals, who inundated Italy, Spain, and France, immediately become civilized—that is, had they adopted the civilization of the

Greeks and Romans, without going through the ordeal of the middle ages, they would have become as corrupt as the Romans then were, instead of infusing fresh vigor into a dying race; and without the Crusades, the north of Europe would have required centuries to adopt the arts and refinements of peace of the eastern world.

America is the produce of European civilization; but it contains an additional factor in the shape of its democratic institutions, by which I understand principally the development of the individual, and the accountability of the masses. Thus we see that, in spite of the apparent interruption of the progress of civilization by the inroads of the northern barbarians, in spite of the conquest and subjugation of the chosen people by the Romans, the abuses of the Christian hierarchy, etc., each of these phenomena was a necessary link in the historical chain marking the progress of the evolution of humanity. The Jewish civilization contained the product of the Egyptian *plus*, the moral and religious increment added by Moses; and Christianity contained the Jewish element, *plus* the spiritualism of the followers of our Savior. The Gothic civilization contains, after nearly two thousand years, the Roman civilization *plus* the spiritual element of Christianity, and the United States contain the civilization of Europe *plus* the democratic increment, which lies at the basis of our institutions. We thus see, notwithstanding the apparent contradictions we meet in history, a steady and continued progress of the race; but the world is yet too young, and the historical data too few to determine, *a posteriori*, the laws of those series. We know, as yet, too few terms of it; yet even these few teach us that there is a law somewhere, which, by a careful observation of events, may yet be determined by human faculties.

Let us now take up the special progress in morals and religion, and we shall discover a similar series. In the early stages of humanity man was necessarily governed by a species of theocracy in the shape of fetishism. Observing daily some new phenomena, many of which very materially influenced his comfort and happiness, it was natural for him to ascribe each of them to a particular cause, which, with him, became an object of awe and adoration. When mankind advanced far enough to observe that a number of these phenomena could be arranged under one head, they simplified their worship. Instead of worshipping single trees, they worshiped the god of the whole forest; instead of doing homage to a particular spring, they bowed their heads to the goddess of the river, and so on. Monotheism was established only after a very considerable progress in civilization and philosophical reasoning, and at last by direct revelation. What with the Ancient was a philosophical abstraction, became with the Christian a living principle of action.

But even in this series we see that each term includes necessarily the preceding one, *plus* a certain increment. Greek mythology is but a generalization of the original fetishism; monotheism is but the generalization of polytheism; and Christianity is the

practical carrying out of monotheism, and the reduction of it to an universal principle of action.

Watching these events, and observing how each nation in this great historical chain enters as a necessary factor, we become equally convinced of their mutual co-operation in the evolution of humanity. The particular part assigned to each nation in the great historical drama, is, by the French and German philosophers, called its mission; for neither any one individual, nor any one nation, is the representative of humanity; its laws become only manifest in the aggregate.

I would yet, in concluding my remarks, allude to the progress of civil government. Here we perceive again the necessity of all those things which the writers of the past age abhorred as barbarous, and allied to military despotism. At first man, like any other beast of prey, endowed with a digestive apparatus capable of assimilating animal food, subjected the weaker animals to his dominion. This was the age of the shepherd. But the shepherd soon became a hunter, a soldier, and at last a conqueror. Labor being at all times considered a great burthen, agriculture was only cultivated by the conquered race, on whom was imposed the yoke of domestic slavery. Yet, pity as we may the condition of the laboring slave, he is a necessary link in the evolution of humanity. It is very clear that the separation of the domestic serf from his master, the soldier, was the first division of mankind into classes; the first division of human pursuits, from which, in course of time, was derived the whole series of industrial improvement, and the subdivision of classes, which is not only necessary to a high degree of civilization, but corresponds entirely with the cerebral development of the human race. Nothing but physical force could at first effect the division; hence the necessity of slavery in the early ages of history. It was reserved to subsequent ages of civilization to improve the condition of the laborer, and to Christianity to make him free, and "worthy of his hire."

Again, it can be proved philosophically, as well as historically, that the establishment of laws, and the formation of states and governments, are necessary conditions of all human progress. But it was through conquest, chiefly, that large bodies of men were assimilated to one and the same government—that national spirit and national physiognomics were created; while the wealth amassed by the conquerors, and the refinement and ease created by it, laid the first foundation to the cultivation of the arts of peace and of science. Had it been possible to preserve from the first that equality among men which is now demanded in the name of Christianity and philosophy, we should at this moment be no further advanced than the generations that preceded us; and be occupied exclusively with the satisfaction of our physical wants, and the gratification of our physical desires. Thus we see again, that one of the principal terms of the series, which the present progress of civilization is endeavoring to eliminate, was nevertheless necessary in the gradual evolution of humanity; and that the development of human in-

*dustry* contained the preceding element of slavery necessarily as a factor.

The military government, then, was necessary to prepare the way for the industrial development that followed, and which is still in the full progress of evolution. The invention of gunpowder and printing, the two most important factors of that development, was an inevitable *necessary* consequence of the spirit of inquiry that followed the revival of letters; but a still later invention, usually decried by the superficial observer as one of the greatest calamities that were ever inflicted on mankind, deserves a more particular notice. I mean the introduction of *standing armies*. This instrument of tyranny, as it is called, destroyed, nevertheless, the military cast which the feudal system had introduced, and put the military service on an equality with other trades and occupations. The soldiers that were hired, and fought for money—whose business it was "to kill and to be killed to make a living," required *industry to support them*. The *sums* necessary for their pay, not the *men* employed, became an object of anxious solicitude, and the country so situated as to be able by its commerce and industry to raise the largest military force, was, in most cases, sure of ultimate success. At the present moment every government is compelled to maintain a standing army of some sort, as the cheapest means of defence; and although a standing army is, in most cases, a willing instrument in the hands of despotism, yet there is a reciprocal action between it and the industry of the country. The army must be paid, and to raise the sums necessary for that purpose there must be a revenue, which, in all countries, is always in proportion to commerce and industry. Oppress the laboring classes, and you diminish the revenue, because, in this case, you consume capital and interest at the same time, and in proportion to its diminished revenue each state must reduce that most costly establishment—a standing army. Thus the industrial age, on which we have just entered, includes again the preceding military rule, only in another form, *plus* the industrial increment necessary to constitute another term in the series.

Again, the French revolution and its consequences introduced the system of conscription—the most effectual means of *nationalizing* the army, and assimilating it to the people—closely allied to the organization of the militia; by which the last remnant of the feudal organization of the nobility has been destroyed, and the *profession* of arms, as contradistinguished from that of the people, forever abolished. At last, nothing proved so satisfactorily the decline of the military rule, as the modern history of France. The

most enthusiastic and heroic people of Europe returned, after twenty-five years of almost uninterrupted conquest, with one accord, to the manufacture of silks and calicoes, content with commercial balances against Germany and Italy, in lieu of military tribute.

The last term in the series, expressing the evolution of humanity, contains, as above observed, the European civilization transplanted to these shores, *plus* the democratic element which forms the basis of our civil and religious institutions. That this term expresses a new progress there cannot be a doubt, for there is no retrograde movement in history. And although we may all be far from believing that we have reached the *terminus a quo* of our series, yet this is evident to the attentive observer, and might, in a measure at least, be deduced from the few data furnished in this discourse, that the next term and all that are to follow, must necessarily contain the present one as a principal factor.

Whatever form of government may ultimately be selected by the people of this country, those principles which were active at its birth will be preserved; and though our civilization may be analogous to that of Europe, yet it will essentially differ from it in all that gives character to this nation. The people of America are now the most prominent people on the stage of history. Their government is the first that is based on the consciousness of the masses, a progress which, indeed, marks a greater revolution than was ever accomplished by the mere force of arms. The democracy of America is not an abstract *theory*, but an established *fact*; our government is not an *experiment*, as it is often called, but a regular term of a series marking a distinct progress in the phenomena of humanity. The spirit which governs the world, the *law* which necessarily regulates the moral as well as the physical phenomena, does not admit of such a term as "*experiment*." The civilization of America is not a *problem*, but a *result*, and what follows must be a *consequence*.

God's spirit, which is his law, does not change, but is constant in the infinite series of mutations. In the words of Schiller—

"Und wie auch Alles in Wechsel kreist,  
Es bewahrt sich im Wechsel ein ewiger Geist."

(Though every thing may change around us,  
The Eternal Spirit is immutable in the cause.)

Or, as the French philosophers express it—

"Dieu n'est pas seulement dans la matiere; mais aussi dans le progres."

(God is not only omnipresent in the things as they are; but also in their progress.)

## A SIMILITUDE.

BY GNOMAN.

That beaux and cinnamon trees are much alike,  
I think at first sight must observers strike,

Since 'tis apparent to the merest noddy,  
The bark of both is worth more than the body.

# LEONORA L'ESTRANGE.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE QUESTION.

"MAMMA—mamma!" cried little Rose Russell, a beautiful child of nine years old, scampering into the breakfast-room, with her blue gingham sun-bonnet in her hand, and her satchel on her arm—"mamma, you said I should have the fancy-ball, if I brought home the History medal to day!"

"And so you shall, my precious child—but let me put on your bonnet quick, or you will be late to school!" and the fond mother smoothed back the glossy, golden, clustering curls, tied the strings under the dimpled chin, kissed the sweet, smiling mouth held up to her, and bade her darling hasten on her way.

Little Rose's heart beat quick that day as she took her place at the head of her class in History; but unfortunately, in her eager agitation, she missed—as they say at school—in the very first question put to her. The question passed on unanswered, till it reached the last child in the class. It was a new scholar—a plain-looking little stranger, in deep mourning, with large, wistful, dark eyes, sallow complexion, and straight black hair, hanging neglected about her ears.

As she gave the answer promptly and correctly, the wild eyes lighted up, and a faint tinge of red stole into the hitherto colorless cheek; but, directly, the lashes drooped again—the light—the glow faded as suddenly as they came, and she took her place at the head with an air of listless languor, for which the other eager little aspirants tried in vain to account.

Poor Rosy's blue eyes sparkled through their tears with momentary resentment at what she looked upon almost as an usurpation of her rights; but when she saw the sorrowful expression in her school-fellow's face, her ready sympathies were at once excited in her behalf, and before the lesson was finished, she found herself almost as much interested in her rival's success as in her own.

At the last question, Leonora, the young stranger, hesitated—evidently, for the first time, at a loss.

"Now," said Rose, to herself, with a triumphant glow on her fair sweet face, "I shall be at the head again—and I shall have the ball!"

She looked up eagerly, exultingly to her companion. Leonora's cheek was intensely pale—her lips trembled, and her dark eyes flashed with the earnest excitement of the moment.

The fresh, young heart of Rose was touched and awed, she hardly knew why, by this strange enthusiasm in one so little older than herself. With a generous impulse of interest and pity, she suddenly

cast down her eyes, and softly whispered the answer to her companion.

But Leonora L'Estrange, young as she was, had too proud a spirit, and too noble a nature, to avail herself of such assistance—and while tears of gratitude sprang to her eyes at this proof of interest in the lovely little girl by her side, she instantly requested the teacher to pass the question to Rose.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BALL.

A CHILD'S fancy-ball! What a scene of enchantment it was! There was the gay and beautiful Rose, sportive and happy as a butterfly, flitting through the throng with silvery wings and snowy robe, in personation of the fairy queen Titania, surrounded by her elfin court. There was her modest little cousin Lucy Howard, with her lovely auburn curls and hazel eyes, dressed as "Little Red-Riding-Hood," and there, too, was the handsome and graceful Henry Herbert, an English boy of sixteen, in a sailor's costume. But who was the little gipsy-girl, with her wild elf locks, and lustrous eyes, and picturesque attire?

It was the orphan, Leonora L'Estrange. Harry had just laid his hand in hers, to have his fortune told, when I entered the room, and in a sweet, earnest voice, the child-sybil murmured the following words:

In youth's most rare and radiant hour,  
Ere thou hast learned the world's cold art,  
Thou'lt press Love's glowing passion-flower  
Close to thy proud and ardent heart.

But round the high-born English boy,  
The world shall weave a thousand wiles;  
And faithless to that flower of joy,  
Thou'lt lightly leave its tears and smiles.

"Come and waltz with me, you little gipsy wonder!" said Harry, laughing, as he withdrew his hand to wind it round her waist, and away they whirled to the bewitching tune—Titania with the saucy Puck, Red-Riding-Hood with a Greek Brigand, and the dark eyed Gipsy with the Sailor Boy. Pair after pair tripped after them—but suddenly the waltz changes into a march, to which they move to the supper-room—and there, on the centre-table, stands a noble Christmas-tree, lighted with colored lamps, and hung with bon-bons and bijouterie of all descriptions, all of which are to be drawn as prizes in a lottery.

Before the party broke up, I observed that Harry and Leonora had exchanged prizes. He had placed upon her slender finger a little emerald ring, and she



had twined, in the button-hole of his sailor's jacket, a beautiful flower of colored spun glass.

"But I must have a kiss from my fairy-queen before I go," exclaimed the bold and light-hearted boy, as he lingered behind the departing crowd. The little coquette in miniature showered her sunny hair over her eyes, and put her dimpled hand upon his lips—but Harry stole the kiss from her glowing cheek nevertheless.

The gipsy girl looked back from the open door in time to see the accident, and her little heart heaved, she scarce knew why, as if the slighted flower had been itself.

### CHAPTER III.

#### L'IMPROVISATRICE.

WITH her dark locks flung recklessly back from her forehead; her cheek colorless as that of a statue: her large, black, glittering eyes raised wildly to his own, and her proud lip curled, yet quivering with irrepresible emotion, Leonora L'Estrange stood by the side of her high-born lover, and listened to the hesitating avowal of his engagement to one of wealth and station far superior to her own.

For a few moments after he had ceased to speak, she remained motionless, almost breathless, overwhelmed by the suddenness and intensity of the blow. Gradually her eye and cheek kindled into a wondrous and passionate beauty, and snatching a guitar, which lay by her side, she threw herself on a low cushion at his feet, and, after a wild and faltering prelude, poured forth the following song, in a voice whose power and melody thrilled his very soul:—

Do not deem my love so light a boon,  
That thou mayst throw it idly by—  
As winds may wait a flower at noon,  
And leave it low at night to die!

By all my spirit's pain and strife,  
By all the hopes that now reward thee,  
Thy proudest boast, in after life,  
Shall be that I—*that I* adored thee!

Not mine the brow to droop in grief,  
Not mine the soul to pine alone!  
The pang, though passionate, is brief—  
The doubt is o'er—the dream has flown!

The love of one so light of heart  
Were scarcely worth one fond regret;  
All is not lost, although we part,  
The pearl in Life's cup sparkles yet!

Some chords there are, in Love's sweet lyre,  
Thy false hand knew not how to play:  
Some gleams remain of Feeling's fire—  
Thou couldst not all my heart betray!

I'll win a name from wayward Fame,  
That thou shalt hear with fond regret;  
The heart thy falsehood left to shame,  
Shall find some glorious solace yet!

Yes! by this moment's pain and strife,  
By all the vows I have restored thee,  
Thy dearest boast, in after life,  
Shall be that I—*that I* adored thee!

A mere child in years—she was but sixteen, and without beauty or culture—there was still a magic about the youthful improvisatrice, which was almost irresistible to one of Herbert's ardent temperament. It was the magic of genius and feeling and untaught grace, acting upon a soul fully capable of appreciating those rarest, richest gifts of Heaven.

Leonora's mother—an Italian—had been very beautiful; but her child, born in the ungenial north, seemed only to have inherited the impassioned poetry of her mother's southern heart, without that glowing loveliness of countenance which had won the vows of L'Estrange. It was only when inspired by the enthusiasm of genius, that her sallow cheek and large dark eyes kindled into the lustre and bloom which had charmed all hearts in her mother's classic face. Her hair, black and glossy, but short, hung in wild, gipsy locks about her ears, and her plain and simple dress was too carelessly arranged to be becoming.

In spite, however, of these disadvantages, Herbert was charmed again to his better self, as he met those eyes flashing through indignant tears, and heard that full, rich, sweet, yet faltering voice, where Love and Pride seemed striving for the mastery, like the lute and the nightingale in the olden play. He drew closer to her side, and, as she finished, would have pressed her to his heart; but Leonora repelled him with a look, and, rising suddenly from her seat, was gone ere he could speak.

And so they parted—he to his wealthy bride, and she to her poor and widowed mother—he to meet the world's applauding smiles, and she to struggle with its frowns, with a heart wrung but roused, and a genius that needed but the impetus given it by pride, and the lesson taught it by grief, to soar and sing even at "the gate of Heaven!"

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A MYSTERY.

YEARS had gone by. Herbert had left the city to pursue his profession, the law, at the South, where the fair rival of Leonora resided; but his engagement to her was of only short duration. Some gambling debts, which he had rashly contracted, had come to the knowledge of the father of his betrothed, and that gentleman had forbidden him her presence, until he could bring proof that they had been paid, and that he had wholly given up play for a year's time. Hoping to settle the debts at once by some fortunate throw, and not content to wait patiently until the profits of his profession had enabled him to pay them, he had gradually become still more deeply involved, until at last, wretched, restless and humiliated, he returned to his lodgings one night with a desperate resolve, and was about to raise to his lips the fatal draught, which would have sealed his guilt, when his eye was caught by a packet lying upon the table. Hoping, he scarce knew what, he opened it and found—a receipt in full from his creditors—accompanied by the following note, in a careless, but peculiarly graceful handwriting:

"From one, who will not claim repayment, until Mr. Herbert's professional prosperity shall be such as to warrant it."

Now, indeed, he had incentives to energy and industry. Love, honor, gratitude, and an earnest desire to know to whom he was so deeply indebted, all were at work to prompt his future course.

He made a solemn vow, and kept it—that he would never gamble again. He returned to his profession with renewed ardor, and soon became distinguished for his talent and integrity.

Could he have forgotten his first love—and who ever forgets it?—he might have been happy in hope, honor and prosperity—but the shadow of Leonora L'Estrange still darkened his heart at times, and not even the glad and beautiful image of his betrothed could rouse him from the trance of sorrow and remorse into which Memory threw him then.

## CHAPTER V.

### ROSE AGAIN.

BENEATH the vine-wreathed veranda of a house in a far southern city, leaned a fair and graceful girl, with her pale, golden hair looped in picturesque waves around her head—in earnest converse with our hero.

"And oh, Harry," she exclaimed, in soft, yet eager tones, "you have made us all so happy by your return! Father seems to love you again just as well as ever, and I—" the sweet voice trembled, and the dark blue eyes raised for an instant to his own, were obliged to finish the sentence.

"But stay!" she continued—"I have a note to show you. It is from an old school-fellow of mine, who, with her uncle, Count Vellino, has lately taken up her abode among us, and whom, as she was out when we called, I have not yet seen—but of whose wealth, and wit, and grace, and goodness, we hear most wonderful accounts. The poor in the neighborhood look up to her as to some divinity; the exclusives pronounce her the most *recherché* being in their circle; and the most intellectual men of the day throng around her with the worship they would pay to Minerva, if she were suddenly to appear in the midst of them—"

"You little enthusiast! show me the note."

"Here it is."

And Herbert read as follows:—

"I was grieved that I did not see you, dear Rose, and should have returned your visit to-day, if it were not one of my dark days. Do come to me this evening! If you are as happy a little humming-bird as you used to be, I am sure you will hum away my heart-ache. You will meet only a few mutual friends. Bring any of yours you choose.

"Yours faithfully,

"L."

Herbert grew pale and red by turns as he read these simple lines. They were in the same handwriting that had accompanied the receipt from his creditors, twelve months before!

"Tell me her name, dear Rose!" he said, in as calm a voice as he could assume.

"Ah, no! I shall do no such thing—for you must go with me, and see if you will recognize her. I should be too jealous to let you go, if she were not engaged to Mr. ———, the distinguished senator from ———. I don't believe you have seen her since she was so high!"

And Rose playfully held her little hand about two feet from the ground. Herbert caught the hand—kissed it, and hurried away to prepare for accompanying her.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MEETING.

In the softly lighted reception rooms of Count Vellino, the rarest and richest gems of classic art were arranged with a taste so pure, so faultless, that it was evident a woman—and a woman of genius, and of exquisite refinement—had presided over the decorations. As our hero entered, with the fairy Rose Russell on his arm, the grace and harmony of the "tout ensemble" so affected his mind, ever alive to the poetry of nature and of art, that he heaved unconsciously a wistful sigh of pleasure, and of undefined regret.

The count came courteously forward, and led them toward a lady, who was so absorbed in conversation that she did not notice their entrance. She was gloriously beautiful! Her black hair was braided into a graceful crown above her brow; her large, dark eyes were full of fire; a rich yet delicate color played upon her cheek; while her queenly form was displayed to advantage in an enchanting attitude of languid repose. As she turned, and Herbert met the full glance of those magnificent eyes, his heart told him at once who it was. Wondrous as was the change in the face and form before him, there was no mistaking the eloquent and inspired beauty of expression which had won his boyish fancy, years, long years ago. It was, indeed, his early love—the gifted Leonora L'Estrange. And she, too, recognized him, and, for a moment, seemed disturbed; but she recovered herself, and, after affectionately greeting Rose, she gave him her hand with a quiet dignity, which at once and effectually checked all outward show of emotion on his part.

She soon after introduced, to them both, the gentleman to whom she was about to be married, a nobly intellectual person, who commanded respect and admiration from all around him.

Herbert stood apart, living over again his last interview with Leonora, and listening once more to the song she had sung in her passionate grief and pride—when the playful voice of Rose recalled him to himself—and with one half-smothered sigh to the irrevocable past, he started from his reverie.

In the course of the evening he had a tête-à-tête with Miss L'Estrange, in which he referred with great embarrassment to the generous assistance which had saved him from dishonor and death.

She could scarcely restrain her emotion as she

listened; and when he had finished, smiling through her tears, she said—

“Do not talk of it any more! You shall give the sum to my pet-school, since you insist that you owe it to me; but you are very vain to suppose that I could take such an unwarrantable interest in your welfare!” and, with a faint blush, she glided from his side.

Soon after, she was led by her uncle to the harp, to “improvise” a song, and oh! with what a charming expression and grace she breathed the simple words which follow:

I have been true to all I loved—  
To Honor, Love and Truth!  
These were the idols of my soul,  
In my believing youth—

And these I worship fondly still,  
With vows all pure and free;

Alas! that truth to *them* involves  
Unfaithfulness to *thes*.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE EMERALD RING.

AND years again flew by. Herbert had married his blooming Rose, and was now a lonely widower, and Leonora had long been the idolized wife of Mr. —, when one night, as the former sat by his desolate fire-side, musing sadly over the past, a little sealed packet was handed to him. He opened it with a strange and sorrowful foreboding. It contained only a little emerald ring—a child's ring! He remembered all. He thought of the lovely flower of glass, which had been shivered at his feet by his own careless impetuosity, and a tear, which he did not care to check, fell upon the gem—the token of his boyish love. The next day the papers announced the death of the beautiful and accomplished Leonora —, aged 28.

## THE SPELLS OF MEMORY.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

It is strange—perhaps the strangest of the mind's intricacies—the sudden, the instantaneous manner in which memory, by a single signal, casts wide the doors of one of those dark store-houses, in which long passed events have been shut up for years. That signal, be it a look, a tone, an odor, a single sentence, is the cabalistic word of the Arabian tale, at the potent magic of which the door of the cave of the robber Forgetfulness is cast suddenly wide, and all the treasures that he had concealed displayed.—JAMES.

It was but the note of a summer bird,  
But a dream of the past in my heart it stirred,  
And wafted me far to a breezy spot,  
Where blossomed the blue forget-me-not.  
And the broad green boughs gave a checkered gleam  
To the dancing waves of a mountain stream,  
And there, in the heat of a summer day,  
Again on the velvet turf I lay,  
And saw bright shapes in the floating clouds,  
And reared fair domes, mid their fleecy shrouds,  
As I looked aloft to the azure sky,  
And longed for a bird's soft plumes to fly,  
Till lost in its depths of purity.

Alas! I have waked from that early dream,  
Far, far away is the mountain stream,  
And the dewy turf, where so oft I lay,  
And the woodland flowers, they are far away.  
And the skies that once to me were so blue,  
Now bend above with a darker hue,  
And yet I may wander in fancy back  
At memory's call to my childhood's track,  
And the fount of thought hath been deeply stirred  
By the passing note of a summer bird.

It was but a rush of the autumn wind,  
But it left a spell of the past behind,  
And I was abroad with my brothers twin  
In the tangled paths of the wood again:  
Where the leaves were rustling beneath our feet,  
And the gales of October were fresh and sweet,  
And the merry shout of our gleesome mood  
Was echoed far in the solitude,  
As we caught the prize which a kindly breeze  
Sent down in a shower from the chestnut trees.  
Oh! a weary time hath passed away  
Since my brothers were out by my side at play;

A weary time, with its weight of care,  
And its toil in the city's crowded air—  
And its pining wish for the hill-tops high,  
For the laughing stream and the clear blue sky—  
For the shaded dell, and the leafy halls  
Of the old green wood where the sunlight falls.

But I see the haunts of my early days,  
The old green wood where the sunshine plays,  
And the flashing stream in its course of light—  
And the hill-tops high, and the skies so bright—  
And the silent depths of the shaded dell  
Where the twilight shadows at noonday fell—  
And the mighty charm which hath conjured these  
Is nought, save a rush of the autumn breeze.

It was but a floweret's faint perfume,  
But it bore me back to a quiet room,  
Where a gentle girl, in the spring-time gay,  
Was breathing her fair young life away.  
Where light through the rose-hued curtains fell,  
And tinted her cheek like the ocean shell,  
And the southern breeze on its fragrant wings  
Stole in with its tale of all lovely things.  
Where love watched on through the long, long hours,  
And friendship came with its gift of flowers;  
And death drew near with a stealthy tread,  
And lightly pillowed in dust her head,  
And sealed up gently the lids so fair,  
And damped the brow with its clustering hair,  
And left the maiden in slumber deep,  
To waken no more from that tranquil sleep.  
Then we laid the flower her hand had prest,  
To wither and die on her gentle breast,  
And back to the shade of that quiet room  
I go with the violet's faint perfume.

## A DAY'S FISHING IN THE CALLIKOON.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

SPRING in our climate is a chilly, fitful, unhappy being, shivering beneath a glance or two of sunshine, and trying to smile over a few violets. But summer bounds out of the sky perfect in beauty. The leaves that April strives to coax from their bud-houses, and which May indeed entices out, enveloped, however, in down cloaks, and drawn up as if afraid of a lurking frost, June displays in a coat of glossy green, each upon its stem-limb fully grown—the grass also brightens into emerald, and the breezes seem as if issuing from the throats of flowers. Cities have none of the "leafiness and sunniness" of this delightful month, except here and there apologies for trees, and patches of verdure called, I believe, "parks." But in the forest, the field, and on the hill-side, this first of the bright season-trio is truly beautiful.

A June day amidst the forest-hills of Sullivan. Nature has a gray cap over her brows, or, in other words, there is a light covering of cloud on the sky, with here and there a break, affording glimpses of the soft blue, with a glance, at intervals, of sunshine. The south also gives out a sigh occasionally. It is a first rate day for trout; in the parlance of the country "it can't be beat." When we say it is a first rate day for trout we mean something, for in the populous streams of Sullivan the finny inhabitants seem to have an uncontrollable hankering for the saucy pan, judging from the willingness they exhibit to be caught.

We (Bill, Jim and myself) leave the turnpike, and enter an opening in the woods, somewhat wider than a bridle-path. The young grass has clothed it in green, marked only by two faint ruts, which show the occasional passage of the cart with "cordwood." On each side, what magnificence of leaves—what a labyrinth of trunks—what a web of branches. Overhead is a roof fretted and carved by nature, upon which the transient sunbeams are shattered in myriad fragments, falling beneath in drops and splinters. Here the grass is beautifully mottled, and there a bank is striped like a zebra. The oak-leaf is just out, and its transparent web looks in that straggling ray as if it would fairly melt within the glow. Here we have a dogwood, lifting upon its straight, delicate stem a mass of deep-hued, heart-shaped verdure, and flaunting at its very top, like a crown, a circlet of pure ivory-white blossoms. There is a humming, too, above, as though the bees were busy—one of the little winged minstrels has darted away in a "line," probably for his hive in some hollow trunk.

Those spangles in the thickets, like a shower of snow-flakes, are blackberry blossoms, and, take care Jim! your foot has crushed as handsome a promise of

strawberries as ever flowered. But what a glow of pink we have arrived at. What superb chalices scattered amidst long glossy leaves. How beautifully are they tinted, and see! there is another colony of bees. Harken too! for there is a sound floating around from their wings like the murmur of rippling waters. This is the holiday garb of the laurel, put on to welcome June, and a splendid garb is it, for it brightens the woods for yards around. But here is a sight "most melancholy." It is an old hemlock, naked and dead at the summit, with a scanty mantle of dusky green around its lower limbs. Long tresses of gray moss stream from its head, and the body displays only a few fragments of mouldy bark. But hark to the unearthly croakings at the top. The crows are there holding a congress, intent only upon themselves, not caring for the fate of the old tree that has probably borne their weight "off and on" from the period of its green beauty until now. There is a moral under this which might be applied. But see! one of the orators has left the hall—tree I mean to say—probably in disgust. He means, of course, to appeal to his constituents in the farther wood, and "define his position."

However, let us "onward." By that glimmer of light before us, we are coming to an opening of some sort. Yes! it is a "dead clearing." There are a number of black stumps scattered about—a log hut in ruins—and a dry well, with the broken sweep lying at the margin. Now let us look around. The spot has produced no crop but blackberries for many a year; yet here have been toil and hard-ships endured to make the earth yield its tribute, of which none but the inhabitants of a "new country" have any idea. The swinging of the axe from morning to night in winter—kindling the fallow flames, "logging" and sawing in spring—the multifarious labor of the summer, and the reaping of scanty and uncertain fruits in autumn, are only the outlines of the settler's life. But the spot now is deserted, and its former occupant probably hewing away still deeper in the wilderness, to abandon that "location" also, after it has with incredible difficulty been "brought to." These foot-prints of pioneer-civilization on its way to the "West" are frequent in all the forests of New York.

Again we plunge in the woods. There is nothing now but "biazed trees" to point our way. We cannot be far, however, from the Callikoon, if my memory serves me. There is a ridge to cross, and we then pass down a hollow. What was that streak of red which glanced by us and stopped at yon maple? Stop! I'll creep to this low rock and look over. I know that crimson shape and yellow bill. It is the

red-bird, the most brilliant of the winged wood-rangers. He is very shy though, and a glimpse of my peering face has caused him again to take flight.

But a fringe of alders is before us, and those fitful sparkles show that there is the Callikoon. We plunge through, and here we are at the stream. Hush, boys! look down to where the bank curves, leaving a small point of sand. A deer drinking, by all that is beautiful! What a slim, graceful, lovely creature. It is a doe—one fore limb is advanced knee deep in the water, with the ripples ringing away from her mouth. There, confound it, Bill! you have frightened her by the snapping of that twig, and lightning is scarcely more rapid than her bound up the bank.

However, here is the fishing-ground, and the trout are waiting to be caught. As usual, I have my apparatus to "fix." My line is entangled, and I have yet to cut a rod. Whilst I am in the thicket, amidst a grove of tall, straight hickory saplings, jack-knife in hand, Bill and Jim are already in the brook, and whilst busy bending down my sapling and hacking at its base, I catch a glimpse of the two anglers. Bill is wading toward an old log, whilst Jim is standing near a little ripple, and hang me! if he is not bagging trout as fast as he can pull line from water. What a plump fellow he took just then, and now Bill has cast his line. Up it jerks, and the glittering prey is quietly pouched.

"I say, boys, don't take all the fish out of the brook before I come."

"Hush! you'll frighten them with that bawling of yours, and then there'll be no luck for any one."

I say nothing, but having shaved away the twigs, fasten my line to the pole and dash into the stream. How refreshing the coolness, after the first short breath is caught, for the cold spring waters of these forest-brooks are not to be entered, even in the hottest weather, with the same impunity which attends the plunge into a tepid river-bath, the Hudson for instance. No. The sources of these beautiful streams bubble up from the caverns, and through the tree-roots, in the deepest heart of the wilderness, and the sunbeams through the entire length cannot do more (save at infrequent intervals) than stripe the middle current at high noon, and play "bo-peep" with the ripples at morning and afternoon. So, after the first involuntary shudder and lifting of the leg, the sweet coolness of the waters glides like balm throughout the entire frame. But I must hurry unless I wish to fish in the abandoned tracks of my companions. Here is a little cove, however, that looks as though it were a nice trout-parlor. The rush of this tiny rift has prevented the progress of my comrades from disturbing the inmates (if any)—this old green log cuts them off from the main channel—and that stooping elm throws a deep shadow over the nook. It is clear it has escaped the prying eyes of both Bill and Jim, and here goes for a few minutes of fine sport. That was a clever spring from the ebony, and I fancy the white miller lately hovering there, has discovered the difference between the sunshine and a trout's maw. Up comes a column of bubbles too, and rings are as plentiful on the surface as the insects above. So I

creep to the log and throw my line beyond it, "as still as a mouse," into the dark depths of the pool. Ha! what a jerk! By George, I am afraid the line will break. But I'll give him plenty of room to work in. This, instead of a family parlor, is the cave of a hermit, and a pretty big hermit too; or rather it is the palace of a king, gorgeous in crimson and gold, as I will show, that is if I succeed in catching him. At present it is a doubtful question. How the line whizzes through the water, and now hang me if he has n't slunk into the deepest recesses of the pool, beneath the crooked roots of the overhanging elm. I'll pull a little; but the strain upon the line admonishes me to beware, or a snap will tell how futile are all hopes, especially of dragging a three-pound trout from beneath a shelving bank portaled by a twisted root. So I'll wait a moment. Hurrah! the speckled monarch feels the pricking in the throat too strongly to lie still, and slap dash away again is he into the middle of the pool. But his strength is manifestly failing, and a few more doublings and turnings of his lithe form will "use him up." Ha! the weight now is steady—no more convulsive tossings—he lies almost helpless upon the hook—a little caution and I will show as large a fish as either Bill or Jim, although they did have the first throw. How I will triumph when I come up with them. How I will take the "three-pounder" from my bag and hold it before their eyes and chuckle. They think I can't catch trout, that is, as well as they do. They were expatiating this morning, along the road, on what they could do, and what I could n't do—and telling big thumping-stories of what they had done. I did n't say much, but I thought a good deal. I had a presentiment then I should catch a bigger trout than either of them, and would have told them so had not that deer's print driven the thought out of my head. But whether or no, here is an evidence of my skill, in a "little the greatest" trout in "these diggings," which will very shortly be in my bag. Heh! what! I'll be hanged if the line has n't snapped after all. Oh that plaguey twig in the log! Why must the line come in contact with its sharp edge just as I had lifted him safely from the water, and—bless me what a splashing he makes in the pool. Well, there's one comfort; there's something in his throat he can't masticate and swallow in a hurry, and it's my private opinion there will be a little gasping and then a floating upon the back, "food for the [other] fishes." One thing, however, is very certain. I sha'n't tell either Jim or Bill of this. If I were to, they would n't get over it in a week. It would be, "I say, Alpb, where's that trout?" "Do you really think it would have weighed three pounds?" &c., &c. Ah! I know them both, and my best way is to be silent upon the subject.

Well, I'll trudge on. My companions have disappeared beyond the bend, but I'll soon be at their side. How confounded slippery these stones are; and where they are not slippery they are sharp as ploughshares. There's no use fishing here, I suppose, for the two rods in advance have been mightily industrious. Catch Bill or Jim leaving any thing where they go. That is, excepting a nook or so by the bank. But "that way

madness lies." I might as well whistle. There's no use in my legs going up and down through the water, like the engine of a steamboat, in such strict silence, and I not fishing either. So I'll whistle "For we're all the true-born sons of Levi." That will make them believe I have not been fishing at all, but merely following on to "catch up."

The bend is passed, and—ha! ha! he! he! he! look at Bill! I'll be hanged if he has n't "got over his head," and isn't now trying to swim out. See! his straw hat is floating down the current, but he keeps a fast hold of his rod. I wouldn't give a "penny-a-grab cigar," for all the trout left in his bag. And here's Jim just floundering up from a sitting posture amongst the pebbles. I say, were you not monarch on your throne, as you sat majestically upon the sharp stones of the brook's bottom, and felt the delicious fluid trickling cool and fresh between your shoulders, and down the hollow of your back? And you, most potent Bill, where did you practice that majestic step from the sunken rock into the liquid pit at its edge? Did your nostrils resent in sputtering rage the intrusion of the element, and your eyes shed tears other than the drops of the stream? Cheer up, cheer up, my friends, let not misfortunes depress you—but I say, boys, where are your fish? Ha! ha! ha! he!—good conscience! here am I, too, sitting against my will on divers substances that feel somewhat like nail-points. If there ever was a slippery stone it was where my foot touched a moment ago. Glass is n't smoother, and really before I knew it I—I—I—but I wont laugh at Bill or Jim any more, that's very certain, and so I'll get up. There's one comfort though in all this—I had n't fish to lose, and I would really entreat my two friends to bear their loss "with Christian fortitude." I would indeed. I tell them so "with tears in my eyes." How many did you lose, Jim? and you, Bill? what, a half dozen one and eight the other! Ha! ha! ha!—I mean it is too bad. But let us "churn" on, and I am extremely hap—sorry to inform you that we now start fair.

Let us spread ourselves now along the channel, and proceed down side by side. Here is a rift shooting and glancing among the rocks. What a whirl of snowy foam and gliding glass. There are trout here. I thought so, and I'll thank you, my gorgeous prisoner, just to hide your rich glossy shape in my bag, where you can gasp and struggle as long as you please. Another, too, "another and another," as somebody—Campbell I believe—says. I declare my bag is beginning to look quite respectable. My companions, too, are jerking up their rods, and pouching something at a wonderful rate, and I should n't be surprised if we had amongst us a "pretty good lot" of fish by the time we reach the "falls." What a beautiful island! Right in the mid-channel of the stream, with a border of soft gray sand. How rich the foliage with which it is plumed. How sweetly the rippling waters sing on either side. What a place for day-dreams. Under that graceful maple what a site for a forest-cabin; what more lovely spot to dwell in! The silence is holy. The solitude is full of God. Thought almost takes a tangible shape and wanders in that green

grove, breathing the scented air, and "crooning" a low, sweet song of happiness. What a place for a heart weary of the world—sickening at the very face of man! How pleasant here to gaze upon the different tints the forest wears at sight of the green-sandaled spring—to feel the soft winds of summer, and sit steeped in her dark, deep shades—to drink in through the eye the radiant glories of autumn—and in winter—stop—let me see—winter would be rather bad here, would n't it? Four miles, to say the least, from the turnpike, and it not having too many dwellings. Old Balls is the only "human" I know of within a league of the spot, and he is the crossdest bear I have ever met in my travels. His house is nothing but a cabin—he himself is a squatter—and folks say his rifle has let out other blood than that of deer and panther. The worst specimen of the half-savage frontier hunter is John Payne, commonly called Old Balls. So I rather "guess" I'll "push ahead." That thought about winter, with snow-flakes darkening the air at noon, and the loud blasts shrieking and howling through the tremendous forests at midnight, and with the thought of having no human being within miles of you, but Old Balls, has broken rudely into my romance.

Whilst I have been dreaming, seated upon a mossy root, sketching into the sand from the bank, I declare if Bill and Jim have not been bagging the trout, as though all they had to do was to scoop them up with their hands from the stream. One on each side of the island, they have made good use of the time which I have been speeding away on the golden wings of fancy. Thus it is that the practical, in this world, triumphs over the ideal. But we three are again upon our way. There are broad shallows before us. There is no fishing here, that is certain. As truly as the trout loves the pool and ripple, so truly does he abhor the shallow. There are, to be sure, plenty of those little vermin, called shiners, shooting and glancing between our legs, but what sportsman ever condescended to notice such creatures. You might as well bait for a mosquito. So we will shoulder our rods, and trudge on as swiftly as possible. What a wall of beautiful green on either side. Those overhanging trees seem as if in the act of being jostled from the banks by the crowd of their brethren behind, and diving down headlong to escape the pressure. The pyramidal hemlock—the spherical-shaped pine—the round maple—the elm, beech, birch, poplar, walnut, chestnut, and dogwood—all, all are mingled in one far-stretching mass of leaves. And, as if the wood genii had opened them purposely to delight the eye, the magnificent blossoms of the laurel are showered around in the greatest profusion—now dipping into the water in splendid wreaths, and now bending overhead in gorgeous arches. But, splash—splash—splash—what's the matter here? A wild duck, by Jupiter! with all her yellow brood scattered over the surface of that little cove—our dashing steps have frightened the mother with her children from that clump of grass and rushes. Foolish bird! had she but kept close, we had passed unwittingly. But now here is a pretty "how de do." The parent, with outstretched neck,

paddles on ahead over the broad face of the shallow, leaving a strongly marked wake behind, while the little downy ducklings, like so many yellow balls, go floundering and fluttering after. We all start in pursuit—and the shallow is in a strange state of confusion. Its quiet dream is broken. We press them so near that the old bird has fairly taken wing, and whizzed up stream like an arrow. Jim had his hand almost upon one of the ducklings, but it slipped away like quicksilver. Bill, too, had nearly covered one with his hat, but, alas! he only scooped up a brim full of water. Who would suppose the little "varmints" could paddle so over the surface of the brook. Upon my word, if they hav'n't all disappeared in those bushes and "left not a wreck behind." And see! the old duck is returning almost with the rapidity of a bullet, to look after her little ones. Shall we enter the thickets in search of the scattered brood? In search indeed! What is that adage of "needles in haystacks."

Well, we might as well "push" on. This "churning" is pleasant in hot weather. There is, however, a curve in the banks ahead, and from the narrowing of the channel at that point, probably more fishing-ground. Here we are; a rustic bridge spanning the stream. Two large logs laid lengthwise, with cross-pieces of small round saplings, compose this rude but picturesque structure. Beneath, the water glides dark and smooth as ebony, while upon each side is an opening in the thickets, where a wood-road emerges, and crossing, by means of the bridge, is lost on the opposite bank. Let me see. This solitary beam of sunshine is slanting rather low through the western opening, signifying that the hours must be creeping into the afternoon. I'll see by my watch, if I have not lost it. Yes, it is four o'clock, P. M. "I say boys, don't you feel a little hungry? Suppose we broil some trout. There is a beautiful green spot underneath where that alder and willow unite, and I move we commence operations." No sooner said than done. Jims hauls out his line from under the bridge, from which spot, standing on a mossy stone at the entrance, he has taken three of the speckled inhabitants, whilst Bill, who is trying his luck from the platform on the other side, nods a cheerful acquiescence. So I wade to the shore and clamber up. If each of my feet do not weigh a hundred, I'm no judge. Pantaloon and boots completely saturated. I declare I had hard work to lift either of my limbs over the log at the margin, and ascend the bank. However, there is a cure for this. One cut of my jack-knife near the extremity of either foot settles the business. A couple of columns spout up, and the weight glides away rapidly. This is indeed a beautiful spot for a forest dinner. The sward is short, thick and soft, spotted with white clover, which fairly saturates the air with its strong fragrance. The beam slanting through the grass has kindled it into a rich velvet. Each little blade is transparent in the light, showing its minute fairy veins. The narrow leaves of the willow and the dark foliage of the alder, from the same cause, are tinted with the deepest radiance. The sunshine seems to melt through them. The gray

robe of cloud has passed off from the west, leaving bare its broad blue bosom, so that the afternoon will be golden. We have in prospect an exceedingly pleasant hour. There is a natural fire-place of rock on the other side of the willow, so, Jim, bring out your flint and tinder while I collect a pile of dry brush. We'll have a small bonfire soon. Now, Bill, we'll prepare that large trout you caught in the hole near Old Ball's cabin. He's a beauty, but his crimson and orange spots are not as vivid as they were, and his glossy skin is somewhat dry and crackling. But look at his deep golden flesh, is it not tempting? We'll cook him, woods' fashion, on a stick. Ah! that smell is delicious. What does the citizen know about table-delicacies, so long as he is debarred from trout cooked fresh from the water? There are other things, too, he knows nothing about, which are familiar to the "country bumpkin." Heartiness and sincerity of feeling, and ignorance of the moral yardstick which measures worth by money. But let that pass. Why, Jim, what's that you've just taken from the inner lining of your coat? A "pocket-pistol" by the powers! Who would have thought it! I'll just take one taste though, as I feel a little chilly from wet feet. It is clear and limpid, and it looks like brook water, but it do n't taste like it. No, not a bit. Well, the trout is prepared, together with some four or five smaller ones, and we'll "draw to." We have a soft table of grass, with seats of the same material, and trenchers of hoppel-leaves. Our knives and forks are those nature has provided, viz. teeth and fingers, and our water pitcher is the brook. We do n't use glasses out here in the woods on fishing excursions—there is no medium between the throat and the liquid, always excepting the "pocket-pistol." Well, trout are certainly the finest "eating" in the world. No "*chevaux de frise*" of bristling bones—but just one fringe down the ridge of the back, extracted easily after you have split the fish. What sweetness and delicacy in the morsel admitted within the lips. There is a firmness, too, about it, which crumbles as you masticate. You do n't know when you have enough. You are just as likely to eat from dinner-time till sundown, as you are to stop when you have discussed a reasonable quantity. Indeed, I know a man who offers to bet that he will "graze" all day on trout—

Bright dweller of the mountain stream—

but I forbear.

It is now five o'clock, boys, and we are a mile from the "falls." This on a turnpike is nothing, but "churning" water, with now and then a slip up, heels foremost, and long "spells" of fishing take a good deal of time. So let us be "up and doing." We are soon busily engaged in re-arranging our "tackling," Bill humming a stave of "The Legacy," while Jim is shouting out his melody—

O love is charming, oh love is bonny,  
Oh love is charming all when 'tis new;  
But when 'tis older it waxes colder,  
And fades away like the morning dew.

We descend again into the brook, on the other side of the bridge. High rocky banks are at each hand, with contorted hemlocks and spruces hanging from

the clefts, and casting a dark horror on the streamlet. There are flashes though all over the surface telling of rifts and ripples, whilst along the margin, made by the hollows in the banks, protruding roots, and whelmed trunks, are deep pools; motionless, except those dimples and circles that speak loudly of a large population beneath. We have not come to a more promising spot to-day. Let us divide our ground, and then each one show "which is the best fellow." Jim wades to his breast in one of the pools, Bill takes to a log jutting from the bank, whilst I select a rift. Soon the bags overflow, and recourse is had to our pockets to secure our spoil. Time passes unheeded, until we have no more "bites," and we come to the conclusion that we have made this part of the brook a solitude. We therefore move on after an hour and a half of "glorious sport." The banks again sink to their customary level, and let the soft, sweet sunshine once more upon our sight. But the day is falling into the west—the golden light is creeping up toward the tree-tops. Hark! the brown thresher is treating us to his liquid whistle—a song with three pauses. How it echoes through the woods, and now some of the oldest patriarchs amongst the frogs are giving occasional groans preliminary to the grand concert, which will commence as soon as night sets in. Let us be stirring then toward the "falls." We have as many trout as we can well carry, so there is no use of flogging the stream any longer. Besides, we will have no more time than is necessary to get clear of the woods and gain the turnpike, after we reach the "falls." So let us trudge on.

Another hour passes, and a loud sound is heard coming up from below. Not a deep roar, but a steady crash. The banks again rear themselves, until a grim, frowning ravine is before us, whence proceeds the tumult. On we pass and enter the black shadow cast by the walls of rock. There is a stripe of light upon the summits of the hemlocks on the eastern cliff; with that exception the sunshine seems blotted from nature. Rocks are scattered about the channel, through which the waters rush in foam and fury. We are at the "Falls of the Callikoon." The preci-

pice at each hand is clothed with forest, great trees slanting out from the sides, and even pointing downward. The stream rushes onward, as though to escape from torture. Here the waters boil in a caldron-like pool, flecking it with great blots of froth—there the current darts downward with the rapidity of an arrow, and smooth as glass. Here the whole surface is eburned into one mass of dazzling foam, and there the waters bend in an amber sheet over a low barrier of rock. And the sounds, too, are almost deafening. The one crash has divided itself into many voices. The gurglings of the runlets, and the round full tones of the little waterfalls are the sweetest. Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle—gurgle—as though the sounds came deep from the throat of the water, how melodious they are. And those deep notes ringing from the cascade-shaken pools—musical-glasses yield not finer or clearer.

This spot is the metropolis of the Callikoon trout. They swarm here by thousands. I myself have stood at the end of that jagged pine lying in the water, near the foot of yon falling sheet of foam, and caught scores. But I am laden down. So are Jim and Bill. Besides, it is waxing late. The sun has disappeared, and there is a twilight glimmer in the air. Here is the path leading through the forests to the "wild turnpike," that in turn conducts to the "Newburgh and Cocheton" thoroughfare. We pocket our lines, leave our rods upon the rocks, and journey forward. The vaults of the forest are darkening, and a little way in the stems are losing their outlines. But all three are good woodsmen, and we pass onward. An hour glides by, and here we are at the "wild turnpike." It is, however, scarce wider than the path, and as much interrupted by bushes and saplings. It is now quite dark. "Toohoo, toohoo!" there's an owl. The fire-flies, too, are darting around us in every direction. What a winking and blinking of green sparkles. They must be leaf lightning. My load is getting rather heavy! How is it with yours, boys? Well, we are getting near the turnpike at all events, and there is a good supper as well as a soft bed in prospect when we reach the tavern whence we started in the morning.

## THE YOUNG DESERTER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

ATK! cuff the craven runaway,  
For that's the game of war;  
You are the adult, and must do  
As they have done before!  
That many should the one oppress  
Need cause you no surprise;  
What's fighting but a legal way  
For kings to tyrannize!

Nor are your mimic wars so bad,  
Ye think ye're heroes now—  
And Hannibal or Wellington  
Could think no more, I trow

Your deeds to ye are just as great  
As any they have done;  
And yours the better bargain, too,  
If glory's weighed by fun.

Napoleon, crushed at Waterloo,  
Heart-broken, captive, dies:  
The urehin whipped goes sound to sleep,  
And fate to-morrow tries.  
No widow's shriek, nor orphan's tears,  
No empire steeped in gore,  
Assail his sight, or haunt his dreams—  
Give me the mimic war!



TABLEAU.  
OR PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CLARITY.

A WINTER'S sun is stealing through the windows of stained glass, and playing amid the folds of the rich crimson curtains of a luxurious drawing-room—thence flitting down upon the soft Turkey carpets it dances hither and thither, now glinting across mirrors, now flashing upon some crystal vase, or scattering rainbows among the pendants of the superb chandeliers. The lofty ceilings are richly painted in *fresco*—the walls fluted with gold and purple, and on every side, and over every object, luxury rests its pampered finger.

Upon a sofa covered with crimson velvet sits a lady elaborately dressed—at her feet a *bricche* serves as a pillow for a tiny lap-dog—drawn up before her is a small marble table bearing a beautiful little *escritoir*. The lady is writing. She dips her costly pen into the chased silver standish.

"Yes, my dear sir," she writes, "the sentiments you have expressed are indeed honorable to human nature—pity the world did not contain more whose feelings of philanthropy might accord with yours! Charity is indeed a heavenly virtue! O when I think of the houseless, shivering wretches who daily crawl around the doors of the rich man—with hardly strength to beg for the offals which them denied are given to the dogs, my heart swells with indignation and pity! What greater pleasure can there be than to relieve the sufferings of these miserable beings! how delightful to dry the tear of the helpless widow, and fill the mouths of the famished brood for whose wants those tears are shed! Ah, my dear sir, I—"

"My dear Mrs. Tripabout, good morning—I am delighted to see you—but do tell me, my dear, did your husband succeed in procuring those tickets for the Opera?"

"O I fear not," replies Mrs. Tripabout, "never was any thing more provoking! He had just money to pay for them, when, as the fates would have it, in came old Cobblewell, the shoemaker, with his long bill—old story—sick wife—lame child—and rheumatism; and so my foolish husband, instead of putting him off 'till to-morrow,' must needs pay the bill! And now I expect by the time he can go to his office and back again the tickets will be all sold—there is such a rush."

"It is indeed provoking," answers Mrs. Easy, "for I assure you I had quite set my heart upon going. But what have you been doing to-day for the good cause?"

"Why I have just been to see Mrs. Firmer, that

mean woman—and she really refused to put down more than two dollars for our 'Poverty Stricken, Charitable Relief Society,' and Miss Maria had even the assurance to tell me she doubted if any good would result from our undertaking."

"Indeed! so should I, if *she* had any thing to do with it," answers Mrs. Easy.

"Well, after I left Mrs. Firmer," continued Mrs. Tripabout, "I called to see old Madam Nelson, and although I coaxed and flattered the old soul for half an hour, not a cent would she give me. She told me very candidly, to be sure, that she had a large family of orphan grandchildren to support, and I know her circumstances are not good—but what are ten dollars! 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!' How much shall *you* put down?"

"*Me!* it is enough to have the trouble of the thing I think without *giving!*" answers Mrs. Easy. "Why I pay seventy-five dollars a quarter for Delphine's music, and then there are her Poika lessons—and Artemesia has set her heart upon going to Washington this winter, and *I* must have a new velvet cloak! so you see the thing is impossible. I can't afford it—can you?"

"The *idea* of such a thing! no indeed—look at me—did you ever see such a figure? Why I'm positively shabby!" says Mrs. Tripabout. "Would you believe it was only two months ago that I paid one hundred dollars for this shawl—and now look at it—and my feather—*ha! ha! ha!* did you ever! No, indeed, I think if I am willing to ruin my clothes in the service of the 'Poverty Stricken, Charitable Relief Society' it's all *I* can do! But good-bye, I must take my subscription book down among the merchants—O I like to get into one of their fine stores—I can talk—I can preach—well, well, good-bye."

"Ha! ha! good-bye, you droll creature!" cries Mrs. Easy. (Rings her bell.) "Here, John, bring me a glass of wine and a cream-cake—and, John, tell Nichols to look at the furnace, for I really think the rooms are getting cool. It is a most bitter day, John—think of the *poor*—and how thankful *you* ought to be that you have so good a place."

"Lord bless you, ma'am, I is!" answers John, "and I wanted to ask you, ma'am, if so I might give old Betty the slop-woman a bucket of coal; the poor old creature, ma'am, looks so blue and shivering."

"*A-hem!* Coal, John? Why—*one* bucket of coal would only be an aggravation to the poor soul! I will remember her case—yes, I will speak to the

'Poverty Stricken, Charitable Relief Society.' Take care of *yourself*, John, and remember the poor in *your prayers*!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Easy sails across the room to her mirror—she adjusts a ringlet—clasps her brooch anew over the transparent Mechlin—she then slightly draws aside the heavy curtains, and her delicate frame shivers as she looks forth upon the cold, snowy street. A poor woman upon the opposite flagging is striving to hush the feeble wail of the infant in her arms, while another half-naked little thing is toddling by her side.

"It is strange," ejaculates Mrs. Easy, "that persons of that class cannot find employment—very—there can be no need of their parading the streets in this manner—none!"

At this moment a miserable mendicant stops under the window—he sees the richly clad lady—he holds up his tattered hat, and his piercing tones of grief and misery penetrate even through the thick panes of plate glass:

"For the love of God, a little money, madam, to buy bread for my famishing children!"

But the fine lady quickly lets fall the hangings from her bejeweled hand, and once more seats herself upon the luxurious sofa. Again she takes the pen—

"Let me see, where was I—em—em—widow—em—tears—famished—em—Ah, my kind sir, I (writes) cannot be sufficiently thankful that Providence has placed me in a situation of usefulness! that I have it in my power to alleviate the miseries of—"

(Enter John with cake and wine.)

"Very well—you need not wait, John."

"No ma'am—but there's a poor woman down stairs, ma'am—and she wants a little help—she wants to know, ma'am, if the mistress would give her just an old dress, or a pair of shoes, or—"

"John, I am very busy—don't you see I am writing? Never intrude upon me with such matters."

"I ask pardon, ma'am, but she looked so pitiful like, and begged so hard for the cook just to give her a cold potato, that I—"

"Well, give her a cold potato, John, if she looks deserving—and here, John, is a shill—no, a sixpence for her—and, John, take this quarter and buy something nice for poor little Muffly," patting her dog, "he is so dainty—little pet!"

And taking up her lap-dog, as John retreats, she kisses it—feeds it with cream cake—sips her wine, and finally, her head reclining languidly upon the soft yielding cushions of the sofa, the President of the "Poverty Stricken, Charitable Relief Society" falls asleep!

#### TEMPERANCE.

"How happens it that your account is overdrawn, sir?" quoth old Mr. Wiggins to a pale, cadaverous young man writing at the opposite desk, "how happens it that with your salary you have taken two months in advance?"

"Sir," replies the young man, "I was forced to

overdraw on account of sickness in my family. I regret to have been obliged to do so—but my expenses the past year were very heavy. My poor wife—"

"Eh! married are you?" interrupts Mr. Wiggins.

"Yes sir, I have a wife and child. My wife has been sick a long while—she is still very feeble, but the physician encourages me with the hope that, by tender nursing and great care, she may yet recover. He orders old wine, and other delicacies, which, of course, are expensive; and thus, sir, I have been forced from circumstances to do as I have done."

"I believe so, sir—I believe so," replies Mr. Wiggins, "and no good will come of it either, let me tell you! *Old wine*, indeed, and I'll warrant you *woodcock*: nonsense, a plain diet, sir, is the thing. Gruels, arrow-root, cream soup—*old wine* will be very injurious to her, very—all stimulants are. Let me tell you, sir, if your wife lives upon wine and woodcocks she'll die—that's all—she'll die! Sickness engenders a morbid appetite, appetite engenders excess, excess engenders apoplexy, and apoplexy puts you in a coffin—*she'll die*—that's all, sir!"

"Mr. Wiggins, it was my intention to demand an increase of salary—for I—"

"An increase of salary!" interrupts Mr. Wiggins.

"An increase of salary! Sir, I give you now three hundred dollars—yes, hear that, *three hundred* dollars a year—it is enough! You wish to buy old wine, do you, and other deleterious matters—no, sir—I should be committing sin to put it in your power. *Temperance*, sir, in eating and drinking can alone preserve health and long life! Look at me. What should I have been—what *should* I be if I fed upon wine and woodcocks? No sir, your salary *cannot* be increased—*hem!*"

And Mr. Wiggins takes up a pen and writes:

"Mr. B.—Sir, send to my house, between five o'clock, one basket champagne, and one dozen best old wine. Z. WIGGINS."

"Here, Bill, take this down to Mr. B.; and here, stop Bill, buy a box of prime Spanish cigars and carry them to the house."

"Yes, sir."

A gentleman enters with a flushed face, and the air of a *bon-vivant*.

"Good morning, my dear Higgens."

"Good morning, Wiggins. *I am sick!*" (emphatically.)

"Sorry to hear it," replies Mr. Wiggins. "You do look a little feverish. Ah, my dear fellow, I am afraid you live too well—I fear you are not sufficiently abstemious in your diet. Luxury in eating, I am sorry to say, is a fast growing evil in our country. Look at our forefathers—what iron frames—what muscle—all bone and sinew—then look at the pigmy race of the present day—Lilliputians in comparison! We must go back to the primitive habits of our ancestors, or the doctors and the undertakers will be the only flourishing trades!"

"I do not call myself a *bon-vivant* by any means," replies Higgens, "I take my half-dozen glasses of

wine or so with my dinner—but I'm moderate—very moderate."

"No you are *not* moderate!" answers Wiggins, slapping his hand upon the table, "we must all turn Grahamites, sir, if we would prolong life and health,—and what is life without health—health is a great blessing. Yes, sir, we must all follow the *precepts* of that benefactor of the human race—live on brown bread, drink cold water, nor even inhale the odor of roast beef, which insensibly impregnates the blood."

Five o'clock, P. M. An Elegant house in B—street. Mr. Wiggins has a night-key—he enters the spacious hall.

"Smiff—smiff—smiff—that beef smells overdone—that rascally cook!"

(Ascends to the dining-room. Rings the bell.)

"Ben, is dinner ready?"

"Yes, sir. All ready, sir. But Mrs. Wiggins is out."

"Out, is she?" quoth Wiggins, "smiff—smiff—smiff *hers!* three minutes, fourteen seconds past five—smiff—no dinner was ever fit to eat five minutes after it was cooked! Tell the cook to dish up—dish up, I say, quick." (Ben disappears.) "Ah! here is the wine—come, Mr. B., let's taste your quality." (Drinks—smacks his lips.) "Very good—very good, indeed—right flavor—I'll try another glass."

(Dinner is brought in—Mr. Wiggins seats himself at table.)

"Sorry to set down without Mrs. Wiggins, but here, Ben, the turtle-soup—but things must be eaten in time—very good—another spoonful, Ben—yes, very good—but tell the cook, Ben, the next time to add more spice and a little more wine—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

(Enter Mrs. Wiggins.)

"Ah! my dear—sorry to sit down alone—the wine, Ben—dinner spoiling—pleasure of wine with you, Mrs. Wiggins. Capital beef, my love—told the butcher always to send the best—very best—fat—juicy—here, Ben, take my plate—*moderation—temperance—is my maxim.* Poor Wiggins! suffering from indigestion—too free—too free. Ah! yes, my dear, a slice of that pudding—most excellent—a custard, if you please—more wine, Ben—your health, Mrs. Wiggins!"

A note is handed Mr. Wiggins—he breaks the seal and reads:

"MR. ZEBEDEE WIGGINS.—Dear sir, you are respectfully invited by the members of the 'Temperance Eating and Drinking Society' to deliver an address upon the importance of our theory, suggested by the sudden demise of a *poor parper*, who instantly fell dead from simply inhaling the effluvia of an *empty wine cask!*

"DRINKER WATERS, Secretary."

#### JUSTICE.

Look at that fine bakery—see! the large bow windows are filled with tempting loaves of white bread! There are rolls, too—and nice butter-crackers, gingerbread cakes, cookies, and buns—how fine! And, standing at the door, a large willow-basket filled

with tempting loaves, smoking hot! Ah, the baker must carry on a brisk trade, for see! there are one, two, three housemaids just gone in, with their neat napkins, to purchase for their employers' tea-table! Hear the shillings and sixpences rattle down! How they shine as the good baker sweeps them from the counter into his money-drawer! There goes another—and another! Really, Mr. Baker, you have a right to wear that pleasant smile!

But do you see yonder pale, haggard little wretch at the corner? Look at his sunken eyes—his wasted frame! See those long bony fingers! He has scarcely clothes to cover him—he is without hat or shoes. See how his furnished eye glazes upon the baker's window, and now upon the basket at the shop-door. He seems almost a mind to go in—he places one thin foot upon the broad stone step.

"Off with you this moment!"

"Please, sir—"

"Off, I tell you—do n't be hanging round here!"

And the boy retreats. But yonder he comes again! He is by the bow-window once more! He looks even paler than he did just now! He casts his eye up and down the street—he looks behind, and on each side of him. How he trembles! Again his eye rests upon the bread—his teeth chatter—his hand shivers! What is he about to do? Again his eye wanders quickly around—ah! yes—he has taken a loaf from the basket! He is off—he runs!

"Stop thief!" "Stop thief!" is the cry! They are after him—see how the multitude gather—the shopman leaves his counter—the shoemaker his bench—boys run—dogs bark—and men, too—stout, healthy men, pursue the track of the feeble child!

He flies—despair gives him speed—one can almost hear his panting breath—his heart beats—he reaches a miserable cellar—he tumbles down the worm-eaten steps—he rushes in!

"Oh, mother—mother! Save me—save me! Mother, they are after me! I have stolen a—oh, mother!"

And the loaf drops upon the floor—for hark! the shout—they are there—yes, the door is burst open—the boy is surrounded! But do you see through the feet of the crowd that little starving child crawling from yon dark corner over the slippery floor to pick up the bread now trampled under foot, unconscious of all save to appease its hunger!

"O you little thief!"

"You scape-gallows!"

"Shame on you—so young a boy!" echoes from the crowd.

"O, let him go—let the child go!" screams a miserable, squalid woman, whose dark locks hang matted and tangled over her sallow face. "Let him go, and the Lord 'll bless yez!"

"Let him go? No—no, indeed! Come along, you little thief!"

"Och! it's starving we were—and him there sick, and not able to move—and my children all with the fever! Oh, it was for them he took the bread! Oh, in mercy—mercy! have pity upon him!"

"Oh no! woman—we'll have you up, too, if you

do n't take care! You justify him, do you? A pretty swarm you are! Come along, you little scamp, to the police!"

And, trembling in every limb, his pale, frightened face still turned in agony upon his wretched mother, the boy is borne off by a stout constable, followed by the gaping, idle crowd.

In an obscure part of the city, in a modest two-story house, dwells Mr. Smith, an honest and industrious citizen. He is a merchant. In the disastrous times of '36-'7, he shared the fate of many others—he was bankrupted. As an upright man he strove to do his creditors justice—beggaring himself he paid them all. With a large family upon his hands, for a long time he struggled on in poverty. At length, he was once more enabled to go into business—he is now building himself up with credit and honor. His affairs are prosperous. He now looks forward—not to *wealth*—for he has lived long enough to know that riches and happiness are not always linked hand in hand—but to a *competence* sufficient to enable him to bring forward his children reputably in life, and to smooth the path of his declining years.

Yonder princely mansion is the residence of Mr. Deville. He also is a merchant. It is evening. Soft music floats on the air—light forms may be seen gliding past the windows in the graceful waltz—and the passer-by, as he treads the broad stone flagging beneath, may inhale the odor of beautiful bouquets clasped in the hand of beauty, and of rare and costly perfumes. The sumptuous drawing-rooms, replete with every elegance, are thronged with fashion—the mistress of the gay fête, and her accomplished daughters, are brilliant with jewels, and rustle in silk and brocade. The supper-tables are loaded with every luxury, and who so polite, who so engaging, as the courtly master of the mansion!

Deville meets Smith in the street.

"Ah, my dear friend—most happy to see you. I was just going to your counting-room. The fact is, I have a large amount of money to pay to-day. My dear fellow, can you oblige me with a loan of ten thousand dollars for a day or two?"

"Ten thousand dollars!" answers Smith; "let me see—em—when can you pay me, Deville?"

"On Monday, you may rely upon having the amount returned," replies Deville.

"You are certain?"

"Honor bright, my dear fellow!"

"For on that day," continues Smith, "I have several heavy notes to pay."

"Pooh! pooh! You may be sure of it!" answers Deville; "and if you are short, why I can then let you have as much money as you want!"

"Thank you—thank you!" exclaims Smith. "Step with me to my counting-room, and I will draw you a check."

Monday arrives.

Mr. Smith enters the counting-room of Deville.

"Well, Deville—the check, if you please."

"'Pon my soul, my dear fellow!" says Deville, balancing his legs upon a chair, and thrusting his thumbs through the arm-holes of his vest—"pon my

soul, I cannot possibly pay you to-day! I am extremely sorry—I—"

"*Can't pay me!*" cries Smith, thunderstruck—"can't pay me! You must borrow it for me, then—and that, too, immediately. I must have the money—my credit is at stake!"

"I should be excessively happy to oblige you, *my dear friend*," answers Deville, "but, you see, I have been obliged to borrow so much on my own account lately, that really I—the—the appearance of the thing would—"

"But—good God!" interrupts the agitated man—"what am I to do?—what is to become of my notes? My notes, man! Trusting in *your* promptitude, I have given myself no anxiety. The banks will close in half an hour. Sir, what am I to do?"

"Can't say, 'pon my honor!" replies Deville, coolly, picking his teeth—"very hard case—an unpleasant dilemma, certainly—I really don't know what you *can* do—I—oh, are you going? I say, Smith, my dear fellow, come and dine with me to-morrow."

The court-room is crowded.

"Bring in the prisoner!"

And the child who robbed the baker of a loaf is placed at the bar—frightened at the stern looks of the judge, and at the multitude of faces all bent so darkly upon him, his limbs tremble, and he can hardly support his own shriveled frame.

"Who saw this boy take the loaf?"

"I did, please your honor," quoth a red-faced, portly woman, bustling forward. "I did. I was just taking home a shoulder of mutton from the butcher at the corner, your honor, and I saw the boy hanging round the shop, and *I knew the moment I looked upon him, so pale and haggard as he is, that he was a thief*—and so, thinks I, I'll watch you, my lad—and sure enough, your honor, I saw him just reach out his hand—so—and snatch a loaf, and then I called out '*stop thief!*'"

"Oh, woman—woman!" cried a shrill voice from the crowd, "*did ye do ú!*"—and had ye the heart to cry '*thief!*' upon the child, when ye see the miserable look of it! Ah, your honor—hear a bit I have to say, and maybe your worship's heart will soften to the poor boy. O Tammy, Tammy! sorra the day ye were born, and ye in this throuble!

"We are strangers in this free kintra, your honor, and sorra a stroke of work, barring maybe just now and then sawing a bit of wood, your honor, has my husband been able to do, and me just after dying with the fever, and, *please God, my poor babby did die!* Well, your honor, it's sullen we did—and little Tammy, *that boy*, your worship, used to beg—and thankful we'd be for the bits of bones and cold victuals he got—but—but it was starving we were—and he know'd it—and the father dying, your honor—and so—and so—that was the way ye came to take the loaf, war n't it Tammy *ma courriern?*"

The boy's only answer was a look of agony, and a fresh burst of tears.

"Your story, good woman, does not alter the fact!" quoth Justice, liberalized by Google

"Tammy O'Rielly, you are sentenced to the House of Correction for a period of six months!"

*Smith & Co. have stopped payment!*

"What rusty looking man is that passing with a bundle under each arm, and with a countenance so care-worn and unhappy?"

"O, that is Mr. Smith. He failed six months ago, and he is not able to get into business again. He is an honest man and industrious, and he is doing all he can to support his family."

"Who is that pale woman sitting by her midnight lamp—'stitch—stitch—stitch'?"

"It is the wife of the broken merchant—she is

trying to earn a few dollars to buy her children's clothes!"

"And that sickly looking, dejected young girl I see every day passing to and from the dressmaker's?"

"It is the oldest daughter of Smith. She is dying with the *consumption*—but *she must work*, or her little brothers and sisters will starve."

"But *take care*—get out of the way, quick—quick—you *will be run over!*"

"What a splendid carriage!"

"Yes—that belongs to Mr. Deville!"

He only *borrowed* and *ruined* his friend! But the boy *stole* a loaf of bread to keep *his mother* from starving!

## THE PLACE WHERE FLOWERS ARE MADE.

BY BLANCHE.

FAR away in an isle of a southern sea,  
Where the wavelets play like childhood free;  
Where the skies are bonding, in laughter, o'er  
The waving green of that happy shore;

Where the tiniest things in the world that be  
Are fitting and swinging from spray to tree;  
And music chiming, like silver bells,  
In the dew-drop arch, of gladness tells;

There rises a palace, with glittering dome,  
And this bright place is the fairies' home;  
And there in my dreams one night I flew—  
Oh! a brighter dream I never knew.

Aye, fairer than flush of the morning sky,  
When sun-rays are lingering in beauty nigh,  
Was the pearly hall of that blessed place,  
And the gleam I caught of each happy face.

They were weaving flowers, in love and song,  
For a weary world, a world of wrong;  
Each sat at her loom, while a bent sunbeam,  
For her shuttle, flew like a lightning gleam.

One wove the azure with yellow gold,  
Round the violet's eye the robe to fold;  
Then hung it with leaves of velvet green,  
A drapery fit for a flower I wren.

One caught the fleece of a cloud of snow  
And spun its threads with the sunset glow;

Then roses were born, the bright, the faint,  
The blush, the pure, without a taint.

One gathered the chains from the moon that fell,  
And the silver star-beams they loved so well;  
Then beves of blossoms, in radiant white,  
Sprang from the loom with love and light.

One stole the web of shadow-lace,  
Where the moon had hidden her smiling face,  
While her witching glance was peering through,  
As you've sometimes known a coquette to do.

Of this a saddened flower they made,  
And it fell from the loom a pale night-shade;  
With a thought for the gloomy, a thought for the gay,  
Stamped on its leaves by a weeping fay.

One rent the veil the angels hold,  
And caught a thread of "purple and gold,"  
To weave with a skein of tangled light,  
And that flower-woof was passing bright.

One linked the dew from the fountain's lip  
With the darkling shade where willows dip,  
And tribes of flowers, that love the spray,  
Were born at the touch of the bright-eyed fay.

But flowers must fade, and so must dreams,  
And mine had fled with the pale moonbeams;  
Yet the memory o'er my heart is laid  
Of the fairy palace where flowers are made.

## SONNET.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOOPER.

WITHDRAW not yet that look of wildering sweetness,  
Or gloom will follow as dull night the day—  
Time hath a golden wing of wondrous fleetness,  
When thou art near to banish grief away.  
The pressure of thy snowy hand in mine  
Sends an electric shiver through my frame—  
Full freely would I barter wealth and fame

Could I but gain thy love, and intertwine  
Our fates together:—dim are gems compared  
With light that flashes in thy soul-lit eye;  
A prison would a palace seem if shared  
With thee, thou star of my idolatry!  
Whose radiant glances sway the trembled soul  
As moonlight spells old Ocean's pulse control.

# WHO WINS?

OR THE TURN OF A DIE.

BY FRANK STAR.

## CHAPTER I.

### BULLETS AND BURGUNDY.

"WELL, Harry, what are you going to do about it?"

It was some three or four years ago that I asked him the question. We were both younger than we are now, and not much wiser. I had caught him unawares at the rooms of Powell, the painter, gazing his eyes out at a portrait that I recognized, with an air that let me at once into a world of secrets. It was certainly a fair face to look upon, that of Mary Lester. The brown hair parted upon a snowy forehead; soft hazel eyes, fringed and shaded by long dark lashes; lips just ripe enough to challenge, and just resolute enough to deny a kiss, all beaming and brilliant with a gentle but expressive smile, that seemed enough to melt the very canvas. I could not well wonder that Harry was disposed to bow before an altar that had received the incense of so many hearts. I was half disposed to turn idolator myself.

"Do about it!" ejaculated Harry; "shoot myself!"

"I suppose that would be according to the best authorities," I rejoined, "but perhaps it would hardly help the matter! At any rate, we can talk it over first. Where shall we dine?"

"Meet me at Delmonico's at five."

"Does that mean six?" I asked.

"Five, precisely. I'll be there at the strike of the clock."

"I'll meet you at Philippi."

We parted at the corner of Park Place, and I dropped in at the chambers of Grand Jean, the illustrious, for the purpose of a private consultation. There is nothing like keeping oneself in good repair. It is difficult to get patched up again, after decided dilapidation, but it is easy to cheat Time a little when you have the old fellow by the forelock. I have a taste for letters, and know something of verse and prose, but of all modern composition commend me to Grand Jean's.

This in passing, by way of parenthesis. At five I was at the place of rendezvous.

"Michel," said I, as we seated ourselves at a little marble-top table in the corner, "what soup do you give your friends to-day?"

Harry was in bitter-bad spirits, and I saw it would never do to trust him with the bill of fare.

"*Potage aux huitres, monsieur*," said Michel, with one of his blandest smiles, and with a half-knowing toss of his head, that indicated a conscious satisfac-

tion in catering for those who could appreciate his taste.

"Oyster soup let it be!"

"*Pour un?*" inquired Michel.

"For one, certainly—and Michel, talk English, if you love me."

Preliminaries settled. Michel iced our glasses, and opened a bottle of cabinet champagne. We despatched a *cotelete d'agneau aux petits points d'asperge* in silence. A *filet de bœuf* shared the same fate. With a *ris de veau* and a *vol au vent*, hunger was partially appeased. My experience differs from that of the poets. Shakspeare did well to put it hypothetically—"if music be the food of love." He had reason. Your lover is the hungriest of men. I know it in my own case. Never have I studied the mysteries of Blancard's *carte* half so diligently, or made such inroads upon his *cuisine*, as when I have been dreaming and doting upon some cherry-lipped daughter of Eve, who seemed just to have escaped from Eden. There are such in this world.

This was Harry's condition. Appetite, however, will yield to appliances. Michel suggested, in his quiet way, an *omelette aux confitures*, and we acquiesced, rather out of deference to Michel, than from any inclination to such indulgence. We were well aware that he knew what was proper.

"What shall it be, Harry?" I asked, as the last sparkle of the cabinet fell into his goblet.

"Burgundy."

"Short and sweet, my master. You must have been taking lessons in the art of saying many things in few words."

A gentle tap upon an empty glass brought Michel to our side in an instant.

"Michel, a bottle of Burgundy—and look you that it be Burgundy, on pain of my serious displeasure."

And, surely enough, Burgundy it was. Delmonico Brothers have it in their collar delicious—the pure wine—undisturbed by the passage of the Atlantic. But the bottles are like the fair—very good where you hit upon the right one—if otherwise, why the less we say about it the better.

By this time the seal on Harry's lips was broken.

"Frank," said he, "do you remember the birth-night ball of our old friend, Mrs. Forrest?"

"That night of the February thaw, when we were near being washed away, and the best we could do was to float home in our carriages?"

"The same. Well, it was that night I first saw Mary Lester. I was charmed, fascinated, enraptured!"

It was a case of love at first sight. There was something about her that I fancied as I never fancied woman before. If I were only a man-milliner now, and acquainted with strange tongues, I could inventory to you every article of dress and ornament in which she was tricked out that night—for I have her now standing before my eyes as she stood then, as distinctly in feature, form, and vestment," said Harry—"as distinctly—as that glass of Burgundy—the which, by the way, I will drink to her memory."

This pause was necessary, to give Harry breath. I joined in the toast, and Harry continued—

"I was introduced to her—danced with her—chatted with her—and for three hours never lost sight of her a moment. She saw that she had made an impression. I was fool enough to let her see it. Why, what a dunce I made of myself! My eyes told her that it was all over with me for this world—and if my lips did not tell her so *in ipsissimus verbis*, it must have been some very unaccountable impulse of discretion that prevented me. Why, the very floor she stood upon she seemed to consecrate. We sat on the sofa, and hunted for rhymes in the sugar plums—and, hang me, if I don't believe that I have some of the sweet poetry we found there in my pocket at this present speaking."

Harry produced his pocket-book, and lo! there they were, in the truest inspiration of the confectioner. What they were I do not precisely remember, but Harry thought them tantamount to a confession. It is very dangerous for young people to indulge in this interchange of sugared compliments. It is meddling with edged tools. If my good friend, Mrs. Peverelly, could imagine the mischief she is innocently causing, by her desperate couplets, she would engage a new poet forthwith. Those little blue and pink papers, fringed and twisted, and enveloping a sugar plum and a stanza, are the Stockton cartridge of the ball-room, and promise to produce a complete revolution in amatory warfare.

"Well, Harry, and I suppose you never got beyond the sugar plums? I'll venture to say that with your usual good sense in these matters, you have let concealment prey on your damask cheek, and never told the poor girl, otherwise than by sighs and suspirations, that you were dying in love with her."

"I can't say, Frank, that I ever made downright love to her in declarations."

"And yet this scene you speak of took place four months ago by the calendar, and you might have found a dozen chances to propose in earnest, and ought to have had the wedding day fixed two months ago."

"And so I would have done, Harry. But who the devil thought that half-livered Indian had the impudence to think of being in love with any body, and least of all with my Mary?"

"Ah, Harry—as the old troubadour has it, I fear that you have stood like a dastard by, and seen another woo and win your lady."

"Woo and win her! That's excellent. It was the purest mercantile transaction in the world. He

saw her—condescended to be pleased with her—flattered mamma—talked to the old gentleman of stocks and tens—proposed to settle a cool hundred on their only daughter, and the matter was settled in less time than he would have spent in buying a horse at Tattersall's."

"And what has Miss Lester to say to all this?"

"Why she says, no doubt, what all dutiful and affectionate daughters with a fortune in prospect are pleased to say. 'I don't know that I love Mr. Rupee at present; but he is an excellent good sort of a man, and a first-rate match, and if I don't love him I ought to love him, and dare say that I shall, in spite of his white liver and his red nose.'"

"And so you propose to shoot yourself? My dear friend, you had much better shoot him, burn the house, melt down the old woman in the flames, and carry off Mary Lester in triumph. Let the old gentleman survive long enough to make his will, and cut Mary off with a shilling; and then live contented and happy the rest of your days on love and memory."

"That would be a capital arrangement, to be sure. But, Frank, isn't it a pity that she should marry Money-Bags?"

"Well, if you think so, there is no time to be lost. You have been shilly-shallying, dilly-dallying with the damsel, till you deserve to lose her, and I have a great mind to punish you by running away with her myself."

"Frank—enough said. I may want your aid in a day or two. Meantime, while you are ordering the *carre* I'll order the carriage, and we'll be off."

Michel brought the *carre*. Taking a thumble-full of Delmonico's *kirschwasser*, and parting with a handful of Benton's mint-drops, we rose from the little table in the corner, and sallied into the open air.

## CHAPTER II.

### A FAMILY PICTURE. THE BOUQUET.

THE curtain rises on a domestic scene at Mr. Lester's. Our old gentleman was a Sir Giles on a small scale. He had begun life in the humblest manner possible. Day after day might have seen him, in his youth, master of a small stand in the neighborhood of Peck Slip, with a few oranges, lemons, and pine-apples around him, seeds of his future opulence. Years rolled on, and the little orange boy was a wholesale grocer in Front street, and with an arrful of Mrs. Lester occupied one of those dwellings in East Broadway that look so *every* respectable that they might almost aspire to be considered, in the vulgar parlance, genteel. Mr. Lester had invested something of his annual gains in vacant lots, and when the high tide of speculation set in, he found that his lands were in the deepest of the water. He sold out, and Mary Lester, the young and beautiful school-girl, was an heiress.

It was now Sir Balaam with him. "Two puddings smoked upon the board." A house in Washington square, a carriage and grays, with masters of the old

school for his parlor walls, and masters of the newest schools for Miss Mary! Wealth he had, and fashion he could command. When he sported his yellow boys, nobody asked if they came from Peck Slip. Pounds sterling he could draw for in figures that would count a lord's income; and as for francs, he could pave Manhattan island with them, from the annual proceeds of his rent-roll. Who, then, had a better right than Mr. Lester to be looking out for a splendid match for his daughter?

It was a somewhat oppressive summer afternoon. Mr. Lester had kept up early dining hours through all the changes of his fortune. With his yellow silk handkerchief thrown over his head and eyes, to exclude the light and the flies, he was indulging at about four of the clock in a serene but profound siesta. Mrs. Lester—the truth must be told—had also surrendered herself incontinently to the embraces of Morpheus.

Both were dreaming of Mr. Rupee, with his million of dollars and his red nose.

Little Mary was lolling upon an ottoman by the window, and was dreaming of any body other than Mr. Rupee, and of any thing under Heaven saving his bluish proboscis, and his liver-bought fortune.

At this moment a bouquet, thrown gently in at the window, fell at her feet. She turned her head to peep through the closed-hall of the Venetian blind, but there was no sign of the messenger who was the bearer of the fairy gift.

From whom could it have come? Mary had received bouquets before—bushels of them—with a profusion sometimes truly ludicrous. Almost any day of the three hundred and sixty-five she might have been smothered in roses—if she had been destined to a fate anyhow akin to that of the lady who was buried in jewels. But never before, perhaps, had a bouquet so touched her curiosity. It was known that she was engaged to Mr. Rupee—and there had, of course, been a general disappearance of her lovers. They had scattered in flocks, as the migratory birds do on the first cold day. Her chimney-piece and centre-table, on the second evening after that event, were as vacant of any floral embellishment as if it had been a signal for the death of the flowers, and no more were destined to bloom. Mr. Rupee was not a man with a taste for these frivolities; he made love like a merchant. "To divide and conquer," is the motto of tyrants—Mr. Rupee conquered by addition and multiplication—balance sheets were his love letters—notes of hand were his billets-doux.

Mary did not for a moment suspect, therefore, that the flowers were a surprise of Mr. Rupee, to herald his unexpected return. She knew that he had gone to the East upon business, and that he could not be looked for till he had sold a cargo of tea.

She ran over the roll of her admirers. One by one they passed before her, shadowy and dim, like the procession of Richard's tent-scene. To whom was she indebted for the flowers? Well she knew whom she wished it might be; and yet, though she well suspected, she did not *know* who it was.

Ah, Mary—Mary! why dream you now? Is it not quite too late? Is not the compact sealed? Are you not bonded and mortgaged? The deed may not yet be put on record, but it is signed and delivered! Little you may have had to do with it—but is not papa's will the supreme law? You may prefer a face where the red is in the cheek instead of the nose; but papa and mamma have not so much taste in spreading colors! Look to it well! for I fear that you are in a bad way; and that you will prove a false mistress to Mr. Rupee!

### CHAPTER III.

AT HOME AND NOT AT HOME. ALMOST A SCENE.

"I AM at home," said Miss Lester, as the servant handed her Mr. Harry Stanhope's card. The bouquet which she had received so mysteriously the evening before stood alone upon the centre-table, looking as freshly as if the flower had been but just gathered. Your hot-house plants sometimes keep their colors wonderfully.

"I am most happy, Miss Lester," said Harry, with a gay air, as he entered, "to pay my respects to you—and my congratulations, I might add, if the fortunate *gentleman* were not on such an occasion entitled to *all* of them."

"Stolen from Sir Charles, I presume, Mr. Stanhope," rejoined Mary, vexed somewhat at the indifferent air of her admirer, and for the first time, perhaps, in their acquaintance.

One word of parenthesis, if you please, and the thread of their discourse shall suffer no further interruption. Harry Stanhope was in love, desperately in love, and had been so from the first moment he beheld the fair creature who was now before him. Night and day he had dreamed of her. His existence had become a single idea. The sky mirrored to him but a single image. The air whispered to him but a single voice. All other thoughts, hopes, wishes, expectations, had been absorbed in a single object. And yet it would seem that he was only studious to conceal the true state of his feelings from her who was best entitled to the knowledge of them. He was proud, sensitive, imaginative, exacting. He thought it was Mary's province to divine his sentiments, to read the heart that he kept closed to her, to fathom the sealed depths of his spirit. The gallants by whom Mary was surrounded were as vain, idle, and trifling, as the admirers of a girl of fortune and fashion are apt to be; and Harry shrunk from what he thought the unworthy competition. He did not choose to run the risk of being noted among the hangers-on of an heiress. When all others were chattering in her presence with the most provoking volubility, Harry could only look with a mixed feeling of contempt and envy upon the empty-headed rattlers who were so accurately posted up in all the current gossip and scandal, and who so eclipsed him in their discreet criticisms upon the weather. On their first introduction, he had been brilliant and buoyant, and had charmed Mary with the grace, fluency, and wit of his conversation—but the moment



he suspected the state of his own feelings, and thought it might be suspected by others, he became constrained and cold, distant and deferential, to a degree that would have led any one but a very accurate reader of the human heart to suppose that Mary Lester was the last young lady of his acquaintance to whom he desired to make himself particularly agreeable.

And how was it with the lady? Very much as you might suppose. Harry had proved a complete riddle to her. Gay and elegant as she first knew him, she was dazzled and charmed by his intellectual accomplishment. Retiring, abstracted, and taciturn, as he afterwards became, she thought him indifferent to all others, and quite absorbed in himself. His deference to her was the well-bred politeness of a man of the world. His silence was the result of that abstraction which marks a person who is busied with other scenes than those about him, and wandering among other companions. His outward manifestations were those, indeed, of a proud and selfish man, and how could Mary enter those inner chambers of his heart, and walk in them in the light of his own spirit?

And yet I cannot say that Harry had passed unmarked among her admirers. He had puzzled his mistress. He had made her think of him, and, perhaps, sometimes question her own heart in regard to him; but he had not taught her to love him, for he had not taught her that he himself loved.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Rupee proposed for the daughter, and was accepted—by the parents. Mary was lured by the splendor of the match. Her maiden meditations, she flattered herself, were fancy free—and Mr. Rupee's widow, at five-and-twenty, would become inevitably the wealthiest single woman in the country. Besides, she well knew that it would never break Mr. Rupee's heart if he should be jilted; and I do believe, if the truth could ever come out, there was a lingering, half-emerging, half-hidden notion that such an event might at least astonish Mr. Stanhope.

Bless me! what a digression! *Reverents!*

"No, Miss Lester," said Harry, "I have not robbed Sir Charles this time. Miss Lester knows that my congratulations must be too *sincere* to be borrowed."

His lips quivered slightly as he spoke, and there was a bitter something in his tone that cannot be transferred to paper.

Harry was bent upon making good use of his time. He felt at last how miserably he had trifled with his happiness—how unwisely he had locked up in himself the thoughts and passions which he should have poured forth with the prodigal fervor of love; and how bitter the repentance that was in prospect, if he should fail in the course he had marked out for himself. But Harry was something of a fatalist. He believed that Mary Lester was intended for his bride; and that these celestial arrangements may be interrupted, but cannot be thwarted by sublunary intervention. He was sincere in his love, and confident of his destiny.

"Miss Lester," said Harry, as he seated himself by her side upon the ottoman, "I cannot, indeed, congratulate you upon an event which is to me the most painful of my life, and which is to be consummated by a sacrifice that I would lay down my life to avert."

"Mr. Stanhope," exclaimed Mary, in a deprecatory tone, while the color retreated from her cheek, only to rush back and flood it with a blush.

"Nay, Miss Lester, I beg of you to hear me. What I say will, perhaps, sound strangely to you—but, by our *friendship*, I entreat you to listen. Hear me through—think that you are listening to a madman, if you please—and when I have finished," he added, relapsing into a tone of levity and badinage, which he could not avoid in his most passionate moments, as if he scorned himself for the indulgence of sentiments which another might fail to understand—"ring for the servant and order a straight-waistcoat."

"Well," said Mary, laughing, "with that privilege in prospect, I'll promise to hear all that you have to say. It is not often that you are disposed to weary your friends by over-talking them."

Harry's sneering devil served him a good turn this time. The ice was now broken. He had obtained a *carte-blanche* of insanity, and could be as mad as he pleased. Mary was not indisposed to listen, and, strange as it may seem, never once thought how far it might be agreeable to Mr. Rupee.

"Mary Lester," resumed Harry, "if I seem for a moment to trespass upon my privilege, remember that the punishment is in your own hands, and that you can the more justly inflict it, and with heartier good will, when you shall know the full extent of my transgression. The world says that you are engaged to be married, and what the world says is, I suppose, at least half true. I do not ask you to confirm it by your words."

Harry fixed his calm, steady eye upon the astonished girl—watching every change of her countenance, every play of emotion, with a vigilance that did not suffer a hue or breath to escape him. He was playing for a large stake—a desperate, though not an experienced gambler with women's hearts. Mary lifted her face to the speaker, and met that quiet, resolute gaze, and she could not but wonder and listen.

"I fear, Miss Lester, and pardon me for speaking my mind freely, that you have not well consulted for your own happiness. I know you too well to believe—and there need be no concealment among old friends—that you *love* the gentleman whom you are engaged to marry."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mary, rising—but, at the moment, the servant entered with a card. Miss Lester could not be an actor in a scene under such circumstances. She suppressed her rising indignation, and informed the servant that she was not at home. Advancing to the table, she plucked a bud from the bouquet—and resumed her seat.

Alas! that the best plots should fail! Harry thought himself sure of victory, because he had laid out a battle that would have done honor to the most scientific

master of the tactics of love. But there was a greater general in the field than himself—Love, THE CONQUEROR!

Harry was thrown from his balance by the natural indignation of Miss Lester at his audacious language; nor was his equilibrium restored by the signs of the subsequent occurrence.

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Lester," he resumed, "pardon me, if I have given offence—and yet without offence I fear that I cannot utter what it behooves you to know and to ponder on."

Mary could not muster courage to look or reply. She gazed very earnestly at the bud, and commenced an examination of its internal economy with a most floral interest and zeal.

It is surprising what an awkward thing it is to a beginner to make a declaration of love. We do well what we do confidently—and we do confidently what we have done often. Your half dozen first declarations must be always more or less formal, stately and cold. It is only with the facility of practice that a man can make love as he ought, or a lady accept or decline with proper grace. I once knew a verdant youth, who made epistolary love—love on white paper, gilt-edged probably, fringed with forget-me-nots, and sealed with a Cupid. He received a note in reply, taken bodily from the "Complete Letter Writer," with every other word of more than two syllables mis-spelt. So badly did his lady spell, that she wrote "Yes"—"No." That he was refused, therefore, my friend attributed to the bad spelling—but he did not think it at all necessary to renew his propositions, or even to demand an explanation.

Harry, however, had a task to perform of double difficulty. There were seeming impressions to be removed. It was worse than courting a widow, whose husband has been "two months dead—nay, not so much—not two!"

"You are engaged to Mr. Rupee," continued Harry, "and propose to marry him; and yet you can select a dozen from your acquaintance, to any one of whom, with the 'lendings' off, you would postpone Mr. Rupee. Nay, Mary Lester, remember your promise and my privilege. Hear me out, and I will then fly your presence forever.

"If not a dozen, Mary, I know there is at least one to whom Mr. Rupee and all the world should be postponed—if the deepest and most passionate love with which woman was ever won deserve the only return that it is in woman's power to bestow. Never, Mary, have I profaned your ear with the ready compliments, which are but the current coin of false sentiment—and most prodigally lavished by those who have the smallest stores of real feeling to draw upon. In my utter scorn and abhorrence of the facile flattery of words in which you were daily and hourly addressed—I never flattered you, for there was no lie in the voiceless admiration with which I gazed upon you—and was happy. And even now, my dearest, when the world's fame has given you to another—which other's you are not in spirit, and never can be—I know that your own heart bears

willing testimony to my truth, and that its pulses beat in responsive harmony to mine!"

What did our beautiful Mary? Here was a situation and a scene, to be sure. She who was on the point of becoming Mrs. Rupee, to be told that she did not love Mr. Rupee, and that she was destined to become Mrs. Somebody Else.

True enough it was that Mary did not love Mr. Rupee, and she knew it very well. Equally true was it that Mary did love Mr. Harry Stanhope, and till this moment knew nothing about it. The combustible materials had been collecting for months, but till now the match had never been applied to them. Spontaneous ignition is more common in apothecaries' shops than it is in the hearts of young maidens.

I do not know that the circumstance will meet the approbation of my elderly readers, but while Mary hid her face in her hands, Harry interpreted her silence as consent, and passing his arm about her waist, drew her gently to his side and imprinted a glowing kiss upon her forehead. As impulsively she lifted her eyes to his; in that glance their spirits met and mingled, and the two souls were so interfused and blended, that what Heaven has joined together Mr. Rupee will find it very difficult to separate!

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE END OF ALL THINGS.

Before the scene above recorded had led to its inevitable *dénouement*, I was on my way to foreign climes, and under the shadow of the pyramids, and among the sands of the desert, I had almost forgotten the existence of Mary Lester.

Meanwhile the lordly Croton had been diverted from its primeval pathway, and was lifting its haughty head, plumed and crested and flashing in the noontide sun, in the very rush and crowd of the tumultuous and admiring city.

As I strolled into the Park, to cool myself in its shadows and spray, a day or two only after my return, I caught the glimpse of a fair face that was familiar to me, and that seemed half beaming a welcome recognition. I could not at the moment recall its owner. Whether I had seen in it my dreams only, or it were the grown-up image of one of my infant loves, I could not for the life of me imagine.

I was not long left in doubt. A gentleman and a boy of some two or three years old completed the party to which my fair stranger belonged. We met.

"Frank, my boy," exclaimed a joyous, ringing voice that might have started the chimes at midnight, "run and jump on uncle's neck, and thank him that you are playing here to-day, with so amiable a papa!"

Sure enough it was all my doing! "And then, Harry, because you did not shoot yourself, nor jump into the Hudson, nor do any other crazy thing, you think I am entitled to the credit of it!"

Mary Stanhope looked a little inquisitively, but I did not make myself ridiculous by undertaking to explain mysteries between lovers.

"You see, Frank, that I have named our first boy

after you, to keep alive the tradition of your having saved my life—just as it were by the turn of a die. I have often thought of applying to the Humane Society to give you a medal in commemoration of that event."

"No, Harry, we'll dispense with the medal. I'll be content with having played even my humble part in adding this sterling little coin—stamped with your face and my name—to the large currency of mankind!"

## MANDAN IN DOG-DANCE COSTUME.

(WITH AN ACCOMPANYING ENGRAVING.)

THE public is familiar with the melancholy history of the Mandans. When Catlin first visited them they were a thriving people, with numerous villages, many warriors and large possessions. Their manners were gentle and their religious rites peculiarly interesting. The fervid imagination of the traveler could easily trace a resemblance between their sacred ceremonies and the august worship of the Jews, and, adopting the idea of earlier writers, he speculated on the probability of their being descendants of the lost ten tribes. But just as the American public was beginning to interest itself in the history of this curious people, that terrific scourge, the small-pox, broke out in the Mandan villages, and, in a few months, swept off the whole nation. A traveler, who passed through their country immediately after this destructive visitation, draws a graphic picture of the desolation left by the scourge. The once populous villages were deserted; the unburied strewed the path for miles; and if, perchance, a living object were seen, its haggard and diseased countenance made the spectator shudder. The few who survived the terrible calamity took refuge with neighboring tribes. You may traverse the plains where the Mandans once lived, but not a solitary remnant of that interesting people will you find. Like the melting of a snow wreath they have vanished way.

What was learned by Catlin and others of the curious habits of the Mandans becomes, under these circumstances, of unusual value. We shall, therefore give, from time to time, descriptions of some of their more striking customs and religious rites. For the present month we present a description of the Dog-Dance, accompanying it with a striking illustration, representing a celebrated chief, Pehriska-Rupe, attired in its costume.

The practice of dividing the tribe into bands, or companies, distinguished from each other by their dress, and governed by their own laws, is universal among the Indians of the Upper Missouri. The Mandans divided their people into these bands according to age. Thus, all between ten and fifteen years of age, were called "foolish dogs," or "the dogs whose name is not known." To this, as to every other class, belonged a distinctive dance, which was performed on various solemn occasions. When a

boy desired to enter this band, he went to one of its members and endeavored to purchase his war-pipe, rank, dance, song, &c., and if a bargain were struck, the buyer succeeded to the membership, with all its immunities, vacated by the seller, who then, in turn, sought admission, by the same means, into the next higher band, called that of "the crows or ravens." There were, in all, six of these bands; and admission into each was obtained in rotation, by purchase, on the candidate arriving at the proper age. The sixth class was composed of all above fifty years of age.

The third, fourth and fifth bands were those of most importance, because they comprised all the fighting men of the nation of mature age. Of these, the fourth band was, probably, the most honored. It was called "the band of the dogs." Each member wore, in the dance, a large cap of colored cloth, to which a great number of ravens', magpies' and owls' feathers were fastened, adorned with dyed horse-hair and strips of ermine. He also carried a large war-pipe made of the wing bone of a swan. Three of the band were honorably distinguished from the rest by strips of red cloth hanging down the back; and it was the duty of these men, if any one threw a piece of meat on the ground, during the progress of the dance, and said, "there, dog, eat," to fall on it and devour it raw, like dogs or beasts of prey. But the meaning of this custom was never explained. The splendid illustration affixed to this represents Pehriska-Rupe in the costume of one of these three.

No person presumed to join in one of these dances unless he belonged to the class or band, to whom that dance was peculiar. Admission into the band could never be obtained except by purchase. During the festivities that always followed the matriculation of the candidate—if we may use the term—it was the custom for him, if married, to give up his wife to the seller; if unmarried he would sometimes travel to a great distance to ask a friend for his wife, who accordingly went with him, and, on the evenings of the dance, gave up his own wives for his friend.

It was a tradition of the Mandans that they formerly lived in the interior of the globe, where they knew no enemies, but that, on ascending to the surface of the earth, their chief founded these bands to give them tuition and warlike practice.

# THE HAUNTED ADJUTANT.

## A TRADITION OF THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

### CHAPTER I.

"By Jove, the ghost has a good taste in quarters!" exclaimed the young Captain Hazlehurst, as he stood with his back to a rousing fire, (in "a gentlemanly attitude," like Mrs. Todgers,) and complacently surveyed the comfortable apartment of which he had just taken possession. And, indeed, there were few gentlemen of his rank in his majesty's army that were better lodged than he. It was a spacious room on what Americans call the second, and Englishmen the first, floor of a large, old-fashioned house, situated in a narrow street, leading out of Hanover street, far down in the depths of the "North End" of Boston. The house had been the residence of a patriotic gentleman, who had found it convenient to take his departure in such speed from the town, as the siege was fast enclosing it in its iron embrace, that he had left all his furniture and appliances of luxurious life behind him as they stood. Several officers of higher rank than its present occupant had successively inhabited it, but, on one pretence or another, they had all of them in succession exchanged it for other quarters. They gave no credit, not they, to the foolish stories which were rife among the common people and the soldiery, to the discredit of the character of the house. They begged it might be understood that it was no superstitious folly that caused the shifting of their quarters; but then it was too far from parade, or it was in too confined a situation, or the kitchen chimney smoked, or there was some other very sufficient reason for the removal. And let no one think the worse of those gallant gentlemen, if their actual motives did not exactly correspond with these plausible pretences. Many a hero has been afraid to go to bed in the dark, and many a fire-eater, who would storm a battery of cannon without flinching, might be frightened out of his wits by a white sheet and a drag-chain. At least it was so in the good old times, before ghosts were snubbed and sent to Coventry; when they were welcomed with a fearful joy to the drawing-room fireside, and before they were injuriously driven thence, first to the nursery, and thence again to the servants' hall, and at last reduced to scour out kettles, on their knees, with the fat, foolish scullion in the kitchen. Dear souls, you are a much abused generation! It is no wonder that you are cowed, and are ashamed to show your faces in good company. Confound this march of mind! It has hardly left us a good comfortable superstition to our backs!

Be this as it may, there stood the gallant Captain Hazlehurst, looking round upon his new domain. And a comfortable-looking domain it was, as I said before. The walls were paneled in longitudinal compartments, each bordered with the "egg and

anchor" carvings in which the souls of our forefathers delighted. Two portraits adorned the side of the room opposite the fireplace, one of a beautiful girl of eighteen, of that peculiar style which combines dark flashing eyes with blonde hair, the exquisite glow of whose skin, and the inimitable finish of whose point lace ruffles could have owned no other hand than Copley's; and the other, an elderly gentleman, in a full-bottomed wig and formal cataract of cravat pouring down over his laced waistcoat, plainly the work of an earlier and an inferior artist. Between the windows on your left, as you turned what Lord Castlereagh used to call "a back front" to the fire, was a tall mirror, in a frame of tarnished gold, surmounted by a bird of nondescript characteristics, which a naturalist might class with eagles, with pelicans, or with herons at his pleasure. Beneath the glass stood a low, curiously carved chest of drawers, the handles and key-holes flashing back the fire from their glittering brasses. Upon this stood a Japan, or rather a Chinese dressing-case, with curious drawers in the centre, and comical little doors at the sides, and gold mandarins, "with women's faces," and mandarineses, "with yet more womanish expressions," taking tea all over it with much contentment, upon a glossy background. Opposite the glass stood the bedstead, none of your modern French abominations stuck upon the side of the wall like a hornet's nest, but a substantial, solid, imposing four-poster, with chintz draperies above, and draperies below, which I am not upholsterer enough to describe. The bed itself puffed up in all the elasticity of feathers, as beds of any character were wont to do, before *pillasses* and mattresses came in from France, with Jacobinism and thin potatoes. The table in the centre of the room was round, of shining mahogany, its edges scalloped, its legs clasping large balls in their claws, as if about to engage in a game of bowls. The chairs were heavy and hair-seated, the backs presenting a sort of mahogany lace-work, of a strange pattern, and unfolding themselves outward at the top, in a bell-like expansion. And, then, if you turn and examine the mantelpiece, it will reward your trouble. The curious carvings of grotesque heads on either side, and the delicate sculpture of fruits and flowers in the centre were the work of no mean artificer. And then the Dutch tiles guarding the orifice of the fireplace! Heavens! it is strange that no much piety should have been left to our ancestors, when their earliest ideas of saints and patriarchs were derived from those earthen tablets! What bandy-legged kings and dumpty queens! What equal prophets and squab apostles! I see now, in my mind's eye, King David ogling a Bathsheba from the roof of his house, whose portraiture excited my

youthful horror at the taste, rather than at the crime, of his Hebrew majesty. But there they were in blue and white, grim, grisly and grotesque; the blazing logs below lighting up their square faces and repairing their haloes with a light not their own. The andirons, too, and the shovel and tongs were well worthy a description; especially as they are likely soon to become an extinct generation, whose very name will be a puzzle to future antiquaries. But my story is waiting for me, and will soon get impatient. But you must take a glance at the roaring wood fire which goes crackling up the chimney, and acknowledge its superiority over the pitiful grates and subterranean furnaces which are drying up the present generation to mummies. If flesh be indeed grass, anthracite will soon desiccate the American public into a very creditable *hortus siccus*. Was there any thing else in the room demanding notice? O yes, there was the carpet, a heavy Turkey one, half worn, and evidently promoted, "like a crab, backward," from the parlor to the best chamber. On either side of the fireplace was a closet, each with a window and a window-seat, the one on the right hand side large enough to contain a bed for the captain's servant, who had stipulated for this arrangement before consenting to accompany his master to a house of so dubious a reputation.

"By Jove, the ghost has a good taste in quarters!" exclaimed Captain Hazlehurst, rubbing his hands and then giving them one gentle pat together, expressive of infinite content. "It is certainly much to his credit to prefer such snug lodgings as these to a mouldy church-yard or a damp, dilapidated old ruin." Then drawing up the easiest of the chairs to the front of the fire, (it is a strange instinct which always tells man which chair is the easiest!) he established one foot on either andiron, and resigned himself to the comforts of his situation in an attitude rather redolent of ease than grace. But a handsome young fellow of two-and-twenty may twist his limbs into any posture without much danger of criticism. And it was a night fitted for the intensest comfort. The wind roared down the chimney; the snow was dashed against the windows in fitful gusts; the old elm which overshadowed the house groaned and creaked as it tossed its huge arms about in the storm. Tibullus himself could not have wished for one more congenial to his notions of enjoyment, as he has recorded them in his immortal couplet. Having thus taken a survey of his new dominion, and imbibed as much caloric as his sitting man was fitted to take in, he naturally began to think about his supper. "I wonder where that rascal John can be," said he a little testily, "he has had time enough to go to the Green Dragon and back again fifty times since he went out. But there he comes," he continued, in a milder tone, as he heard a man's step ascending the stairs; "but how happened it that I did not hear him open the hall door?" The steps ascended the stairs slowly and heavily, and then came "trump, tramp," along the entry, till they appeared to stop at the door of the room. "Come in, can't you!" called out the impatient adjutant, (for he was adjutant, as well as cap-

tain, as you shall presently hear.) "What the devil are you stopping for?" Then recollecting that John might by possibility come with both hands full, (though fortune never does,) he jumped up and incontinently flung the door open to its utmost capacity of swing. And was not John obliged to him for this timely assistance? Why, bless you, he was n't there! No! Who was there then? If any body, it was that personage well known in the best regulated families by the name of Mr. Nobody. In short, there was nobody there.

"Whew!" softly whistled the captain, if this is the ghost he is a heavy heeled lumber, and it's hard if I can't catch him, and lay him, if not in the Red Sea, at least in some of his own claret." With these words he took a candle from the table, and a stout regimental cane, such as officers wore in those days at drills and off duty, from behind the door, and proceeded coolly to search the hall and the chambers opening out of it. But it was all to no purpose. The ghost, if it were one, had vanished, and not left so much as a "melodious twang" behind it. "It's very strange," he soliloquized. "Could it be that villain John making game of me? If it be—but no, it's impossible!" And the impossibility was soon put beyond a doubt, by a multitudinous stamping and kicking in the porch, such as indicates a return from a walk through a deep snow-storm, and then by a sudden opening of the hall door, which admitted John, and a furious draught of wind and snow by way of accompaniments. The doors above banged to, the captain's light blew out, and a fresh stamping, kicking and shaking bore noisy evidence that the new comer was none other than John himself in the flesh. Captain Hazlehurst stole back into his room, not caring to acknowledge the extreme civility of his disembodied visitor, in making him a call so very early after his arrival; though, in his secret heart, he could not but think him "most infernally polite." He had scarcely resumed his chair and relighted his candle when the veritable John made his appearance, his shaggy great coat white with snow, and making altogether a spectral appearance in very good keeping with his whereabouts.

"Why, John," said his master, "I thought the ghost must have got you, and my supper into the bargain."

"O, dear, your honor," cried John, setting down his basket, and taking off his great coat, "please don't talk in that sort of way. The ghosts are made quite mad-like when they hear themselves made fun of. I was almost afraid to come up those creaking stairs. My grandmother once—"

"Never mind your grandmother just now, John," interrupted his master, "but let me see what you have got in your basket; for I am hungry enough to eat a ghost myself, if it should appear in the shape of a boiled serag of mutton, like the one at Oxford, which was laid by eating him with turnips and melted butter."

John groaned in spirit at this blasphemy against the powers of the air, as a Methodist may do when some unlucky scapegrace raps out an oath in a stage-

coach. However, he proceeded to lay a snowy napkin over the table, and then to produce from his basket a cold chicken, some slices of ham, and bread and butter and cheese, which he duly disposed upon the board. From a yet lower deep he evoked a string of sausages and a dozen potatoes in the prime of their age. With a precision which showed him to be an old campaigner, he next deposited the potatoes in the ashes upon the hearth, and taking down a small saucepan from the closet, began to fry the sausages, which soon sent up an aromatic perfume, that might well summon to the presence any spirit yet in the body, whatever its effect might be on one that had stultified off his mortal coil. When these conjurations were over, he deposited the result with the other comestibles (one of your slang authors would say "combustibles," but I am always scrupulously elegant,) upon the table, and then intimated to his master that there was nothing to wait for. While the young soldier was carrying the war with spirit into the enemy's country, his faithful squire was not idle in his yet unfinished vocation. He took down a silver tankard, with a heavy lid falling back on its hinges upon the solid handle, and slicing the lemons, and heating the water, and mixing the sugar, and pouring (I grieve to say) the rum, he compounded that insidious concoction with which our sires welcomed the noon, bade farewell to the departing sun, and chased the shades of night. When the ingredients were duly mixed, and the whole made "slab and good," he set it down upon the glowing coals, to acquire a new fire from without to reinforce that within.

His supper ended, and his libation poured, Hazlehurst prepared for bed. He could not help revolving the sounds he had heard over in his mind, and he was fully of the opinion that there was some trick designed him by his comrades or some waggish rebels. He thought it was entirely contrary to the etiquette of the spirit-land for its accredited envoys to go creaking about in clouted, hobnailed shoes, like a live ploughman. "Gliding," "skimming," "floating," "sailing," he well knew to be the appropriate mode of ghostly locomotion, but as to stamping and *clumping*, he believed them to be unworthy of any goblin of good breeding and a liberal education. So he was resolved to be upon his guard. John lingered about his master's toilet as long as he could, and seemed loth to depart.

"And so your honor does n't believe there is any ghost at all?" he suggested.

"Ghost!" his master responded, as he untied his right garter, "I believe there's no ghost but has a head to be broken, and a—hinder man—to be kicked; and so I advise all such gentry to keep out of my reach!"

"O Lord! I wish your honor would n't talk in that sort of way. My grandmother—"

"Plague take your grandmother," cried the captain peevishly, slipping his left leg out of his scarlet unmentionables, (they called them breeches in those days,) "you are half a granny yourself. I tell you no ghost will dare to come within the reach of these

magic circles"—pointing as he spoke to the muzzles of his pistols—"if they do, they'll find that there is a spell in them that will soon send them packing to the Red Sea."

He spoke thus in a raised tone of voice, and then cocked and uncocked his pistols, that his words and their "strange quick jar" might fall upon the ears of the walls, if, peradventure, as often happens, they were provided with them.

"But, Lord bless you! what good will they do, sir?" persisted John. "I heard of a ghost once that caught a brace of bullets in his hand, and flung them back in the gentleman's face that fired them at him."

"Then, I shall save my lead, at any rate," rejoined the captain, laughing; "but to bed with you, for I am tired and sleepy." With these words he turned into bed, and the unlucky John, after replenishing the fire, and clearing away the things, was fain to do likewise.

But though Captain Hazlehurst pretended to be asleep, he was never more broad awake in his life. He lay for a good while watching the flickering phantoms which danced in the light of the wood fire upon the panels of his chamber. And then he thought a multitude of thoughts, for there are no such promoters of thought as night and watchfulness. The steps which he had heard in the evening certainly suggested some of his meditations; but he was not superstitious, and believed they appertained to some being of flesh and blood, whom it was his business not to be afraid of. As he had seen the door carefully bolted, and had, beside, double locked it and put the key under his pillow, he felt tolerably secure from any visitants, other than such as might make their entrance through the keyhole, without some sufficient warning of their approach. These thoughts, then, soon vanished from his mind, and his imagination was soon a thousand leagues away, disporting itself in the glades of the park of his ancestors, watching the deer in the fern, the swans on the stream, or the whirring covies as they rose from the cover. There he saw himself, and perhaps a fairer form or two, wandering through its paths, or sitting at the foot of its old trees, in the light of that farewell sun which ever sheds a Claude-like glow around our last day at home, when we live it over again in other days and distant climes. And, perhaps, the scene changed to his ancestral hall, and it was evening, and the lights shone bright upon his father's erect form and thoughtful face, upon his mother's placid brow and calm smile, upon the manly figures of his brothers, and the graceful shapes of his sisters, as he saw them all on the night before his departure for America. And there were those other forms, too, that had been with him in the park, (who were not exactly sisters, but who would have been almost as much missed from the dream-circle as they,) they were there, too, and he was leading down with them the country dance, (for, alas! the waltz, and even the quadrille, then were not,) with interludes in the intervals of the dance, which are very well to dream about, but which it would be a breach of the confidence reposed in me to reveal. And then he thought, too, of the

charming, the perplexing Clara Forrester, his latest flame, (for I grieve to say that my hero was *un peu volage*.) who had made more of an impression upon him than he cared to admit, even to himself, was within the power of a provincial beauty. His visions, however, grew more and more indistinct, and, like many a sleepless lover before him, he was soon sound asleep.

He had not been long asleep when he was aroused by a hurried shake, and a gasping entreaty to awake. He instinctively seized his pistols, and was near putting them to their natural uses without further inquiry, when he was stopped by the voice of John.

"Do n't fire, captain—do n't fire, your honor. It's the ghost—the ghost!"

"D—n the ghost!" exclaimed the captain, provoked, as gentlemen are apt to be, at being waked out of their first sleep, "I've a great mind to make a ghost of you, you blockhead."

"But do n't you hear him, your honor," cried John, in an agony of terror, "do n't you hear him walking about over our heads, as it—"

"Hold your tongue, can't you, and let me listen," said his master, whose attention was thoroughly aroused by this intimation of the character of the ghostly visitation. He listened, and heard the same heavy tread, stepping backward and forward, with slow and measured step, in the chamber directly over his head.

"Give me my cloak, you villain," exclaimed Hazlehurst, as he leaped out of bed and enconced his feet in his slippers, "and light the candle and come along with me."

"And where are you going, sir?" inquired John, with wo-begone face and chattering jaws.

"Going!" was the reply. "Why to see who it is that is making that infernal noise upstairs, and make him choose some other place for his promenade."

"O Lord! your honor, pray do n't—pray do n't! perhaps he'll fly away with the side of the house if we provoke him."

"Never mind," replied the captain coolly, "the house do n't belong to me. But make haste and come along."

"O! but I am afraid to go, indeed I am! Pray, do n't go, sir, for God's sake! I shall die if I go, indeed I shall."

"Then etay, and be—" blessed, the captain would probably have said, as he snatched the candle which John had just lighted out of his hand, had not the trembling John interrupted him to say, that if he were resolved to go, he would go with him, as he was a good deal more afraid to be left alone. "Come along, then," said the captain, as he led the way, a pistol in one hand and his sword in the other, followed by John with the candle up the creaking staircase.

Reader, was it ever thy hap to be awakened in the dead of the night by a mysterious noise in the kitchen, and, urged by the instances of thy wife or sister, hast thou descended, poker-armed, to the eerie spot? I doubt not thou art a valiant man, a proper fellow of thy hands, but tell me true, (for doth not an author stand to his reader in the relation of a father con-

fessor? Fear not that I shall betray the secrets of the confessional!) did not thy manly heart go pit-a-pat as thou approachedst the fatal door and puttest thy hand upon the lock, the turning of which might reveal to thy sight a ferocious band of robbers, whiskered to the eyes and armed to the teeth? And didst thou not wish in thy secret soul that thy desire to appear a man of prowess in the eyes of thy womankind had suffered thee to lie quietly, with thy head covered in the bed clothes, saying unto thyself, "to! is it not the wind?" And when, on opening the door with a desperate thrust, thou hast discovered a whiskered robber, indeed, and one well armed, but of the feline, not felon, race, with her head stuck in the cream-jug, its milky witness on her sable fur testifying to her crime, and a heap of upturned trays bearing evidence to her desperation, didst thou not feel thy bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne, and didst thou not receive the gratulations of thy fair instigators, and sip thy creamless coffee the next morning, with more contentment than if thou hadst sacrificed to thy insulted household gods a hecatomb of burglarious varlets? If such has ever been a part of thy experience thou canst appreciate the sensations of master and man as they ascended with noiseless step the stairs which led to the next floor.

Pardon this digression, dear reader. Your confessions in the premises shall be sacredly kept secret. But it was necessary for the due preservation of the unites, (for which I am an Aristotelian stickler,) that my characters should have time to get up stairs. As they approached the door the steps ceased suddenly, as if the owner of them had paused to listen. Who could he be? It clearly could not be the cat. For, first, they had no cat; and, secondly, no cat could have made such a fearful tramping, unless, indeed, it had been the prime minister of the Marquis of Carabas, the redoubtable Puss in Boots himself. I have the greatest tenderness for my hero's reputation, but my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to say that there was the slightest possible nervous contraction of his left arm as he seized the lock of the door, to throw it open, having slipped his sword under his arm to enable him to do it. He had led his company up Bunker's Hill without flinching, to be sure, but this was an entirely different case. There is a wide range allowable to tastes in the matter of throat-cutting, as well as in the rest of the fine arts. A man may be ready enough to submit to this elegant depletion on a field of battle, with all the enlivening concomitants of such a scene, who might reasonably object to the operation at the top of an old house, in the middle of the night. However this might be, he flung open the door to its utmost extent, at the same moment recovering his sword and presenting his pistol. He was prepared for the worst, and resolved to encounter the enemy in whatever shape he might appear. He presented a figure at once civil and military, his night-cap and night-gown, fluttering under his cloak, fairly representing the *taga*, while the "sword and pistol, which did come at his command," as at that of the celebrated Billy Taylor, might well stand for the *arma*, for making which last

yield to the first, Tully was so well quizzed by the Edinburgh Reviewers of his day. There he stood, ready to kill, slay and destroy any and every antagonist, however formidable. And for whom was all this energy so well got up? Who was the object upon whom this well cooked wrath was to be bestowed? Bless you, nothing at all! The very identical Mr. Nobody who had walked up stairs early in the evening, and stopped at the door below on his way up! There was no sign of any mortal creature near!

"The devil!" exclaimed the captain, as he lowered the point of his sword and the muzzle of his pistol, and drew a long breath.

"O Lord! sir, don't mention him, or perhaps he'll come back again," ejaculated the trembling John, who was peeping, with a foolish face of fear, over his master's shoulder.

"It is very strange!" monologized that gentleman, "What can be the meaning of it?" And stepping gently into the room he examined it and its closets with all care, but without any clue to the mystery.

But just as he had completed his search, probing the darker recesses with his sword, "and wounding several shutters and some boards," without any satisfactory result, his attention was arrested by a tremendous crash in the room below. One leap brought him to the door of the room, two more to the head of the stairs, and a hop, skip and jump in addition, to the door of his own chamber. And there he saw a scene of confusion which might well have roused the ire of Moses, the meekest, or of Job, the most patient, of men. The bed clothes were stripped off the bed, and coiled up on the floor like a spectral box constructor. The andirons lay lovingly together on the top of the deserted bed. The tongs bestrode, like a Colossus, the dressing-case on the chest of drawers under the glass, while the shovel seemed to regard its old companion's exploit with a chuckling laugh of satisfaction, from the easy-chair in the corner of the room. And to complete the scene, the table in the centre of the room was overturned, and, with all its miscellaneous contents of books, glasses and *etceteras*, lay in one wide heap of ruin upon the floor. All this was not at first visible, as the fire was almost out, and panting John toiled after his master, if not in vain, at least so slowly as to put him entirely out of patience. But when the candle came, and the chaos was revealed, who shall paint the rage of the master or the dismay of the man. "The devil!" exclaimed the choleric captain, with added emphasis, and I am afraid I must allow that he made use of other expletives of more significance and weight, as he danced about the apartment in a most heroic passion. For it is a melancholy fact that the British armies did "swear terribly" in America in Captain Hazlehurst's day, even as they did "in Flanders" in that of Captain Shandy. If the recording angel undertook to write down all the oaths the gallant captain uttered, he must have gone nigh to have written up his wings; and if, in consideration of the provocation, he should have attempted to drop a tear upon every one of them, to blot it out forever, he must have infallibly cried

his eyes out. Whatever may have been the proceedings in Heaven's chancery, I am afraid that just where he was, Captain Hazlehurst would have maintained that he felt the better for the effort. Indeed, *swearing* seems to be the same relief to some men that *crying* is to women in general.

But, be that as it may, as soon as his first transports of anger and amazement were over, the captain made a minute examination of the chamber and the house, but without finding any trace of the perpetrator of these deeds. He was all the more convinced that he was made the victim of a practical joke, as he could not believe such pranks worthy the gravity of disembodied, or the dignity of evil spirits; but he could not refuse to allow that the joke, if it were one, was well done. Poor John, on the other hand, whose notions of the moral or the social proprieties of the inhabitants of a world he knew very little about, were much less exalted than his master's, laid the whole blame upon their airy shoulders. It was as much as he could do to command himself sufficiently, after the captain had finished his researches, to put the room to rights again, fearing lest some spectral hand should resent his interference with the admired disorder it had created. But no such displeasure was manifested, and after the bed had been readjusted, the captain retired to it again, marveling much at the events of the night. He lay long awake pondering upon them, and neither he nor his men fell asleep till the neighboring clock had told that the small hours were fast growing into the larger ones. It is no wonder then that they overslept themselves, and that, when he awoke, his curiosity as to his adventures of the night should be merged for the moment in his fears of being late at the morning parade. His hurry would allow no time for remark from his attendant, whose mind was full of nothing else, while the business of the toilet was proceeding. Captain Hazlehurst, however, found time to enjoin it upon John, as he was giving the last sprinkle of powder to his plastered and pigtailed head, to say nothing about the night's adventures, as he valued his favor, till he had his permission. His determination was, he said, to sift the matter thoroughly, and, in the mean time, he wished no reports to be spread of what had happened, as it might interfere with his investigation. With these injunctions he left the mortified John in great vexation, as he had been reckoning on the pleasures of telling the ghost story as his only compensation for his fright, and hurried with all the speed he could command to the parade-ground on the Common.

## CHAPTER II.

"You were late at parade this morning, Captain Hazlehurst," said Lord Percy to his young adjutant, as he called for the orders of the day, immediately after breakfast.

"I have no excuse to offer, my lord," was the deferential reply, "excepting my removal to new quarters at the other extremity of the town; for I am afraid that my having overslept myself would be re-



garded by your lordship as rather an aggravation than a palliation of my dilatoriness."

"To be sure, to be sure," answered his lordship, who was somewhat of a martinet, "but be more careful in future; that's all. But where are your new quarters, Hazlehurst?" he continued, his disciplinarian gravity relaxing into a friendly smile, for Hazlehurst stood high in his good graces.

"At Mr. Vaughan's house, at the North End, my lord," responded the captain.

"What, the haunted house!" exclaimed Lord Percy, laughing, "why you are a bolder fellow than I took you for, my lad. I hope the ghost did the honors of his mansion like a gentleman, and treated you with becoming hospitality."

"I had no reason to complain, my lord," was the guarded response.

"I trust that your oversleeping yourself this morning had nothing to do with any nocturnal merry-making with any honest fellow of the last generation, or flirtation with any of the rebel grandmothers, who look so temptingly down upon us from some of these old picture frames," pointing, as he spoke, to some lovely forms with which the pencil of Blackburn had decorated the walls of his parlor.

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you, my lord," replied Hazlehurst, "no boon companions and no ladye love, whether in the body or out of the body, had any thing to do with my tardiness this morning, which I shall take care shall not occur again."

"Right, right," said the son of "Duke Smithson of Northumberland." "I have every reason to be satisfied with you in every respect. But, by the way, how is Miss Forrester?" he proceeded, for his lordship had a discursiveness of discourse, and a talent for knowing all the details of the garrison gossip, which vindicated his hereditary claim to cousinship with royalty.

"She was well, my lord," answered Hazlehurst, "when I had the honor of seeing her last. But that was not yesterday, nor the day before."

"Lovers' quarrels—lovers' quarrels," said his lordship, laughingly; then added, more seriously, "but, my dear Hazlehurst, pardon me if I ask whether you have considered what may be Sir Ralph and Lady Hazlehurst's opinion of a New England daughter-in-law, should you be disposed to present them with one?"

"I have not given the subject any consideration at all, my lord," replied Hazlehurst quickly, "because I have no intention of subjecting them to any such trial at present. I beg that your lordship will give no credit to the talk of the mess-table or of the assembly-room on such subjects, at least where I am concerned. My sword is my bride till this war is over, and I shall suffer no rivals in my affections, of flesh and blood.

"Bravo! bravo! Hazlehurst," answered Lord Percy, "these be brave words. Only I hope that you will not have to serve for your bride of steel as long as Jacob did for Laban's daughter. Excuse my caution, which I am glad to know is not wanted. But I advise you to do as I used to do when I was addicted to falling in love."

"How was that, my lord?"

"Always to take care to be in love with two or three at the same time. You will find it an excellent rule, I assure you."

Hazlehurst joined cordially in the laugh with which the stout earl uttered this apophthegm, and assured his noble commander that he would not neglect his advice.

"Here is your orderly book," added his lordship, handing it to him, "I take it for granted we shall meet at the assembly to-night, where I trust I shall see you reduce my instructions to practice."

"Never fear, my lord, but you will find me an apt scholar in love as well as in war. I only wish I could hope to rival your lordship in either service."

To this his lordship replied only by a good-natured nod, which the adjutant understood to be his signal to take his leave, which he accordingly made haste to do.

"Confound that Clara Forrester," soliloquized Captain Hazlehurst, as he walked slowly along Hanover street, after he had discharged his regimental duties, "what is there about her that plays the devil with me, in a way that no other woman ever did before? It can't be her beauty or her accomplishments, for I have seen her superiors in both. I do n't know though, on the whole, as to her beauty," he said to himself, in a tone of more deliberation.

"It's a peculiar style, to be sure, but she's devilish handsome, there is no doubt about that. And as to her accomplishments, what have they to do with the matter, I should like to know? It must be this cursed siege, which shuts us all up so close together. Well, I have not been to see her for these three days, and I sha n't be in a hurry to call on her, after her flirtation with that puppy Bellusis, I can tell her. She shall see that I am not dependent upon her, that I'm resolved upon." As the gallant captain had just made this valiant resolution he found himself opposite the house of the Hon. James Forrester, one of his majesty's council, &c., &c. This house was situated in Hanover street, just before you come to the turning into Duke street, in which were Hazlehurst's quarters. For in these days you must know that the North End was (pardon the Hibernianism, my maternal grandfather was an Irishman,) the West End of the town. There did the great body of the colonial court and aristocracy reside. Far be it from me to insinuate that this circumstance of juxtaposition was any element in the determination of the captain to take up his new quarters. But so it was. And as he, accidentally, raised his eyes to the window of Mr. Forrester's house, just as he was internally ejaculating the doughty resolution just recited, he caught a glimpse of a pair of sunny eyes smiling upon him from between two flowering shrubs, which stood upon the window seat, and the next minute he was standing in the porch thundering away at the knocker. People may say what they please about dreary, dilapidated houses, haunted by old dead men, but if I had a young son, or nephew, or ward, (which, God be praised, I have not,) I should warn them to avoid the bright and cheerful homes haunted by young live women. Those are the haunted houses to be afraid

of. And, no doubt, they would take my advice. At least, I am sure I did, (sometimes,) whenever my grandfather, or uncle, or aunt gave me any such admonitions, "in my hot youth, when George the Third was King." "Never mind the *old* witches," a gentleman celebrated in civil and military life, of the last generation, used to say, when speaking of the witches of his native town of Salem, "never mind the *old* witches, it is the *young* witches that do all the mischief!" And I incline to think that he was more than half right.

I have a great mind to seize upon the opportunity, while my hero is waiting for the knocker to be answered, to give my friendly readers some account of him. I have been waiting for a chance to put in a word on the subject ever since I began. But the tide of events has swept me on with such resistless force that I have not had a moment to take breath. Indeed, my plan is epic. I have plunged in *medias res*, and it is about time for the hero, sitting over his wine with his mistress, or of some Phœnician Amphitryon, to relate his birth and parentage, "his breed, seed and generation," and all the surprising adventures that had preceded his appearance in their domains. But lest I should find no passage recorded in this true history to that effect, I think I will fill up this pause in the march of the story with the little I know of his previous history. And little enough it is. If any reader asks me for his story, I can only answer in the words of the knife-grinder—

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!"

My hero then, in short, bore the baptismal and patronymic appellations of Charles Hazlehurst. He was the eldest son of a Somersetshire baronet. He was six feet high, with broad shoulders, a deep chest and a clean leg. I can't tell you the color of his hair, for I never saw it without that powder which has passed away with so many of the virtues and graces of the last age.

"God bless their pigtails, though they're now cut off!"

When to this I add that he had a round, ruddy face, clear blue eyes, and the most perfect of teeth, I trust my readers will take my word for it that he was as dangerous a *Cupidon déchainé* as ever disguised himself in a red coat and breeches, wore epaulettes instead of wings, and used a regimental sword for a bow and arrows. In addition to this you will please to remember that he was but two-and-twenty, which is an essential item in the inventory of his perfections. I am well aware that objection will be made to his claims as a lady-killer, on the score of his rosy cheeks and blue eyes. But you should recollect, my dear madam, that your thin, black-eyed, sinister-looking, "sublime, sallow, Wæter-faced men" had not then come into fashion. And so you must excuse the taste of your grandmothers, who thought health and good humor main ingredients in manly beauty. As to the number of times he had been in love, I am unable to say with anything like accuracy, as I have not as yet received returns from all the towns where he went on the recruiting service, or was stationed in garrison, before his regiment was ordered to

America. Should they arrive in time, I shall add them in an appendix, reduced to a tabular form for convenience of reference. If there is any thing on which I do pride myself, it is the business-like manner in which I do up my work. So much for love; and now for war. He had "fleshed his maiden sword" (figuratively, for he didn't kill any body,) at the modern Chevy Chase of Lexington,

"Made by the Earl Percy."

He attracted attention by his good conduct on that unlucky occasion, but he chiefly distinguished himself at the battle of Bunker's Hill. On that famous day he led his company up the hill, under the murderous fire of the rebels, twice, his captain having been killed in the first attempt to dislodge the enemy from their entrenchments. As a reward for his gallantry on that occasion, he obtained his captaincy; and, the adjutant of his regiment being killed at the same time, and the number of officers being sadly reduced by the fatal aim of the American marksmen, he was appointed to fill that station also, until other arrangements could be made.

But it would be cruel to keep him waiting on the steps any longer, in one of the coldest days of that bitter winter. However, he felt warm enough, nor did he feel in any violent hurry to have the door opened. Have you no recollection, my reader, of the queer sensation, after you had rung the bell at the door of your particular princess, and when you had a feeling as if you might be left to do something desperate, if you got in, with which you awaited the servant's approach—hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry to hear that she was not at home? There is nothing like it, unless it be the odd feeling when you have rung the bell at the door of your particular friend, for the purpose of asking him to accompany you to the "tribunal of twelve paces," at day break the next morning. But I postpone any further reflections until my chapter on bell-pulls. After a rather longer interval than was usual in that well regulated household, (I once knew a famous man who used to say that he judged of the domestic management of a house by the space which intervened between the ringing of the bell and the opening of the door,) the portal was expanded by a particularly ugly negro, whom Hazlehurst did not recollect to have ever seen before about the premises. Upon asking whether Miss Clara were at home, the new porter made an inarticulate sort of sound, which the visiter chose to consider as an affirmative, and walked in without further ceremony. He was left to open the parlor door himself, for the attendant spirit took no further notice of him. He accordingly ushered himself into the comfortable apartment where Miss Forrester sat, diffusing an air of cheerfulness throughout it, even beyond that (at least our adjutant thought so) dispensed by the good logs that blazed upon the hearth. The scarlet curtains, the pleasant window seats, with their velvet cushions, the plants that were placed upon them to catch a glimpse of the wintry sun, the thick Turkey carpet, and all the appointments of the parlor, (for in those

days drawing-rooms were not,) spoke to the heart that comfort was a word understood in New England at least, if nowhere else beyond the precincts of the fast anchored isle.

The front windows looked into the street, as my readers may have partly gathered, and those on either side of the fireplace opened upon a thin slice of garden which extended down to the street, and stretched and expanded itself far behind the house, the shrubs and fruit trees all glittering to the finest ramifications of their smallest twigs with the snow which had fallen the night before. On one side of the door, opposite the fireplace, was a large mahogany book-case, with glass doors and resplendent brasses, containing the library of Miss Forrester, the books bound uniformly and stamped with her name. There was the pabulum upon which our grandmothers nourished their intellectual natures. Good hearty food, I faith! None of your modern kickshaws which the pastry-cooks of the circulating libraries supply to tickle the palate withal, but solid, substantial viands, such as good master cook furnishes forth to replenish the heart with its best blood. There the Spectator sat with his club, in his short face, long wig, rolled stockings and high cut shoes, over a squat bottle of wine, in the frontispiece of his closely printed twelves. The Tattler, too, was to be seen in his original fine paper quarto. History, also, there was good store, and biography, such as those days afforded. And was not Shakspeare there, and Ben Jonson, and Spenser, and Milton? Sir Charles Grandison, too, looked ready to step down and bow over the hand of his fair mistress, so like was the scene to the dear cedar parlor of "the venerable circle." I don't know whether it will do to say it, but so it was, there stood Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews and Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle, as bold as lions, alongside of Tristram Shandy, who did not look in the least bit ashamed of himself. My fair readers must excuse my heroine for keeping such rollicking company, for they must remember that she had not the privilege they enjoy of the pious conversation of Sir Lytton Bulwer, (or Sir Edward Lytton, or whatever title pleases his ear,) or of Monsieur Victor Hugo, or of the epicene George Sand. She had no choice, poor thing; and, upon my word, I never could perceive that she was a jot the worse for their society. In the other corner of the room, answering to that filled up by the book-case, was what was in those days termed a *beaufet*, a closet without doors, with its shelves loaded with the curious old plate, and rare glass and China, which had been accumulating for generations in the family.

Miss Forrester sat upon a curiously carved settee, with devices of flowers and birds in choice mahogany on the back, which looked like one uncommonly broad bottomed arm chair, or by'r lady, like two single chairs rolled into one, cushioned with green damask, and drawn up to the table in the centre of the room, and inclining in an angle of—I am not mathematician enough to tell the exact number of degrees, say forty-five, to the fire. Her work-basket was by her side, which she graciously re-

moved to the table, and made room on the settee for Captain Hazlehurst, when he had made his advancing bow. A very different thing, let me tell you, from the shrug and jerk, performed chiefly by the antipodes of the head, with which your modern exquisite "shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod," when he enters a room. And when they were sitting there side by side, I protest, I do n't believe that there was a handsomer couple in all his majesty's dominions. Clara Forrester was—but I won't describe her. I never could describe a pretty woman. And, for that matter, who ever could? Suffice it to say, she was a blonde, with a profusion of fair hair, I doubt not, but its color was concealed by that plaguy powder; and yet I can't say the effect was unbecoming to her pure brow, her blooming downy cheeks and sweet mouth. And that morning cap had a most coquettish and killing air.

"And then her teeth, and then, oh Heaven! her eye!"

It was as wicked and roguish an eye as you would wish to see of a winter's day looking into yours by the side of a good fire. And then her hand, and her foot, and her shape! But I won't go on. If you can't see her, just as she was sitting there, it's of no use for me to be trying to fit your mind's eye with a pair of spectacles. It's your fault and not mine, reader, if you don't see her sitting in that old-fashioned room, in the glittering light of that clear winter morning of seventy years ago. I don't know how it was, but Hazlehurst had not sat by her side a minute, when he felt all the wrath he had been nursing for three days, to keep it warm, oozing out of the palms of his hands, like Aeres' courage, and no more recollected Major Bellassis (whom he had just before, in violation of the articles of war, and of the respect due to his superior officer, irreverently styled a puppy) than if there had been no such dashing sprig of nobility in existence.

I might give the details of their conversation; but I don't know that it would be quite fair, as it was communicated to me in confidence. But there was nothing particular—that is, *every* particular—upon my honor. They talked of the news of the siege, of the advances of the rebels, of the probabilities of repulsing them. And then they diverged to the small talk of the garrison, the rise and fall of the flirtation stocks and the variations of the match market. Then they talked of the last review, and of the comical figure that Colonel Cobb, the *advent jeune homme*, cut when he was thrown from his new horse, and could not get up again, not because he was hurt, but because he was too tightly girt. And the assemblies, too, and the private theatricals, afforded endless topics of mirthful discourse. Though there was not much that was enlivening in the siege itself to those who were shut up in the narrow limits of the beleaguered town, still youth and good spirits would make their way, and find a thousand diversions for speeding the weary hours. God bless them! what would this working-day world be without youth and good spirits?

"And so I hear," said the fair Clara, at last, when

they had pretty well exhausted all the topics which a three days' absence had accumulated, "and so I hear that you have come into our neighborhood. And, pray, how do you like your landlord?"

"My landlord!" exclaimed Hazlehurst in some surprise, "I am as well satisfied with him as a man usually is with himself; for I am the only landlord that I have to my knowledge, unless indeed it be the quartermaster-general."

"Ah, you put it off very well!" persisted Miss Forrester; "but be honest now, has not Captain Honeywood paid his respects to you yet? He is much too fine a gentleman, I am sure, to have neglected it."

"I have not the honor to understand you, Miss Forrester," replied the captain. "It was never my chance to hear the gallant captain's name before. Pray, in what service might he be?"

"Oh, in the sea service you may be sure," answered the lady; "but did you never hear of the noble captain, who makes continual claim, as papa says," (papa was a lawyer,) "to the Vaughan house?"

"Never, upon my honor," protested Hazlehurst. "And I shall feel myself especially obliged if you will introduce me to his acquaintance."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Clara, laughing, "but I have no objection to talking a little about him behind his back."

"That is better yet," said Hazlehurst; "it is to be hoped then that his character was bad enough to be well talked over."

"Bad enough to gratify your warmest wishes, I assure you. I believe he was as wicked an old villain as you could possibly desire to see," replied Clara.

"Many thanks for the compliment to my taste," answered the captain, bowing, "but did you ever happen to know this amiable individual?"

"Know him?" cried Clara. "Good Heavens! why he 's been dead these sixty-five years!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Hazlehurst, "dead sixty-five years, and yet lay claim to a good piece of real estate! What an unconscionable old dog! I only hope his example will not be very extensively followed."

"It is to be hoped not," responded the lady, "but if you really do not know about the claimant to your premises, I will tell you all I know about him, which is little enough."

"You will lay me under everlasting obligations," bowed the captain, as he inclined his ear to her in mock seriousness.

"Well, then, all I know about him is," resumed Miss Forrester, "that he was a master of a vessel out of this port, some seventy years since, who went to sea, and was gone five or six years without any tidings being heard of him. At last, however, he returned in a ship from Europe, telling that his vessel was lost in the East Indies, and no soul saved but himself, who was taken up by a Dutch vessel, and, after various adventures, found his way home again. This story would have done very well, had he not soon made a great display of wealth, among other

things building the house in which you (and people do say he) now reside. This went on for a few years, and by dint of giving good dinners, going regularly to church and Thursday lectures, and being eminently liberal to one or two of the most influential ministers, he was getting to be quite in good odor with the Boston public. There were those, to be sure, who still marvelled whence he got his wealth. Some thought it must be witchcraft, but the majority, more charitable, believed it to be only piracy. Their suspicions were confirmed by the occasional moody and depressed turns to which Captain Honeywood was subject. People thought that there was something weighing upon his mind. This, however, did not prevent a young lady of one of the chief families from being willing to marry him, and the ceremony was about to be celebrated with all the pomp which the times permitted, when they were prevented by an untoward occurrence. It so happened that the very night before the marriage was to take place, a sloop of war came into the harbor, with orders to arrest our amiable friend, and carry him to England for trial, on a charge of murder and piracy. It seems that a sailor had been arrested for a recent impropriety of this sort, who had purchased his own pardon by revelations touching our liberal townsman. The captain of the sloop of war came up to the Province House, and communicated his orders to Governor Dudley, who, with the sheriff and other officials, proceeded to effect the arrest. But on arriving at the scene where it was to be completed, they found themselves too late. The bird was flown. They searched the house and the neighborhood, and offered large rewards, but all was in vain. The captain was never heard of again. The disaffected in the colony hinted that notice was given to Honeywood, by persons in authority, of the design to take him, in time to favor his escape. Others, and this was the opinion of no small number, believed that the devil had for once helped a friend upon a pinch, and spirited him away. Some supposed that he had concealed himself in some secret place designed for this emergency in his house, and had there starved to death. At any rate, he was heard of no more. In due time sentence of outlawry was passed upon him, and his house with his other property declared forfeited to the crown. When it was sold, and the purchaser took possession of his estate, it was found to be more than the crown of England could do to give him a quiet possession. The pranks that were played, the noises that were heard, the sights that were seen, among them the apparition of the very captain himself, are not to be told. The intruder was soon forced to quit the premises. All who subsequently ventured to occupy the house were ejected in a like summary manner. For years it stood untenanted. Property in the street fell in value, and people were afraid to pass through it after nightfall. After many years had elapsed, an elderly man arrived from England, with the avowed intention of spending the rest of his days here. He could not be suited to a house to his mind, and at length pitched upon this deserted one. He bought it at a low price, and,

in spite of its ill name, fitted it up for his residence, and there spent the remainder of his days. He shook his head when questioned as to the claims of its former possessor, and gave people to understand that he could tell much if he chose. So the ill repute of the mansion continued unimpaired. It was a singular fact that he found the lady of the love of the former inhabitant still unmarried, and by some strange coincidence they married each other, and lived together in as much comfort as the ghost of his predecessor would allow. That is his portrait that you may have seen in the chamber over the right hand parlor—

"And who," interrupted Hazlehurst, "was the young lady in the same room?"

"That," replied Clara, "is the portrait of his granddaughter, the only child of his only daughter, the child of his old age, my dear friend Fanny Vaughan. For you must know that after his death his heiress married Colonel Vaughan, and this is the way in which the house came into the Vaughan family."

"And, pray," inquired the captain, "did this inexorable claimant continue to keep up his claim to his property under the Vaughan dynasty?"

"It is so asserted and believed by the common people," said Clara, laughing; "it would be a pity to spoil so good a story, and any disclaimers on the part of the reigning family have been always received with a proper degree of incredulity. But here ends my story, and I must say that I think it a passably good one." As she ceased speaking, she stretched out her hand to the bell-pull and gave it a gentle pressure. Hazlehurst thanked her gaily for her narrative, which he protested was one of the best authenticated ghost stories he had ever heard. As he was speaking, the same negro who had opened the door for him entered with a salver of wine and cake.

"Where is James?" inquired Miss Forrester, with an air of the slightest possible vexation. The servant replied by a succession of grotesque gestures and some sounds, which seemed to be unintelligible gibberish to Hazlehurst.

"Very well," said the young mistress, and dismissed the uncouth attendant.

"You seem to have a new page of honor," said Hazlehurst, smiling, "I do not think I have ever seen this groom of the chambers before."

"No," replied Clara, a little confused at the exposure of this unseemly appendage to her well-appointed household, "I dare say you have not. He never before made his appearance in the parlor when any one was here. I suppose James was sent out by my father. He was a servant of a family that we knew well, and that left the town at the latest allowable instant, in such haste as to leave this faithful follower behind, who happened to be out of the way at the moment. He was the most devoted creature, but is a little unsettled in his intellects, in consequence of a blow upon the head, received in defending his master from an attack from some street ruffians late at night. My father found poor Peter in great distress, and took him home out of humanity to himself and friendship to his master. He has been

even stranger than usual, since he has been with us, in consequence of missing his old friends, but we make him as comfortable as we can."

"I am sure that it is highly to your honor and that of your father," said Hazlehurst, with feeling, "but I see that it is about time for me to repair to the mess-room, if I have any regard for my dinner. But before I go," he continued, rising as he spoke, "will you permit me to ask the honor of Miss Forrester's hand at the assembly this evening?"

The lady smiled an assent, and the young officer took his leave cheerily, and walked up the street toward the Green Dragon with a much better opinion of human nature in general, and of female nature in particular, than he had entertained when he walked down it.

On arriving at the mess-room, he found himself very closely examined as to his experiences of the night before, especially by those officers who had been his predecessors in his quarters. He parried their unpunctualities, however, as adroitly as he could, and kept his own counsel most religiously. He slipped away as soon as he could after the cloth was removed, and hastened home to dream over his morning with the gentle Clara. He found every thing in proper order, and John awaiting his commands. On interrogation, that worthy asseverated that he had stoutly denied that any thing unusual had happened. "He hoped he had not been an officer's servant so long without knowing how to tell a lie upon occasion."

"Very well, John," said the captain, "I do not believe the truth will suffer in your hands. So you may now go where you please, only be here at six o'clock to dress my hair."

John departed, and his master sat down to think over the doings and sayings of the morning. He could not but examine the portrait of the former inhabitant of the apartment, and think of the strange thoughts that must have haunted him while he sat in that place; and at the picture of his lovely grandchild, and compare her charms with those of her lovely friend; I need scarcely say to whose advantage. The adventures of the preceding night troubled him not, he was haunted by another and more dangerous phantom in that solitary chamber. At length he was aroused from his reverie by a knock at the door, which, when opened, revealed his orderly-sergeant, whom he had directed to come to him at that hour, with the best padlock he could find in Boston, and all its appliances. The man had been a blacksmith, and he soon affixed it with its staple to the door of the room and departed.

"If the ghost come to night, while I am gone," said Hazlehurst to himself, "he shall not come in at the door if I can help it!"

When John had returned, and the toilet was finished, Captain Hazlehurst proceeded to set forth for Concert Hall, the yet surviving scene of many a pre-revolutionary festivity. He dismissed John with instructions to meet him at the Hall at twelve o'clock. As he was leaving the room, his pocket struck against the side of the door.





"There 's no occasion of carrying my orderly-book with me, that I know of," said he, carelessly, to himself, and, as he spoke, threw it on the table in the centre of the room. He then locked and double locked the door, and to make assurance doubly sure, applied the padlock, and, with both keys in his pocket, walked cheerily up the street to the scene of action.

I wish I could indulge my dear readers with a description of that brilliant assembly, but the inexorable limits of my chapter (which I have already overstepped) forbid. You would not have supposed that the scene of that bright and gay festival was in a besieged and straitened town. One of the finest bands in the British service discoursed its sweetest music to inspire the dance. The Hall was admirably lighted and decorated with flags and other loyal insignia. The governor, the general commanding the troops, with their brilliant staffs, the officers of the various regiments, comprising many of the younger branches of the best families of England, the principal civil functionaries, and the loyal gentlemen of the town, all in the rich costume of the days when a gentleman was known by his dress, were present. And there, too, were the dashing wives of the married officers, and the flower of the provincial beauty that still remained loyal to its king. The appointments of the supper, the plate-chests of the several regimental messes being laid under contribution for the purpose, were of the completest description, and the table was covered with viands and wines which showed that the sea was yet open to the beleaguered army. All was joy and mirth. Every one seemed determined to shake off whatever of despondency the darkening prospects of the siege might urge upon their hearts, and to be happy for at least one night. Ah! what a glancing of scarlet coats and of gold lace! What a rustling of damasks and brocades was there! But of all the brilliant assemblage, I will maintain it a *Poutrance*, there was none that sur-

passed in beauty or in grace my Clara Forrester and her Charles Hazlehurst. It was a blessing to see them glide down the dance, and to look upon their beaming eyes. Lord Percy shook his head, when he saw how his young favorite had taken his advice, and smiled inwardly as he watched them without looking at them. But then it was no concern of his. He had discharged his duty in putting Hazlehurst on his guard. He must now take his own course, on his own responsibility.

But such evenings (alas! that it should be so!) cannot last forever. At a late hour the signal for breaking up was given, and the party dispersed, "shut up in infinite content." Hazlehurst handed Clara into her carriage, and, I am afraid, found it necessary, as it was a slippery night, to hold her hand rather closely as he performed this duty. I recollect I used sometimes to find it unavoidable. However, she drove off, and Hazlehurst, followed by John, walked down Hanover street to his quarters. So absorbed was he in his meditations upon the hours just fled, that he thought of neither ghost nor goblin till he found himself at the door of his room. Reminded by the sight of his padlock of the reason of its employment, he said, laughingly, "I flatter myself that I have been rather more than a match for his ghostship to-night! But we shall see."

With these words he unlocked his various fastenings, and, followed by John, made his way into the apartment. A few embers yet glimmered upon the hearth, and John soon lighted the candles. Hazlehurst cast his eyes around the room. Every thing was in its proper place and order. He chuckled inwardly at the success of his plan, and rubbed his hands with internal satisfaction. Every thing was right, no intruder had been there. He glanced at the table in the centre of the room. He started forward, and gazed upon it yet more earnestly. He stood silent and motionless with astonishment. By Heaven, the orderly-book was gone!

## THE PENITENT HUSBAND.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

Thou art not here with lips of love to greet me—  
Thy gentle voice I miss at morn and even,  
My spirit pines once more to see and meet thee—  
Without thee home is not earth's pictured Heaven!  
Thy smile away, the hours are dull and cheerless,  
And Time moves on as if his wings were lead—  
I cannot crush with foot-step firm and fearless  
The thorns that o'er life's pathway Fate hath spread.

Thou art not here to soothe or share my sorrow,  
To chase the phantoms of the mind away,  
To whisper "all will shine again to-morrow,"  
And pour along my path love's sunny ray—  
Thought, like a restless dove, with tireless pinion,  
Flies far and fast, and still again returns—  
Thou art the olive of my heart's dominion,  
And for thy presence all my being yearns!

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Come back! come back! fair truant—never doubt in—  
Thine, wholly thine, henceforward I will be—  
The world, alas! is dull and cold without thee—  
A charm thou hast—a priceless charm for me.  
I miss the song that soothes at twilight's hour,  
The flute-like notes that melt upon the ear,  
The tones that touch with feeling's magic power—  
Welded and true—I would that thou wert here!

Come back—come back—and let us, reunited—  
In weal and wo, in sunshine and in storm—  
True to the faith and love we early pledged,  
Move on, one spirit knung through each form!  
And if, upon the past, a moment turning,  
We see an error on its record graven,  
Oh! let it be to us a gentle warning,  
As, true to truth, we fit ourselves for Heaven.



## LOVE'S SECOND SIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PUTT PALMER.

FAR through the dim, lone vistas of the night,  
As eye to eye, thy form and face appear!  
Love's inward vision needs no outward light,  
No magic glass to bring the absent near.

Seas roll between us—south the palm-tree throws  
Its waving shadow from yon moonlit hill;  
And stars that never on my boyhood rose,  
Are round me now, and yet I see thee still.

Alone thou sighest on the beaconed stoop,  
While sports thy sister by the waves alone;  
Why dost thou gaze so fondly o'er the deep?  
Ah blush not, love, the tender truth to own!

I see thee sink upon thy bended knees,  
Yet not as one who bows in dumb despair;  
Nor need I listen to the passing breeze  
To learn whose name is oftener in thy prayer.

Thy cheek is wet—was that a falling gem  
From the pearly bride that binds thy glossy curls?  
Nay, never shone from jeweled diadem  
A gem so bright as beauty's liquid pearls.

Thou turn'st away—though fair the moonlit main  
No sail is there thy yearning heart to thrill—  
One long, fond gaze, and on the night again  
Thy lattice closes, yet I see thee still!

On thy sweet face, as in a magic glass,  
I see the shapes that haunt thy slumbering eyes:  
What smiles of joy, when hope's gay visions pass!  
What pictured wo, when fear's dark phantoms rise!

Why dost thou wake before the morning lark,  
To hold sad converse with the wind and surge?  
'T was but a dream that wrecked thy lover's bark,  
'T was but a dream that sang his ocean dirge!

Even now that bark, before the homeward gale,  
Flies like a bird that seeks her callow nest;  
Soon shall thine eyes behold its furling sail,  
Soon thy fond bosom to my own be pressed!

I could not fail to hold my course aright,  
Though every orb were quenched in yon blue sea:  
Love's inward vision needs no outward light,  
Star of my soul, no cynosure but thee!

## MIDNIGHT.

BY J. HAYARD TAYLOR.

MIDNIGHT broods o'er the earth. The silver moon  
Pours down a flood of glory, through the boughs  
Of the embowering trees that stand around,  
Twining their giant arms in close embrace,  
Like springing arches in some Gothic hall.  
How grand a temple for God's worship here!  
Tall shafts rise proudly up, whose sculptured roof  
Woven of leaves and moonbeams, just lets in  
A starry ray—the lamp that lights the dome.  
The light and shade that sleep upon the turf,  
Seem the mosaic of the temple's floor;  
While flowers that shun the day, send perfume up  
From viewless censers, at the night-wind's sigh.  
'T is holy ground. Vice dare not enter here,  
Where God has built his unpoiled hall  
Of night and silence, in the forest lone.

How calmly look the starry eyes of heaven  
From Midnight's chambers, on the slumbering world!  
The solemn hush that wraps all mortal things  
Broods on the saddened soul, as if it felt  
The presence of a spirit lingering near,  
And waited for a voice—an angel voice—  
To whisper peace and joy! How feeble, now,  
The power of earthly song! Oh, for the lyre  
On which some seraph, in his sun-bright home,  
Hymns to the Fountain of all Life and Light,  
His joyous strains! That like yon murmuring stream,  
That listeth from the dell its tireless voice,  
The heart might pour its love and gladness out  
In grateful song to Heaven. Th' unfettered soul  
Claims kindred with the limitless expanse,  
Grasps, with a giant power, creation's span,  
And mourns the glory that it cannot wear

No earthly hope—no thought that is not pure—  
May dim the brightness of the spirit's gaze;  
Through the world's prison-bars it sees unveiled  
The sunshine of eternity!

Whence moves,  
Through the far depths of space, yon radiant orb,  
Or wherefore were yon quenchless fires hung out  
To tempt ambition's wing, if earth shall be  
The bound of man's existence? No: the soul,  
Freed from all cares, shall mount the starry steep,  
And bathe its wings in glories unconceived.  
Let him whose mind, wrapped in the clouds of doubt,  
Dares to revile the truth, go forth alone  
At the still midnight hour. The walls that pride  
Has built up round his heart will fall away,  
And hopes arise to shed, like forest-flowers,  
Their incense-breath on life's bewildering way,  
And bloom on Error's grave.

The glow of morn  
May crown with gold the mountain's brow, and call  
The world to joyous life; along the west  
The sunset's bannered clouds may brightly flame  
Like those unfolding skies that bend above  
The regions of the blest—and on the towers  
That twilight builds, the wander stars may keep  
Their glorious watch; the soul cannot be freed  
From earthly thoughts that clog its soaring wing  
And chain it from the sky. But midnight's hour,  
With all its awful stillness—when the throbs  
Of the great pulse of day is felt no more—  
Lifts it on high, to wander 'mid those realms,  
That, when this earth shall moulder into gloom,  
Will ever be its bright inheritance.





## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XXI.

ROBERT MORRIS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is a common saying that the world rates every man at his true value; but if by the world is meant the public in general, the remark is absurd. How many of our ablest citizens, whose lives have passed apart from the crowd in the quiet discharge of duty, are unknown beyond the circle of their immediate acquaintance; while others of less merit or ability, by a lucky connection with some exciting event, or a fortuitous combination of circumstances, have suddenly become famous. Even in literature we often see the modest man of talent comparatively unnoticed, when the charlatan, by persevering effrontery, blazes into notoriety. A scornful defiance of public opinion—a recklessness as to all laws human and divine—a licentious style, and a wild, licentious life, have done more to render some writers popular than either genius, taste, or acquirements. Congreve had first to be a beau, before he could become a fashionable comedian. Byron's reputed life abroad doubled the sale of the Corsair. The time was when a man was scarcely regarded as a genius unless he had been as reckless as Savage, or as irregular as Rousseau. Even yet too much leniency, we might say admiration, is bestowed on the abuse of intellect. Novelists and poets are daily extolled by gray-headed critics, adored by sentimental misses, and imitated by precocious youngsters in their teens, for works whose immorality, if expressed in another shape, would have consigned their authors to the penitentiary, or earned them a whipping by the common hangman at the tail of a cart.

This evil calls aloud for remedy. It can only be afforded by holding up to emulation those writers whose works possess a salutary tendency. We should learn to reverence worth in *the man* quite as much as ability in *the author*. And if the union of modesty, diversified talent and poetical genius with all the attributes that make the man of integrity, deserves to be commemorated—then we are sure that our townsman Robert Morris merits especial commendation, as being one of the foremost of those who never wrote a line that “dying they would wish to blot.”

The family of Mr. Morris belongs to Philadelphia, though it originally came from Holyhead, in Wales, where it had long held an honorable standing. His father was a sea-captain of the good old school, who, after a long life spent in the Chinese and European trade, took command of an armed ship in the last war, became a prisoner, was confined at Dartmoor,

and subsequently died in France from the effects of his privations. The son was, at this time, only a boy, and had been early destined for the medical profession. But a taste for literature soon interrupted his anatomical pursuits. He had long been in the habit of composing verses secretly, and on occasion of a prize being offered for a poem, by the Saturday Evening Post, was induced to become a competitor. His production immediately received the award. Mr. Morris was at this time in his twentieth year. The success of his first public attempt was so remarkable that his friends persuaded him to continue his efforts in literature: and we find him, shortly after, assuming the editorial chair of the “Philadelphia Album,” a weekly journal on the plan of the New York Mirror. In this new capacity he soon became distinguished for the beauty of his prose as well as for the richness of his poetry. He contributed, among other things, a series of tales to his journal, entitled “Sketches of Roseville,” which is still remembered with delight: indeed, we have the authority of better critics than ourselves for referring to several of these tales as of very high merit.

His poems were general favorites and almost universally copied. Many of these fugitive pieces are now lost beyond the hope of recovery, as the modesty of the author prevented his collecting them into a durable form. Enough remains, however, to show that he had then all the affluent fancy which, in later years and under the “*castigavi ad unguem*,” distinguishes his more finished poems. His connection with the Album continued for several years: first as editor, and afterwards as sole proprietor. When he finally abandoned it, he took charge of the Inquirer, a daily newspaper of Philadelphia, which has ever since been under his control. In the conduct of this journal, he has displayed tact, taste and ability. His demeanor, amid the strifes of political warfare, has been courteous and honorable. By a series of weekly essays, written somewhat in the general manner of the Spectator, Mr. Morris has added to his reputation as a prose writer of fervid imagination, felicitous style, and strong common sense.

The poems of Mr. Morris have been thrown off in the intervals of an arduous life, as a flower is flung down the wind, to find root or perish as chance may assign. They are not, therefore, to be judged as we would judge those on which an author admits he has bestowed all his skill. They ought to be criticised as we would criticise what are called “*vers de société*,”

but they are far above any thing of this kind that has been published, from Walpole down. Many of them, indeed, are finished poems, and would challenge comparison with those of professed poets. There is nothing startling or intense in them—none of the fused lava which burns through Byron; but they abound with noble thoughts, adorned by imagination and surrounded by an atmosphere of grace. At times, however, they are too diffuse.

The versification of Mr. Morris is usually good, not as exquisite as Tennyson's, but more melodious than with ordinary writers. Sometimes his rhythm is like a pellucid river. There breathes throughout most of his pieces an earnestness which comes from and therefore goes straight to the heart. You see he is not in a mood to trifle. Yet there is an almost feminine delicacy in his style, combined with this glowing and ever living enthusiasm; and, with all his earnestness, he shows such subdued and chastened feeling, that a pervading quietude, if we may so speak, broods over his verse. His poetry calms, it does not agitate the soul. It is like the summer moonlight that soothes all nature, rather than like the lightning ploughing up and convulsing the soil.

Mr. Morris has been the author of no less than seven prize productions. His latest and most elaborate poem is entitled "The Past and the Future," and was first read before the William Wirt Institute of Philadelphia, in the spring of 1843. To pretend by a single extract to show the merit of the poem, would be as absurd as to exhibit the brick of the *scholastics* for a specimen of his house. But though the following verses will afford only a faint idea of the general character of this production, they will help to display the fancy, the versification and the manner of the poet.

#### GREECE AND HER PATRIOTS.

The Greek—the noble Greek—oh! who may guess  
The wretched remnant of that gifted race,  
Or see, in pirate bands and Otho's Swiss,  
The blood that dyed the waves of Salamis!  
Who, in the sordid soul and scowling eyes,  
Detect the sons of proud Themistocles;  
Or dream the people now so spirit-crushed,  
Are of the soil of Marathon—where gushed,  
In jetting streams, the life-blood of the brave,  
Who rushed to glory's consecrated grave.

'T is done—the story of her pride and power  
Is of the things that have been—her high hour  
Of night and unity has long gone by,  
And sunset lingers in her darkened sky!  
But still she lives—the virtuous and the just—  
No shaft of death can level with the dust;  
Her deeds will glitter in the eternal sky,  
And live and shine amid the thrones on high.  
Aristides, the just, the patriot brave,  
Who, for their country, sought a bloody grave  
With Sparta's king—and he who, as he fell,  
Heard victory's pearl, and cried, "then all is well!"  
Aye—these shall live while valor has a name,  
Or earth a voice to peal the trump of fame!

But think you not, when from his bleeding breast  
The Theban hero drew the jav'lin out—  
When, as he yielded up his soul to rest,  
And thrilled upon his ear the victor shout,  
He turned upon his childless life and said:  
"Louetta, Mantinea, shield my name!"  
No golden vision hovered round his head,  
And to the Future blazoned bliss and fame!  
So, think you not, when he who first brought down,  
From her bright place among the worlds above,  
The clear-eyed being, who, with moral crowns,

Taught man to look to Heaven with hope and love—  
The Christian Greek, the virtuous Socrates—  
Oh! think you not that when he read his doom,  
And drank with steady lip the deadly leas,  
He saw no world above—beyond the tomb?—  
Yes—when his manly form to pain was given,  
His soul was panting for its flight to Heaven!

We have said nothing of the rank in ideal minds which Mr. Morris is entitled to assume. His imagination is not of that lofty kind which distinguishes the first order of poetic souls; but he has elevated thoughts, an affluent fancy, and great felicity of illustration. There is a touch of more than mere intellect—of genius itself—in many of his metaphors. We may quote the line where, speaking of the faded glories of Greece, he says

*And sunset lingers in her darkened sky.*

There is a very fine conception, likewise, in his allusion to the discoveries of the early astronomers

And thus, when bent with age, the Florentine  
Felt death's cold tremors in his sightless eyes,  
How radiant burst upon his soul the scene  
Of *ten thousand stars amid the skies,*  
And each a lamp that brightened Paradise!

There is great beauty also, in the following, as a picture of the consoling power of religion—

Where patient Grief leans on her thin white hand  
And smiling dreams of the unshadowed land.

A strong religious feeling pervades many of the poems of Mr. Morris. We quote the ensuing as a specimen.

#### THE PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

Father and God! to whom the thoughts  
Of every human breast are known,  
Eternal—Vast—Omnipotent!  
Worlds are but foot-stools to thy throne:  
Amid the peans of the host—  
Thou shouts of joy—the peals of praise—  
The breath of bliss from seraph lips—  
The songs that cherub voices raise—  
Oh! deign to bend a listening ear—  
A child of earth consent to hear!

Forgive, if I too fondly cling  
To one—a thing of dust I know,  
And yet in thy bright image made—  
High heart, free soul, and manly brow—  
Forgive, Great Judge, that even now—  
When I would turn my thoughts above,  
I feel upon my cheek the glow,  
And in my breast the fire of love!  
Forgive, that while I bow, I feel  
A woman's weakness through me steal!

Ah! how vain! and yet to Thee  
Why need I each fond thought disclose?  
Without Thy aid no star could shine,  
No hue could beautify the rose—  
Great Architect of myriad worlds,  
Thou knowest all we feign or feel—  
Each shallow thought—each empty dream—  
Thou why this simple heart reveal?  
The hopes that bud—the joys that bloom—  
Thou know'st them all, their date and doom!

Thou know'st the Future! as the Past  
Its chequered scenes are spread before Thee—  
Fate's arrow quivering in the heart—  
Youth's sunny dream, and manhood's story—  
The flower-crowned bride and winter's even—  
Spring's golden light, and winter's even—  
The cloud that's meant to shadow here—  
The smit that wings the soul to Heaven—  
The breeze that bears a fatal breath,  
And woe-consumption's subtle death!

My present path seems strewn with flowers,  
And bright blue skies are bending o'er me,  
While Hope points to the coming hour,  
And whispers, "Bliss is now before thee!"

And is it so? At times I feel  
A fearful chill upon my spirit,  
And dreams of broken hopes and pangs—  
The wo that all our kind inherit—  
Father and God! oh, be to me  
A guide on life's tempestuous sea.

Without Thee none could live or move;  
The sun from its high place would fall,  
With all the spheres that shine above,  
As lamps, to light this earthly ball.  
Planet and star, and glittering orb,  
Far distant hung amid the air,  
Attest the Universal God,  
The power that made and placed them there;  
And yet, Great Source, how mean a thing  
May nestle under thy wide wing!

Thou art the all Eternal One,  
The soul of nature and of heaven;  
The eye, the ear, the mind of man,  
All speak of Thee and blessings given.  
Without Thee, who could raise a hand,  
Or hear the thunder's loudest peal—  
Or tell when morning's rosy light  
Along the east began to steal?  
Thou art the spirit of the whole,  
The all-pervading source and soul.

Thou know'st my heart—its hopes and fears—  
Its tumults wild—its plighted faith—  
The flame that burns within its depths.  
Oh! keep it pure and true till death!  
And that heathen's idol—may he prove  
All that my fancy pictures now,  
A being meant and formed for love—  
No stain upon his soul or brow—  
Then, then, kind Heaven, this life will be  
A path that upward leads to Thee!

One of the best of his prize poems is the following :

#### NATURE.

Heaven's earliest born and still unsullied child,  
Whose smile is morning and whose frown is night,  
Around whose brow Earth's earliest roses smiled—  
Thine was the glow of beauty—thine the light  
That beamed o'er Paradise, when woman there.  
Fresh from her Maker's hand—a faultless thing—  
With dove-like eyes, and shadowy golden hair,  
From groveling beast, or bird on tireless wing,  
Won homage as she passed. Thine, too, the glow  
That flushed her cheek, or beamed from her white brow,

Beauty is thine in all her changing dyes—  
Color, and light, and shade, and sound, and song.  
Morn's purple hues, and Evening's golden skies—  
The whispering summer breeze—the whirlwind strong—  
Night with her starry train, a shining band—  
Each wandering victor of yon trackless deep—  
Italia's greenest spot—Zahara's sand—  
The thunder's roll—the lightning's living leap—  
The lark's light note—the murmur of the bee—  
All speak of Heaven, of Order, and of Thee.

The Seasons are thy handmaids, and the flowers  
Fair emblems of thy beauty—bending grain  
Made golden by the sunshine's magic power—  
The howling tempest—and the gentle rain  
Of Summer's softer mood—blossom and fruit—  
The bending willow and the creeping vine—  
The rattling hail storm, and the snow flake mute—

The time-worn oak, the cedar and the pine—  
Ningra's roaring Fall—the noiseless rill—  
Were Nature's at the dawn—are Nature's still.

Mighty or gentle as may suit thy mood—  
The whirlwind and the earthquake tell thy power—  
Thy hand scooped out old Ocean—Etna piled—  
Bent the first rainbow—painted the first flower!  
But loveliest is thy face in Spring's glad hour—  
The meadows green—the waters leaping free—  
The earth yet wet with morning's dewy shower—  
The sunlight beaming o'er the distant sea—  
When new-born winds their freshness first disclose  
And wanton with the violet and the rose.

Thy temples are upon the lofty steeps  
Of Andes and the Apennines—and where  
The coral insect toils beneath the deep,  
Or the lone Arab bends his knee in prayer—  
The meanest intellect—the mightiest mind—  
Master and slave alike admit thy power—  
Monarch and nation—hero, prince and hind,  
Must yield at Nature's tributary hour—  
Before these forests tremble, mountains nod—  
How feeble Art to Thee—"A worm, a God."

Oh, Nature! is it strange the forest child,  
The tawny tenant of the boundless West—  
With none to lead his mind beyond the wild,  
Or point his thoughts to regions of the blest—  
Should deem thy glories godlike, and fall down  
A savage worshiper? Should see in thee  
The spirit of the leaping cataract—  
The power of Life, and Death, and Destiny—  
Should, as the lightning flashes through the sky,  
Believe it fire from some immortal eye!

No—rather marvel that the lettered fool—  
The worm whom Heaven has given the power of thought,  
Seeing thy glories, and the magic rule  
That governs all thy works—should set at naught  
The lesson that they teach—should mock the power  
That called from chaos all that mingles here—  
The loftiest mountain and the lowliest flower—  
Earth, Air and Ocean—each celestial sphere—  
Should look from sea to sky—from dust to man—  
And see no God in all the wondrous plan!

"Lolette" is a graceful and sprightly poem, somewhat out of the usual style of Mr. Morris. We therefore regret the less our want of room for it.

It is scarcely within the province of a critical notice to speak of the virtues of the man, except so far as they dignify and exalt the productions of the author. But, before we dismiss ourselves from our task forever, we would fain linger a moment to bear our feeble testimony to the integrity, the amenity, and the kindness of heart which have endeared Mr. Morris to us as a man. Ever foremost in works of charity—upright in all his dealings—with a chivalrous sense of honor—apparently without a spark of envy or a grain of gall in his character—he has attached to himself an unusually large circle of friends, whose respect and love increase with years, and whose best wishes will attend him to the close of life.

## EVENTIDE.

BY J. T. F.

Thy cottage door, this breezy gale,  
Hay-scented, whispering round,—  
Yon pathside rose that down the vale  
Breathes incense from the ground—  
Methinks should from the dustiest clod  
Invite a thankful heart to God.

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But, Lord, the violet bending low  
Seems better moved to praise,—  
From us what scanty blessings flow!  
How voiceless close our days!  
Father, forgive us, and the flowers  
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

## FIELD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### NO. II.—THE NIGHT DRIVE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THE sun had entirely set before Archer's gallant team had whisked the shooting-wagon up to the door of the Dutch tavern.

There was still, however, a lingering crimson flush on the western sky, against which the broad-backed mountains stood out erect, massive and purple, as if they had been perpendicular ramparts. High overhead the stars were twinkling clear and vivid in the dark azure vault, up which the thread-like crescent of the young moon was climbing, with one large lustrous planet at her side.

The atmosphere was pure and breathless, and so still that not a sound of any kind was to be heard, except the quick clatter of the hoofs on the frozen road, and the slight rumbling noise of the well-built carriage.

About a mile distant from the broken bridge, the by-road, which crossed it, entered a broader and more beaten track lying at right angles, or nearly so, to its previous course, and running through a glen of the same character with that through which the travelers had passed, though somewhat wider, and watered by what might be called a river.

In order to reach this valley, the road they had been following, which hitherto had wound in and out among the hills, through twenty little dells and basins, crossing at most the lower spurs of the wooded ranges, here, breasted by the main western ridge, scaled it boldly in a series of steep zigzags, partly scarped in the hill-side, partly supported by piles and breastworks of timber.

The branches of the trees crossed overhead, forming a roof like that of a Gothic aisle, and, as is usual, the frosts of autumn had taken less effect on the foliage where the upland soil was dry, although rich, than in the sour and watery swamps of the valley.

Not a ray of light, therefore, penetrated the dense canopy of boughs, and the road was as dark as a closed room at midnight.

Harry was laughing and talking merrily as they left the line of the valley, and, to say the truth, took no note of the darkness so long as the road continued straight. But after it had ascended, perhaps a hundred yards in a right line, there was a sharp and awkward angle. The leaders, as is usually the case, tried to turn too quickly, and as the side of the road to which they were bearing was that which fell down abruptly to the valley, Harry met them with a firm hand, holding them to the hill, though unable to see a foot in front of the wheels.

Luckily at this moment the fore wheels rose over a little mound, plunged down abruptly on the other side, and were followed by the hinder wheels, with the same unsteady, jerking motion. The next instant Archer pulled up the horses, backed them, the least in the world, and they stood with their traces slack, the vehicle sustained by the jog, as it is

called, or little gully, made to prevent the wintry rains from washing the steep roads, as is the case generally in our mountain regions.

"Tun," exclaimed Harry, almost before the wagon had become motionless.

"Ay! ay! sur," answered the sharp-witted Yorkshireman. But to Tom Draw's huge amusement, and something, be it added, to his master's likewise, the short, sonorous response came from the heads of the horses, and, as both had expected, from the back seat of the dog-cart.

"Tim, we must have the lamps," said his master, well knowing that in the *ait admirari* lies half the secret of being well and promptly served. "The road is as dark as a black dog's mouth; I cannot see the gray wheellet's cat-let alone the leaders."

"Ay! we warrant it," replied the groom. "Ay kenned that varra weel, afore 'at you quit 't valley. See, thinks ay to mysen, there's be a fash enow, wi' t' leaders, an' ay 'll be needed at t' heads on 'em. See ay joost clipped out ahint t' wagon, an' weel it is, ay weel, ay thought on it, for t' leaders wad hae been doon t' bank in another minit."

"Quite right, Tim! quite right!" said his master approvingly, "I was thinking of something else, or I would have lighted up before we got into the woods. Now look alive, man. You have got candles in the lamps I hope?"

"Ay! ay! sur. Two i' t' great lump under t' footboard, and one in each o' t' oothers. Boot t' matches are i' t' jost chest yonder. Noo, Master Forester, gin you 'll please joost jump out, an' stand to t' leaders while ay get 'em, we 'll hae light enow enow."

"Good Lord! jump out indeed! I shall break my neck, and go head over heels down the crags," he responded, half in fun half in earnest, and with a sort of doleous tone, that showed he was not altogether sure but that his words would be realized.

"Get out on the off side, Frank!" said Archer, "and keep between the wagon and the hill; you 'll do well enough then. That's it."

"What you say right is perfectly true, Harry," replied Frank, scrambling out of the bear-skins, in which he was rolled up so snugly, and making for the horses' heads, which he reached in a minute. "But what the devil have you done with old Tom? I haven't heard a word—no! not an oath even—since we stopped. Punch him in the ribs, Harry."

"No! no!" shouted the fat man lustily, "don't you dew that—don't you dew that, I say. I swan, I 'll fix you, little wax-skin, when we gits to Jakes."

"Oh! you 're awake now, are you?" replied the other laughing. "Was he asleep, Harry?"

"I rather think not, Frank," answered Archer, "for I have heard a noise for the last ten minutes, not quite so loud as Niagara, it is true, but about as loud as Patterson Falls, I should say—a constant gushing, as if of a good strong river—and, there's a devil of a smell of rum here now."

"T'aint rum," responded the fat man indignantly, "it's good old apple-jack. Little wax-skin there would give his eyes for a sup of it. That's good, there comes the lamps," he added, as Timothy, after hustling about, and jingling for some minutes in the tool-chest, made his appearance with a small glass lantern and some matches, by aid of which he soon lighted the lamps; and these, with their strong magnifying glasses and bright reflectors, made the whole road as clear as day, and cast a broad white glare upward upon the many-colored leaves which formed the vault overhead.

"Don't put it out, Tim," said his master, "we'll blow a cloud directly. That will do, Frank, lad. Just turn their noses into the road again, and then jump in and make yourself comfortable. The big cigar-case is under your seat, there. Just hand it out, and help yourself; and then pass it forward. I have not one left in my pouch."

"Now, then!" he added, after a minute's pause, during which three Maulla cheroots were kindled, and a rich odor of the Indian weed diffused through the still night air. "Now, then!"

"All's tight!" responded Timothy, and sprang in a moment into his seat, just as Archer, gathering his reins, and reaching his whip from the socket, uttered a low, soft whistle, and a "Get away, lads!"

There was a rattling of the bars, a clash of hoofs, and a pebble or two flew into the air; and then, without more ado, the four fleet horses were in merry motion.

The clear light flashed along the road, silvered the mossy bolls of the huge trees, and cast strange, wavering sheets of alternate shade and lustre through the deep forest aisles. Several times, as they were whirled along at ten miles an hour, a heavy flapping of huge wings, and a wild, dolorous screech from some tall tree, announced that their lamps had awakened some large night-bird from its slumbers; and once, just as they cleared the woods and issued into an open field on the mountain's brow, a long protracted howl rose feebly into the silence, not as it would seem above fifty yards behind them.

"What in the devil's name is that?" said Frank hastily, laying his hand as he spoke, almost instinctively, on the butt of one of the long duelling pistols, a brace of which, in leathern holsters, were attached to each seat, ready for instant service.

"Yun's a varra oogly noise, is yon?" exclaimed Timothy, astonished; which, by the way, was a thing that rarely happened.

"I s'worn, that's a wolf!" shouted fat Tom, answering the question and the observation at the moment of their utterance. For all three spoke simultaneously.

"A wolf, is it?" said Forester quietly, removing his hand from the weapon. For he knew the habits of the animal, though he had never seen one, too well to anticipate any danger. "I did not know you had any of the varmints here."

"A wolf!" exclaimed Timothy, making a plunge under the bear-skins to snatch his master's rifle. "Heart alive! we're be all eaten oop' n' non' time!"

"Nonsense, Tim," replied Harry laughing—"there's no danger. Wolves never meddle with men here—but I did not think there were any left in this quarter."

"Nor I nuther," answered old Tom, scratching his head and cogitating. "Nor there haint been none heres'way these six or eight year. We're a goin' to have a hard

winter now, I reckon. Leastwise, they say hard weather to the nor-rad brings down the t'arnal critters this away. But I'm right glad to hear him howl, hows'ever."

"Glad! why the deuce are you glad, Tom?" asked Harry. And this again was rather an unusual occurrence; for so well did Archer understand the bent of the fat worthy's genius that he but rarely asked an explanation.

"'Case when you hears a wolf howl, Archer," he made answer, "you may be sure game is either very plenty, or very scarce—one or other! Now it aint no how possible as that chap should be druv by hunger to make that 'ere dismal screechin,' for every body knows that the woods here is full o' possums and rabbits. So it must be 'case deers is plenty that he's hollering—that's why I says I'm glad. Archer, I'd a thought, too, you'd have had sense to a knowed it."

"May it not be that it's because possum's plenty that he's 'hollering'?" asked Frank slyly.

"No!" answered Tom very gruffly—drew a long whiff of smoke, blew it out slowly—"No—and you knows it."

"Indeed I do not, Tom," replied Frank, stifling a laugh.

"I know nothing about wolves or possums either. Do tell us."

"You lie, boy! you dew know. And you'll raise no foolin' out o' me, I tell you. So quit. Now, Timothy, git out your old bull's horn, and blow up. Them lights as you see down yonder is at Jake's, and I can see by the way they're a fixin' and manquvirin' that they're a gittin' things fixed to go to bed to rights. Put on, Harry! Put on lad; it is all good road now, though it be's down hill a leetle!"

It certainly was down hill a *little*—for the road lay at an angle of some 95 degrees. Yet Harry took him at his word, and put the nag along, holding them well in hand, and with the jingling of trace and curb chains, the clatter of the bars, rattling against the leaders' haughs, and the roll of the rapid wheels, they thundered down the slope; while loud above the din rose the clear, mellow notes of Tim Matlock's well blown bugle, making the gorges of the Blue Hills resound with the unusual cadences of "God save the King."

As they came wheeling round the angle into the broader valley, they passed a founting mill-dam barring the little river, overhung by a dozen mill-glorious weeping-willows, the foliage of which was still full and verdant. A large, calm pool, reflecting the bright starry skies, and the dark forest masses of the precipitous hill which wailed its farther side, lay close to the left hand of the road, and was but slightly separated from it by a rough fence of unbarbed larch poles from the mountain. On the right, all the level space between the road and the other hill, not exceeding fifty yards in width, was covered with a beautiful second growth of oak, hickory and maple, with a thick underwood of cranberry and wintergreens, interspersed with the glossy leaves of the azalia, the calmia and the rhododendron.

In this fair woodland was the little tavern, to which they were bound, nestled so closely that its existence remained unsuspected until the traveler was almost in front of its long, low Dutch portico, and stately sign-post.

Harry, however, knew the locale so well that he had his horses in hand; and as he slaved the trunk of a huge chestnut, which marked the boundary of the little green before the door, he pulled up instantly, and the light of half a dozen candles and lanterns; for the well known sound of his bugle had roused all the inhabitants, and it was in the midst of a deafening shout of cacophonous laughter, and "Ky! Masser Harrys!" announcing half the company, at least, to be Dutch negroes, that the friends jumped to the ground, their night drive pleasantly concluded.



## FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

*Brussels, 30th July, 1845.*

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—In the absence of any great literary production worth speaking of, allow me to entertain your readers with an account of an article published in the *Monatst Laetter zur Ergaenzung der Allgemeinen Zeitung*, (Monthly Supplementary Leaves of the Augsburg Journal,) on "American Literature and the Arts."

The paper on American Poetry and the Arts alluded to, speaks very highly of Philadelphia, as the seat of the muses and of learning, and gives society in the city of brotherly love the preference over that of New York or Boston. In Boston the writer observed "too much provincial spirit, too much love for 'the home of the fathers,' too much copying of British originals, too little enthusiasm for the mission of America." Yet does he admit the great literary cultivation of New England; only that her poetry is too exclusive, and confined to the scenery and life of the North Eastern States. When the New Englander leaves his native place, and explores either the regions West or South, he becomes a thorough American, and, if endowed with genius, a national poet. Such a one is Bryant, whom the writer calls the first lyric in the English language. "Bryant," he says, "is through and through an American, comprehending the great mission of the United States, and viewing every thing truly as an American. No where a vestige of European or British imitation. Even his pictures are American, like the nature into whose mysteries he has penetrated; only that he is a little monotonous, like the prairies and primeval forests which he so beautifully depicts, and it would appear as if his enthusiastic love of country stifled in his heart the great passion of mankind. He has never sung love; liberty was his idol. Of Bryant much has been translated into German; among other poems 'The Winds,' by Freithrath. I prefer, therefore, to quote two poems of a different kind, one a species of *impromptu* (!) the other as far as I remember only published in a collection of poems lately edited in Philadelphia. The latter, though incomplete, proves the calling of the author, and bears the indisputable stamp of mastery."

Here he gives "The Battle-Field" and "The Evening Reverie" of Bryant, for which I refer the reader to Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America."

"Bryant," continues the writer in the Monthly Supplement, "is the first American poet. All his works are the mirror of the purest mind. He is no where a mere imitator, and in his public life, as in his songs, true, fearless and noble." He then furnishes extracts from Mr. Bryant's beautiful descriptions of the Western prairies and "The Autumn Woods."

These are the gardens of the desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name—  
The prairies! I behold them for the first.  
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
Takes in the ever-telling vastness. Lo! they stretch  
In airy undulations far away,  
As if the ocean in its gentlest swell  
Stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed  
And motionless forever.

And then—

Eric in the northern gale  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone.  
The woods of autumn all around our vale  
Have put their glory on.

Mr. Willis is also highly spoken of, but his prose preferred to his poetry, and translations of specimens promised in a future number. James Kirke Paulding's "Passage Down the Ohio," and a variety of poems of Charles Fenno Hoffman are designated as eminently national. "Thaw King's Visit to New York," by the latter, of which the first four verses are given, are accompanied by the following praise of the ladies, which may here find a place as an offset to Mr. Von Raumer's strictures. "The writer of this review can only agree with the poet in his praise of the New York fair. Broadway, which on the return of the sun is thronged with beautiful women, resembles a variegated bed of flowers."

In reply to the British reviewers of American poetry, the writer remarks—"But I have quoted enough to show that the assertion of English reviewers that America possesses no national literature, and is not on the way of obtaining one, is presumptuous and without foundation. The prose writers, Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving, England herself is obliged to count among the classic English writers, and the English editions of the poems of Bryant, Hoffman, Willis, Longfellow, &c., prove at least the popularity of American writers among the British public, although the reviewers rebel against it. Above all things, it is evident that American life, the political and social relations of the country, the sublime scenery of the western continent, the prairies and forests, and the gigantic rivers and lakes, act sufficiently on the imagination of the poet, and that the necessity of labor and the conquest of the soil do not exclude poetic sentiments. That the Americans will as yet do much that future generations will be called upon to sing, follows from the nature of circumstances. Their historical consciousness, the great source of every national literature, is as yet young; but in view of its youth it has been much improved, and every year augments its treasure. That the taste for literature is not yet universal may be owing to the great health of the body politic.

"There is nothing rotten yet in Denmark."

"America has not yet passed through the various stages of humanity which form the historical, and, through animated memory, the poetical education of a people. The history of America is as yet but the recital of the uninterrupted, daily increasing prosperity of the nation. But misfortunes are far more poetical than prosperity, and the future, from its indistinctness, more promise than the perspective of the past. Thus, by the way of excuse, why America has not yet produced a Shakespeare or a Byron; as regards the other English poets, the difference is not so great that America may not cherish the modest hope to reach them in course of time."

"If America possesses, as yet, no republic of letters,"

continues the writer, "if her poets and prose writers are yet obliged to treat of the questions of daily politics, and to speak to the people through the press, it only proves that the great mass of the population has more poetical taste than a particular caste, and that public spirit, the cement between the individual and society, does not exclude the poet. Only the grimace of sentimentality is thereby banished; for the poet is obliged to enter upon practical life, and neither authors nor auditory are formed in the closet. The enjoyment of poetry is, in America, not the exclusive privilege of those who are able to purchase books, but is universal, as it was when the poets directly spoke to the people; without requiring a literary broker, in the shape of a publisher. But from all this it does not follow that poetry itself suffers by the arrangement, unless it be taken for granted that the people are incapable of noble sentiments, enthusiasm, and poetical elevation, a thought which assuredly would dull every vein of poetic fancy, and seal the mouth of the poet forever. It is a sickly taste which perceives the passions and feelings that form the eternal theme of the poet only in the so-called higher classes; the great mass of the people reflect them much more purely and naturally, and at the end the sublimest poet can do no more than preach the gospel to the poor. . . . The faith, conviction, and clairvoyance of the poet feels the necessity of communication, and it is nothing but old-fashioned prudery, if the literary dandies of England believe that the medium reacts essentially on the subject—that a daily paper may not be the vehicle of poetic sentiments. The Corn Law Rhymes are not less poetic, because printed on a rag of paper—they sing of the dry bread which the laws of the nobility keep from the starving poor. If within the whole province of literature there be something truly flat and stale, it is the so-called 'Parlor Literature' of England, which represents very little more than the opinions afloat at the tea or coffee table in Germany. The authors who write for that public, and present themselves before the ladies, printed on vellum and bound in morocco, write, after all, wholly for money, and (like Charles Dickens) choose the theme furnished them by the bookseller."

The writer then maintains that America, notwithstanding the ENGLISH language, possesses still all the elements of a distinct national literature, and has already made considerable progress toward it. "If the youth of the United States, and the necessity of forming themselves at first after English models, be taken into consideration, one must be astonished at what has already been done, and arrive at the conviction that America, in every other respect the successful rival of Great Britain, will not remain behind her in literature. . . . The assertion that the spirit of commerce acts in America as a disenchantment on poetry, is false; for, in the first place, America is still an agricultural, and not a commercial or manufacturing country; and, secondly, according to the observation of impartial men, the abstract love of money is far greater in England and Holland than in the United States. . . . The American is not only daring in his

commerce, but also in his industry in agriculture, the chase, and the fisheries. The real money-man is not enterprising, but saving, and selfishly interested, and prefers transacting business at the stock exchange to that carried on in the markets of the world, in India and China. There is something adventurous, if not poetical, in the manner in which the Americans carry on commerce; the rich, instead of lending their money at interest, prefer building ships, and circumnavigating the world. This is no narrow-minded, shop-keeper's spirit—this is courage, self-reliance, perseverance. The American is the boldest and most adventurous navigator, and herein alone there is much poetic matter, which Cooper has so beautifully improved, and in which region Marryat and Soulié have remained his modest imitators."

The writer continues in this strain of defence of American poetry, and with the same occasional sallies upon England and the English press; but finally admits that America is not given to the romantic style of literature, like Baron Fouqué, Uhland, Tieck, the coryphæi of that much ridiculed school in Germany; but rather strives to imitate the classic spirit of the ancients, and, in support of his opinion, quotes the Xenie of Goethe:

Amerika, du hast es besser  
Als unser Continent, das alte,  
Hast keine verfallene Schatzkammer  
Und keine Basalte:  
Dich stört nicht im Innern  
Zu lebendiger Zeit  
Unnützes Erinnern  
Und vergeblicher Streif.\*

The article then speaks of the American painters and sculptors, and does full justice to them all. Speaking of sculptors, I must not forget to mention a passage from Mr. Von Baumer's book, having reference to Perwoo's statue of Columbus, at the Capitol, in Washington. "Columbus," he says, "is represented in the attitude of stepping forward; with his left hip he very clumsily supports his body; in his high elevated hand he holds a sphere, or a ball for playing nine-pins. By his side, in a singularly tortuous posture, is an Indian woman, fearing or hoping, it is impossible to say which; both knees are very disagreeably turned; the hands are turned at a sharp angle, and viewed—" . . . "The whole group is in the style of over-acting players. On a bridge in Paris such a work of art might be in its proper place; but I cannot approve of the work, much less can I admire it." I mention this passage merely because a similar species of criticism was heard in Washington at the time of the exposure of that singularly phantastic group, but was put down by the lovers of the exotics as not being sufficiently classical.

Powers' "Greck Slave" is rendering all Europe extatic. Where was he when that group was ordered? With such native talent, who will go to Italy?

\* America, thou art better off than our Continent, thou hast no mouldering castles and no Basalt rocks; thou art not disturbed in thy development, and at a living time, by useless remembrances, and empty contentions.

## THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

Thus only king by right divine  
Is Ellen King, and were she mine  
I'd strive for liberty no more,  
But hug the glorious chains I wore.

Her bosom is an ivory throne,  
Where tyrant virtue reigns alone;

No subject vice dare interfere,  
To check the power that governs here.

O! would she deign to rule my fate,  
I'd worship Kings and kingly state,  
And hold this maxim all life long,  
The King—my King—can do no wrong. P.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The United States of North America.* By Frederick Von Raumer.

Though a translation of this work (says our foreign correspondent) into English has been announced some time ago, I know not whether it has actually been published; for the opinions, arguments and views of our author scarcely accord with the prevailing notions of English tourists; much less will his historical deduction be very palatable to English statesmen.

Mr. Von Raumer is a man who came to the United States without prejudices, and, as he himself says in his book, "to learn and not to teach." He expresses himself highly gratified with his journey; for he assures his readers that during no equal period of his life has he learned as much as during his residence in the United States. His book in Germany is an event; for he is considered as the representative of the historical principle—which of all others is most inimical to modern democracy. "The Americans," says the historian of Elizabeth, "have as great a history, and are as old a people, as the Europeans, for the whole history of England is theirs, and that of the Saxons to boot." America is the continuous development of the Saxon and Anglo-Saxon race—the distinct progress in the history of mankind. The author, while he admits that much which exists in the United States is totally unfit to be introduced in Europe, expresses his fear that even the liberals of Europe will not like his book. "European liberalism," says Mr. Von Raumer, "is generally but a partial one; it is turned toward the monarchical point, reserving to itself its peculiar share of despotism, which it nurses, honors and indulges wherever it can. Soldiers, officials, clergymen, and men of science hold their circle of monopolist rights as sacred, and pour out their lamentations about the Americans, who have desecrated their sanctuary, turned their faith into superstition and their gods into idols. And yet all true Americanism consists in the totality of the social, religious and political (public) relations, and not in a few paragraphs of a written constitution, or in single peculiarities of manners and customs." At another place the author says, "Nothing is more natural than that English tourists should be dissatisfied in America, where they find neither king nor common, neither nobility nor bishops, where they miss every thing down to the wigs of their judges." The English are in a habit of considering their form of government as the most perfect, and praise and censure others only in proportion as they approach or recede from that standard. They are, therefore, generally the most unfit persons to form a correct judgment of America. They will never admit the United States as a distinct progress of their history, and consequently never comprehend the genius of our institutions.

"Another reason," says the German historian, "for the erroneous judgment on America, consists in our viewing every thing Transatlantic from the European point of view, and in measuring every thing according to the European standard of value. Thus, when Europeans hear of the sovereignty of the people, they do not think of the orderly, tried sovereignty of the people in the United States, but of the mob of a few European capitals; we forget that if the institutions of the United States were really as deficient as

they represent them, the wisdom of the American people would deserve double admiration." (I translate these passages from the German; perhaps the English edition of the work, if prepared by Mr. Von Raumer himself, will contain some deviations from the above.)

Mr. Von Raumer in his book on the United States expresses himself thoroughly in favor of the democratic principles, views and mode of action of the democratic party, because that is the historical form of America, and shows with much skill, prudence and calmness that the democracy of the United States is essentially different from what is understood by "democracy" in Europe, and more especially in France.

"Had the French people," he remarks, "possessed greater rights before the Revolution; had they had more political preparation, they would not have been guilty of so much excess and crime. Much that was new was not true; much that was true not new; hence the contradictions; the attachment to the old and lifeless, and the exaggerations of the value of innovations. What is gained by the French Revolution, if the American, which called forth a new social world, is considered a failure? What an extraordinary courage in Thomas Jefferson, not to despair at a moment when the fearful phenomenon in France frightened back all Europe from its necessary development. He knew the true characteristic difference of the two people, separated truth from falsehood, application from abuse, the possible from the impossible."

Again: "The American States Rights is not an invention *a priori*, it is the result of the historical preparation of two centuries." . . . "Democracy in America is not a mere accident, the occupation of a party, it is the true soul of the government, as is in other countries monarchy or aristocracy. The United States cannot be judged by other historical democracies and confederations. The United States are distinguished by peculiar characteristics, which, compared with former states, show more differences than similitudes. The United States are especially superior to all the republics of the Old World. The so-called democracies of those times were oligarchies, the constitutions of states nothing but municipal regulations of towns. Hellas perished among these contradictions, and by its internal wars. Rome suffered no liberty beyond its walls."

In regard to the accusations of British and French travelers, Von Raumer observes, "if universal content, indefatigable exertion, uninterrupted progress, be as many proofs of health and vigor, where do these show themselves in a greater degree than in the United States? Among so many millions, there are scarcely a few hypochondriacs who would seriously exchange their laws and institutions for any thing else. Where, on the contrary, do you find in Europe so much satisfaction, so much attachment to existing forms, so much enthusiasm for the constitution? Not only secretly but publicly are these the object of censure, while thousands are active in pulling them to the ground. Scarcely one European government is free from the fever of anguish, from the dread of the malcontents who wish to abolish old forms and to establish new ones. From Maine to Louisiana is order and obedience to the law, without an army or an armed force.

\* The beau ideal of the Continental liberals.

The most important elections pass quietly without any other combat than words and reasons, whereas in Europe nothing similar is possible, without the police and the soldiery contributing their share to the maintenance of order. If England enjoys a more undisturbed motion, the army which she maintains in Ireland against a single man, to persevere in the oppression of an unfortunate people, is such a flagrant injustice, and shows so morbid a state of society, that one might suppose nothing slanderous against the United States would come from that quarter."

In reference to the uncertainty of democratic institutions, Mr. Von Raumer strikes an historical balance with legitimacy: "In the juridical sense in which a people exists in the United States, there never was one on earth; and all evils of democracy taken together have not caused so much human suffering as the question about the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the rulers of France, England, Sweden, Portugal and Spain." The objections against the mode of electing a president he answers still more strikingly, by an appeal to history: "Whatever may be thought of the mode of electing the president," he observes in the second volume of his work, under the head of "Conventions," "there is no uninterrupted series of hereditary kings, or elective kings, or of Popes, which may be compared to the eleven American presidents. Those European absolutists who object to the agitation accompanying a presidential election, ought to be reminded of the fact that during the time those presidents were peaceably elected, presided with dignity over the affairs of the country, and in the same quiet manner retired from office, twice as many kings were dethroned and reinstated, beheaded and assassinated, viz. Gustavus III. and Gustavus IV., Paul I., Stanislaus Poniatowsky, the Kings of Portugal and Spain, Charles Ferdinand and Christine of Sweden, Louis XVI. and Charles X., Murat, Napoleon and the Napoleonesides, and thus down to the Duke of Brunswick; beside the attempts at assassination against the King of the French, the Queen of England and the King of Prussia!"

Baron Von Raumer is even for universal suffrage. He denies that there is such a thing as a mob in the United States, or a class which cannot be governed by the laws and the example of the respectable citizens. "What have those states gained," he asks, "which have constantly placed the 'to have' higher than the 'to be,' which have confided more to manhood than to mind? According to European notion a man is nothing if he *have* nothing; but if the poor are thus identified with the mob, mob is created. The American proposition—*quisquis præsumitur bonus*—and that those who have little may still be something, elevates men, and makes honorable effort a matter of honor." In another place he cites Chancellor Kent, whose views of government he is far from approving. The worthy chancellor says: "If all history is not a falsehood, there is a disposition of the poor to plunder the rich, of the debtors not to fulfill their contracts, of the majority to tyrannize the minority and to trample their rights under feet, of the lazy and dissolute to throw the whole burden of society on the industrious, and of the ambitious to inflame these combustible materials." "But these remarks," replies Mr. Von Raumer, "may with the same truth and justice be inverted thus: If all history is not a falsehood, there is a disposition on the part of the rich to oppress the poor, on the part of the creditor to enforce his claims beyond the bounds of humanity, on the minority to trample the rights of the masses under feet, on the part of the lazy and dissolute voluptuary to throw the whole burthen of society on the laboring classes, and on the part of the egotists to be perfectly indifferent as to the fate of their fellow beings."

But I have already dwelt too long on the political opinions of the writer, who, in Europe, has rather enjoyed

the reputation of a tame monarchist, and whose eulogy of American institutions is the more surprising, and will produce the greater effect. Mr. Von Raumer has not only seen America, he has studied it, as may be seen from his numerous quotations of American and English authors, congressional speeches, pamphlets, documents and statistics. For the historical writers of the United States he professes great respect, in terms which prove his modesty and candor. "Since to write history is an art, I will here speak of it (under the head of *Fine Arts*.) Men like Bancroft, Prescott, Sparks, have in this respect done so much, that no living European historian will place himself before them, but will feel glad and grateful if taken by the hand, and acknowledged by them as a colleague." As to poetry, he remarks: "America has no monuments; but a nature which unites the venerability of age with the full power of youth. Do Pyramids, Colosseums, and old castles, once the habitation of robbers, prove the progress and value of the arts, or rather the misery produced by tyranny? The poetry of the Americans is not in the past; it is in the future. We Europeans pass with a deal of sentimentality through the evening red of the sinking day into night; the Americans go through the dawn of morning into the noon of day. Their great, historically proved, indubitable past lies near them: their FATHERS have done great things, not their *great, great, great grandfathers!*"

After speaking of the American school system, the different religious sects, commerce, literature and the arts, the author gives his local impressions of the United States in a series of letters, dated from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, &c. With the schools he is generally well satisfied, in religion he would wish far more tolerance. His views of society are less striking and original. He has seen more of the United States than of individuals, and more of men than women, or he would not have said so little of the latter, and that little not always in a style worthy of himself. His objections to their toilet are exceedingly pedantic, and would better grace a German pedagogue than an historian. But what does a man of Mr. Von Raumer's age know about the toilet of ladies? He is at best but a superficial observer, when he takes the bad cut of a dress—the mere clumsy certificate of a milliner—for a proof of the want of symmetry of form! Mr. Von Raumer wrote a very clever book on England, and a very impartial one on the United States, and he is a man of great historical research and learning, but in speaking of the ladies of the United States, he spoke, it is quite evident, without authority. The learned author's dislike of diminutive forms may be owing to his long residence in the Mark of Brandenburg;\* the ostrich and camel of the desert are certainly best calculated to wade through the sand of the desert; but there are those who, with his permission, prefer the gentle dove and the light-footed gazelle.

The habit of expectorating, which Europeans stigmatize as "national American," our author finds comparatively little fault with, though he has watched persons, and counted their transgressions in this respect by the minute. "In other respects," he says, "the Americans are as educated as any people in the world."

The Niagara Falls he describes as the most beautiful living landscape he ever beheld. He has seen the glaciers of the Alps, he has been on Mount *Ætna*; but neither ice nor lava moved him like the mirror of those Falls. "It is not one, nor two Falls—it is a series of natural wonders," he exclaims, "changing and renewing themselves at every minute, and unfolding to the beholder a world of incomparable beauty. He who here is not at the very first moment enchanted, will be but very little aided by time; one

\* The most sandy region of all Germany. Berlin lies in an immense sandy plain.

can never be satiated, for there is, perhaps, not one place in the whole world where one can be better initiated into the secrets and revelations of nature."

Of the New York aqueduct, he says—"It is a work which, as regards boldness, solidity, utility and size, has no equal on earth." Compared to it, the Egyptian pyramids appeared to him merely as monuments of thoughtless despotism.

American society he sums up thus:—"America does not lack good manners—because it lacks court manners; and it is better that persons should be regarded on account of their intrinsic merit, than that diplomatic considerations should abolish all individual characteristics. From very natural reasons the lower classes of America, taken all in all, are better educated and more thinking than in other countries. Even the backwoodsmen read newspapers, and show that they are well informed about many things. We may smile when, in America, a major in the militia acts as driver of a stage coach, or if a colonel takes your measure for a pair of trousers, but we ought to wince that European cabbage barons, (Krautjunker, a term of reproach, applied to the nobility of the country,) maintain that they have a right, and the skill to think and act for a whole community. It would be a gain, if the Americans would keep routs, soirées, and the crowd of drawing-rooms at a proper distance—though a number of persons belonging to the *haute volée* see in them the triumph, and the flower of European sociability. But there is hardly room to look upon the beautiful women, and conversation and change of thought are entirely out of the question. That kind of sociability leads, on the contrary, to a gradual diminution and disappearance of all thought, where the most informed stands at last on the same platform with the ignorant. The finesses and formule of an old aristocracy, the polish of courtiers, the yielding, modest condescension of superiors, the mere compliments of equals, we must not look for in America. Whoever sees in these things the climax of social intercourse, will doubtlessly be much disappointed. Neither is there, in America, a capital leading the fashion, or a marked contrast between town and country, as in Europe."

The mild chastisement of European society, contained in those remarks, are the more remarkable as the author's position in the social world of Europe was one which opened to him constantly the highest court circles. Mr. Von Raumer saw the best (I mean the highest) society of England, and from his birth and education, was at home in it in Germany. He may, therefore, be considered as a competent judge, as far as the society of the Old World is concerned, and his hints as to its insipience may serve to prevent its slavish imitations in our own country. On the whole, Mr. Von Raumer's book is a valuable addition to the works on the United States published in Europe. It is written with much candor and spirit, and affords some striking contrasts between the New and the Old World. It will be read with much interest in America, and will create no ordinary sensation in England. If a jury of impartial men be summoned to-morrow to try the cause of the United States versus Europe, at the bar of public opinion, the author of the present volumes may safely take his seat as a juror; for he and his countrymen generally have long ago triumphantly acquitted America of the gross slanders and foul calumnies heaped upon her by professional tourists from England.

*The Indicator and Companion.* By Leigh Hunt. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 16mo.

Hunt's essays are fascinating compositions, in spite of many faults. They are written in a style of most voluble

richness and sweetness—are pervaded by the genial warmth of a light and pleasant disposition—and are replete with passages of picturesque description. He spends out his whole mind on his page, and tells his reader, in confidence, all the secrets of his life. His style has often a dainty, lagging movement, like a fly struggling in the embrace of sweetmeats. He possesses the faculty of enjoying life. Sickness, poverty, calumny, cannot embitter his heart, or interfere with his delights. An irrepressible gaiety bubbles up from his heart, and diffuses itself over his compositions. He is often impertinent, conceited, "from the purpose" of writing, but he is never dull. The fineness of his fancy, and the delicacy of his sensations, light up his style with quaint and pleasant images, and give a rich and racy sensuousness to his sentiment. The sense of luxury he addresses with potent effect. To venture into his own train of fancy, the face of his rhetoric sometimes glows with the "rouge," instead of the "rose" of beauty.

Hunt is one of the most peculiar, and, in his own department, one of the most original, essayists of the time. The "Indicator" is full of agreeable reading, and is well styled, "a miscellany for the fields and the fireside." We hardly know of a book which better gives the feeling of *comfort*. The author makes the reader like him, by making the reader satisfied with himself.

*Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* By Thomas Arnold, D. D. Edited from the Second London Edition. With a Preface and Notes. By Henry Reid, U. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This edition is far superior to the London, inasmuch as it is illustrated with a greater profusion of notes, and apposite extracts from Dr. Arnold's other writings. Of the value of the work, it is hardly necessary to speak. As the production of a profound scholar and good man, it has acquired a solid reputation, based on intrinsic excellences. To one who intends to study history, the book is an invaluable companion, while no person can read it without having his views of life expanded, and his healthy sympathies for freedom and right strengthened and appropriately directed. The Inaugural Lecture, in which Dr. Arnold considers the nature, powers, and ultimate end of government, and the distinctive character of modern history, will be read with particular interest, on account of the widely different opinions held on those subjects.

*The Mission: Or, Scenes in Africa.* By Captain Marryat. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 24mo.

The author of "Peter Simple" and the "Naval Officer" appears, in this work, as a more pious gentleman than usual. It is a story of adventure, designed to instruct and edify youthful minds, and the style is bountifully padded with religious phrases. Though the piety is introduced rather clumsily, and partakes somewhat of a Joseph Surface character, the book itself is one of much interest, and calculated particularly to fascinate the young. Marryat's powers of description and delineation are displayed in it, as well as the sanctimonious vocabulary which he has succeeded in adding to those accomplishments. The book is well worth reading.

*Abercrombie's Essays.* New York. Harper & Brothers.

This is a reprint from the nineteenth Edinburg edition of these valuable essays. They are too well known to need commendation.





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## THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR AND PROF. FETHER.

BY EDGAR A. FOX.

DURING the autumn of 18—, while on a tour through the extreme Southern provinces of France, my route led me within a few miles of a certain *Maison de Santé*, or private Mad-House, about which I had heard much, in Paris, from my medical friends. As I had never visited a place of the kind, I thought the opportunity too good to be lost; and so proposed to my traveling companion, (a gentleman with whom I had made casual acquaintance, a few days before,) that we should turn aside, for an hour or so, and look through the establishment. To this he objected—pleading haste, in the first place, and, in the second, a very usual horror at the sight of a lunatic. He begged me, however, not to let any mere courtesy toward himself interfere with the gratification of my curiosity, and said that he would ride on leisurely, so that I might overtake him during the day, or, at all events, during the next. As he bade me good-bye, I bethought me that there might be some difficulty in obtaining access to the premises, and mentioned my fears on this point. He replied that, in fact, unless I had personal knowledge of the superintendent, Monsieur Maillard, or some credential in the way of a letter, a difficulty might be found to exist, as the regulations of these private mad-houses were more rigid than the public hospital laws. For himself, he added, he had, some years since, made the acquaintance of Maillard, and would so far assist me as to ride up to the door and introduce me; although his feelings on the subject of lunacy would not permit of his entering the house.

I thanked him, and, turning from the main-road, we entered a grass-grown by-path, which, in half an hour, nearly lost itself in a dense forest, clothing the base of a mountain. Through this dank and gloomy wood we rode some two miles, when the *Maison de*

*Santé* came in view. It was a fantastic *château*, much dilapidated, and indeed scarcely tenable through age and neglect. Its aspect inspired me with absolute dread, and, checking my horse, I half resolved to turn back. I soon, however, grew ashamed of my weakness, and proceeded.

As we rode up to the gate-way, I perceived it slightly open, and the visage of a man peering through. In an instant afterward, this man came forth, accosted my companion by name, shook him cordially by the hand, and begged him to alight. It was Monsieur Maillard himself. He was a portly, fine-looking gentleman of the old school, with a polished manner, and a certain air of gravity, dignity, and authority which was very impressive.

My friend, having presented me, mentioned my desire to inspect the establishment, and received Monsieur Maillard's assurance that he would show me all attention, now took leave, and I saw him no more.

When he had gone, the superintendent ushered me into a small and exceedingly neat parlor, containing, among other indications of refined taste, many books, drawings, pots of flowers, and musical instruments. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth. At a piano, singing an aria from Bellini, sat a young and very beautiful woman, who, at my entrance, paused in her song, and received me with graceful courtesy. Her voice was low, and her whole manner subdued. I thought, too, that I perceived the traces of sorrow in her countenance, which was excessively, although, to my taste, not unpleasingly pale. She was attired in deep mourning, and excited in my bosom a feeling of mingled respect, interest, and admiration.

I had heard, at Paris, that the institution of Monsieur Maillard was managed upon what is vulgarly



termed the "system of soothing"—that all punishments were avoided—that even confinement was seldom resorted to—that the patients, while secretly watched, were left much apparent liberty, and that most of them were permitted to roam about the house and grounds, in the ordinary apparel of persons in right mind.

Keeping these impressions in view, I was cautious in what I said before the young lady; for I could not be sure that she was sane; and, in fact, there was a certain restless brilliancy about her eyes which half led me to imagine she was not. I confined my remarks, therefore, to general topics, and to such as I thought would not be displeasing or exciting even to a lunatic. She replied in a perfectly rational manner to all that I said; and even her original observations were marked with the soundest good sense; but a long acquaintance with the metaphysics of *mania*, had taught me to put no faith in such evidence of sanity, and I continued to practice, throughout the interview, the caution with which I commenced it.

Presently a smart footman in livery brought in a tray with fruit, wine, and other refreshments, of which I partook, the lady soon afterwards leaving the room. As she departed I turned my eyes in an inquiring manner toward my host.

"No," he said, "oh, no—a member of my family—my niece, and a most accomplished woman."

"I beg a thousand pardons for the suspicion," I replied, "but of course you will know how to excuse me. The excellent administration of your affairs here is well understood in Paris, and I thought it just possible, you know—"

"Yes, yes—say no more—or rather it is myself who should thank you for the commendable prudence you have displayed. We seldom find so much of forethought in young men; and, more than once, some unhappy *contre-temps* has occurred in consequence of thoughtlessness on the part of our visitors. While my former system was in operation, and my patients were permitted the privilege of roaming to and fro at will, they were often aroused to a dangerous frenzy by injudicious persons who called to inspect the house. Hence I was obliged to enforce a rigid system of exclusion; and none obtained access to the premises upon whose discretion I could not rely."

"While your former system was in operation?" I said, repeating his words—"do I understand you, then, to say that the 'soothing system' of which I have heard so much, is no longer in force?"

"It is now," he replied, "several weeks since we have concluded to renounce it forever."

"Indeed! you astonish me!"

"We found it, sir," he said, with a sigh, "absolutely necessary to return to the old usages. The danger of the soothing system was, at all times, appalling; and its advantages have been much overrated. I believe, sir, that in this house it has been given a fair trial, if ever in any. We did every thing that rational humanity could suggest. I am sorry that you could not have paid us a visit at an earlier period, that you might have judged for yourself.

But I presume you are conversant with the soothing practice—with its details."

"Not altogether. What I have heard has been at third or fourth hand."

"I may state the system then, in general terms, as one in which the patients were *menagés*, humored. We contradicted no fancies which entered the brains of the mad. On the contrary, we not only indulged but encouraged them; and many of our most permanent cures have been thus effected. There is no argument which so touches the feeble reason of the madman as the *argumentum ad absurdum*. We have had men, for example, who fancied themselves chickens. The cure was, to insist upon the thing as a fact—to accuse the patient of stupidity in not sufficiently perceiving it to be a fact—and thus to refuse him any other diet for a week than that which properly appertains to a chicken. In this manner a little corn and gravel were made to perform wonders."

"But was this species of acquiescence all?"

"By no means. We put much faith in amusements of a simple kind, such as music, dancing, gymnastic exercises generally, cards, certain classes of books, and so forth. We affected to treat each individual as if for some ordinary physical disorder; and the word 'lunacy' was never employed. A great point was to set each lunatic to guard the actions of all the others. To repose confidence in the understanding or discretion of a madman, is to gain him body and soul. In this way we were enabled to dispense with an expensive body of keepers."

"And you had no punishments of any kind?"

"None."

"And you never confined your patients?"

"Very rarely. Now and then, the malady of some individual growing to a crisis, or taking a sudden turn of fury, we conveyed him to a secret cell, lest his disorder should infect the rest, and there kept him until we could dismiss him to his friends—for with the raging maniac we have nothing to do. He is usually removed to the public hospitals."

"And you have now changed all this—and you think for the better?"

"Decidedly. The system had its disadvantages, and even its dangers. It is now, happily, exploded throughout all the *Maisons de Santé* of France."

"I am very much surprised," I said, "at what you tell me; for I made sure that, at this moment, no other method of treatment for mania existed in any portion of the country."

"You are young yet, my friend," replied my host, "but the time will arrive when you will learn to judge for yourself of what is going on in the world, without trusting to the gossip of others. Believe nothing you hear, and only one half that you see. Now, about our *Maisons de Santé*, it is clear that some ignoramus has misled you. After dinner, however, when you have sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of your ride, I will be happy to take you over the house, and introduce to you a system which, in my opinion, and in that of every one who has witnessed its operation, is incomparably the most effectual as yet devised."

"Your own?" I inquired—"one of your own invention?"

"I am proud," he replied, "to acknowledge that it is—at least in some measure."

In this manner I conversed with Monsieur Maillard for an hour or two, during which he showed me the gardens and conservatories of the place.

"I cannot let you see my patients," he said, "just at present. To a sensitive mind there is always more or less of the shocking in such exhibitions; and I do not wish to spoil your appetite for dinner. We will dine. I can give you some veal *à la St. Menhoult*, with cauliflowers in *velouté* sauce—after that a glass *Clos de Vougeot*—then your nerves will be sufficiently steadied."

At six, dinner was announced; and my host conducted me into a large *salle à manger*, where a very numerous company were assembled—twenty-five or thirty in all. They were, apparently, people of rank—certainly of high breeding—although their habiliments, I thought, were extravagantly rich, partaking somewhat too much of the ostentatious finery of the *vieille cour*. I noticed that at least two-thirds of these guests were ladies; and some of the latter were by no means accoutred in what a Parisian would consider good taste at the present day. Many females, for example, whose age could not have been less than seventy, were bedecked with a profusion of jewelry, such as rings, bracelets, and ear-rings, and wore their bosoms and arms shamefully bare. I observed, too, that very few of the dresses were well made—or, at least, that very few of them fitted the wearers. In looking about, I discovered the interesting girl to whom Monsieur Maillard had presented me in the little parlor; but my surprise was great to see her wearing a hoop and farthingale, with high-heeled shoes, and a dirty cap of Brussels lace, so much too large for her that it gave her face a ridiculously diminutive expression. When I had first seen her she was attired, most becomingly, in deep mourning. There was an air of oddity, in short, about the dress of the whole party, which, at first, caused me to recur to my original idea of the "soothing system," and to fancy that Monsieur Maillard had been willing to deceive me until after dinner, that I might experience no uncomfortable feelings during the repast, at finding myself dining with lunatics; but I remembered having been informed, in Paris, that the southern provincialists were a peculiarly eccentric people, with a vast number of antiquated notions; and then, too, upon conversing with several members of the company, my apprehensions were immediately and fully dispelled.

The dining-room itself, although perhaps sufficiently comfortable, and of good dimensions, had nothing too much of elegance about it. For example, the floor was uncarpeted; in France, however, a carpet is frequently dispensed with. The windows, too, were without curtains; the shutters, being shut, were securely fastened with iron bars, applied diagonally, after the fashion of our ordinary shop-shutters. The apartment, I observed, formed, in itself, a wing of the *château*, and thus the windows were on three

sides of the parallelogram; the door being at the other. There were no less than ten windows in all.

The table was superbly set out. It was loaded with plate, and more than loaded with delicacies. The profusion was absolutely barbaric. There were meats enough to have feasted the Anakim. Never, in all my life, had I witnessed so lavish, so wasteful an expenditure of the good things of life. There seemed very little taste, however, in the arrangements; and my eyes, accustomed to quiet lights, were sadly offended by the prodigious glare of a multitude of wax candles, which, in silver *candelabra*, were deposited upon the table, and all about the room, wherever it was possible to find a place. There were several active servants in attendance; and, upon a large table, at the farther end of the apartment, were seated seven or eight people with fiddles, fifes, trombones, and a drum. These fellows annoyed me very much, at intervals, during the repast, by an infinite variety of noises, which were intended for music, and which appeared to afford much entertainment to all present, with the exception of myself.

Upon the whole, I could not help thinking that there was much of the *bizarre* about every thing I saw—but then the world is made up of all kinds of persons, with all modes of thought, and all sorts of conventional customs. I had traveled so much as to be quite an adept in the *nil admirari*, so I took my seat very coolly at the right hand of my host, and, having an excellent appetite, did justice to the good cheer set before me.

The conversation, in the mean time, was spirited and general. The ladies, as usual, talked a great deal. I soon found that nearly all the company were well educated; and my host was a world of good-humored anecdote in himself. He seemed quite willing to speak of his position as superintendent of a *Maison de Santé*; and, indeed, the topic of lunacy was, much to my surprise, a favorite one with all present. A great many amusing stories were told, having reference to the *whims* of the patients.

"We had a fellow here once," said a fat little gentleman, who sat at my right—"a fellow that fancied himself a tea-pot; and, by the way, is it not especially singular how often this particular crotchet has entered the brain of the lunatic? There is scarcely an insane asylum in France which cannot supply a human tea-pot. Our gentleman was a Britannia-ware tea-pot, and was careful to polish himself every morning with buckskin and whiting."

"And then," said a tall man, just opposite, "he had here, not long ago, a person who had taken it into his head that he was a donkey—which, allegorically speaking, you will say, was quite true. He was a troublesome patient; and we had much ado to keep him within bounds. For a long time he would eat nothing but thistles; but of this idea we soon cured him by insisting upon his eating nothing else. Then he was perpetually kicking out his heels—so—so—"

"Mr. De Kock! I will thank you to behave yourself!" here interrupted an old lady, who sat next to

the speaker. "Please keep your feet to yourself! You have spoiled my brocade! Is it necessary, pray, to illustrate a remark in so practical a style? Our friend, here, can surely comprehend you without all this. Upon my word, you are nearly as great a donkey as the poor unfortunate imagined himself. Your acting is very natural, as I live!"

"*Mille pardons! ma'mselle!*" replied Monsieur De Kock, thus addressed—"a thousand pardons! I had no intention of offending. Ma'mselle Laplace—Monsieur De Kock will do himself the honor of taking wine with you."

Here Monsieur De Kock bowed low, kissed his hand with much ceremony, and took wine with Ma'mselle Laplace.

"Allow me, *mon ami,*" now said Monsieur Maillard, addressing myself, "allow me to send you a morsel of this veal *à la St. Menchoult*—you will find it particularly fine."

At this instant three sturdy waiters had just succeeded in depositing safely upon the table an enormous dish, or trencher, containing what I supposed to be the "*monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*" A closer scrutiny assured me, however, that it was only a small calf roasted whole, and set upon its knees, with an apple in its mouth, as is the English fashion of dressing a hare.

"Thank you, no," I replied; "to say the truth, I am not particularly partial to veal *à la St.*—what is it?—for I do not find that it altogether agrees with me. I will change my plate, however, and try some of the rabbit."

There were several side-dishes on the table, containing what appeared to be the ordinary French rabbit—a very delicious *morceau*, which I can recommend.

"Pierre," cried the host, "change this gentleman's plate, and give him a side-piece of this rabbit *au-chât.*"

"This what?" said I.

"This rabbit *au-chât.*"

"Why, thank you—upon second thoughts, no. I will just help myself to some of the ham."

There is no knowing what one eats, thought I to myself, at the tables of these people of the province. I will have none of their rabbit *au-chât*—and, for the matter of that, none of their *cat-au-rabbit* either.

"And then," said a cadaverous looking personage, near the foot of the table, taking up the thread of the conversation where it had been broken off—"and then, among other oddities, we had a patient, once upon a time, who very pertinaciously maintained himself to be a Cordova cheese, and went about, with a knife in his hand, soliciting his friends to try a small slice from the middle of his leg."

"He was a great fool, beyond doubt," interposed some one, "but not to be compared with a certain individual whom we all know, with the exception of this strange gentleman. I mean the man who took himself for a bottle of champagne, and always went off with a pop and a fizz, in this fashion."

Here the speaker, very rudely, as I thought, put his right thumb in his left cheek, withdrew it with a

sound resembling the popping of a cork, and then, by a dexterous movement of the tongue upon the teeth, created a sharp hissing and fizzing, which lasted for several minutes, in imitation of the frothing of champagne. This behavior, I saw plainly, was not very pleasing to Monsieur Maillard; but that gentleman said nothing, and the conversation was resumed by a very lean little man in a big wig.

"And then there was an ignoramus," said he, "who mistook himself for a frog; which, by the way, he resembled in no little degree. I wish you could have seen him, sir"—here the speaker addressed myself—"it would have done your heart good to see the natural airs that he put on. Sir, if that man was *not* a frog, I can only observe that it is a pity he was not. His croak thus—o-o-o-gh—o-o-o-gh! was the finest note in the world—B flat; and when he put his elbows upon the table thus—after taking a glass or two of wine—and distended his mouth, thus, and rolled up his eyes, thus, and winked them, with excessive rapidity, thus, why then, sir, I take it upon myself to say, positively, that you would have been lost in admiration of the genius of the man."

"I have no doubt of it," I said.

"And then," said somebody else, "then there was Petit Gaillard, who thought himself a pinch of snuff, and was truly distressed because he could not take himself between his own finger and thumb."

"And then there was Jules Desoulières, who was a very singular genius, indeed, and went mad with the idea that he was a pumpkin. He persecuted the cook to make him up into pies—a thing which the cook indignantly refused to do. For my part, I am by no means sure that a pumpkin pie *à la Desoulières*, would not have been very capital eating, indeed!"

"You astonish me!" said I; and I looked inquisitively at Monsieur Maillard.

"Ha! ba! ha!" said that gentleman—"he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!—hu! bu! hu!—very good indeed! You must not be astonished, *mon ami*; our friend here is a wit—a *drôle*—you must not understand him to the letter."

"And then," said some other one of the party, "then there was Bouffon Le Grand—another extraordinary personage in his way. He grew deranged through love, and fancied himself possessed of two heads. One of these he maintained to be the head of Cicero; the other he imagined a composite one, being Demosthenes' from the top of the forehead to the mouth, and Lord Brougham from the mouth to the chin. It is not impossible that he was wrong; but he would have convinced you of his being in the right; for he was a man of great eloquence. He had an absolute passion for oratory, and could not refrain from display. For example, he used to leap upon the dinner-table, thus, and—"

Here a friend, at the side of the speaker, put a hand upon his shoulder, and whispered a few words in his ear; upon which he ceased talking with great suddenness, and sank back within his chair.

"And then," said the friend, who had whispered,

"there was Boullard, the tee-totum. I call him the tee-totum, because, in fact, he was seized with the droll, but not altogether irrational crotchet, that he had been converted into a tee-totum. You would have roared with laughter to see him spin. He would turn round upon one heel by the hour, in this manner—so—"

Here the friend whom he had just interrupted by a whisper, performed an exactly similar office for himself.

"But then," cried an old lady, at the top of her voice, "your Monsieur Boullard was a madman, and a very silly madman at best; for who, allow me to ask you, ever heard of a human tee-totum? The thing is absurd. Madame Joyeuse was a more sensible person, as you know. She had a crotchet, but it was instinct with common sense, and gave pleasure to all who had the honor of her acquaintance. She found, upon mature deliberation, that, by some accident, she had been turned into a chicken-cock; but, as such, she behaved with propriety. She flapped her wings with prodigious effect—so—so—so—and, as for her crow, it was delicious! Cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo!"

"Madame Joyeuse, I will thank you to behave yourself!" here interrupted our host, very angrily. "You can either conduct yourself as a lady should do, or you can quit the table forthwith—take your choice."

The lady, (whom I was much astonished to hear addressed as Madame Joyeuse, after the description of Madame Joyeuse she had just given,) blushed up to the eye-brows, and seemed exceedingly abashed at the reproach. She hung down her head, and said not a syllable in reply. But another and younger lady resumed the theme. It was my beautiful girl of the little parlor!

"Oh, Madame Joyeuse was a fool!" she exclaimed; "but there was really much sound sense, after all, in the opinion of Eugénie Salsafette. She was a very beautiful and painfully modest young lady, who thought the ordinary mode of habilitment indecent, and wished to dress herself, always, by getting outside, instead of inside of her clothes. It is a thing very easily done, after all. You have only to do so—and then so—so—so—and then so—so—so—and then—"

"Mon dieu! Mam'selle Salsafette!" here cried a dozen voices at once. "What are you about?—forbear!—that is sufficient!—we see, very plainly, how it is done!—hold! hold!" and several persons were already leaping from their seats to withhold Mam'selle Salsafette from putting herself upon a par with the Medicean Venus, when the point was very effectually and suddenly accomplished by a series of loud screams, or yells, from some portion of the main body of the chateau.

My nerves were very much affected, indeed, by these yells; but the rest of the company I really pitied. I never saw any set of reasonable people so thoroughly frightened in my life. They all grew as pale as so many corpses, and, shrinking within their

seats, sat quivering and gibbering with terror, and listening for a repetition of the sound. It came again—louder and seemingly nearer—and then a third time very loud, and then a fourth time with a vigor evidently diminished. At this apparent dying away of the noise, the spirits of the company were immediately regained, and all was life and anecdote as before. I now ventured to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"A mere *bagatelle*," said Monsieur Maillard. "We are used to these things, and care really very little about them. The lunatics, every now and then, get up a howl in concert; one starting another, as is sometimes the case with a bevy of dogs at night. It occasionally happens, however, that the *concerto* yells are succeeded by a simultaneous effort at breaking loose; when, of course, some little danger is to be apprehended."

"And how many have you in charge?"

"At present, we have not more than ten, altogether."

"Principally females, I presume?"

"Oh, no—every one of them men, and stout fellows, too, I can tell you."

"Indeed! I have always understood that the majority of lunatics were of the gentler sex."

"It is generally so, but not always. Some time ago, there were about twenty-seven patients here; and, of that number, no less than eighteen were women; but, lately, matters have changed very much, as you see."

"Yes—have changed very much, as you see," here interrupted the gentleman who had broken the shins of Mam'selle Laplace.

"Yes—have changed very much, as you see!" chimed in the whole company at once.

"Hold your tongues, every one of you!" said my host, in a great rage. Whereupon the whole company maintained a dead silence for nearly a minute. As for one lady, she obeyed Monsieur Maillard to the letter, and thrusting out her tongue, which was an excessively long one, held it very resignedly, with both hands, until the end of the entertainment.

"And this gentlewoman," said I, to Monsieur Maillard, bending over and addressing him in a whisper—"this good lady who has just spoken, and who gives us the cock-a-doodle-doo—she, I presume, is harmless—quite harmless, eh?"

"Harmless!" ejaculated he, in unfeigned surprise, "why—why what *can* you mean?"

"Only slightly touched?" said I, touching my head. "I take it for granted that she is not particularly—not dangerously affected, eh?"

"*Mon Dieu!* what is it you imagine? This lady, my particular old friend, Madame Joyeuse, is as absolutely sane as myself. She has her little eccentricities, to be sure—but then, you know, all old women—all very old women are more or less eccentric!"

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure—and then the rest of these ladies and gentlemen—"

"Are my friends and keepers," interrupted Mon-

sieur Maillard, drawing himself up with *hauteur*—"my very good friends and assistants."

"What! all of them?" I asked—"the women and all?"

"Assuredly," he said—"we could not do at all without the women; they are the best lunatic-nurses in the world; they have a way of their own, you know; their bright eyes have a marvellous effect;—something like the fascination of the snake, you know."

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure! They behave a little odd, eh?—they are a little queer, eh?—do n't you think so?"

"Odd!—queer!—why, do you really think so? We are not very prudish, to be sure, here in the South—do pretty much as we please—enjoy life, and all that sort of thing, you know—"

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure."

"And then, perhaps, this *Clos de Vougeot* is a little heady, you know—a little strong—you understand, eh?"

"To be sure," said I—"to be sure. By the bye, monsieur, did I understand you to say that the system you have adopted, in place of the celebrated soothing system, was one of very vigorous severity?"

"By no means. Our confinement is necessarily close; but the treatment—the medical treatment, I mean—is rather agreeable to the patients than otherwise."

"And the new system is one of your own invention?"

"Not altogether. Some portions of it are referable to Professor Tarr, of whom you have, necessarily, heard; and, again, there are modifications in my plan which I am happy to acknowledge as belonging of right to the celebrated Fether, with whom, if I mistake not, you have the honor of an intimate acquaintance."

"I am quite ashamed to confess," I replied, "that I have never even heard the name of either gentleman before."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated my host, drawing back his chair abruptly, and uplifting his hands. "I surely do not hear you aright! You did not intend to say, eh? that you had never heard either of the learned Doctor Tarr, or of the celebrated Professor Fether?"

"I am forced to acknowledge my ignorance," I replied; "but the truth should be held inviolate above all things. Nevertheless, I feel humbled to the dust, not to be acquainted with the works of these no doubt extraordinary men. I will seek out their writings forthwith, and peruse them with deliberate care. Monsieur Maillard, you have really—I must confess it—you have really made me ashamed of myself!"

And this was the fact.

"Say no more, my good young friend," he said kindly, pressing my hand—"join me now in a glass of Sauterne."

We drank. The company followed our example, without stint. They chatted—they jested—they laughed—they perpetrated a thousand absurdities—

the fiddles shrieked—the drum row-de-dowed—the trombones bellowed like so many brazen bulls of Phalaris—and the whole scene, growing gradually worse and worse, as the wines gained the ascendancy, became at length a sort of Pandemonium *in petto*. In the mean time, Monsieur Maillard and myself, with some bottles of Sauterne and Vougeot between us, continued our conversation at the top of the voice. A word spoken in an ordinary key stood no more chance of being heard than the voice of a fish from the bottom of Niagara Falls.

"And, sir," said I, screaming in his ear, "you mentioned something, before dinner, about the danger incurred in the old system of soothing. How is that?"

"Yes," he replied, "there was, occasionally, very great danger, indeed. There is no accounting for the caprices of madmen; and, in my opinion, as well as in that of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether, it is never safe to permit them to run at large unattended. A lunatic may be 'soothed,' as it is called, for a time, but, in the end, he is very apt to become obstreperous. His cunning, too, is proverbial, and great. If he has a project in view, he conceals his design with a marvelous wisdom; and the dexterity with which he counterfeits sanity, presents, to the metaphysician, one of the most singular problems in the study of mind. When a madman appears thoroughly sane, indeed, it is high time to put him in a straight-jacket."

"But the danger, my dear sir, of which you were speaking—in your own experience—during your control of this house—have you had practical reason to think liberty hazardous, in the case of a lunatic?"

"Here?—in my own experience?—why, I may say, yes. For example:—no very long while ago, a singular circumstance occurred in this very house. The soothing system, you know, was then in operation, and the patients were at large. They behaved remarkably well—especially so—any one of sense might have known that some devilish scheme was brewing from that particular fact, that the fellows behaved so remarkably well. And, sure enough, one fine morning the keepers found themselves pinioned hand and foot, and thrown into the cells, where they were attended, as if they were the lunatics, by the lunatics themselves, who had usurped the offices of the keepers."

"You do n't tell me so! I never heard of anything so absurd in my life!"

"Fact—it all came to pass by means of a stupid fellow—a lunatic—who, by some means, had taken it into his head that he had invented a better system of government than any ever heard of before—of lunatic government, I mean. He wished to give his invention a trial, I suppose—and so he persuaded the rest of the patients to join him in a conspiracy for the overthrow of the reigning powers."

"And he really succeeded?"

"No doubt of it. The keepers and kept were soon made to exchange places. Not that exactly either—for the madmen had been free, but the keepers were

shut up in cells forthwith, and treated, I am sorry to say, in a very cavalier manner."

"But I presume a counter revolution was soon effected. This condition of things could not have long existed. The country people in the neighborhood—visitors coming to see the establishment—would have given the alarm."

"There you are out. The head rebel was too cunning for that. He admitted no visitors at all—the exception, one day, of a very stupid-looking young gentleman of whom he had no reason to be afraid. He let him in to see the place—just by way of variety—to have a little fun with him. As soon as he had gammoned him sufficiently, he let him out, and sent him about his business."

"And *how* long, then, did the madmen reign?"

"Oh, a very long time, indeed—a month certainly—how much longer I can't precisely say. In the mean time, the lunatics had a jolly season of it—that you may swear. They doffed their own shabby clothes, and made free with the family wardrobe and jewels. The cellars of the *château* were well stocked with wine; and these madmen are just the devils that know how to drink it. They lived well, I can tell you."

"And the treatment—what was the particular species of treatment which the leader of the rebels put into operation?"

"Why, as for that, a madman is not necessarily a fool, as I have already observed; and it is my honest opinion that his treatment was a much better treatment than that which it superseded. It was a very capital system, indeed—simple—neat—no trouble at all—in fact it was delicious—it was—"

Here my host's observations were cut short by another series of yells, of the same character as those which had previously disconcerted us. This time, however, they seemed to proceed from persons rapidly approaching.

"Gracious Heavens!" I ejaculated—"the lunatics have most undoubtedly broken loose."

"I very much fear it is so," replied Monsieur Maillard, now becoming excessively pale. He had scarcely finished the sentence, before loud shouts and imprecations were heard beneath the windows; and, immediately afterward, it became evident that some persons outside were endeavoring to gain entrance into the room. The door was beaten with what appeared to be a sledge-hammer, and the shutters were wrenched and shaken with prodigious violence.

A scene of the most terrible confusion ensued. Monsieur Maillard, to my excessive astonishment, threw himself under the side-board. I had expected more resolution under his hands. The members of the orchestra, who, for the last fifteen minutes, had been seemingly too much intoxicated to do duty, now sprang all at once to their feet and to their instruments, and, scrambling upon their table, broke out, with one accord, into "Yankoe Doodle," which they performed, if not exactly in tune, at least with an energy superhuman, during the whole of the uproar.

Meantime, upon the main dining-table, among the bottles and glasses, leaped the gentleman who, with such difficulty, had been restrained from leaping there before. As soon as he fairly settled himself, he commenced an oration, which, no doubt, was a very capital one, if it could only have been heard. At the same moment, the man with the tee-totum predilections, set himself to spinning around the apartment, with immense energy, and with arms outstretched at right angles with his body; so that he had all the air of a tee-totum in fact, and knocked every body down that happened to get in his way. And now, too, hearing an incredible popping and fizzing of champagne, I discovered, at length, that it proceeded from the person who performed the bottle of that delicate drink during dinner. And then, again, the frog-man croaked away as if the salvation of his soul depended upon every note that he uttered. And, in the midst of all this, the continuous braying of a donkey arose over all. As for my old friend, Madame Joyeuse, I really could have wept for the poor lady, she appeared so terribly perplexed. All she did, however, was to stand up in a corner, by the fire-place, and sing out incessantly, at the top of her voice, "Cock-a-doodle-de-dooooooh!"

And now came the climax—the catastrophe of the drama. As no resistance, beyond whooping and yelling and cock-a-doodle-ing, was offered to the encroachments of the party without, the ten windows were very speedily, and almost simultaneously, broken in. But I shall never forget the emotions of wonder and horror with which I gazed, when, leaping through these windows, and down among us *pilo-miles*, fighting, stamping, scratching, and howling, there rushed a perfect army of what I took to be Chimpanzees, Ourang-Outangs, or big black baboons of the Cape of Good Hope!

I received a terrible beating—after which I rolled under a sofa, and lay still. After lying there some fifteen minutes, however, during which time I listened with all my ears to what was going on in the room, I came to some satisfactory *dénouement* of this tragedy. Monsieur Maillard, it appeared, in giving me the account of the lunatic who had excited his fellows to rebellion, had been merely relating his own exploits. This gentleman had, indeed, some two or three years before, been the superintendent of the establishment; but grew crazy himself, and so became a patient. This fact was unknown to the traveling companion who introduced me. The keepers, ten in number, having been suddenly overpowered, were first well tarred, then carefully feathered, and then shut up in underground cells. They had been so imprisoned for more than a month, during which period Monsieur Maillard had generously allowed them not only the tar and feathers (which constituted his "system") but some bread, and abundance of water. The latter was pumped on them daily. At length, one escaping through a sewer, gave freedom to all the rest.

The "soothing system," with important modifications, has been resumed at the *château*; yet I cannot help agreeing with Monsieur Maillard, that his own "treatment" was a very capital one of its kind. As

he justly observed, it was "simple—neat—and gave no trouble at all—not the least."

I have only to add that, although I have searched every library in Europe for the works of Doctor *Tarr* and Professor *Fether*, I have, up to the present day, utterly failed in my endeavors at procuring an edition.

## WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at the Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the "War of Wartburg."]

Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg-Minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest;  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily, on his place of rest.

Saying—"From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed—  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair—  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree, whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place—  
On the pavement—on the tombstone—  
On the poet's sculptured face—

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door—

They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered,  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to leaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the Minster bells rang noon-tide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir!

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones;  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast Cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

## TO MARY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

My heart goes to your wedding,  
Mary dear!  
It shares your timid smile,  
And tender tear.

It wreathes the orange-blossom,  
In your hair;  
It parts the silken curls,  
That cluster there.

It sees the blush, that changes,  
On your cheek;

It hears the vows you murmur,  
Low and meek.

It breathes its warmest blessing,  
On your way;  
And prays that Heaven will watch  
Your bridal day.

Then think, amid the friends  
That gather near,  
My heart is at your wedding,  
Mary, dear!

## EDITH RAY.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

PITY that Albums should have gone out of fashion, 'Bel. I feel like an emigrant revisiting the old home-  
stead, when I open the embossed red morocco doors, and read "the hand-writing on the wall." To be sure, there are emigrants who have journeyed farther and been longer gone; but Change labors with the rapidity of second class Irish fairies, and I find but little as I left it. Come to our old nestling-place on the sofa, and let us examine some of these tributes from my school-mates. Those delicate little crow-quill touches, surmounted by the two turtle doves on a green sprig smaller than themselves, and unlike any thing that ever grew, are Edith Ray's. I have her bright face before me now, as it looked when, despite her notions of pretty penmanship, she assumed her own character long enough to give that preposterous flourish to the final y; then clapped her dainty little hands, and laughed at her own work, as fully conscious of its childishness, (bidding doves and all,) as such wisecracs as you and I, 'Bel, are this morning. I thought the whole, especially the doves, miracles of prettiness then; and, strange as it may seem, I am no happier since I have discovered that they are things to laugh at.

Edith Ray was a joyous creature, with a heart so brimming over with mirthfulness, that every one who came into her presence caught the infection. She was womanly and delicate too, and yet fearless as a young eagle; doing whatever she purposed in the face of all opposition; and telling the most unwelcome truths, particularly when she might thus unmask hypocrisy, or expose any thing mean and cringing. Yet every body loved her; for although she possessed a dangerous power, it was never called into exercise for the purpose of crushing; being kept in check by a kind and affectionate heart. Edith Ray, as all who saw her would be very likely to suppose, was an only child, and quite an heiress withal; so it is not strange that she should take a conspicuous place among the Alderbrook belles. The schoolmaster used to quote poetry to her, and bring her bouquets. Mr. Sherrill, a dashing young law student, was the companion of all her horse-back rides, and walked with her to the church-door every Sabbath morning, with the evident hope of one day handing her in very gracefully; and the doctor, the grocer, and a "wild slip" of a dry goods merchant, had severally shown an interest in Mr. Ray's affairs truly gratifying. Yet Edith would parody the schoolmaster's verses most ludicrously to his face; give her gallant squire the slip whenever it suited her convenience; and ridicule the pretensions of the others outright. It is strange that the Argus-eyed supervisors of our little village had no suspicions as

to the real cause of Edith's indifference to her admirers; but certain it is that a pale, student-like face passed in and out of Mr. Ray's door, particularly on rainy evenings, and at other times when gayer ones would not be likely to interrupt the visit, without exciting the least remark. Perhaps it was because all had decided that the widow's son never would introduce a new mistress into the parsonage; and perhaps the improbability of the grave young pastor's taste leading him to make such a selection. Whatever the cause might have been, there was certainly an important life-lasting secret locked fast in the hearts of Mr. Robson and bright Edith Ray. The young lovers were strikingly contrasted in outer seeming; but there was a rich under-current in the characters of both that perfectly harmonized; so Edith feared only for her own volatility when she gave her heart into another's keeping, and the young pastor prayed only that he might be able to repay the trust. The betrothal passed, and still the secret was not discovered, though Edith had unconsciously assumed a gentler manner, and a sweeter expression, which could not fail to excite observation.

As I said before, Edith Ray feared nothing but to do wrong; and her daring had been so much the subject of remark, that she felt not a little pride in exhibiting her courage; a quality which her young friends took every opportunity to test. Unknown to her companions, however, there was one point on which Edith was vulnerable; she had, when a little child, seen her own mother stretched out in death—she remembered the rigid limbs, with their white covering, giving a fearful mystery to their half-revealed outlines—and any thing that bore the slightest resemblance to such a form, inspired her with horror.

It was on a fine moonlight night in midwinter, that a social group had assembled in Mr. Ray's parlor, and Edith, unlike her wont when Mr. Robson was present, had been the gayest of the party. As the evening drew to a close, Mr. Sherrill expressed a wish to see a book of engravings that had disappeared from the parlor; a desire which Edith declared such an evidence of improved taste, that it should be instantly gratified. She tripped lightly from the room, and as she disappeared we all observed that Sherrill crept carefully toward the door. The next moment a short shrill cry, followed by a low, half-choked sound, as of one strangling, brought us to our feet. With one bound poor Sherrill was in the adjoining apartment—but he was scarce in advance of the young pastor. The rest of us followed hastily, alarmed at, we knew not what. But we soon knew. Upon a long table lay extended an object covered



with a white cloth, with the moonbeams flickering over it, revealing the fearful outlines of a human figure with apparent certainty. Before this crouched young Edith Kay, with her fingers clenched in the masses of long hair descending on each side of her face, her eyes distended, and a white foam wreathing her motionless lips.

"Edith! my own Edith!" whispered Robson, in a voice hoarse with agony.

Edith started to her feet, and the mocking walls echoed her wild unnatural laugh.

"Look, Edith—look!" entreated Sherrill; "it is nothing;" and he shook out two or three cloaks artfully arranged. "Nothing but these—I did, Edith—I did it—I put them there to scare you!"

Edith only laughed again.

Mr. Robson drew her arm within his own, and led her quietly back into the parlor; and poor Sherrill followed and crouched at her feet, beseeching her but to speak one word—only one word—just to show that he had not murdered her. But the stricken girl

only twined her hair helplessly about her fingers, and smiled.

Three years have rolled away, but they have wrought no change on the darkened spirit of Edith Ray. Mr. Robson still occupies the parsonage, but he has grown graver, and gentler, and more spiritual than ever; and the young repress their smiles and soften their voices when he comes near—for untold sorrow is a sacred thing. The neighbors say that Parson Robson is wholly devoted to his books, and the care of his flock. But they make a marvel of one thing. It is a great wonder to them what is the attraction at poor Mr. Ray's, that he should spend his two hours there every evening. But they never saw the stricken Edith at his feet, gazing up into his face with an expression of childish confidence—nor heard her low, mournful murmur when he went away. Our still young pastor is ever found among the sick and sorrowing; but every effort to draw him into social life fails; for the poor wreck, which clings to him even in her idiocy, is still borne upon his heart.

## THE LOBELIA CARDINALIS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Call me a flower," the Indian maid  
Unto her lover sighed—  
"Such as thy noble spirit deems  
Fit for thy chosen bride;  
And I will wreath it round my brow,  
When from this home I part—  
And enter to thy forest bower,  
Thy true love in my heart."

The chieftain sought through dell and glade—  
He meekly paced the sod,  
Who, with Actæon's baughty stride,  
Had erst that region trod.  
Not now to rouse the bounding deer,  
Or scathe the eagle's throne,  
Through these secluded depths he roved—  
His heart was love's alone.

He cut the rich wild rose that still  
Hung lingering 'mid the blast—  
But from its falling petals learned  
Its day of pride was past.  
He plucked the iris, deeply blue—  
The amaryllis bright—  
And stored their treasures through the day,  
But cast them forth at night.

He bound the water-lily white,  
Amid her lustrous hair,  
Yet felt her black and flashing eye  
Required a gem more rare.  
At length, beside the mantling pool,  
Majestic and serene,  
He saw the proud Lobelia tower,  
In beauty, like a queen.

That eve, the maiden's ebon locks  
Revealed its glowing power,  
Amid the simple nuptial rites,  
That graced the chieftain's bower.  
But she, who by that stately flower  
Her lover's preference knew,  
Was doomed, alas! in youthful bloom  
To show its frailty too.

For ere again its scarlet spire  
Rejoiced in summer's eye,  
She drooped amid her forest home—  
Her fount of life was dry.  
Then, as the ebbing pulse declined,  
Forth from a sacred nook,  
With swimming eye, and trembling hand,  
Her bridal wreath she took,

And laid its withered floral bells  
Around her temples pale,  
And faintly to her maidens spake—  
For breath began to fail—  
"Should the last death-pangs shake me sore,  
For on they come with power,  
Press closer in my ice-cold hands  
My husband's token-flower—

"And rear the turf-mound broad and high  
To span my lowly grave,  
That naught may sever from my locks  
The gift of love he gave.  
So, when the dance of souls goes forth  
Athwart the starry plain,  
He'll know me by his chosen flower,  
And I'll be his again."

## COUSIN KATE.

"If there is any thing that I detest," said Mr. Davenport, a fine looking man of perhaps forty, who was walking hastily up and down the room evidently in no enviable frame of mind, "if there is any thing that I detest it is an old maid. I know it is illiberal, unkind and ungenerous to ban any body *en masse*, but I have the same aversion to an unmarried woman past thirty that I have to a toad or a snake."

"I think they are generally very disagreeable," returned his helpmate in the quiet, submissive tone with which she had echoed his opinions for the last sixteen years; "and I am sorry, Mr. Davenport, that your cousin, Miss Fanshaw, is coming just now, for Julia, poor child, will of necessity be much with her, and it will have a depressing effect on her youthful spirits."

"Must I be much with her?" exclaimed that interesting member of the Davenport family, in a tone which led one to suspect that she was on the verge of an hysterical fit of tears.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Mr. Davenport; "Heavens and earth! are you all determined to drive me mad?" and seizing his hat he rushed from the house.

As the door closed upon him, Miss Julia's sobs became alarming. "Why, Julia," exclaimed her mother, "you cannot expect me to give up my handsomest room. What if your rich Aunt Landon, or Mrs. Johnson, should come, and their apartment taken up with this musty, fusty, crusty old maid? I do wish your father had not so many relations," sighed Mrs. Davenport.

"What is the matter, mother?" exclaimed in a breath Frank and William, who just then rushed in. "What is the matter with Sis?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Frank, tossing his cap in high glee, when informed of the subject under consideration. "What grand times we shall have tormenting her—a good-for-nothing old maid!"

"I hope Julia will never be an old maid—do n't you, mother?" exclaimed affectionate little Willie.

"If she is, I'll turn her out of doors," retorted Frank.

"Do n't cry, Sis," said Willie, stealing his arm around fair Julia's neck, "do n't cry—perhaps she'll be pleasant."

This idea, which had evidently never before struck any of the family, silenced for a moment Miss Julia's sobs. "No! no! she can't be," vociferated furiously Master Frank, "for she is an old maid."

The individual who occasioned all this hubbub, this much calumniated, much feared Miss Fanshaw, was a cousin and old flame of Mr. Davenport's. Yes, from sixteen, when he entered college, to twenty, when he left it, through long vacations and still longer terms, aye, and for three years afterward, when he had completed the all absorbing and important study of the law, had Mr. Davenport worshipped his wild, beautiful, bewitching Cousin Kate, thought of her, dreamt of her, till one sunny after-

noon, in her father's garden, an emphatic "No!" had given the death-blow to his hopes, though not to his love. No! although in a fit of spite he had immediately proposed to and married his present wife, the prettiest simpleton in the world, still, although he was scarcely aware of it himself, queen over his affections reigned this charming remembrance, or rather this lovely ideal, for it was Miss Fanshaw in her sweet spring-time, with the dew of her youth upon her, Cousin Kate at seventeen, not thirty-five. Mr. Davenport detested old maids. Mr. Davenport was horrified at the idea of his dream being broken in upon, the romance of his life dispelled, he had never wished to see his Cousin Kate again, and now she was coming to make him a visit. As for Mrs. Davenport—although a very insignificant character in her own house, she shall have a place here—Mrs. Davenport had indistinct visions of a prowling, inquisitive, disagreeable creature, of the most diminutive height, the shallowest of all possible complexions, and the feeblest of all possible voices, yet with this same mincing, whining voice was she to thwart and annoy her beyond measure. From the concocting of a pudding to the settling of her bill Miss Fanshaw would interfere. The afternoon was clear, bright and warm, nothing ominous of the unwelcome guest. Julia, who had wept herself sick, lay asleep on the sofa, when carriage-wheels were heard, and the whole family, boys and baby included, in an instant were on the piazza. The steps were let down, and a beautiful little foot was first protruded, then a tall elegant figure descended, in deep mourning, who, in the lowest, sweetest voice in the world, proclaimed herself to be Miss Fanshaw. Yes, though she had large dark, bright eyes, the most dazzling of complexions, the silkiest, most redundant of locks, this was indubitably Miss Fanshaw—aye, Miss Fanshaw the old maid. Mrs. Davenport was completely nonplussed; she had intended to be coolly dignified and stiffly condescending, but this charming apparition put all such ideas to flight; dumb and motionless she stood, (for the poor soul never could perform impromptu, her rôle must be well studied) while her guest with graceful ease hoped that her late acceptance of her cousin's invitation had not been malapropos—"he was her nearest relative," she said, and tears filled the soft black eye at the remembrance of her loss; "and there were matters upon which she must consult him, which could not be committed to pen, ink and paper." Her hostess bowed and murmured something of delight, pleasure, happiness, then led the way to her room—the grandest, nicest, best in the house, in spite of the possible invasion of Aunt Landon or Mrs. Johnson. Important and remarkable personages as they might be, they were not more so, it appeared, than this "musty, fusty, crusty old maid." Poor Mrs. Davenport's fears now took an entirely different direction. How should she entertain her elegant guest? Two full hours to tea and her lord and mas-

ter's return! Simple, timid, nervous Mrs. Davenport hurried to the parlor after giving some directions to the servants, and sitting down in an agony began her dreaded task.

"You have never been in this part of the country before, I believe, Miss Fanshaw?" she asked, with a most praiseworthy attempt at being interesting.

"No! never," replied her guest in a cheering, encouraging tone.

"Was not your drive fatiguing?" continued her interlocutor, in the same monotonous manner.

"Oh! no," rejoined Miss Fanshaw, with animation, "the day was so charming, and the air perfectly exhilarating and delightful. I enjoyed it amazingly."

"How do you like our city?" said Mrs. Davenport the very instant her guest had concluded her speech, but Miss Fanshaw did not hear her, for she had, *satis voce*, overthrown Willie's stock of wisdom by the query of "How many blue beans made five?" Frank and Julia were in paroxysms of laughter at his perplexity, while the youngest child, seated in her lap, was triumphantly grasping the glossy curls, on the beauty and sheen of which he had been for some time covetously gazing. Mr. Davenport just then entered, and Miss Fanshaw rose hurriedly to meet him. For a moment the gentleman, calm and composed as he had grown, struggled with unutterable emotion; her romp with the child had sent the bright, rich bloom to her cheeks, her wild eyes danced with glee, her face absolutely glowed with animation; years, time, space were annihilated; it was the Cousin Kate of his youth, the object of a world of devotion, idolatry, dreams, who stood before him. It was but for a moment, however, he met her just as he should have done, courteously, although most gravely and kindly. As for the lady, as she had never participated in the feeling which excited it, she had not the slightest suspicion of his emotion; indeed, it is doubtful whether she remembered that Mr. Davenport had ever been her lover—he was her Cousin Augustus, her mother's sister's child, to whom could she come, if not to him? The evening passed on wings—never was dreaded guest more courteously treated. She had taken them by storm—barricades fell, coolness and reserve vanished. She was pronounced in a confidential family conclave to be "irresistible."

"You must not think of leaving us, Kate," said Mrs. Davenport, some two months after that lady's first appearance.

"No! indeed, not this winter," continued Miss Julia, with a most entreating face, "we never can live without you, cousin."

"What will become of our dances and plays in the evening?" broke in tumultuously Master Frank. "Who will sing us whig songs and tell us funny stories? Oh! Cousin Kate, you are the darlinest old maid I ever saw—"

"Frank!" exclaimed his mother and sister in an agony, but Miss Fanshaw laughed.

"You will always live with us, wont you?" cried little Willie, giving her at the same time a hearty kiss. A peculiar expression passed over the lady's face, and she did not answer.

"There are Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Williams coming to see you, Cousin Kate," shouted Julia from the window, "they are really very devoted in their attentions. If you'll promise me surely not to tell, I'll tell you something, coz." Miss Fanshaw gave the required promise. "When you first came, they told Mrs. Flint, who boards at the same house, that they supposed, as Mr. Davenport had been exceedingly kind and hospitable to them, they must call and see his old maid cousin. You remember, coz, they came and found you so charming that they stayed till twelve o'clock, and the next morning appeared again to make a lengthy apology." Miss Fanshaw laughed, and was exceedingly polite, both to Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Williams, who just then entered. Indeed, so constant had been the visits of these two gentlemen, that Mrs. Davenport, good, simple soul, began to imagine that Miss Julia, although she had not made her *début*, had achieved a conquest. "Kate," she argued, "is very agreeable, but they are perfect boys to her." So they were, but boys do occasionally very foolish things, for Miss Fanshaw left the parlor one morning, after a long conference with Mr. Donaldson, looking vexed and indignant beyond measure. Mr. Davenport came home to dinner and met his cousin with a most provoking glance of intelligence, and accosted her with sundry very agreeable queries as to the purport of Mr. Donaldson's visit; light flashed through his help-mate's brain, and her ideas matrimonial respecting her daughter vanished. As for Miss Fanshaw, she had what the French call a grand success, not only in the family of her relative, but the town in general; that is—for an *old maid*! But, alas! to the conclusion which truth compels—wholly foreign to my aim and intention, which was to hold up spinster-hood as admirable, engaging, all-worthy to be embraced; to represent those whom even Jean Paul, the tender-hearted, denominates "solitary unknown, without friends," as lovable and loving—pitiful is it that truth compels me to deviate. On one identical sorrowful evening, at Mr. Davenport's, a gentleman entered, Cousin Kate started, grew pale, then celestially rosy, her eyes being unusually prominent when she welcomed the stranger, and introduced him to the rest of the family, indeed it was afterward remarked that they looked remarkably large and bright the whole of the evening. It was noticed, too, after this, that Cousin Kate had not as much time as formerly to employ in making fearful looking rabbits, with two fingers and a thumb, by way of a dismay and entertainment of the baby. She did not take as much interest in the manufacture of Frank's kites, nor were comical old men in little Willie's sketch-book as abundant as formerly. Furthermore, an elegant French-worked dress and magnificent veil were placed by some mysterious and remarkable agency in Cousin Kate's room one evening, which Cousin Kate in an unaccountable freak put on the next morning—stranger still, went to church in it—aye, and was married! Thirty-five, too, and such a paragon of an old maid! Was it not a shame?

MONROE.





ΣΟΦΟΝΙΑ.

Από τον πίνακα του Γαλιάνο Μουσίου

## LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONQUEST AND SELF CONQUEST."

A PROUD and stately dame was Lady Houstoun, as she continued to be called after the independence of America had rendered such titles valueless in our land. Sir Edward Houstoun was an English baronet, whose estates had once been a fit support to his ancient title, but whose family had suffered deeply, both in purse and person, by their loyalty to Charles the First, and yet more by their obstinate adherence to his bigot son, James II. By a marriage with Louisa Vivian, an American heiress possessed of broad lands and a large amount of ready money, Sir Edward acquired the power of supporting his rank with all the splendor that had belonged to his family in the olden time; but circumstances connected with the poverty of his early years had given the young baronet a disgust to his own circle, which was not alleviated by the rapid changes effected by his newly acquired wealth, and he preferred returning to America with his young bride, and adopting her country as his own. Here wealth sufficient for their most extravagant desires was theirs—houses in New York, and fertile acres stretching far away from the city, now sweeping for many a rood the banks of the fair Hudson, and now reaching back into the rich lands that lie east of that river. When the separation of this country from England came, the representative of her most loyal family, whose motto was "*Dieu et mon Roi*," was found in the ranks of republican America. He could not recognize a divine right in the House of Hanover to the throne of the Stuarts, or justify by any human reason the blind subservience of Americans to the ruinous enactments of an English parliament, controlled by a rash and headstrong minister and an imbecile king. Ten years after the declaration of peace Sir Edward died, leaving one son who had just entered his twentieth year.

Young as Edward Houstoun was, he had a man's decision of character, and when the question of his assuming his father's title, and claiming the estates attached to it in England, was submitted to him, he replied that "his proudest title was that of an American citizen, and he would not forfeit that title to become a royal duke." He could only therefore inherit his father's personal property, consisting principally of plate, jewels and paintings. The property thus received was all which the young Edward Houstoun could call his own. All else was his mother's, and though it would doubtless be his at her death, the Lady Houstoun was not one to relinquish the reins of government before that inevitable hour should wrest them from her hand. She made her son a very handsome allowance, however, and,

with a higher degree of generosity than any pecuniary grant could evince, she never attempted to control his actions, suffering him to enjoy his sports in the country and amusements in the city without constraint. The Lady Houstoun was a wise woman, as well as an affectionate mother. She saw well that her son's independent and proud nature might be attracted by kindness to move whither she would, while the very appearance of constraint would drive him in an opposite direction. On one subject he greatly tried her forbearance—the unbecoming levity, as she esteemed it, with which he regarded the big-wigged gentlemen and hooped and farthingaled ladies whose portraits ornamented their picture gallery. For only one of these did Edward profess the slightest consideration. This was that of the simple soldier whose gallantry under William the Conqueror had laid the foundation of his family fortunes and honors.

"Dear mother," said he one day, "what proof have we that those other fine gentlemen and ladies deserved the wealth and station which, through his noble qualities, they obtained?"

"Sir James Houstoun, my son, who devoted life and fortune to his king—"

"Pardon me, noble Sir James," interrupted Edward, bowing low and with mock gravity to the portrait, "I will place you and your stern looking son there at your side next in my veneration to our first ancestor. Yet you showed that, like me, you had little value for wealth and station."

"Edward!" ejaculated Lady Houstoun, in an accent of displeasure, "that we are willing to sacrifice a possession at the call of duty does not prove us insensible of its value."

"Nay, mother mine, speak not so gravely, but acknowledge that you would be prouder of your boy if you saw him by his own energies winning his way to distinction from earth's lowliest station, than you can be of him now—idler as he is."

"There is no less merit, Edward, in using aright the gifts which we inherit, than in acquiring them. There is as much energy, I can assure you, demanded in the proper management of large estates, and the right direction of the influence derived from station—aye, often more energy, the exercise of higher powers, than those by which a fortunate soldier, in time of war, may often spring in a day from nameless poverty to wealth and rank."

The Lady Houstoun's still fine figure was elevated to its utmost height as she spoke, and her dark eye flashed out from beneath the shadow of the deep borders of her widow's cap. A stranger would have gazed on her with admiration, but her son turned

away with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a curling lip, as he said to himself, "My mother may feel all this, for she manages the estates, and she bestows the influence—while I *amuse myself*. Mother," he added aloud, "they say there is fine sport in the neighborhood of the Glen, and I should like to see the place. I will take a party there next week, if you will write to your farmer to prepare the house for us."

"I will, Edward, certainly, if you desire it, but it has been so long since any of us were there that I fear you will find the house very uncomfortable."

"So much the better, if it give us a little variety in our smooth lives. I dare say we shall all like it very much. I shall, at least, and if the rest do not, they can come away."

The Glen was a wild rural spot among the Highlands, where Sir Edward had delighted occasionally to spend a few weeks with his wife and child, and one or two chosen friends, in the enjoyment of country sports. For several years before his death Edward had been too much engaged in his collegiate studies to share these visits. During the three years which had passed since that event, neither Lady Houstoun nor her son had visited the Glen, and it was not without emotion that she heard him name his intention of taking a party there, but she offered no opposition to the plan, and in little more than a week he was established in the comfortable dwelling-house there, with Walter Osgood, Philip Van Schaick and Peter Schuyler, companions who were easily persuaded to leave the somewhat formal circles of the city for a few days of adventure in the country. They had arrived late in the night, and, wearied by fifteen hours' confinement on board a small sloop, the visitors slept late the next morning, while Edward Houstoun, haunted by tender memories, was early awake and abroad. Standing in the porch he looked forth through the gray light of the early dawn on hill and dale and river, endeavoring to recall the feelings with which he had gazed on them seven years before. Then he was a boy of scarce sixteen, eager only for the holiday sport or the distinction of the school room—now, he stood there—a boy still, his heart indignantly pronounced, though he had numbered nearly twenty-three years. Edward Houstoun was beginning to wake to somewhat of noble scorn in viewing his own position—beginning to feel that to amuse himself was an object hardly worthy a *man's* life. Turning forcibly from such thoughts he sprung down the steps and pursued a path leading by the orchard, and through a flowery lane toward the dwelling of the farmer to whom the management of the Glen had been entrusted, first by Sir Edward and afterward by Lady Houstoun. The sun was just touching with a sapphire tint the few clouds that specked the eastern sky; the branches of the wild rose and mountain laurel, which skirted the lane on the right, were heavy with the dews of night, and the birds seemed caroling their earliest song in the orchard and clover field on the left, yet the farmer's horses were already harnessed to the wagon, and through the open door of the house, Edward

Houstoun, as he approached, caught a glimpse of Farmer Pye himself and his men seated at breakfast. As he was not perceived by them, he passed on without interrupting them to the dairy, where the good dame was busy with her white pails and bright pans. A calico bonnet with a very deep front concealed his approach from Mrs. Pye until he stood beside her; but there was one within the dairy who saw him, whose coquettish movement in snatching from her glossy brown ringlets a bonnet of the same unbecoming shape with that of Mrs. Pye, did not escape his observation.

"Well, now—did I ever see the like! Why, Mr. Edward, you've grown clean out of a body's memory—but after all nobody could n't help knowing you, that ever seen your papa, good gentleman—how much you are like him!"

Thus ran on Dame Pye, while Edward, except when compelled by a question to attend to her, was wondering who the fair girl could be, who was separated from her companion not less by the tasteful arrangement of her dress—simple and even coarse as it was in its material—and by a certain grace of movement, than by her delicate beauty. Her form was slender in proportion to its height, yet gave in its graceful outline promise of a development "rich in all woman's loveliness," and her face with its dark starry eyes, its clear, transparent skin, and rich, waving curls of glossy brown, recalled so vividly to Edward Houstoun's memory his favorite description of beauty, that he repeated almost audibly,

"One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
That waves in every glossy tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place."

His admiration, if not audible, was sufficiently evident to its object—at least so we interpret her tremulous and uncertain movements, the eloquent blood which glowed in her cheeks, and the mistakes which at length aroused Mrs. Pye's attention.

"Why, Lucy! what under the sun and earth's the matter with you, child? Dear—dear—to go putting the cream into the new milk, instead of emptying it into the churn! There—there—child—better go in now—I'll finish—and just tell Mr. Pye that Mr. Edward is here," said Mrs. Pye, fearful of some new accident.

The discarded bonnet was put on with a heightened color, and the young girl moved rapidly yet gracefully toward the house.

"I did not remember you had a daughter. Mrs. Pye," said Edward Houstoun, as she disappeared.

"And I hav'n't a daughter—only the two boys, Sammy and Isaac—good big boys they are now, and help their father quite some—but this girl's none of mine, though I'm sure I love her most as well—she's so pretty and nice, and has such handy ways, though what could have tempted her to put the cream into the new milk just now, I'm sure I can't tell."

"But who is she, Mrs. Pye?"

"Who is she? Why, sure, and did you never hear of Lucy Watson? Oh! here's Mr. Pye."

Edward Houstoun was too much interested in learning something more of Lucy Watson, not to find a sufficient reason for lingering behind the farmer, who was impatient to be in his hay-field. Mrs. Pye was communicative, and he soon learned all she knew—that Lucy was the daughter of a soldier belonging to a company commanded by Sir Edward Houstoun during the war—that this soldier had received his death wound in defending his commander from a sword-cut, and that Sir Edward had always considered his widow and only child as his especial charge. The widow had soon followed her husband to the grave, and the child had been placed by Sir Edward with the wife of a country clergyman. To Mr. and Mrs. Merton Lucy had been as an own and only daughter.

"The good old people made quite a lady of her," said Mrs. Pye. "She can read and write equal to the parson himself, and I've heard folks say that her 'broidery and music playin' was better than Mrs. Merton's own; but, poor thing! Mrs. Merton died, and still the parson begged Sir Edward to let her stay with him—she was all that was left now, he said—so Sir Edward let her stay. Mr. Merton died a year ago, and when Mr. Pye wrote to the lady—that's your mother, Mr. Edward—about her, she said she'd better come here and stay with us, and she would pay her board, and give her money for clothes, and five thousand dollars beside, whenever she should get married. I'm sure she's welcome to stay, if it was without pay, for we all love her, but, somehow, it don't seem the right place for her—and, as to marrying, I don't think she'll ever marry any body around her, for, kind-spoken as she is, they would n't any of them dare to ask her, though they're all in love with her beautiful face."

In a week Edward Houstoun's friends had grown weary of ruralizing—they found no longer any music in the crack of a fowling-piece, or any enjoyment in the dying agonies of the feathered tribes, and, having resisted all their persuasions to return with them, he was left alone.

"I shall report you as love-sick, or brain-sick, reclining by purling streams, under shady groves, to read Shakspeare, or Milton, or Spenser, for each of these books I have seen you at different times put in your pocket, and wander forth with a most sentimental air—doubtless to make love to some Nymph or Dryad."

"Make love! Ah! there, I take it, you have winged the right bird, Van Schaick."

"If I had seen a decent petticoat since we took leave of Mynheer Van Winkle and his daughter, on board the good sloop St. Nicholas, I should think so, Osgood."

"At any rate, I think it would be wise to report our suspicions to his lady mother."

"Your suspicions of what—lunacy or love?" asked Edward Houstoun.

"A distinction without a difference—they are equivalent terms."

Thus jested his friends, and thus jested Edward Houstoun with them—well assured that no gleam of

the truth had shone on them—that they never supposed his visits at Farmer Pyc's possessed any greater attraction than could be derived from the farmer's details of improvements made at the Glen, of the increased value of lands, or the proceeds of the last year's crop. They had never seen Lucy Watson, and how could they suspect that while the farmer smoked his pipe at the door, and the good dame bustled about her household concerns, he sat watching with enraptured eyes the changes of a countenance full of intelligence and sensibility, and listening with charmed ears to a soft, musical voice recounting, with all the simple eloquence of genuine feeling, obligations to the father whose memory was with him almost an idolatry. Still less could they divine that Shakspeare and Milton and Spenser were indeed often read beside a purling stream, and within the dense shadow of a grove of oak and chestnut trees—not to Nymph or Dryad, but to a "mortal being of earth's mould,"

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For simple pleasures harmless wiles,  
For love, for blame, for kisses, tears and smiles."

Here, one afternoon, a fortnight after the departure of his friends, sat Edward Houstoun with Lucy at his side. They had lingered till the sunlight, which had fallen here and there in broken and changeful gleams through overarching boughs, touching with gold the ripples at their feet, had faded into that

"mellow light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

Edward Houstoun held a book in his hand, but it had long been closed, while he was engaged in a far more interesting study. He had with a delicate tact won his companion to speak as she had never done before of herself,—not of the few events of her short life, for these were already known to him, but of the influence of those events on feeling and character. Tenderness looked forth without disguise from the earnest eyes which were fastened on her, as he said, "You say, Lucy, that you have found friends every where, have met only kindness, and yet you weep—you are sad."

"Do not think me ungrateful," she replied. "I have indeed found friends and kindness—but these give exercise only to my gratitude—stronger, tenderer affections I have, which no father, or mother, or brother or sister, will ever call forth."

"Nay, Lucy, were you not adopted by my father, and am I not your brother?"

A glance whose brightness melted into tears was her only answer.

"Fie! fie! tears again! I shall have to scold my sister," said Edward Houstoun. "What complaint can you make now that I have found you a brother?"

Lucy laughed, but soon her face grew grave, and, after a thoughtful pause, she said, "I believe those cannot be quite happy who feel that they have nothing to do in the world. Better be the poorest drudge, with powers fitted to your station, than to be as I am, an idler—a mere looker on at the world."

"Why, Lucy! what else am I?"



"You! You, with fortune to bless, and influence to guide hundreds! What are you? God's representative to your less fortunate fellow creatures—the steward of his bounty. Oh! beware, that you use your gifts faithfully."

Lucy spoke solemnly, and it was with no light accent that Edward Houston replied—"You mistake, Lucy—you mistake—I am in truth no less an idler than yourself—a looker on, with no part in the game of life. To the Lady Houston belong both the fortune and the influence." A mocking smile had risen to his lip, but, as he caught her look of surprise, it passed away, leaving a gentle gravity in its place, while he continued—"Do not think I mean to complain of my mother, Lucy. She has been ever affectionate and indulgent to me. She leaves me no want that she can perceive. My purse is always full, and my actions unrestrained. I suppose I ought to be happy."

"And are you not happy?"

"No, Lucy, no! There has long been a vague restlessness and dissatisfaction about me—and, now, your words have thrown light on its cause. I am weary of the perpetual holiday which life has been to me since I left the walls of a college. I want to be doing—I want an object—something for which to strive and hope and fear—what shall it be, Lucy?"

"I have heard Mr. Merton say that no one could choose for another his aims in life, but were I choosing for myself, it should be something that would connect me with the minds of others—something by which I could do service to their spiritual beings. Were I a man, I should like to write books—such books as would give counsel and comfort to erring and sad hearts—"

Edward Houston shook his head—"Even had I an author's gifts, Lucy, that would not do for me—I must have action in my life—"

"What say you to the pulpit?"

"The noblest of all employments, Lucy—but it is a heavenly employment, and needs a heavenly spirit. I would not dare to think of that. Try again—"

"The law? Ah! now I see I have chosen rightly—you will be a lawyer—a great lawyer, like Mr. Patrick Henry."

"You have spoken, Lucy—and I will do my best to fulfill your prophecy. I may not be a Patrick Henry—two such men belong not to one age—but I may at least hew out for myself a place among men, where I may stand with a man's freedom of thought and action. The very decision has emancipated me—has emboldened me to speak what a moment since I scarce dared to think—nay, turn not from me, beloved—oh how passionately beloved! Life has now its object for me, Lucy—your love—for that I will strive—hope—whisper me that I need not fear—that when I have a right to claim my bride—"

When Edward Houston commenced this passionate apostrophe, he had clasped Lucy in his arms, and overcome by his emotions and her own—forgetting all but his love—conscious only of a bewildering joy—he had rested for one instant on his bosom. It was but for one instant—the next, struggling from

his arms, she started to her feet, and stood leaning against the trunk of the tree that overshadowed them, with her face bidden by her clasped hands. He rose and drew near, saying, in low, tremulous tones—"Lucy, what means this?"

"Mr. Houston," she exclaimed, removing her hands from her face, and wringing them in passionate sorrow—"how could you speak those words?"

"Wherefore should I not speak them—are they so terrible to you, Lucy?"

"Can they be otherwise, since they must separate us forever? Think you the Lady Houston would endure that the creature of her bounty should become the wife of her son?"

"I asked, Lucy, that you would promise to be mine when I had won a right to act independently of the Lady Houston's opinions."

"Has a son ever a right to act independently of a mother?"

"Is the obedience of a child to be exacted from a man? Is his happiness ever to be at the mercy of another's prejudices? Does there never come a period when he may be permitted to judge for himself?"

Edward Houston spoke with indignant emphasis.

"Look not so sternly—speak not so angrily," exclaimed Lucy. "I cannot answer your questions—but my obligations, at least, are irrevocable—they belong to the irrevocable past, and while I retain their memory I can never—"

"Hush—hush, Lucy! you will drive me mad. Is my happiness of less value in your eyes than the few paltry dollars my mother has expended for you?"

"Shall I, serpent-like, sting the hand that has fed me? No! no! would I had never heard those words. We were so happy—you will be happy again—but I—leave me, I pray you, for we must part now and forever—oh! leave me."

"No, Lucy, we will never part—I will never leave you."

He wrapped his arms around her, and overcoming her feeble resistance drew her again to his side and pressed his lips to hers. At that touch, Lucy roused herself, and with a wild, half-frenzied effort breaking from him, she rushed rapidly, blindly forward. He would have followed her, but stumbling against the root of a tree, before he could recover himself she was at the outskirts of the wood, in sight of the farmhouse, and though he might overtake he could not detain her. He returned home, not overwhelmed with disappointment, but with joy throbbing at his heart, and hope beaming in his eyes. Lucy loved him—of that he felt assured—and buckled by that assurance he could stand against the world. Life was before him—a life not of sickly pleasures and *ennui* breeding indolence—but a life of contest and struggle and labor, perhaps even of exhausting labor, yet a life which should awaken and discipline his powers; a life of victory and of repose—sweet because won with effort—a life to which Lucy's love should give its crowning joy. Such are youth's dreams. In his case these dreams were somewhat

rudely dispelled by a summons from his mother's physician. Lady Houstoun was ill—very ill—he must not delay, said the physician; and he did not; yet a hastily pencilled line told that even at this moment Lucy was not forgotten—it was a farewell which breathed love and faith and hope.

On Edward Houstoun's arrival in New York, he found his mother already recovering from the acute attack which had endangered her life and occasioned his recall. He soon unfolded to her his new views of life, and the career which he had marked out for himself. New views indeed—new and incomprehensible to Lady Houstoun! She saw not that the life of indulgence, the perpetual gala-day, which she anticipated for her son, would have condemned him to see his highest powers dwindle away and die in the lethargy of inaction, or to waste in repinings against fate those energies given to command success. Time moderated her astonishment, and quiet perseverance subdued her opposition—subdued it the more readily, perhaps, from the knowledge that her son could accomplish his designs without her aid, by turning into money the plate, jewels and pictures received from his father. Edward Houstoun's first act, after securing the execution of his designs, was to inform Lucy of the progress he had made. His own absence from New York at this time would have excited his mother's surprise, and might have aroused her suspicions, but the haste with which he had left the Glen furnished him with a plausible excuse for sending his own man to look after clothing, books, &c., that had been forgotten, and by him a letter could, he knew, be safely sent.

A few days brought back to him his own letter, with the intelligence that Lucy had left Farmer Pye's family. Where she was gone, they could not or would not tell. Setting all fears at defiance, he went himself to the Glen—he sounded and examined and cross-examined every member of the farmer's family; but in vain were his efforts. He only learned that she had declared her intention of supporting herself by her own exertions, instead of continuing dependent on the Lady Houstoun—that she had returned the lady's last donation, through the farmer, with many expressions of gratitude, and that she had left home for the house of an acquaintance in New York, from whom she hoped to receive advice and assistance in the accomplishment of her intentions. She had mentioned neither the name nor place of residence of this friend, and though she had written once to the good farmer, she had only informed that she had found a home and employment, without reference to any person or place. Edward asked to see the letter—it was brought, but the post-mark told no secret—it was that of the nearest post-town, and the farmer opening the letter showed that Lucy had said she had requested the bearer to drop it into that office. Who that bearer was none knew. Bitter was the disappointment of Edward Houstoun. A beautiful vision had crossed his path; had awakened his noblest impulses, kindled his passionate devotion, and then vanished forever. But she had left ineradicable traces of her presence. His awakened energies, his passionate longings, his

altered life, all gave assurance that she had been—that the bright ideal of womanly beauty and tenderness and gentleness and firmness which lived in his memory was no dream of fancy. He anticipated little pleasure now from the pursuits on which he had lately determined, but his pride forbade him to relinquish them, and when once they had been commenced, finding in mental occupation his Lethe, he abandoned himself to them with all his accustomed ardor.

Two years passed away with Edward Houstoun in the most intense intellectual action, and in death-like torpor of the affections. From the last his mother might have saved him, had not her want of sympathy with her pursuits occasioned a barrier of reserve and coolness to arise between them fatal to her influence. During this time no token of Lucy's existence had reached him, and it was with such a thrill as might have welcomed a visitant from the dead, that, one morning as he left his own house to proceed to the office in which he pursued his studies, he saw before him at the distance of a block, yet without any intervening object to interrupt his view of her, a form and face resembling hers, though thinner and paler. The lady was approaching him, with slow and languid steps, but as her eyes were fixed upon the ground she did not perceive him, and just as his throbbing heart exclaimed "It is Lucy," and he sprang forward to greet her, she entered a house and the door closed on her. The inmates of that house were but slightly known to him, having only lately moved into the street, yet he hesitated not an instant in ringing the bell, and inquiring of the servant who presented himself at the door for Miss Watson.

"Miss Watson, sir?" repeated the man, "there is no such person living here."

"She may not live here, but I saw her enter your door, and I wish to speak to her." At this moment Lucy crossed the hall at its further end, and he sprang forward, exclaiming, "Lucy—Miss Watson—thank Heaven I see you once more!"

A slight scream from Lucy and the tremor which shook her frame showed her recognition of him. She leaned for an instant against the wall, too faint for speech or action, while he clasped her hand in his; but a voice broke in upon his raptures and her agitation—a sharp, angry voice, coming from a lady who, leaning over the banister of the stairs, had seen and heard all that was passing below.

"Lucy—Lucy—come up here—I am waiting for you—this is certainly very extraordinary conduct—very extraordinary indeed."

"You shall not go," said Edward Houstoun, while the red blood flushed to his brow, at the thought that his Lucy could be thus ordered. Lucy's face glowed too, and there was a proud flash from her eye, yet she resisted his efforts to detain her, and when he placed himself before her to prevent her leaving him, she opened a door near her, and, though he followed her quickly through it, he was just in time to see her rushing up a private staircase. He would not leave the house without an interview, and going into one of the parlors he rang the bell and requested to see

Mrs. Blakely, the lady of the house. She came, looking very haughty and very angry. He apologized for his intrusion, but expressed a wish to see a young lady, Miss Watson, who was, he perceived, under her care. With a yet haughtier air, Mrs. Blakely replied, "I am not acquainted with any young *lady* of the name of Watson. Lucy Watson—the girl whom you met in the hall just now—is my seamstress. If you wish to see her, I will send her down to you, though I do not generally allow my servants to receive their visitors here."

"I shall be happy to see her wherever you please," was Edward Houstoun's very truthful reply.

Mrs. Blakely left him and he stationed himself at the door to watch for Lucy—minutes, which seemed to him hours, passed and she came not. At length, as he was about to ring the bell again, steps were heard approaching; he turned quickly, but it was not Lucy. The girl who entered handed him a sealed note. He tore it open and read—"I dare not see you. When you receive this I shall have left the house, and, as none know whither I have gone, questions would be useless."

In an instant he was in the street, looking with eager eyes hither and thither for some trace of the lost one. He looked in vain, yet he went toward his office with happier feelings than he had long known. He knew now where Lucy was, and a thousand expedients suggested themselves, by which he could not fail to see her. If he could only converse with her for a few minutes, he was assured he could prevail on her to leave her present position, of which he could not bear to think for a moment. His heart swelled, his brow flushed, whenever the remembrance of that position flashed upon his mind, yet he never for an instant regarded it as changing his relations with Lucy, or lessening his desire to call her his. He recollected with pleasure two circumstances which had scarcely been marked at the moment of their occurrence. The man who had opened the door to him, when he saw him spring forward to meet Lucy, had exclaimed "Oh! it was *Miss* Lucy you meant, sir;" and the girl who handed the note had said, "*Miss* Lucy has gone out, sir." It was evident she was not regarded by the servants as one of themselves—she had not been degraded by association with menials. This was true. Lucy had made such separation on her part an indispensable necessity, and Mrs. Blakely had been too sensible of the value of one possessing so much taste and skill in all feminine adornments to hesitate about complying with her demand. This lady was one of the *nouveaux riches*, who occupied her life in scheming to attain a position to which neither birth nor education entitled her. The brightest dream connected with her present abode had been that its proximity to Lady Houstoun's residence might lead to an acquaintance with one of the proudest of that charmed circle in which Mrs. Blakely longed to tread. Hitherto this had proved a dream indeed, but Edward Houstoun's incursion into her domain, and the developments made by it, might, she thought, with a little address, render it a reality. It was with this

purpose that she sent a note to Lady Houstoun, requesting an interview with her on a subject deeply connected with the honor of her family and the happiness of her son. Immediately on despatching this note, the servants were ordered to uncover the furniture in the drawing-room, while she herself hastened to assume her most becoming morning dress. Her labors were fruitless. "Lady Houstoun would be at home to Mrs. Blakely till noon," was the scarcely courteous reply to her carefully worded note. It was an occasion on which she could not afford to support her pride, and she availed herself of the permission to call.

The interview between Lady Houstoun and Mrs. Blakely would have been an interesting study to the nice observer of character. The efforts on the part of the one lady to be condescending, and on that of the other to be dignified, were almost equally successful. Mrs. Blakely had seldom felt her wealth of so little consequence as in the presence of her commanding yet simply attired hostess, and Lady Houstoun had never been more disposed to assert the privileges of her rank, than when she heard that her son had forgotten his own so far as to visit on terms of equality—nay, if Mrs. Blakely was to be believed, positively to address in the style of a lover—a seamstress—the seamstress of Mrs. Blakely.

"This is very painful intelligence to me, Mrs. Blakely—of course, you must be aware that Mr. Houstoun could only have contemplated a temporary connection with this girl. I do not fear that in his most reckless moment he could have thought of such a *mésalliance*—but this young woman must be saved—he was a *protégée* of Sir Edward Houstoun, and for his sake must not be allowed to come to harm—may I trouble you to send her to me?"

The request was given very much in the style of a command. Mrs. Blakely would not confess that she had great doubts of her power to comply with it, but this would have been sufficiently evident to any one who had marked the uncertain air and softened tone with which Lady Houstoun's wishes were made known to Lucy. Indignant as she was at Mrs. Blakely's impertinent interference, Lucy scarcely regretted Lady Houstoun's acquaintance with her son's feelings. We do not know that far below all those acknowledged impulses leading her to comply with the lady's request, there did not lie some romantic hope that influences were astir through which

"Pride might be quelled and love be free,"

but this she did not whisper even to her own heart.

"Better that the lady should know all—she will act both wisely and tenderly—perhaps, for her son's sake, she will aid me to leave New York." Such was the only language into which she allowed even her thought silently to form itself.

Arranging her simple dress with as much care as if she were about to meet her lover himself, Lucy set out for her interview with Lady Houstoun. She had but a short distance to traverse, but she lingered on her way, oppressed by a tremulous anxiety. She was apprehensive of she knew not what or where—

fore—for again and again her heart acquitted her of all blame. At length she is at the door—it opens, and, with a courtesy which the servants of Mrs. Blakely never show to the visitor who comes without carriage or attendants, she is ushered into the presence of Lady Houstoun. The lady fixes her eyes upon her as she enters, bows her head slightly in acknowledgement of her courtesy, and says coldly, “You are the young woman, I suppose, whom Mrs. Blakely wishes to send me?”

Lucy paused for a moment, to still the throbbing of her heart, before she attempted to reply. The thought flashed through her mind. “I am a woman and young, and therefore she should pity me”—but she answered in a low, sweet, tremulous tone—“I am the Lucy Watson, madam, to whom Sir Edward Houstoun was so kind.”

At that name a softer expression stole over the Lady Houstoun’s face, and she glanced quickly at a portrait hanging over the ample fireplace, which represented a gentleman of middle age, dressed in the uniform of a colonel of the American army. As she turned her eyes again on Lucy, she saw that hers were fastened on the same object.

“You have seen Sir Edward?” she said in gentle tones.

“Seen him, lady!—I loved him—oh how dearly!”

“Honored him would be a more appropriate expression.”

“I loved him, lady—we are permitted to love our God,” said Lucy firmly.

Lady Houstoun’s brow grew stern again—“And from this you argue, doubtless, that you have a right to love his son.”

Lucy’s pale face became crimson, and she bent her eyes to the ground without speaking—the lady continued—“I scarcely think that you could yourself have believed that Edward Houstoun intended to dishonor his family by a legal connection with you.”

The crimson deepened on Lucy’s face, but it was now the flush of pride, and raising her head she met Lady Houstoun’s eyes fully as she replied—“I could not believe that he ever designed to dishonor himself by ruining the orphan child of him who died in his father’s defence.”

“And you have intended to avail yourself of his infatuation. The menial of Mrs. Blakely would be a worthy daughter, truly, of a house which has counted nobles among its members.”

“If I have resisted Mr. Houstoun’s wishes—separated myself from him, and resigned all hope of even looking on his face again, it has not been from the slightest reverence for the nobility of his descent, but from self respect, from a regard to the nobleness of my own spirit. I had eaten of your bread, lady, and I could not do that which might grieve you—yet the bread which had cost me so much became bitter to me, and I left the home you had provided to seek one by my own honest labors. I have earned my bread, but not as a menial—not in the companionship of the vulgar—and this Mrs. Blakely could have told you.”

“If your determination was, as you say, to sepa-

rate yourself from Mr. Houstoun, it is unfortunate that you should have taken up your residence so near us.”

“I knew not until this morning that I was near you.”

“If you are sincere in what you say you will have no objection now to leave New York.”

“I have no objection to go to any place in which I can support myself in peace.”

“As to supporting yourself, that is of no consequence. I will—”

“Pardon me, Lady Houstoun, it is of the utmost consequence to me. I cannot again live a dependent on your bounty.”

“What can you do? Has your education been such that you can take the situation of governess?”

“Mr. Merton was a highly educated man, and Mrs. Merton an accomplished woman—it was their pleasure to teach me, and mine to learn from them.”

“Accomplished! There stands a harp which has just been tuned by a master for a little concert we are to have this evening. Can you play on it?”

Lucy drew the instrument to her and played an overture correctly, yet with less spirit than she would have done had her fingers trembled less.

“Can you sing?”

Elevated above all apprehension by the indignant pride which this cold and haughty questioning aroused, Lucy changed the music of the overture for a touching air, and sang, with a rich, full voice, a single stanza of an Italian song.

“Italian! Do you understand it?”

“I have read it with Mr. Merton.”

“This is fortunate. I have been for weeks in search of a governess for a friend residing in the country. I will order the carriage and take you there instantly—or stay—return home and put up your clothes. I will send a coach for you.”

Again Lucy had vanished from Edward Houstoun’s world, nor could his most munificent bribes, nor most active cross-examination win any other information from Mrs. Blakely’s household, than that “Miss Lucy went away in a carriage”—a carriage whose description presented a *fac simile* of every hackney-coach. Spite of all her precautions, he suspected his mother; to his consciousness of her want of sympathy with his pursuits, was added a deep sense of injury, and his heart grew sterner, his manner colder and more reserved than ever. Two years more were passed in his studies, and a third in the long delays, the fruitless efforts which mark the entrance on any career of profitable exertion. During all this time, Lady Houstoun was studious to bring around him the loveliest daughters of affluence and rank. Graceful forms fitted through her halls, and the music of sweet voices and the gay laughter of innocent and happy hearts were heard within her rooms, but by all their attractions Edward Houstoun was unmoved. Courteous and bland to all, he never lingered by the side of one—no quick flush, no flashing beam told that even for a passing moment his heart was again awake. Could it be that from all this array of loveliness he was guarded by the memory of her who had stamped the impress of herself on his whole altered being? If the gratification of the man’s sterner ambition

could have atoned for the disappointment of the youth's dream of love, the shadow of that memory would have passed from his life. Step by step he had risen in the opinions of men, and at length one of the most profound lawyers of the day sought his association with himself in a case of the most intense interest, involving the honor of a lovely and much wronged woman. His reputation out of the halls of justice had already become such that many thronged the court to hear him. Gallant gentlemen and fair ladies looked down on him from the galleries—but far apart from these, in a distant corner, sat one whose tall form was enveloped in a cloak, and whose face was closely veiled. Beneath that cloak throbbed a mother's heart, and through that veil a mother's eyes sought the face she loved best on earth. He knew not she was there, for she rarely now asked a question respecting his engagements, or expressed any interest in his movements, yet how her ears drank in the music of his voice, and her eyes flashed back the proud light that shone in his. As she listened to his delineation of woman's claims to the sympathy and the defence of every generous heart, as she heard his biting sarcasm on the cowardly nature that, having wronged, would now crush into deeper ruin his fair client, as she saw kindling eyes fixed upon him, and caught, when he paused for a moment exhausted by the rush of indignant feeling, the low murmur of admiring crowds, how she longed to cry aloud, "My son—my son!" He speaks again. Higher and higher rises his lofty strain, bearing along with it the passions of the multitude. He ceases—and, as if touched by an electric shock, hundreds spring at once to their feet. The emphatic "Silence!" of the venerable judge hushes the shout upon their lips, but the mother has seen that movement, and, bursting into tears of proud, triumphant joy, she finds her way below, and is in the street before the verdict which his eloquence has won has been pronounced.

Edward Houstoun had fitted up a room in his mother's house as a study, and over his accustomed seat hung his father's portrait. To that room he went on his return from the scene we have described. Beneath the portrait stood one who seldom entered there. She turned at the opening of the door—the lip, usually so firmly compressed, was quivering with emotion, and those stern eyes were full of tears. She advanced to him, drew near and resting her head upon his shoulder whispered, "I, too, am a woman needing tenderness—shut not your heart against me, my son, for without you I am alone in the world."

The proud spirit had bent, the sealed fountain was opened, and, as he clasped his arms around her, the tears of mother and son mingled—but amidst the joy of this reunion Edward Houstoun felt more deeply than he had done for long months the desolation that had fallen on his life. His heart had been silent—it now spoke again and sad were its tones.

It is summer. The courts are closed, and all who can are escaping from the city's heat to the cool, refreshing shades of the country. Wo to those who remain! The pestilence has stretched her wings over them. The shadow and the silence of death has

fallen on their deserted streets. The yellow fever is in New York—introduced, it is said, by ships from the West Indies. Before it appeared Edward Houstoun was far away. He was traveling to recruit his exhausted powers—to Niagara, perhaps into Canada, and in the then slow progress of news, he was little likely to be recalled by any intelligence from the city. His mother was one of the first who had sickened. And where were now the fair forms that had encircled her in health—where the servants who had ministered with obsequious attention to her slightest wish? All were fled, for no gratified vanity—no low cupidity, can give courage for attendance on the bed of one in whose breath death is supposed to lurk. The devotedness of love, the self sacrifice of Christian Charity, are the only impulses for such a deed. Yet over the sufferer is heaving one whose form in its perfect development has richly fulfilled its early promise, and whose face is more beautiful in the gentle strength and thoughtfulness of womanhood than it had been in all its early brightness. In her peaceful home, where the reverent love of her young pupils and the confidence of their parents had made her happy, Lucy had heard from one of Lady Houstoun's terrified domestics of the condition in which she had been left, and few hours sufficed to bring her to her side. Days and nights of the most assiduous watchfulness, cheered by no companionship, follow, and then the physician, as he stands beside his patient and marks her regular breathing, her placid sleep, and the moisture on her brow, whispers "You have saved her."

We will not linger to describe the emotions with which Lady Houstoun, awaking from this long and tranquil slumber, exhausted, but no longer delirious, first recognized her nurse. At first, no doubt, painful recollections were aroused, but with the feebleness of childhood had returned much of its gentleness and susceptibility, and Lucy was at once so tender and so cheerful, that very soon her ministrings were received with unalloyed pleasure.

Sickness is a heavenly teacher to those who will open their hearts to her. Lady Houstoun arose to a new life. She had stood so near to death that she seemed to have looked upon earth in the light of eternity. In that light rank and title, with all their lofty associations and splendid accompaniments, faded away, while true nobleness, the nobleness which dwells in the Christian precept, "Love your enemies—do good to those that despitefully use you," stood out in all its beauty and excellence.

As soon as Lady Houstoun could be removed with safety, she went, by the advice of her physician, to her country seat. Lucy would now have returned to her pupils—she feared every day lest Edward Houstoun should appear, and a new contest be necessary with his feelings and her own—but Lady Houstoun still pleaded her imperfectly restored health as reason for another week's delay, and Lucy could not resist her pleadings.

It was afternoon, and Lucy sat in the library, which was in the rear of the house, far removed from its public entrance. Spenser's *Fairy Queen* was in her hand,

but she had turned from its witching pages to gaze upon the title page, on which was written, in Edward Houstoun's hand, "June 24th, 17—." It was the day, as Lucy well remembered, on which he had first revealed his love, and chosen his career in life. She was aroused from her reverie by Lady Houstoun's entrance. As she held the door open the bright sunlight from an opposite window threw a shadow on the floor which made Lucy's heart throb painfully.

She looked eagerly forward—a manly form entered and stood before her. She could not turn from the pleading eyes which were fixed with such intense earnestness on hers. With a bewildered, half-conscious air she rose from her chair. He came near her and extended his arms. One glance at the smiling Lady Houstoun showed Lucy that her interdiction was removed, and the next instant she lay in speechless joy once more upon her lover's bosom.

## THE CHIEFTAIN OF THE LAKE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

The forest bowers are o'er me like a roof,  
Through which the sunlight melts in golden green,  
And sprinkles shrub and moss. Resplendent June  
Now wields the sceptre, and the earth and sky  
Are in their brightest beauty. Everywhere  
The laurels are one gorgeous mass of bloom,  
Skirting my steps, high arching overhead,  
And brightening shadowy coverts far within  
With floral glory. As I slowly wend  
Along the grassy road, displaying ruts  
Cut by the wood-cart, every delicate breeze  
Wafts the strong fragrance of the bass-wood on,  
Extracted by the dampness of the dew  
Still lingering in the hollows. Long stretched roots  
Bulge from the soft black mould and faded leaves,  
And moss stands thick upon the scattered rocks  
And trunks laid prostrate. In the open fields,  
The sun lets down its broad and brilliant sheet,  
Ripening the strawberry in the grassy depths,  
And stemming the rich wheat; its cloudless glow  
Beats on the brow, and makes the frame wax faint  
And drowsy; but in these dim shaded vaults  
Breathes a soft coolness, gliding round each limb  
And bracing it to vigor. Glimmering light  
Before me tells an opening in the woods;  
The tall trees break away, and broadly spreads  
A glade of soft, low grass, thick spangled o'er  
With the white clover, as though flakes of snow  
Had just been showered upon it, and the air  
Is loaded with the odor. Murmurs sweet  
Announce a rill, and from a narrow cleft,  
Lined with wet moss, I mark large glancing drops  
Falling within a shallow cup of rock,  
Whence bends a glittering streak of liquid steel,  
And forms the little snakelike runnel seen  
Only by the keen sparkle of its eye  
Amidst its ambush shrubs. But now the road  
Slants downward, and the summits of the trees  
Are seen within the valley; spaces bright  
Glitter between the wide breaks of the woods,  
Showing the lake is near; a sudden curve  
Ends the descent, and like a plain of glass  
The waters spread before me. One green wall  
Of foliage circles the pure, lovely sheet,  
Untouched by man. A hemlock, undermined,  
Has fallen within the flood, its sloping top  
Impending o'er deep waters where the pike  
Waits for his prey. A fringe of bending grass  
Is round the margin, whilst the narrow coves  
Are covered with the lily's broad flat leaves,  
Bristling with golden balls; with sandy tips  
Points jut into the lake, and pebbly belts  
Receive the tiny ripples as they run  
Darkening beneath the breezes. In deep gold

The sunset smiles, suffusing the west-woods  
With a soft radiance, and upon the lake  
Gleaming in splendid hues; the whole wild scene  
Is lighted up as with a glory; sweet  
The charm of solitude on all around;  
The world is here forgotten, and the soul  
Drinks the pure peace that faintly shadows Heaven.

Here dwell an aged forest chief. The last  
Of the Chibocki that once roamed these hills  
And glided o'er this water. Brave and strong  
The tribe, and the Great Spirit on their path  
Smiled long and kindly. But at length they heard  
Upon their distant hunts the crashing sound  
Of axes, and their eyes, from mountain tops,  
Lit upon smokes upcurling from the glades  
And valleys of the streams. With sickening hearts,  
They kindled their last solemn council-fire,  
Danced their last dance, and left their home forever.  
All but their chieftain. He, with fierce disdain,  
Taunted their craven spirits; pointed stern  
To the green mounds that held their fathers' ashes,  
And then, with hand uplifted to the sky,  
And his broad front reared proudly to their look,  
Swore by Manitto that he ne'er would leave  
The lake and forests where his infant form  
Had swung in its tree-cradle, and which saw  
His youth and manhood crowned with warrior-fame.  
They left him. Years passed by. The white men swept  
All round the lake, but left this sylvan spot  
To its unshorn and beautiful repose.  
Amidst the maple hills his rifle crashed,  
Within the alder coverts lurked his traps,  
And o'er the waters of the lake his spear  
Gleamed for its spoil. The casual hunter saw  
His withered figure stealing through the woods,  
And the trim fisher from the neighboring town  
Marked, as reclined he, weary, in his tent,  
The Indian's deep-red torch upon the lake,  
Gleaming amidst the dark and sultry night  
Like some fierce monster's eye. At length his form  
Bent with time's heavy burthen, and he looked  
A hemlock slowly dying with mossed top.  
At last, one autumn eve, when every gust  
Stripped from the woods their leaves, a hunter went  
For shelter to the lowly wigwam set  
Against a rock. He raised the blanket-door,  
And found the Indian dead upon his mat.  
He bore him to a hollow in the wood  
And gave him to the earth. Since then the lake  
Has seemed deserted by its guardian spirit.  
Tender and touching was the old man's love  
For this, his native scene. An emblem he  
Of memory clinging fondly to the past.

## OFF CALAIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

"Sail ho!" sung the look-out at the mast-head.

"Sail ho!" echoed the man at the fore.

We all started and looked around. It was a cold, lowering day, and a drizzling rain shut in the horizon within comparatively narrow bounds. Those of us on deck, therefore, looked in vain for the white canvas of the stranger. Once I fancied that I caught sight of it; but a second glance proved that what I saw was only a breaker in the distance, whitening the dark and troubled sky. The captain, who had the keenest eye of us all, after scrutinizing the seaboard with a searching glance to no purpose, hailed the mast-head.

"Whercaway?" he cried.

"Broad on the weather beam."

"What is she like?"

"A frigate, I should say, sir—and in chase."

"Ah!" muttered the captain involuntarily, but the tone was so low that only those on the quarter-deck heard it.

"They are crowding their canvas, sir," continued the look-out.

"All hands make sail!" shouted the captain in lion-like tones of command, leaping on a gun as he spoke.

The sound of the boatswain's whistle and the rush of the crew were simultaneous. I never saw such a change as those few, short, quick words of command produced. The men had been loitering idly about, some skulking under the carriages, others dozing in the tops, and a crowd here and there relating or listening to a yarn. At the hurried conversation between the quarter-deck and the mast-head, they had pricked up their ears, though without changing their positions; but now, like hounds slipped from the leash at the hunter's cry, they jumped to the ropes, scoured up the ratlines, and the next instant were out on the yards, shaking our superabundant canvas to the breeze.

Nor was their alacrity without cause. Every one remembers the terror which the appearance of the *Argus*, in the summer of 1813, occasioned on the coast of England, when, capturing and burning her prizes almost under the guns of Portsmouth, she spread such alarm in London that no underwriter would insure. With a like reckless daring to that displayed by the unfortunate *Allen*, our captain, relying on the speed of his craft, had carried us within sight of Dover; and, as in the case of the *Argus*, by the time we had taken a dozen prizes, the whole coast was alarmed, and orders had been sent down by the telegraph for three fast sailing frigates to put to sea and capture us at every risk. The very day before that of which I now speak, we had received

this alarming intelligence from a fisherman. Under such circumstances, had prudence been consulted, we would immediately have left the vicinity. But the captain had set his heart on the capture of a rich prize that was daily expected from the Baltic with a large amount of specie on board; and being already in the Straits, he resolved to dash forward, run the gauntlet of the fleet, and make his way back into the Atlantic through the German Ocean.

The perilous nature of our position can be understood even by the landsman, who will take up a map and observe the extreme narrowness of the sea opposite Dover. Just in the very narrowest part of the Strait we were now. A strong northerly breeze was blowing, against which we made what headway we could, the spray often, however, flying to the foretop, so dead was the thump with which we plunged into the opposing seas. Consequently, when the frigate was discovered, we were running right into her jaws. To keep on was certain destruction. Our sole hope consisted in changing our route and retracing our track; but even this afforded only a slight chance of escape, as the sea in that direction was by this time thronged with cruisers. But there was no other resort. Each man, even to the humblest of the crew, knew this as well as the captain; and there was, consequently, a simultaneous pause, while a hundred eyes turned toward the quarter-deck.

"Ease your helm, quarter-master!" thundered the officer of the deck, "let go main-tack, lee braces and after bowlines—main-sail haul!" he added, in quick succession, while his orders were executed as if by magic.

We had been, I have said, threshing through the head sea, but as the evolutions I have recorded took place, the ship came slowly around, the huge canvas flapped heavily for an instant as it lost the wind, and then bellying with a quick jerk filled on the other tack.

"Let go and haul!" shouted the officer of the deck; and, with a graceful and easy curtsy, like a fair girl entering a ball-room, our gallant little craft bowed over, and, taking the wind on her starboard quarter, ran off at the rate of nine knots an hour, the waters flashing and sparkling as they whirled away from her rudder.

"They'll be fleet steeds that catch us," said a voice at my elbow, quoting a line of a then popular song.

"Not so sure of that," I responded, on seeing a fellow reefer beside me. "We are in a deuced sharp corner, and not a foot of room to turn in. Then it is getting as thick as a night-cap. Our best chance is to give him our heels, if we can, and get into the

more open channel; but if that fails, as I fear it will, we must hug the French coast and make one of *Johnny Crapau's* ports as a last resort; but before we can do that we may be driven on his cursed iron-bound shore. I can almost hear the surge booming on it now."

"No fear of being forced into such an extremity," replied my companion; "though we are in a bit of a scrape," he added, after a pause, more seriously. "My hope is that yonder frigate cannot sail as fast as we do: why, the little *Swallow* is a credit to her name—see how she skims along!"

We were indeed flying over the waters with a wonderful velocity; and I confessed to myself I had never seen our ship do better. She seemed, too, as if conscious of her perilous situation, and resolute to strain every nerve in order to escape. The captain continued to crowd on canvas, until even the old quartermaster at the helm began to cast uneasy glances up at the spars, which were now bending in the gale like willow wands, while the lee shrouds curved out to windward as a pennon when it first takes the wind. Once or twice I thought the masts would jump out. But imminent as was the danger of carrying away our spars, we soon saw that we must run the risk, if we expected to keep our own against our gigantic adversary; for the look-out continued to report that the stranger was fast gaining on us, and indeed the matter was soon placed beyond a doubt to the most skeptical, by the pursuer being visible from the decks. The drizzling rain, at this instant, cleared partially off. With the aid of our glasses we speedily made the stranger out to be an English frigate of the largest size, coming down with every sail drawing, and rolling the water in cataracts of foam before him. At the rate at which he was advancing he would be up with us before dark.

"If the wind would only lull," I heard the lieutenant say in a whisper to his subordinate.

But it did not lull. The elements seemed to be against us. Every moment we became more and more unable, in consequence of the increasing gale, to cope with our more powerful adversary. In a light wind I felt sure we could run away from any thing ever launched in the British seas; but the same force which now pressed us down into the water, just enabled the heavier frigate to carry all sail to advantage. Never before had our little craft met an adversary so formidable. Hitherto she had borne off the palm of speed. Was she now to fail us in this crisis? The skipper walked the quarter-deck with steps of constantly increasing velocity, pausing now and then at the end of his circumscribed path to cast a flashing look at our pursuer; and I fancied that, short as were the intervals, the decreasing distance between the frigate and ourselves was more perceptible at every pause. Oh! how I longed for some magician's power to infuse superhuman speed into our little craft. I would have sacrificed my right arm, at that hour, to have distanced the proud Englishman, and I knew, by the compressed lips and excited countenances around me, that there were scores on board who would have done the same.

"To think of the pretty *Swallow*, after all her luck, falling into the Englisher's hands, G—d—'em," said an old salt, nigh me, energetically squirting his tobacco juice overboard as he spoke.

"Aye! I would 'nt mind their prisons so much if she could only escape," said another. "What a beauty she is! Now do but look at those masts—thin, raking, tapering—why, there isn't a craft from old Boston down to Baltimore that is half so pretty, to my eye. Is there to yours, Jack?"

"No, that there aint," growled the old sea-dog. "But what's the use of it all if she's to fall into the claws of John Bull? I almost wish the skipper would blow her up first."

"Howsomever," said his companion, giving a long look to leeward, and hitching up his trowsers as he spoke, "I would n't wonder if we dodged her yet. Hereaway's the open channel, and we may yet get into it by dark. Besides, if we can't, the French coast must be close in here—curse this drizzle, I say, it makes every thing as dim as a night-watch—and, so be, we may make *Boulogne*."

"No—no," replied his messmate, shaking his head mournfully, "he'll be up with us afore then. Besides, in this fog, we might run on the shoals, and every soul be lost—though, damme," he added quickly, "I do n't know but what that would be better than being taken, and having to march up the Englisher's side, one by one, to be handcuffed, like sheep going to the shambles."

The remarks of the indignant veteran fully confirmed my worst fears, and bore me out in what I had expressed to my fellow reefer nearly an hour before. Yet still I hoped with him, against these convictions, that we would be able to keep our own until we got into the more open channel and night came on, when we might possibly escape. Influenced thus, as the old sea-dog moved grumbling away, I turned and fixed my eyes on the shadowy horizon in the direction of the French coast. In ordinary weather the outline of the land would have been easily perceptible, but now the mist was so heavy that I gazed long and anxiously before I could detect any signs of our vicinity to the rock-bound shore. The rain, however, began finally to slacken; but the gale increased as the mist lifted. The dark, leaden-colored clouds, which had hung across the face of the firmament during the whole afternoon, now stooped lower down and went hurrying by with increased velocity: the breeze had a fresher taste to it; and, on every hand, the white caps of the billows gleamed up in quicker succession: while the contrast between the gloom of the sky above, the dark transparent surges below, and the spectral whiteness of the foam, breaking all around us, became more intense and startling. Suddenly I heard a wild cry. I looked up. A diver went hastening by, shoreward, screaming in anticipation of the coming storm; and, at the same instant, the white line of the surf on the French coast flashed out in the distance, ghastly and wild.

"There it comes," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned hastily around, just in time to see a gush of fire issue from one of the ports of the frigate, while,



instantaneously, the roar of a cannon came booming across the deep. I watched the ball ricocheting from wave to wave until it plunged into the sea a cable's length or more distant.

Involuntarily I turned and looked down the channel. A moment's scrutiny satisfied me that escape in that quarter was now impossible, for the frigate, at the rate at which she was overhauling us, would be up with us long before we could hope to get into the open sea. There still remained, however, the chance of reaching Boulogne, or some smaller French port on the coast.

"He will hull us the next shot," said my fellow reefer, as a ball dashed into the water close to us, actually flinging the spray over the deck. "You are right, Danforth, we are done for this time."

"Nay, let us hope," I said, against my better judgment, "we are closing in with the coast rapidly, and may make a harbor before he can catch us yet."

"Not if he flings his metal in that fashion," was the rejoinder, as another shot whistled along; "it has gone through the main-top-sail, by the Lord!"

The fire of the frigate now began to be rapid and heavy. She comprehended, by this time, our design, and though there was little chance of its success, even under the most favorable circumstances, for the coast was rocky and dangerous, and had shipwrecked many a gallant craft before, she appeared determined to run no risk, but to cripple us if possible at once. And admirably were her guns served. I fancy I can hear, even at this distance of time, the sharp, regular ringing of the metal, as the intonations swept down to us over that fast whitening waste; while every report was like a knell to our anxious hearts, for a shot in our foretop, or other critical point, would, by disabling us, have laid us at once at the mercy of our foe. We watched the balls, therefore, as they sped down toward us on their sinister errand, and a feeling of joy burst from us to find we were still materially uninjured.

On drove our gallant little craft, like a sea-bird swept before the hurricane, and fast followed our gigantic pursuer, rapidly looming up behind. The wind continued to freshen. Indeed, it was now blowing a hurricane. The late enormous billows gradually became flattened before the increasing tempest, which tore off their crests, with a giant's grasp, carrying the spray at a vast distance through the air. The roar of the wind became momentarily more and more deafening in the rigging. We had been compelled, more than once, to reduce sail, but though not half our canvas was now spread, we drove before the hurricane with even increased velocity. The sky, which so lately had been universally of a forbidding lead color, was clearing off to the north, where a spot of blue was already visible, while the dark clouds overhead, whirling over and over as the gale hurried them along, were swept down to leeward, until they collected in a vast, black mass, over the French coast, where they hung, an omen of disaster.

Toward that coast we now turned with desperate hope. We could see it running far away toward the south-east, distinguishable by the line of breakers,

and the lights of the fishing villages here and there; but the shore was so beset with rocks and shoals that I trembled when I thought of the wild night in which we were to approach it. As the gale increased, the aspect of the coast became more and more terrible. The waves were driving on the land with fearful velocity, tossing their crests madly as they chased each other in the gloom. At intervals, I could hear the thunder of the surf, and even fancy I saw the foam flung high up on the face of the cliffs. The gulls and divers flew wildly overhead, filling the darkening twilight with their clanging cries; while streaks of ominous red began to break through the rampart of clouds, and cast a lurid and foreboding aspect across the scene.

The chase was now approaching its climax. Before us, for miles along the coast, stretched an immense shoal, over which the waves broke in whirlwinds of foam. Along the whole distance I could see no opening into the comparatively smooth water beyond, which here formed a sort of sheltered roadstead of considerable width. The resolution, however, with which the captain kept on, assured me that he was determined to perish in the breakers, rather than surrender. The frigate followed in our wake as if equally reckless, her guns still ringing rapidly across the night.

But now a new agent appeared on the scene. The coast of France was, at that time, studded with small fortifications to protect the inhabitants from marauding incursions of the English; and three of these batteries crowned as many favorable points on the shore ahead. We had noticed the lights flashing to and fro as if the garrisons were alarmed, but the distance, at first, had been so great as to attract no attention. The rate, however, at which we advanced, soon brought us into their vicinity, and while gazing at the formidable shoals I was suddenly startled by a cannon ball from the shore, which whizzed overhead. Almost simultaneously a second battery opened its fire; and, in less time than I have taken to describe the occurrence, we were the target of a concentric cannonade.

"Bring me the rockets I got in Boulogne," said the captain, quickly. "We must exchange signals with them; it is lucky I learnt the cue. This new peril may be turned to our advantage."

The rockets were hurried on deck, and sent up; and before their thousand sparks had fallen shimmering in the water, the guns of the fort were turned on our pursuer. But he appeared reckless of the danger that now threatened him. Like a hound which has once tasted blood, he seemed determined to pursue his prey even into the jaws of the lion.

It became now an anxious question whether, after all, he would not succeed. Nor was it long before the ray of hope which had lightened our bosoms when the forts began to fire on the frigate, died gradually out, for the enemy was rapidly overhauling us, and in a very short time would be able to send us to the bottom with a broadside. Yet I could not help admiring the gallant style in which he advanced. Rolling the water in volumes of foam before him, he staggered along before the gale. Each rope was neatly

arranged, and every thing showed that care and finish which makes a thorough man-of-war so like a highly groomed and mettled courser. But when I thought of our apparently inevitable destiny, I turned from the pursuer, the cause of it all, with a muttered curse.

Meantime the cannonade was becoming furious on both sides; and though, by a miracle, we had escaped so far, we could not expect this immunity to continue. The guns of the fort were plied with increased vigor, and we saw the shot ploughing up the water on every side in the vicinity of the frigate. The spectacle soon became so magnificent as to withdraw my thoughts, for a moment, from the contemplation of our peril. The night had set in, and it was quite dark overhead; while over the French coast still hung that black battlement of clouds. But this ebony canopy was now fearfully lit up with the fiery track of bombs, which, like so many meteors, crossed the sky incessantly. Behind us, in the back ground, was the dark hull of the frigate, now shrouded in partial gloom, and now illuminated for a moment with the blaze of her guns, until every rope and spar stood out in bold relief.

We were now approaching the line of foam which marked the position of the shoals. As the breakers dashed up, white and ghastly, out of the gloom ahead, I shrank back with a thrill of horror, and involuntarily clutched a rope. Was there no other alternative? Must we be the prey of those wild waters? As I eagerly asked myself this question I looked around. But on the countenances of neither crew nor officer was a gleam of hope discernible. Every man looked as if death was inevitable, and there was a stern, rigid expression on the faces of all, the index of that fierce hatred which led them to prefer destruction before a surrender. But even had there been any thought of yielding to the foe, it would now have been too late; for the wind and current were setting so forcibly in the direction of the shore, that no vessel, however weatherly, could have made an offing. The captain no longer paced the quarter-deck, but stood holding to the mizzen rigging, straining his sight across the white and troubled waters that boiled under our fore-foot. The muscles of the mouth were rigidly compressed, and I fancied I saw a look of pain in the contracted brow. Could it be that, even while summoning all his energies for the crisis which was at hand, a doubt tortured his mind as to his right to sacrifice the lives of his men on a punctilio of honor? No! it could not be remorse of conscience I beheld on that noble forehead. It was the thought of his distant home—of his young and newly wedded wife—of the terrible blow the news of his death would inflict on her, sending her out to struggle with the cold world alone. Once, during that awful moment, I saw him turn his eyes in the direction of the Atlantic, as if he would have penetrated, if he could, the dim distance across which lay his home. Then the moment of weakness passed. He turned once more toward the raging surf. Suddenly he started—his keen eye seemed to penetrate the gloom. I saw a flush shoot over his face, and instantaneously that

lion-like voice towered over the din, infusing courage and hope into every heart.

"Helm a-lee—b-a-a-a-ard!" he shouted—"forward, there! don't you see a channel between the rocks?"

Every heart beat quicker at the words. Was there a chance, then, of escape? We sprang to look into the gloom.

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted a dozen voices, a little ashamed that the sharp eye of the captain should have detected the passage first; for there it was, plainly distinguishable—a sheet of dark green water amid the waste of foam that boiled over the shoal.

A hundred hands sprang to be ready to man the yards, for the opening was close aboard, and the sails would have to be laid nearly flat to carry us through. Indeed, it seemed incredible that we could pass the entrance without striking, for it was narrow, winding, and intersected with rocks. But we had no time for idle speculation. Our gallant little craft was driving toward it with the speed of a race-horse. Now that we were close to a stationary object, like the shoal, we could, for the first time, judge of the tremendous velocity at which we were going, nor did the foam, borne on the wind, fly swifter than we.

"Hard—h-a-u-rder!—stand by there!" thundered the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

On we drove. In that fearful moment I held my breath involuntarily with awe—my pulsation seemed suspended—I stood incapable of motion. We glanced by the outer shoals, and I saw the waters whitening around us. But the danger was not over. A considerable portion of the channel yet remained to be passed. We could behold the somewhat winding outline of the dark waters fringed with foam, stretching away almost a cable's length in advance. To add to the peril, the helm was no longer manageable. Borne onward with the current we could only await our destiny in silence. Those terrible moments I shall never forget. Suddenly a breaker swept over the bow, driving us to larboard in the direction of a rock, over which the waves broke in a whirlwind of foam. Nearer and nearer we drifted toward the fatal shoal. There was a moment's suspense, and I thought we touched. Involuntarily I clutched the rope, which I held, tighter in my grasp. The ship seemed to stagger, and quivered in every timber. The delay of a second, at that crisis, would have split her to atoms; but, fortunately, just then a gigantic billow struck us under the counter, lifting us bodily out of the water; and the gallant craft, starting forward as if she felt the spur, scraped the surface of the rock, and the next instant was in the smooth water beyond.

These events had passed in such rapid succession, as almost to deprive me of the power of sensation; but my first thought, on perceiving our present safety, was to look for the enemy's frigate. Could she, too, escape that fearful shoal?

The frigate was still outside the reef, but close in to it, driving along at an awful rate, under a close-reefed topsail and fore-course. She had obviously fallen into the error of fancying there was no danger as long as we kept on; but now, all at once, she

seemed to wake to her peril on seeing the breakers roaring under her lee. Her guns ceased—the hoarse sound of the trumpet came to my ears, and instantaneously, as if by magic, her immense yards swung around, and she came slowly up toward the wind. There was a coolness and precision in her bearing that extorted our admiration. Even the French garrisons seemed to respect her desperate situation; their fire ceased, and the gunners gazed on in silence.

The issue was not long in doubt. For a moment the head of the frigate struggled up against the wind; but in that fearful tempest she could do nothing; wind and waves combined were too much for her; and, after a desperate attempt, she fell off, and began to drift, broad-side on, toward the rocks. A cry of horror burst from us. We gazed aghast! There was an interval of suspense, continuing while you might have counted twenty, during which that dark hull swept toward the breakers—then came a crash, a wild cry, and the frigate, with her living freight, disappeared in the vortex.

I could not, at first, believe what I saw. But the instant previous the tall and gallant ship had been there—could she have vanished so utterly in the twinkling of an eye? At that moment a break in the clouds let in a gleam of angry light on the scene. I looked eagerly for some sign of the frigate. Something like a mast heaved up and then sunk. It was the last vestige of her we ever saw.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed from the period when we entered the breakers, to that in which the man-of-war went down. The hurry—the rush of emotions during that crowded interval, no pen is

adequate to describe. And now, when the eventful moments were terminated by this terrible tragedy, and six hundred human beings found a grave before our eyes, the effect was stunning. Shuddering, I closed my eyes to shut out the terrible sight; and I had been inhuman, indeed, if a prayer for their souls had not ascended simultaneously with thanksgivings for our own delivery.

We could do nothing for our unfortunate foes. No boat could have lived in that surf. Indeed, our own safety was still a problem. To escape one peril we had courted another, and now had a rocky shore under our lee, with a perfect hurricane abroad. Neither was there any port within sight, where we might find refuge. We could only endeavor to keep an offing, and run down the coast, in the hope that the gale would abate, or a harbor present itself.

All through the watches of that night the death-cry from the frigate rung in my ears; and, at times, voices would seem to my excited imagination to be calling for help from the deep. Morning at length dawned, and the gale somewhat abated. We looked around. The coast was strewn with wrecks of fishing-smacks. Not a square-rigged vessel was in sight. We alone, of all in that vicinity, had rode out the storm, and when we came to anchor in the little port of Piron, the simple inhabitants looked on us almost as risen from the dead.

None of the frigate's crew ever reached the shore alive. But the beach was, for several days afterward, strewn with her dead bodies. And, to this day, the inhabitants of that coast tell of the fearful shipwreck of the English man-of-war.

## THE WATCHING SPIRIT.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

AGAIN float through my bosom

The memories of the Past!

Of pleasures long departed—

Too beautiful to last,

Of hopes I fondly cherished,

Then sadly from me cast.

And like a pale, dim halo

That wraps the mystic moon,

Once more thou look'st upon me,

Who left me all too soon—

Ere youth's bright dreams had perished

In manhood's fiery noon.

Again does boyhood's gladness

Thrill through my weary breast,

As when, in summer's starlight,

My lip to thine was prest,

And I deemed my spirit never

Could be on earth so blest.

As fades the stars' pure glory

Before the dawning ray,

So thou, from those who loved thee,

Passed, like a dream, away—

My love the only fetter

That bade thy spirit stay.

And when earth's luring pleasures

Around my pathway shine,

Thy memory keeps me sinless,

As with a power divine;

For I see thee gazing on me—

Thy hand is clasped in mine.

Oh! from thy starry dwelling,

Beloved and early lost,

If e'er with olden memories

Thy sunny path be crost,

Guide safe my life's frail vessel,

On sorrow's ocean tost.

I miss thee from the forest

Where first I breathed my love,

I tread alone the pathway

Where we were wont to rove,

But I know thy presence gladdens

A brighter home above.

And when the twilight's shadow

First darkens o'er the sea,

I feel thy blessed presence

And wish that I were free;

For thine angel-hand doth beckon

My spirit up to thee.

## MY FISHING DAYS.

BY HORACE GREELY.

YEARS, long years ago, away by the blue MERRIMAC, the raptures of fish-beguiling burst upon my tiny youth. Not directly, instantly, like a gleam of lightning; for I remember that I used to look curiously down upon the little minnows in the wimpling brook I crossed on my weary way to the district school, with a simple joy in their agile existence, and with hardly a wish to lure them from their proper element to gratify a lust of conquest, or of grosser appetite. And then that first day that thou and I, dear only brother! wandered a mile adown the brook, through tangled and cooling alders, outwardly bent on the seduction of some unguarded members of the finny tribe, I rather suspect there was no relentless purpose in our hearts—sure am I none was evinced in our acts. The formidable black-snake that twined among and looked down on us from the low branches overhead, we eyed with interest and nimbly made away from, as became youngsters of six and seven; the tadpoles we caught in a convenient swamp-hole were large and numerous—we had come out for sport, were not fastidious as to its character, and here were what we *could* catch in abundance—they could not decline our attentions. But as for the sly fellows with fins, I rather guess they did not trouble us much, nor we them. No doubt an old trout or so looked out from his lair under a root in the deep shadow, and, seeing what sort of chaps were toiling for him, grinned his gills nearly wrong side out, and cut sundry didoes with his tail at the idea of *such* larks undertaking to put "the cumbether," as Patrick says, upon *him*. Of course, the joke spread—when was there ever a joke at one's own expense which did *not* spread?—yet we got small amends for our contribution to the hilarity of brookdom. I reckon one nibble between us—perhaps from a shiner, more likely from a stick under water—would be a liberal estimate for the direct net result of that day's sport. There was a good deal of incidental fun in it, however, which did not require our fishing-tackle to be kept in hand throughout that long summer afternoon. The state of our wardrobe at night showed plainly that brook and line could not conveniently be carried where we had been.

No—it must have been two years later that the joy of Angling burst upon me. I was back again on our native homestead, which we should not have quitted, and I ran down to the bridge one foggy morning—perhaps for the third or fourth time—to see if I might not lure a trout from the gentle stream beneath. I had scarce a hope of success—no anxious desire for it—but a trial cost me nothing, (whatever might be the angle-worm's well-grounded objections,) and I carelessly threw in. In a twinkling a

trout gorged my bait as it struck the water—two seconds more, and I had him in my fist. That first pull at him was worth more than any bag of gold would now be. I did not wait to fish further. That fellow was not allowed a chance to turn into some vague reminiscence of a dream by my taking my eyes off of him.

Years passed, and on thy borders, LAKE CHAMPLAIN! I took new lessons in the use of the rod and line. Blessings on *your* head, my good-natured, strong-handed playmate! who used to help me out with my day's task, that I might return the favor by fishing away the evening hours with you. The advantage was not so one-sided as the selfish would pronounce it, for you loved my society more than could be accounted for by any thing mutual in our tastes or ways. How often have we sat together in that deep, dark, woody basin at the bottom of the lower fall of the blended Poultney and Castleton rivers—no great affair, after all—the roaring of two falls, a hundred feet perpendicular, at least, almost stunning our ears—making all else inaudible but the rude snatches of unseemly song which we hour by hour poured forth as a "charm" to the ungrateful churls below, whom we were inviting to supper. The moon and stars went sailing through the ragged clouds and waving tops of trees for the few hours they were visible above our limited horizon—and now a drenching rain would vainly struggle for a hearing above the roar of the giant cascades. Thus passed hours without a nibble, but when a bite *did* come, we knew it! Nothing short of a pike or a silver-vel—a three-pounder, at least—condescended to acknowledge and requite our delicate attentions on one of these long vigils. And when it did come, how quickly were all poles dropped but the one which bobbed so suddenly into the water! All ran to help pull up or secure the bespoken victim; for the eel does not stand being "played" with our unsophisticated tackle—give him a chance to shut his mouth in earnest, and he makes you welcome to all but an inch of your dismembered line, while he walks off with bait, hook and sundries! Yet, few and far between as were the bites, those hours of anxious expectation were cheered by hope, and made pleasant by gay exchange of story and ditty. The only bother was in regaining the neighboring highway, up a steep, woody acclivity, in darkness almost Egyptian, but with the best pioneer on the lead, and all keeping so close that the white chip hat next before him gleamed visibly to each through the darkness, it was soon and safely accomplished.

But lovelier vision wert thou, pure lakelet known as INMAN, either in deference to the first or the last

settler. No matter which—all were long since gone, and perfect solitude was among thy many charms. Day after day have I wandered to thy rugged borders, indifferent whether alone or otherwise, to try my proficiency in winning ways upon the perch wherein thy cool, clear depths abounded. How we trembled with delight and expectation when their pale green forms began to be visible through the translucent water, their heads all toward the shore and us, apparently caring little for the bait, and only looking our way as they espied strange appearances on shore, while leisurely taking the circuit of the lake. What a lesson was there in the fool-hardy recklessness, the unthinking eagerness wherewith every little, contemptible, worthless scaly-wag volunteered a bite, compared with the gravity wherewith the stately "old one" surveyed the bait, the patience with which he watched its movements with seeming careless glance, and the caution with which—if at all—he gorged it at last! It is so the world' over. The toad hops in the path; the fly buzzes and dabs in every one's face; but the deer, the antelope, must be skillfully sought and slyly approached, or he is not to be seen.

Yet there came a day that wearied me even of thy charms, fair Inman!—compelling me to look on them with dislike and loathing. It happened thus:—

I had for some week or so been busy with a task which, when finished, left me half a day or more for my favorite diversion. But I was by turns sadly ill the morning I finished it, and my cherished resolution to devote the afternoon to the perch, elicited some gentle maternal remonstrances, which I overruled, and proceeded. But I had not been half an hour in position—barely the second bite had acknowledged my philanthropic purpose—when the lithe pole became too heavy for holding, so I laid it down; soon my head made a like report, and I laid that down also. The grim monster, AGUE, had his clutches upon me! Hour after hour I lay there on the cold, bare rock, and it seemed that the bland June breezes that visited me across the lake were freighted with the frosts of December. Slowly, at last, the Ague-fit passed off, to give place to the Fever, and I commenced my tottering march for the nearest dwelling, a mile and a-half distant, where I spent the night. Lake Inman has vainly wooed me since.

Years again, and in a distant region, on the eastern verge of the Great Valley, I cast my line into the BROKENSTRAW, a brook which glides and ripples on its devious way to the ocean, through the Alleghony, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. All around and above me were the pillars of Nature's leafy arcades, the forest-kings who waved their sceptres in a thrifty, green old age, when Columbus was begging through Europe the means of discovering a New World. Casualty or man's ravage had stretched here and there one of them prostrate across the brook, and bunches of spreading alders had rooted themselves in his helpless sides, as the low-lived ever prey upon fallen greatness. Densely shaded were the pools in which the trout lay hid among roots and decaying branches—but those *abatis* of his line of defence were most trying to the angler's hooks and his temper—I fear they have been guilty of instigating profranity in their time. Escaping these, by chance or good fortune—never by the trout's connivance—you pulled up and were caught in the alders overhead, and had another five minutes' whipping and wriggling before you. Meantime, though the trout were not unreasonably bashful, the mosquitoes and gnats bit a hundred times to their once, and with a decision and keenness of which theirs below was at best but a faint imitation. Let a trout of any physical pretensions to respectability but begin to play around the hook, to rub his nose against the bait by way of reconnoissance, and just at that moment, when you had need of all possible demureness of aspect and steadiness of hand, a cloud of bloodsuckers would spring upon you with the ferocity of a starved tiger from his jungle, and an involuntary slap right and left would disperse the chap below to parts unknown, not to be seen again, while the tiny vampyres, if they condescended to disappear, were back in an instant. Who could long endure this, unless he had the genius, the devotion of a Walton? I wearied of it after two or three trials—watched for gnats rather than trout—and had the luck to catch some—not trout, of course. There was sport no more in the toilsome, moping, suffering quest—my hand trembled not, my heart fluttered not with expectation, at the premonitory symptoms of a bite. My Fishing Days were over—or rather, I had become a Fisher of Men.

## THOU ART LIKE TO ME.

When, mid the winter's snow alone,  
The howling winds around thee moan,  
And leafless limbs no more can cover  
The linnet gay, or woodland plover,  
Then, lonely, leafless forest-tree,  
Thou art like to me.

But spring returns, with a merry throng  
Of warblers wild, with pyons sung,  
And gentle zephyrs kiss thy tresses,  
Wakening fresh buds from their repose;  
To breathe their fragrance to the air,  
Thou art like to me no more.

As lonely on thy trackless way,  
The mists obscure thy welcome ray,  
And, in the broad, deep arch of heaven,  
The storm cloud o'er thy face is driven,  
Then, solitary, wandering moon,  
Thou art like to me.

The night clouds from the sky fall back,  
And on thy silent, ceaseless track,  
From the far depths of ether blue,  
A thousand stars appear in view,  
Glittering, like gems, thy pathway o'er,  
Thou art like to me no more.

w.

# THE HAUNTED ADJUTANT.

## A TRADITION OF THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

(Continued from page 161.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE orderly-book was gone! Death and furies! What was to be done now? The pranks of the night before, though, like most practical jokes, more amusing to their perpetrators than to their victims, seemed to have been but the prologue to a more serious jest—one of those jests which are paradoxically, but truly, called "no joke." As long as the ghost was content to confine the overflowings of his animal spirits to new combinations of the tables and chairs, to a novel arrangement of the bed-clothes, or to a summary divorce of the shovel and tongs, his effervescences, if not absolutely agreeable, were at least not positively mischievous. But to meddle with what was none of his business, but, on the contrary, with what was emphatically the business of his majesty's—th regiment, was an entirely different affair. The ghost could not be a loyal ghost, that was plainly to be seen. Old Honeywood, to be sure, had no particular reason to love a government that intended promoting him to the yard-arm, if it could have laid hold of him; but it was not handsome in him to resort to such a pitiful revenge as this; particularly in his own house. It was hardly fair to visit the sins of Queen Anne's Lords of the Admiralty upon an unoffending captain and adjutant in the army of King George. It is plain that he was a rebel at his heart, and, had he been in the flesh, would have waged war in the name of the colonies against his liege sovereign, with as much *gusto* as he did against mankind in general on his own account; especially if there happened to be any rich London or Bristol ships within range of his guns. He had a natural taste for such pursuits; his only mistake lay in interfering as an *amateur* in what was strictly a professional monopoly. There is great virtue in a commission or letter-of-marque. A piece of sheep-skin and a pair of epaulettes make all the difference in the world in the moral qualities of actions. In many cases it makes all the difference between a hempen cord and a red ribbon round a man's neck. Many a hero has gone out of the world in the embrace of a halter, his achievements only recorded in the Newgate Calendar, who, had his noun substantive been only qualified by an adjective or two, would have received "the senate's thanks," have glittered with medals and orders, and been commemorated by world-famous historians and poets. Such is luck! But it is none of my business to moralize in this way. All I have to do is to relate this true passage of history with the most absolute accuracy of detail. *Revenons a nos moutons*. Let us to our muttons again.

While we have been indulging in these profitable reflections our hero has been through a variety of evolutions. First, he stood aghast, as if, instead of gazing upon nothing at all, his sight had been blasted by some particularly ill-favored apparition. This was the only idea that his look and gesture communicated to his trusty squire, who turned his eyes with difficulty in the direction of his master's, in the confident expectation of being rewarded by the vision of a raw-head and bloody-bones at the very least. Disappointed, however, of any such pleasing spectacle, he was by no means so ill-informed in the very rudiments of demonology, as not to know that it did not necessarily follow, because *he* could discern nothing beyond the common, that his master was equally unfortunate.

"What is it, sir? Where is it, sir?" inquired John, in a voice of hollow emotion.

"The orderly-book, you scoundrel! the orderly-book!" responded the captain, in a low, concentrated tone.

"The orderly-book, your honor!" returned John. "Well, sir, I never heard of the ghost of a book walking before! What does it look like, sir?"

It is evident that John was not a reading man (the march of mind had not then been taken up, nor had the schoolmaster gone abroad) or he would have known that nothing is more common than for the ghost of a book to walk. Indeed, what is a book but the ghost of the man that writes it? O blessed necromancy of reading, mightier than that of the Governor of Glubdubbdril, or the Island of Enchanters, once visited by that only truthful traveler, Lemuel Gulliver. For, whereas, his could only command the departed for the space of twenty-four hours, thine can summon them to the presence at all seasons and for any time! But John did not know this; and so he asked what the ghost of the orderly-book looked like.

"Look like, you villain!" somewhat testily answered Hazlehurst. "It looks like nothing at all! It's gone, you dog!"

"Gone already, sir!" exclaimed the astonished John. "And where was it, sir?"

"Exactly in the middle of the table, there, with its right cover leaning against the candlestick, its hinder end cocked up upon the inkstand."

"Bless my soul!" shuddered John, at this picturesque description, "and how long ago is it since your honor saw it last?"

"Just as I was going to the assembly this evening," replied his master.

"O Lord! is that all?" exclaimed the man, much relieved, "I thought your honor had just seen it, when I could see nothing at all."

"Confound your nonsense!" returned the captain sharply. "I wish to God that I had seen it! What under Heaven I am to say about it to Lord Percy tomorrow, God knows! But light all the candles in the room, and let us have a thorough search for it; though it is not likely that it is here."

This foreboding was but too true. His prophetic heart had told him an ower true tale. They looked above, around and underneath. They crawled over the floor on their hands and knees, and, like the serpent of old, "upon their belly did they go" under the bed. They looked into every drawer, and inspected the most impossible places. But it was all in vain. The mystic volume was not to be found in the wood-box, nor did it drop from the inverted jack-boots. The window seats were ignorant of its whereabouts, and the window-curtains wotted not of its presence. The cooking utensils knew not of it, and their basket and their store was not blessed with its possession. Where the devil could it be? It seemed as if the devil only could tell.

There was no sign of any other disturbance in their premises. This made the matter look the more mysterious. It was a much more awful affair than if the disappearance of the book had been accompanied by any of the gambols and *fumements* of the night before. That looked like fun; this looked like earnest. The orderly-book contained information relating to the strength and state of the royal forces, which it was of the last importance should not fall into the hands of the rebels. And beside this, there were loose papers given to our hero by Lord Percy to be copied, as he acted in some sort as his private secretary as well as adjutant, which were of a still more secret nature. Such, for example, as his lordship's reply to the requisition of the commander-in-chief for the opinions of his principal officers, as to the state of affairs in the town, and the best course to be pursued. This, and other documents, involved an amount of intelligence, as to facts and opinions, which might be of infinite mischief if they fell into the enemy's hands. Hazlehurst knew too well what a mass of disaffection existed in the town, not to feel that the worst was but too probable.

After every place, probable and improbable, had been ransacked, and to no purpose, the search was abandoned for the night. The room was secured as far as locks and bolts were concerned, though they seemed to be of but little moment in this chamber of bedevilment; and Captain Hazlehurst retired moodily to bed to seek for such rest as he could find. It was an uncomfortable night, to be sure; not from any renewal of the disturbances of the night before, for all was quiet; but from his harassing thoughts and internal vexation. His sleep was broken by visions of his interview with his commander, in which he should communicate this provoking occurrence. Words of censure and reprimand rung in his ears. He even saw himself, in the phantasmagoria of his waking dreams, standing without his sword, before a

court-martial detailed to try him for neglect of duty. In the confusion of his thoughts he could not very accurately determine what would be considered the exact measure of his military offence. But he could not help feeling that it would be no advantage to him in his professional career, even in the most favorable event. He cursed the evil hour in which he sought these unlucky quarters, and heartily wished them, and every thing connected with them, at the devil. He perplexed his thoughts in vain with conjectures as to the motives and the method of the trick that had been played him; and though he resolved not to rest until he had plucked out the heart of the mystery, still he feared that the injury to the service and to his own prospects would be completed before he could accomplish his purpose. It was a miserable business, altogether. If he escaped with a reprimand from head-quarters, and with the dread laugh of the mess-table, he would be a lucky fellow.

I have often wondered how much the beaming eyes and laughing mouth of Clara Forrester mingled in these visions of the night. I am afraid that all the little loves, by whom he had been escorted down Hanover street, after he had put Miss Forrester into the carriage, were sent to the right about by the first tempest of his astonishment and vexation. But they are volatile creatures, and though easily brushed aside for a moment, soon return again to the charge. Like flies, it is easy enough to drive them away, but before you can congratulate yourself on being rid of them, back they are again. There is one villain, for example, that has been buzzing about me all the time I have been writing, and evidently takes an intelligent pleasure in tormenting me. "Get out, you scoundrel!" There he stands, on my paper, rubbing his hands and shaking his head, in perfect diabolic glee at his success. Ben Jonson and the old dramatists knew what they said when they called a familiar spirit—a young devil, saving your presences—"a fly!" Just so the little loves come fluttering back again, after you think you have effectually scared them away. But there the analogy ends; for although they do mischief enough sometimes, still, like my Lord Byron, "I cannot call them devils!" They played the devil with me, to be sure, a good many times in my hot young days, but I do not believe they meant any harm. At any rate, I should then have been devilish sorry, and still should be, (but that is between ourselves,) to miss their gentle ministrations altogether.

Be this as it may, I have the best reasons for believing that they returned before day-break, and buzzed merrily about the pillow of Hazlehurst. The mosquito-net is not yet invented that can keep them out. I cannot depone positively to the exact proportion of his waking or of his sleeping dreams that was of their weaving. For I am scrupulous never to state any fact, in an historical document like the present, which I am not prepared at any moment to authenticate by affidavit before any magistrate or justice of the peace. But I am quite certain that those soft eyes and that bewitching smile floated before his mind's eye, mixed up even with his least

pleasant anticipations. In case of the worst, youth and nature would suggest that there might be some comfort yet left him. Though his cup might be a bitter one, still there was at least one cordial drop at the bottom of it. Though censure or derision might visit his misfortune, still there was one whose soft bosom would feel with him, and who would view it with the eyes of love, and not of discipline. Perhaps the events of the day and evening had encouraged this state of feeling. For, to be candid, she had been tolerably encouraging. He felt more sure that she loved him than he had ever done before; and although he could not exactly define his own views and intentions in the premises, still he yielded (and who can blame him?) to the delicious dream of love. If any of my readers can recall to recollection the time when he first truly believed that he was beloved by a beautiful young woman, and yet can find it in his heart to wonder that Hazlehurst should have gilded the gloomy hours of that unlucky night with dreams of Clara Forrester, I wish he would just do me the favor to lay this true history aside. He is not worthy to be my reader. But then it is impossible that there should be such a man.

The hours of the night wore on, and at last the morning came. It was a black morning to poor Hazlehurst; but he resolved to meet the unpleasant consequences of his mishap with the best face he could. As his candle-light toilet was proceeding, the orderly-sergeant called for the book.

"I shall call myself upon Lord Percy, Williams, immediately after parade; so you need not wait.

"The veteran stared a little at this deviation from routine, but it was his business to obey; so he bowed and retired.

It was a bitter cold morning, and the keen wind was improved in sharpness by the broad expanse of frozen water which then separated the Common from the country beyond. But Hazlehurst felt warm enough in the prospect of what was before him. There is no external or internal application of a more calorific tendency than the inevitable necessity of doing a particularly disagreeable piece of work at a certain specified hour near at hand. It makes the heart seethe like a caldron, and the boiling blood is sent bubbling through the veins.

The parade was over. The troops were dismissed. Hazlehurst was moving slowly towards the mess breakfast, thinking of the duty that must follow it, when he was aroused from his reverie by hearing a horse reined up suddenly by his side. It was Lord Percy himself.

"So Williams tells me, Hazlehurst, that you have something to say to me. Come and breakfast with me, my boy, and you will have the best of opportunities to say it. I shall be quite alone."

"It will give me infinite pleasure, my lord," replied Hazlehurst, "and I will be with you immediately."

"Right, right," said his lordship, "punctuality at drills and at mess is a great military virtue. I shall expect you in a quarter of an hour."

With these words he cantered along the frozen

road (for it could hardly be called a street then) that led to his excellent quarters.

I am afraid that my hero lied, the least in the world, when he said that it would give him infinite pleasure to breakfast with his noble friend and commander. Not that he had any fears as to the quality of his breakfast or of his society; but the thoughts of the sauce which he brought to both plagued him in advance, and he wished that a longer time and a wider space could have elapsed before it was necessary to administer it. But delay was useless and impossible, so he strode toward the quarters of his host with a firm tread, and ascended the long flight of steps that led to the house, and gazed upon the trees and shrubs in the court-yard, all glittering with ice, with as easy and careless an air as he could assume. The breakfast room, into which he was shown, was a spacious wainscotted apartment, with a low ceiling, but an air of great comfort. A blazing fire of logs roared up the chimney, and the breakfast-table, with all its appliances of luxury, was drawn into a comfortable proximity to it. The winter's sun looked brilliantly through two windows of the room. Fresh plants stood in the windows, and old pictures looked down from the walls. It was not Alnwick Castle, nor Lion House, to be sure, but it was a very inhabitable place for all that. An older campaigner than his lordship might have thought himself well off in worse quarters.

In a few minutes Lord Percy appeared, having exchanged his uniform coat for a brocaded dressing-gown, and his military boots for Turkish slippers, and, after a cordial welcome to his young friend, rang the bell for breakfast. The tray was brought; the coffee was poured; the eggs were cracked; the toast was crunched. The breakfast was despatched with the appetites of young men, sharpened by a day-break parade, with the thermometer at zero. Their discussions were confined to the good things before them, and the things to which they were naturally allied, until the table was cleared and the servants withdrawn. Then Lord Percy, drawing his chair up to the fire, and, comfortably nursing his left leg placed over his right knee, turned to Hazlehurst, with an air of comic gravity.

"Well, my lad," thus his lordship opened the palaver, "so you have somewhat to say to me? Faith, I thought as much last night."

"Last night, my lord?" exclaimed the adjutant, "I do not know that I rightly apprehend your meaning."

"O, of course not," replied the earl, "but you can hardly suppose that I failed to observe how carefully you followed my advice last evening. You must not suppose that Cupid has bandaged all our eyes as effectually as he seems to have done yours."

"Ah, yes!" replied our hero, "your lordship alludes to my little flirtation with Miss Forrester. I was only following your own advice to fall in love with two or three at the same time. But you know, my lord, that it is necessary to begin with one. Now I begin with Miss Forrester."

"Bravo! bravo! Hazlehurst," said Lord Percy, laughing, "a ready answer is a good thing, in love



or in war! Well, well! you understand your own affairs best, and are old enough to manage them for yourself. Upon my honor, I can hardly blame you, young man. I was half inclined to fall in love with her myself last night. She is a fine creature!

"One does not often see a finer, indeed, my lord," answered the lover, "but you are quite at liberty to enter the lists with me, if you choose," he doughtily continued; "I have no pretensions to any monopoly in that quarter."

I believe the fellow knew he lied when he said that; but these, I believe, are the sort of lover's perjuries at which Jove laughs. You will see this idea illustrated and enforced in my folio on the subject, now in the press. Whether Jove laughed at this or not, Lord Percy did, as he replied—

"Very likely, very likely. Thank you, thank you. I do not know that I should like to run the risk, were I not armed in proof on that side. Then I suppose your business of this morning does not relate to this matter, as I thought at first it might?"

"No, my lord," answered Hazlehurst, plucking up his courage, and determined to have it over at once, "no, my lord, I am sorry to say that my errand is of a much less pleasant character; and it relates rather to war than to love, and to me than to Miss Forrester. It is not the loss of my heart, but of your orderly-book that is in question."

"The orderly-book lost, Hazlehurst!" exclaimed Lord Percy, "what the devil do you mean?" in a tone of the utmost surprise, a little mixed with incredulity.

"Exactly what I say, my lord," replied the adjutant, waxing cooler as he went on, "the orderly-book, and all its contents, is gone; and, what is worse, I see no sort of prospect of ever recovering it again."

"What do you mean, what do you mean?" repeated the earl in great astonishment; "you know very well that this is a serious matter, and can hardly be jesting."

"I was never more serious in my life, I assure you, my lord," asseverated the young officer. "I wish it may turn out to be a jest, in the end. Sorry as I should be to be guilty of any disrespect to your lordship, I would willingly encounter your displeasure for an untimely jest, so that the service were in no danger of mischief from this unlucky business."

"But how could it be lost, Captain Hazlehurst," his lordship replied, a little sternly, "how could it be lost, when it was in your custody; and you could not but know the vital importance of keeping it safe. How came it lost, sir?"

"I am well aware, my lord," replied poor Hazlehurst, "of the importance of this matter to his majesty's service, as well as to my own honor and prospects; if I may mention them in the same breath. I beg your lordship to listen patiently to the story I have to tell you; and I beg that you will pardon the apparent nonsense of the first part of my narration, as you will see that it leads to a serious termination. I presume I need bring no other evidence of the truth of my statements before your lordship's tribunal, than my own assertion. The evidence of my servant will

be ready to corroborate them before less friendly judges, should the matter end as seriously as I fear it may."

He then proceeded to relate to his commander the whole history of his two last nights, from the mysterious footsteps to the vanishing of the orderly-book. His lordship looked grave as the story proceeded, and, rising, walked thoughtfully about the room, after it was finished. At length he thus addressed his young friend, who sat in anxious expectation.

"This is a strange business, Hazlehurst, a very strange business! I am afraid there is mischief in it. At first I thought it might be a mystification of some of your messmates; but they would hardly have ventured upon such a *dénouement*."

"That is my own opinion, my lord." The pranks of the night before were all fair, though a little rough, play; but I do not think that the *ennui* of a garrison life, however much it may sharpen the wits of its victims, would hardly lead them to commit an action which might injure the service, to say nothing of the character of a brother officer."

"That is true enough, Hazlehurst," resumed his lordship. "I think it must be a contrivance of some of the disguised rebels in this cursed town, to assist their rascally friends on the other side of the river. My God! I would have sooner lost the best horse in my stables than have had those papers fall into the rebels' hands!"

"I hope that your lordship does not look upon my part in this unfortunate business as amounting to culpable negligence or neglect of duty?" Hazlehurst humbly ventured to suggest, seeing that his commanding officer was in a milder mood than he had apprehended he would be.

"Why, as to that matter, my friend," replied his lordship, "you can hardly think that sitting here with you as my fellow officer and companion, when off duty, that I can attribute any moral blame to you for this accident. Whether you may not be regarded as responsible, in a military sense, for the loss of this valuable book, is a question I can express no opinion about, here and at this time; as I may have to form one officially on the subject before long. The book was properly in your custody; if it be not forthcoming, when regularly demanded, the question will arise *why*? And it is not for me to decide now whether the facts you have stated will be considered sufficient to discharge your responsibility."

"Will your lordship have the goodness to advise me what course to pursue under these circumstances, as a friend—as one gentleman advising another, in a case of difficulty, and not as my superior officer?"

"Why, my dear fellow," returned the stout earl, sincerely feeling for his young favorite in his awkward predicament, "the best advice I can give you is to ferret out these rascals, and find the orderly-book again, before it is missed. When that fails, we will see what can be done next."

"But how much grace have I to make search, even if I could get a clue to the villainy, before it must be reported at head-quarters?"

"I can give you only till next Saturday, when I

must make up my full weekly report to Gen. Howe. There is no need of saying any thing about it before then; and it gives you four whole days to work in, as it is now only Tuesday morning. Leave no stone unturned, my good fellow, to get at the bottom of this affair. Much may be done in four days."

"I am heartily obliged to you, my lord," said Hazlehurst, gratefully, for he felt much relieved and comforted by the kindness of Lord Percy's words and manner, "and you may be sure that I will lose no time in sifting this matter, to the best of my abilities. And you may be sure, also, that your lordship's goodness and consideration for me will be gratefully remembered by me as long as I live, whatever may be the event of this affair."

"Keep up a good heart, my lad," returned the earl, kindly, "and hope bravely for the best. You may rely upon my doing all I can for you, consistently with my duty. And now you had better set about your inquiries, as there is no time to be lost. And when Williams comes to you, send him to me, and I will have a new orderly-book ready for you before evening parade."

With these words the hear of "the Percy's high-born race" bowed his visiter out of the room. Hazlehurst descended the steps with a lighter heart than when he had ascended them, and he felt, what we have all felt in our time, how much more unpleasant the discharge of a disagreeable duty is in the anticipation than in the actual performance. His actual position was in no wise changed, and yet he felt as if it were bettered. Such is the relief of the communication of a secret sorrow, and such the magic of a kind thought fitly clothed with words of kindness.

There is a great deal of one very excellent thing in this world. There is at least one article which every body is ready to give away, though there are comparatively few who are ready to accept it. I mean, there is a great deal of very good ADVICE floating about. James Smith, I think it was, once suggested the formation of "A Society for the Suppression of *ad-Vice*." But I am sure I should not encourage such an institution. Why, bless you, I do n't know what my neighbors would do if my issues of advice were stopped or curtailed. The interest I take in their affairs is worth much more to me than the ten per cent. I get for my money. I really do n't think the neighborhood could get along at all without my advice. "It's unknown" what good I do, as were the tears Mrs. Malaprop shed at the death of her dear Mr. Malaprop. I consider the benevolent Howard as a hard-hearted villain in comparison with me. No! no! it will never do to suppress advice. The difficulty in this branch of benevolence lies in finding out how to apply the advice to practice. But that is the concern of the party benefitted. If he do not know how to avail himself of your good advice, that is no affair of yours. Dr. Johnson settled it long ago, that no man should be expected to furnish ideas and understanding at the same time.

Now here was a case in point. Lord Percy had given Captain Hazlehurst some very excellent advice; the perplexity was to know what to do with it,

now he had got it. It was very easy for his lordship to say, "Hazlehurst, ferret out these rascals—find the orderly-book again;" but it was quite another affair for the gallant captain to reduce his instructions to practice. However, he resolved to do his best; and, as safety is said to be found in a multitude of counsellors, he thought he might as well take some more advice; on the homœopathic principle adopted by the philosopher of Islington, for the recovery of his eyes, after they had been scratched out in his celebrated leap into the quickest hedge. So he thought he would take into his counsels some of his trustiest comrades and especial cronies. Calling at Captain Lyndsay's quarters, he was so fortunate as to find him at home, and his Pyndes, Major Ferguson, with him. Dr. Holcombe was speedily summoned to the council, and Hazlehurst soon laid the matter, under strict injunctions of secrecy, before them. It was a grave matter, requiring all the aids that reflection or art could afford. Accordingly, they lighted the calumet of consideration, and sought for illumination in the circling clouds of smoke that curled around their heads. In those days, dear reader, cigars were not; but pipes daily reminded frail mortals that they, too, were made of clay, and that their lives were but as a vapor of smoke, that soon vanisheth away.

But as suffocation, though a powerful agent, did not seem to be alone sufficient to summon the powers most needed, the worthy surgeon, as one well skilled in potent mixtures, brewed a smoking caldron, in which he mingled many opposite ingredients, of various kingdoms of nature, to make the mixture "slab and good." When his incantations were ended, the magic bowl was placed in the centre of the circle, and was solemnly passed round from mouth to mouth, of those who sought from it wisdom and inspiration. In those primitive days the heresy of ladders had not yet entered the pale of orthodox good fellowship. The genial mother-bowl was not then split up into as many sects as there were disciples. I beg to be distinctly understood, that I by no means sanction this concoction of the "medicine-man," nor do I wish to imply that the spirits thus summoned to their aid were the best assistants in council or in action. I merely relate the fact, and leave it for others to form their own opinions about it. It is not my fault if they drank punch and smoked pipes in the morning. But what would posterity say to me, if I suppressed so important a feature of this important consultation, from a wish to whitewash their characters in the eyes of this water-drinking generation?

"By Jove, Hazlehurst," said Major Ferguson, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "this is the most extraordinary ghost I ever heard of, and one that will take a bishop, at least, to lay him."

"In default of a bishop," suggested Lyndsay, "here is the doctor, who, as a university man, and one of a learned profession renowned for making ghosts, must serve us for want of a better man."

"This is the first time," said the doctor, setting down the bowl, from which he had been, in a most

unprofessional manner, engaged in swallowing his own prescription; "this is the first time, in my life, that I was ever taken for a conjurer. But, as Ferguson justly remarks, as this is a case calling for the piety of a bishop, I am certainly the only man in company fit for the adventure."

"I wish to Heaven, you would undertake it, then," said Hazlehurst, who thought his friends rather inclined to make light of a serious matter. "It may be sport to you, but it is—"

"Not death to you, my dear fellow," interposed the doctor, "you are not so easily killed, as the d—d Yankees knew, when they saw you running up Bunker's Hill faster than they ran down it. Besides, you should never mention death in the presence of a doctor. You might as well talk of cabbage to a tailor. It's professional, my dear fellow, it's professional!"

"I wish, then," resumed Hazlehurst, "that you would bring your professional artillery to bear upon the villain who has stolen the orderly-book; and you may call in the aid of your natural ally, too, if you please."

"I should like to have the treatment of his case," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "I think that I could manage it."

"And I should like to have the qualifying him for your treatment, doctor," said Lyndsay. "I am quite sure that I could manage *that*."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Holcombe, "any fool can break a head. It takes a wise man to mend it again."

"And what," retorted Lyndsay, alluding to an operation he would persist in considering unnecessary in consequence of a knock over the head at Lexington, "and what if in mending the hole he makes two?"

"He puts at rest forever," replied the doctor gravely, "the disputed question, whether or not the party had any brains. There were not much to be sure; but it can never be denied again that there were some."

"Truce to banter," said the graver Major Fergu-

son, "and let us see what can be done to help poor Hazlehurst out of this scrape."

"With all my heart," resumed the doctor, "it seems to me that the thing to be done is to set a trap for the thief. But what the deuce shall we do for bait? Unless, indeed, the commander-in-chief would lend us his private papers for the purpose."

"He cannot be a vulgar thief, said Ferguson, "or he certainly would not have left your tankard and spoons behind him, Hazlehurst."

"Not only the plate," said Hazlehurst, "but my watch and purse lay full in his sight. So plunder could not have been his object."

"He is an extraordinary fellow, certainly," said the doctor, "and we must as certainly contrive to catch him, if it be only for the curiosity of the thing. What is your plan, Ferguson?"

"I can suggest nothing better," said the major, "than to keep a strict watch for a few nights, both within and without the building. For it seems to me our only chance to find him at his old tricks, or prowling about the premises; as we have no idea of where else to look for him."

"I can see no other plan that we can follow," said Hazlehurst.

"Nor I," said Lyndsay, "can you, doctor?"

"We can try it, at any rate," returned the leech; "we shall probably have plenty of time, in the intervals of his visitations, to devise other schemes. I am ready for my share of the watch; that is, if Hazlehurst's punch and tobacco are what they should be."

"You need have no fears on that point," answered Hazlehurst, "for John will brew you an Atlantic of punch, and pile you up a Chimboraço of tobacco, when he knows that you have entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the ghost."

"I am your man, then," cried the doctor, finishing the punch, "and I will bet you a supper at the Green Dragon that I am the first man to see the ghost."

"Done!" "Done!" "Done!!!"

And the session was adjourned.

[Conclusion in OUR NEXT

## THE COTTAGE GIRL.

BY T. H. CHURCHES, M. D.

She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,  
Save wings, for Heaven.—Keats.

Her tender breasts were like two snow-white doves  
Upon one willow bough at calm of even,  
Telling each other, side by side, their loves,  
In diaphan tones as soft as heaven.  
And as the soft winds, from the flowery grove,  
Sway them thus sitting on that willow bough,  
At every breath—at every sigh of love—  
They undulate upon her bosom now.

Two dove-like spirits on her eyelids knelt,  
And weighed them gently, covering half her eyes,  
Whose soul in their own azure seemed to melt,  
And mingle, as the sunlight with the skies.

Her eyes were like two violets bathed in dew,  
In which each lash was mirrored dark within,  
As in some lake, reflecting heaven so blue,  
The willow-boughs long, languid limbs are seen

As God's celestial look is far too bright  
For angel's gaze in heaven, if not kept dim,  
And partly shorn of its excessive light,  
By the broad pinions of the Cherubim;  
So, these two spirits, one on each fair lid,  
Let down the lash-fringed curtains to conceal,  
And keep but half that heavenly glory hid,  
Which it were death to mortals to reveal.

## COUSIN MATTHEW.

BY EMMA DUVAL.

All we, that are called women, know as well  
As men, it were a far more noble thing  
To grace where we are graced, and give respect  
There where we are respected: yet we practice  
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes  
On men with pleasure, till they find the way  
To give us a neglect: then we, too late,  
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,  
And dote to death.

I confess

My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,  
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error:  
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,  
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it.

*The Scornful Lady—Beaumont & Fletcher.*

WHEN I look back on my early life, and consider that I was a motherless girl, and an only child of a fond indulgent father, I do not wonder—possessing a quick, impulsive disposition, unchecked by any authority—that I was wilful and capricious. My father had toiled industriously for years, to acquire sufficient means to enable him to marry; and when that happy period at last arrived, he joyfully claimed the fulfillment of my mother's promise, which she had given him in the first blush of her girlhood. Two years of uninterrupted happiness floated by, when she died, leaving a baby daughter to console her almost heart-broken husband. I was his pet—his darling! And as Nature had kindly bestowed upon me my mother's luxuriant curls and comely features, rather than my father's homely but expressive countenance, I was rendered dearer to him by the resemblance.

My father prospered in business, and when I approached womanhood I was an heiress, as well as an acknowledged beauty. Then no wonder, I repeat, that I was self-willed—but the revulsions of feeling attendant upon such a nature as mine, caused, in most instances, the acts of willfulness and caprice to give me as much unhappiness as they did others—particularly in the case of Cousin Matthew. My father had always been associated in business with his cousin, Matthew the elder—the father of my playmate. They had commenced life together—poor young men—they had worked together—had economized—had laid up money—and when good Cousin Matthew the elder was stretched on the bed of death, they had so prospered in worldly affairs that the firm of Bates & Lee was one of the wealthiest houses in the country. Like my father, he was a widower, with one child—my Cousin Matthew.

I was a little one when he died, but I can remember well the scene at his death-bed.

"Be a father to him, John," said poor Cousin Matthew, grasping my father's hand, and pointing to his weeping son.

"That I will be," replied my father, while a huge tear rolled down his hard cheek; "and if the children fancy each other, he shall marry my little Elia, and be indeed my son."

The dying man pressed his hand in silent gratefulness, and I was lifted up to him to receive his parting caress—but as his lips touched mine, his spirit passed from him. Many a long day did the recollection of that cold kiss hover around me, and Heaven forgive me, when I grew to be a silly, romantic girl, I associated the unpleasant remembrance with my poor Cousin Matthew, and instead of making me love him more, as it should, it made me shrink from him—but I suffered most bitterly for my naughty heartlessness.

Cousin Matthew displayed his devotion for me from his earliest boyhood. He bore with my pettishness, my whims and caprices, like an angel—and I loved him none the better for it; his adoration, so nicely and quietly expressed, *bored* me.

When I began to think myself almost a young lady my poor little head became filled with a thousand nonsensical sentimental ideas. I was very rich, I knew—but I was not mercenary—oh, no! that would not have been romantic—I should have been delighted with a lover and a cottage. I—who knew not what sacrifice was—surrounded by every luxury—fondly imagined "I could live in a desert with the man of my heart." Like Lydia Languish I thought, if I did not say it, "how charming would poverty be with him," and absolutely pined for a "pretty distress." It did not agree with my sentimental ideas of love and marriage to accept dutifully the courtships of good Cousin Matthew Bates—go dutifully to church, and become good Mistress Matthew Bates, and settle down a dutiful wife, all in such a humdrum way. Then his name was so "shocking." If it had only been Clinton, or Courtlandt, or Clarence, or any thing but Matthew—and Matthew Bates at that. And, besides, he was so uncouth looking—not at all *distingué*, or elegant. That he had good fea-

tures, I could not deny; and his figure was well proportioned, but he knew not how to show to advantage his personal gifts. His clear brown eye shone frankly, and his chestnut hair curled carelessly over his well developed forehead; but he paid little attention to dress or accomplishments.

Young Dudley, and Morton, and Campbell, and two or three of my other boy lovers had, after leaving college, traveled abroad, and returned home so *exquisite*; and then they had studied professions—but plain Cousin Matthew went unwillingly to college, and then, on his return, insisted upon taking his place as partner with my father. "I can visit Europe, dear uncle," he said, "when I am older;" and I saw his face color, and eyes brighten, as he and my father looked at me, and then exchanged glances. Here was "one of the prettiest distresses imaginable," and I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of my misery.

"I will never marry Cousin Matthew," I exclaimed, in pettish anger, when I had reached my room. "No, no—they can never make me!" and then I wept as though I anticipated being locked up and kept on bread and water. But no such luxury of misery was in store for me. My good old father would have stared at the bare proposition of urging me against my will. He would have been delighted to have seen us married to each other, but would never have forced me. But it pleased me to fancy differently, and I acted under the influence of my romantic imagination.

I looked around for a lover—some one to doat upon and be wretched about—but young Dudley, with all his foreign airs and graces, was a fool—Morton an impudent, presuming fellow, who prated of his racers and bounds, as though he were an elder son of an English peer, with jockey habits acquired at Epsom and Ascot—and Campbell, a piece of stupid pomposity. Then I sought in humbler ranks—but my music master was a saucy old German, and my other teachers entirely the opposite of the refined *beau idéal* I had created. Cousin Matthew might have been that *beau idéal* if I had not been so blind. He was handsome, if he was uncouth; clever in mental abilities, and gentle, and loving. But I shut my eyes to true happiness. To me he was only plain Matthew Bates, whom I would be forced to marry.

Time passed on. I entered society, though only seventeen. My teachers were retained, it is true—but only as a ceremony were the daily lessons; and the rich and beautiful Miss Lee was soon surrounded by admirers, and hurried with gay engagements. Cousin Matthew looked quietly on, but spoke never a word. He was always at my elbow, to hand me to my carriage, to attend me to parties, and accompany me on my drives and rides. I could not help acknowledging at times a secret feeling of kindness for him—he was so yielding to my wishes—so patient and attentive. In one of these moments of tenderness, I resolved, *magnanimously*, to ward off his declaration of love—*generously*, to spare him the pain of a refusal.

"Disentangle this whip for me, Cousin Matthew," said I, one day, after we had returned from a ride.

He was passing by my dressing-room, and there I stood by the open door, alone, vainly endeavoring to disengage the pretty little coquetish whip-chain, which had by chance become wrapped around the buttons of my habit sleeve. As I extended my hand to him, he sprang quickly to do my bidding, and while his head was bent over the troublesome tangle—to him "a labor of love"—I could not help admiring the rich masses of curls that fell in careless negligence over his brow; but then he was plain Cousin Matthew Bates, whom I would never marry; and the recollection of some tender words and looks which had escaped him during the ride, determined me upon putting in execution my *generous* resolve. Thereupon, I spoke—I told him with a well affected air of confidence that I had that morning, through my father, refused young Campbell. He trembled, and by my Psyche glass, which stood near, I could see his round face crimsoned with blushes. With a sensible, womanly air, I continued. I told him of my firm belief that I never would marry, and pictured forth our future as brother and sister soothing the declining days of my father. That I had never yet met with one to love as I would wish to love my husband, and concluded with saying that even if I never should marry, I anticipated much quiet happiness in his friendship, and the sisterly regard I felt for him, united to my father's tender care. He almost gasped for breath, while I self-complacently admired the "woman of the world" manner in which I had, as I imagined, placed each other in a proper position. He dropped the chain still more hopelessly entangled—gazed at me an instant in speechless anguish, then hurried from the room. I felt annoyed—vexed beyond measure. Thus, when I had thought to have arranged the affair so beautifully, I had but hastened the catastrophe.

"Now he will go to my father," I exclaimed, "and I shall be forced to marry him." And in a rage I wrenched my pretty whip from the chain, bringing with it buttons and chain, making a sad rent in my habit sleeve. My maid, who just then entered, stared at my impatience. I complained of fatigue, and hastily unmaking, threw myself on a lounge, bade her close the curtains, and say that I wished to sleep. But there was no rest for me. Poor Cousin Matthew's look of deep sorrow hovered before me, notwithstanding my feelings of determined resistance.

At dinner he did not make his appearance, and I perceived immediately, by my father's manner, that he knew nothing of the affair. I missed him when I was handed into my carriage by the footman in the evening. I missed his gratified look—his expressions of admiration at my pretty costume. The party was dull—though I would not attribute it to the right cause—and I returned home dissatisfied with myself, and blaming every one else. On my dressing table I found a note—to my amazement it was from Cousin Matthew.

"I thank you, dear Ella, for wishing to spare me the pain of an open rejection—but with all your delicacy, dearest, the suffering is just the same. I have

madly, wildly worshiped you, and hoped that the quiet, unobtrusive devotion of years might at last soften your heart toward me. But no—I see, evidently, that it can never be. My presence annoys you, Ella, and until I can regard you as a sister, you shall never be pained by the sight of Cousin Matthew."

This was unlooked for, and I must confess I felt a little disappointed. I had prepared myself for storms and resistance, but not for this dignified, manly withdrawal. Cousin Matthew went up several degrees in my esteem, and I found myself, toward morning, after a sleepless night, questioning whether I had not acted a little ridiculously, if not selfishly and unfeelingly. "But on the whole it is better," said I, to quiet my uneasy thoughts; "for I am sure I never could marry Cousin Matthew."

Cousin Matthew went abroad. A branch of the house had been long established in England, and to my father he represented the urgent necessity of his presence there. My poor father fretted and complained at the prospect of losing his daily society—but it was of no avail. He went—and I endeavored to persuade myself that I was relieved.

Years rolled by—and behold me a woman of six and twenty, and still unmarried. Offers after offers had been urged upon me—but I could not meet with the realization of my *beau idéal*. Cousin Matthew constantly returned to my mind, and I found myself at last acknowledging that he came nearer my fancy's image than any one I had ever met with, and shrewdly suspected I had acted childishly and unwisely. Time had deprived me of many of my romantic notions. I had grown wiser, as well as older. The gaiety and whirl of society palled upon me; and instead of being seen as formerly at every gay place of resort, I passed quietly from the dining-room to the drawing-room each day—denied myself to general visitors—and when my father joined me, after his usual after-dinner lounge, I entertained him with singing, reading or talking, as Lady Grace says, "soberly." We often heard from Cousin Matthew. He still remained unmarried, but never had visited his native country. Latterly, his letters spoke of a wish to see us again, and we were in expectation of a short visit from him. Report said he was wooing and winning a fair English girl. My heart throbbled painfully when I heard it from strangers, and he was revenged to the full by the bitter tears I shed at the recollection of my folly, my absurd heartlessness—but in his letters he spoke not of his wooing.

"Do you never intend to marry, my daughter?" said my father to me one day, as I rose to leave the library, after giving my customary answer to a most unexceptionable offer of marriage.

"Why, papa, do you want to be rid of your Ella?" replied I, going to him—and, as I leaned over his shoulder, I threw my arms caressingly around him.

"No, you gipsy!" he answered, drawing my cheek near his lips. "Harry More is a fine, noble fellow, whom I should be proud to own as a son—but I would not urge you to marry him, or any one else, against your inclination. Still it seems strange such

a beautiful woman as you should remain unmarried. I used to hope I should see Matthew your husband—but," added he, with a sigh, "that idea I have yielded up long since."

I kissed him in silence. Shortly after, I said, in as firm a tone as I could command—

"The steamer should be in by this date—it may bring Cousin Matthew to pay us the flying visit he has promised in his last letters."

"God bless him!" ejaculated my father—"I hope he may—then I shall see him once more before I die."

"Fie on you! naughty papa!" I exclaimed—"why should you talk so sadly? Many a long year will your Ella have you to love!" and with another caress I left him.

I needed to be alone. I wandered through my large drawing-rooms, furnished with such luxurious taste, but I felt weary and heart-sick. My father's last words, nay, the whole tenor of his conversation, had caused unpleasant thoughts to rise within my mind. He might die—then how lonely should I feel—lonely, with love in my heart—and for whom? For no one else than Cousin Matthew! Yes! I could no longer deny it to myself. The report of his intended marriage had opened my eyes to the true state of my feelings. I loved him—deeply and truly; and bitter, bitter tears did I shed, as I pictured forth the presentation to us of his bonny English bride.

A few days after, the steamer arrived, bearing to us Cousin Matthew—but alone. He was no longer the plain Cousin Matthew of former days. If I had loved him, recollecting only his uncouth appearance of past times, how must my admiration of manly beauty and refinement have been gratified, and my love increased, by the improvement both in person and manner, so visible in my cousin. He was so handsome and elegant—enough even for my fastidious taste. Toward me his manner was frank and brother-like. Ah! how altered was his bearing—while I pined and sickened for the love glances which in his blushing boyhood he lavished upon me.

"Never fear, dear Ella," he whispered, as I drew back, in conscious love, from his first caresses on his arrival—"I promised, my cousin, not to appear before you, until I could regard you as a sister." And his clear eye beamed upon me with a calm, brotherly light. My heart sank within me as I saw he had misunderstood my movement, and I hastened to the solitude of my room, that I might there give free vent to the bitter remorse I felt. Notwithstanding the report of his approaching marriage, I had ventured to hope every thing from this visit. How my tears flowed as his cold words rung in my ears, dispelling all my rosy day-dreams.

I re-entered society—on account of my cousin's arrival, I said. It was, in truth, to fly from myself. But in the gay throng I was no less miserable—for there he showed to even greater advantage. With all his strict habits of business he had, during the years of his absence abroad, acquired many accomplishments. He was a graceful dancer, a clever musician, in conversation unexcelled—in short, he

was all my fancy could have depicted my *beau idéal*. And this was Cousin Matthew! Why even his name sounded well to me. There was more dignified melody in that simple name—Matthew Bates—than in all the Clarences, Dudleys, and Stanleys, I had ever heard. But day after day, as they passed by, proved to me that I was no longer the idol of his worship I had been in past years. And yet I was not wanting in charms. My glass proved to me that the world said true when it told me I was more beautiful than at seventeen. My figure was fully developed—and the maturing of my intellect had heightened the expression of my countenance. I never thought of my beauty before—but now, for Cousin Matthew's eyes, I adorned my person with all the taste I possessed. But I daily felt dissatisfied with my appearance and manner, for they attracted not Cousin Matthew's regard.

"They tell me, Matthew, that you are to give us an English cousin," said my father, one day, at dinner, after the servants had retired—and he pushed the wine toward my cousin. I rose hastily from the table to retire to the drawing-room. The subject just broached quickened my departure, for I feared I might betray some emotion if I remained. Matthew rose likewise, to open the door for me, and said brightly, as he rested his hand on the lock—

"Well, Uncle John—will you not greet her kindly?"

"To be sure, my boy! Your wife I could not greet otherwise than kindly," replied my father—but seeing Matthew about leaving the room with me, he said—

"Why in such haste? Come, let us drink the health of the English bride!"

"Another time, dear uncle," replied Matthew, looking at his watch. "But I have an engagement on important business down in the city, and am now behind the hour appointed."

We passed from the dining-room together, and I bowed in silence as he opened for me the drawing-room door, and bade me "good evening." I listened with painful impatience, until I heard the front door close on him. Then I threw myself on a lounge, and gave myself up to my grief. Hope's last glittering ray had departed. I had "a well of tears back o' my eyelids," and freely did they flow.

"Ah! Cousin Matthew!" I exclaimed, in broken

accents, "how times are changed with us. When you offered me your love, I rejected it. Now when I love—nay, hopelessly adore you—I am as nothing to you."

"Say not so, dearest Ella," said a voice beside me. I turned, and beheld Cousin Matthew's love-beaming face. "Pardon me, dearest," he murmured, as he fondly embraced me, "for playing the part of listener—but the night wind closed the door, leaving me in the hall. I heard your sobs, and hastened to offer comfort. Imagine my wild delight, when I overheard your exclamation. I was beloved by the only woman in the world dear to me."

"And the English bride?" I asked.

"Is a being of fancy, dearest. I never would have married any woman but you. I imagined I had overcome my passionate love for you, or I should never have returned. But I had only to look upon you to prove the fallacy of such imaginings. I soon discovered that you were as dear as ever. When I was told of the repeated refusals you had given to others, I dared to nourish the hope of winning you, and have remained on week after week, fearing to speak again of my love."

More and more he said—words of wild, passionate adoration, and I was so supremely happy. I confessed my former folly and my long nourished love. The moments flew unheeded by, until my father surprised us, by entering through the conservatory door, which was ajar.

"I thought you had an engagement down in the city, young man!" said my father, vainly endeavoring not to smile at our very evident embarrassment.

"So I had," replied my cousin, laughing, "but Ella made me forget it."

Then we gladdened the dear old father's heart by asking his blessing on our union, which was readily and joyfully granted.

"I always wished for this," he said, "but I thought it best to let you young folks manage it your own way."

And we were married. I became good Mistress Matthew Bates. Years have passed since that happy day, and my dark hair is silvered. I am an old woman—but a happy one. My married life has been sunny and joyous, and I still wonder at the wilful blindness which at seventeen made me reject dear Cousin Matthew.

## LEONORA.

BY GEORGE ELTON.

Thy soul, from out thy earnest eyes,  
Shines calm and deep, like clouded skies  
When the pale moon is gone!  
I see thy sibil-smile, and dream  
Of midnight stars that silent gleam  
On wizard tower, or darkened stream,  
By some old Druid stone!

Thy voice comes o'er my awe-struck ears  
Like hymns that float from distant spheres—  
My soul entranced is held!  
Thou art my fate—where'er I flee  
Thy dark eyes follow, haunting me—  
Art thou of earth, or canst thou be  
Some prophessee from old!







## FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, 25th August, 1845.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—Since my last we have had another book on America, not of so political a nature as that of Mr. Von Raumer, but altogether of a more sedate, reasonable, and decent kind than those which usually issue from the pens of Englishmen. It bears the title, "Travels in North America, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S. 2 vols." Mr. Lyell is too well known in the United States, for me to dwell on his talents and scientific acquirements, which are of the highest order. A man like Mr. Lyell could not risk his well-earned reputation by indulging in pitiful invectives against those who have uniformly treated him with distinguished consideration and kindness; still less could he pervert truth to subserve unworthy prejudices and national rivalry. That Mr. Lyell should be opposed to universal suffrage is natural; because, as an Englishman, he must needs have a different notion of the people from an American. The question in England is, "Shall the slaves be emancipated?" In America we merely ask, "Shall the freeman exercise the rights of a freeman?" Between the two lies the history of more than two centuries.

Mr. Lyell did not encounter those instances of rudeness and ill-manners which form the theme of so many complaints on the part of British tourists and nulliners; probably from the fact, mentioned by the old superannuated literary dandy, Hamilton, that no people on earth have greater tact in deciphering character than the Americans, who almost instinctively distinguish between a real gentleman and a mere pretender. What is most remarkable in Mr. Lyell's work, is the frankness with which he acknowledges our great mineral wealth, especially as regards coal, which far exceeds that of England, or any portion of the habitable globe. Mr. Lyell was astonished at beholding the richness of the seams of coal which, in the basin of the Ohio, appear every where on the flanks of the hills and at the bottom of the valleys. "These beds," he says, "are in an extraordinary degree accessible. At Brownsville, a bed ten feet thick, of good bituminous coal, breaks out in the river cliff, and near the water's edge. The full value of this inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel," he opines, "is not yet appreciated; but the resources which it will at some future day afford to a large population, are truly magnificent." Mr. Lyell freely descants on the superiority of the settlements in the United States over those of Canada, and half shares the American opinion that in order to improve Canada, it is first necessary to change or exhaust the French population of that country. The French, certainly, are the most miserable colonists on earth. They are the only ones who could not, even in the zenith of their glory, maintain their superiority over their negro slaves! Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has come in contact with the French, the latter were defeated, and, in due course of time, absorbed or annihilated. The French never reached their models, the Spaniards, in the art of colonization. The English, on the contrary, far surpassed their masters—the Dutch.

But it is useless to quote from Mr. Lyell's book, which, perhaps, by the time this reaches you, is already reprinted in the United States, and in the hands of most of the readers of the "Magazine." I would only, in conclusion, allude to his inaccuracy in regard to British ignorance on American subjects. "Were it not for Sam Slick," he says, "the English would know nothing of Nova Scotia." And as for the Nova Scotians themselves, they are mortified when asked in England, "in what part of the world Nova Scotia is situated?" or, "whether Nova Scotia is not a part of the United States?" The latter question, and many others quoted by Mr. Lyell, mark as great an ignorance of the United States as of their own colonies, and prove sufficiently the cause of the many vulgar prejudices cherished in Great Britain in regard to ourselves and the whole American continent. We are glad to learn from so good an authority, that her own provinces come in for a share of the real or feigned contempt for the New World—a circumstance which sufficiently explains why she loses ground in it.

The re-opening of the Empire of the Centre, has called forth a mass of writings on the ancient geography and history of that country. Among these, the republication of the "Travels of Marco Paulo," the boldest traveler of the middle ages; "The Memoirs of Father Ripa, during thirteen years' residence at the Court of Pekin, &c. Selected and translated from the Italian, by Fortunato Prandi;" and some original essays of Professor Neumann, the Orientalist, who has just returned from Persia, are probably the most interesting. The first work is one of the most agreeable readings of the present day; the second is highly instructive, and the third is probably the most interesting to the American reader, proving the knowledge of the Chinese of the Western Continent, and their trading voyages to the coasts of Oregon and California. The sum and substance of it being condensed in a few pages in the Journal "*Das Ausland*," I have thought proper to translate it, and send it you for insertion. It will form a sort of *pendant* to the discovery of the Eastern Coast of America by the Icelanders, which, I trust, has procured your readers some moments of agreeable recreation. Father Ripa came as a Roman missionary in the last year of the reign of Queen Anne to London, where he sought permission to embark in one of the Company's ships for the Celestial Empire. The Jesuit, whose order was, at that time, not very popular in England, had many difficulties to encounter before he succeeded in reaching Macao, whence he started for Pekin, and entered into the service of the Emperor. He was employed by "The Son of Heaven," as painter to the Imperial Court, in which capacity he had ample means to study and describe the manners of the Chinese Court. After the death of the emperor, Father Ripa returned to Europe in company with several Chinese, and established a Chinese College at Naples, which exists to this day, and from which Lord Macartney obtained his interpreters on his celebrated mission to China.

Another geographical work, which may be worth translating, bears the title, "*Voyage Scientifique dans l'Atlas*

et les parties adjacentes de la Frontière de Chine. Paris, 1845." It is, of course, less important than those treating directly of the Celestial Empire; but marks, nevertheless, the increased attention bestowed in Europe on that important quarter of the world.

Of the religious works which are now in every part of Europe taking the place of treatises on philosophy, I cannot mention all. Their name is literally Legion. They are divided in works for and against the Jesuits, in works for and against the New Catholics, and in defence of the orthodox and nationalist school of Protestantism. The metaphysical literature of the Germans and the French is completely absorbed by that of the champions of positive religion and Christian faith—a phenomenon which was certainly not foreseen some fifteen or twenty years ago, and which is closely connected also with a revolution in the political sentiments of the people. The Germans, as well as the French, have at last come to the conclusion that the temple of liberty requires a religious foundation, and that it is far more profitable, instead of empty ratiocination, which will never inspire a people, or fortify it against vice, to instil into them some positive religious faith, without which no nation has had an heroic age, or a period of uninterrupted prosperity. Hence it is, that the religious movement in Germany is watched with such a jealous eye by the existing governments. As long as metaphysicians and transcendental philosophers acted the part of political reformers, the princes might look on and pursue their own course; but when opposition to them assumes the form of popular belief and conviction, the heart as well as the mind is affected, which necessarily changes its very nature.

The most remarkable little work, in this respect, which has appeared, though not original, is "Luther and Rome," in two parts. The first part contains "Luther's Admonition to the Clergy, assembled at the Imperial Diet of Augsburg, 1530." The second consists of "Luther's Warning to his German Countrymen, 1531." and "Luther's Last Sermon, in 1546." The republication of these works in 1845, just three hundred years after the publication of the originals, was certainly not foreseen by the disciples of Fichte, Kant and Hegel. Kant, who may be literally called "the human understanding on horse-back," and whose elucubrity is not owing to his complex ideas, but to the then barbarous German language which he had to remodel and to shape for his use, is probably the only one of a long list of metaphysical authors who will be read with pleasure and instruction by succeeding generations, when the legion of mental paupers which followed in the train of that singularly gifted man, will have long been consigned to oblivion. The philosophical works of Kant are the only ones which are still read in Germany, and collected for a new edition—the religious publications of the day have suppressed all others.

Dr. Julius has published a new work on the Jesuits, entitled, "History of the Foundation, Extension, Development, Constitution, and Operations of the Society of Jesus." The work is to be published in twelve numbers, three of which have so far appeared. It is also to be embellished with several scenes from the history of the fathers, and appears thus far to be written for the purpose of steering a mean course between the opponents and defenders of the society. Thus far, the greater number of writings on the Jesuits was against the society—Eugene Sue's *Jesuit Errant* standing at the head of the list. But I leave this labyrinth of ecclesiastical ermination and re-ermination to pens better used to handle such intricate matters.

"Three Books of the Church," by W. Löhe, have just left the press. Their object is to prove that the church is the continuation of revelation, without which there can be

neither faith nor religion. The author is a Protestant, and strives hard to prove that the Protestant Church is the truly Christian one. Fridensburg says of him, that he has wronged Protestantism by ascribing to it such a high ecclesiastical signification. Protestantism has a higher historical signification. On its desertion of the old Church it founded its historical right; its church negation constitutes its historical truth. Protestantism was the triumph of reason over blind faith and ancient orthodoxy. That it remained within the pale of religion is a necessary consequence of the times in which it was founded; because religion at that time was yet a moving element of life. Since then, the apparent contradiction between the abstract dogma of the Church, and the liberty of the individual, commenced; while the combat between these two principles rendered the triumph of liberty alone possible. But you will think me a transcendentalist if I continue in this vein, and so I prefer to turn to something else.

"The Duke of Wellington's Maxims and Opinions," is the title of a work, by G. H. Francis, presenting to the world the principles and maxims of the great general and Tory statesman. It contains, beside his biography, many of his sayings not heretofore known or published. I doubt much whether the work would pay for reprinting in the United States.

"The Prime Minister," by William H. J. Kingston, author of "The Circassian Chief," is no novel, à la Coningsby—no unveiling of shrouded state secrets, or depicting of prominent public characters of our times, and the motives of their acts. Instead of English statesmen, we meet with Portuguese; and instead of Sir Robert Peel, Carvalho, afterward Marquis of Pombal. Those who take an interest in the history of Portugal ought to read the book, especially the third chapter, which is full of torture, inquisition and bloodshed. The tender passions, though not entirely omitted, are treated with comparatively less attention.

In France, the *feuilleton* literature which has already absorbed the political one, is, in its turn, threatened by the advertisements. A company, with a capital of two millions of francs, (\$100,000,) propose to hire a page from each of the journals having the greatest circulation, for the purpose of filling it with advertisements. The people call it an American enterprise; but there is very little doubt of its complete success. It is, indeed, amusing to listen to the cant of Europeans, but especially French writers, who find us constantly devoid of taste in literature and the fine arts, while, on sober reflection, they imitate us, and crown the artists who obtain a character in the United States. The French *feuilleton* corresponds to the first page of our newspapers, which is generally filled with a story, or some new poems, that may well stand a comparison with the French, both as regards artistic merit and morality. Advertisements, however, are the main prop of every paper, and the French have just made the discovery. They will now commence yearly, semi-annual and quarterly advertisements; but they begin at once with a monopoly which renders competition out of the question, and which, when falling into the hands of some government agent, will be another means of shackling the already sufficiently circumscribed press of France. What the French press particularly wanted was character, veracity, and a proper respect for public morals. It is a melancholy truth, that out of the hundred and thousand volumes of novels, poetry and even history, but few tend to improve the mind of the reader. The great majority of them are only calculated to amuse and fascinate, by those properties of style and conception by which an American writer would inevitably forfeit all claims to the respect of the public. The triumph of vice, of corruption and of the most atrocious crimes.

when gilded over with a few sophisms of society, constitute the burthen of these, for the most part, shameful productions, which, for the honor of the British and German mind, have not yet found their way to the columns of neighboring presses. The French people have, at all times, had a leaning to this kind of slippery composition, so that it is often difficult to make a choice of a book which a young lady may read, for the sake of cultivating the language, even among the classical writers of France. Of the mass of writings of Voltaire, the History of Charles XII. and the Age of Louis XIV. and XV. are the only two books which may be safely put into the hands of a young person, but I scarcely know two volumes of modern French literature, with regard to which I would venture to assume a similar responsibility. No set of men seem to respect the convictions of mankind less than the French; none are so apt to turn every thing sacred into ridicule. "La Mode," the ultra-montane, Bourbon dynastic journal, is the only one which appears to deplore this tendency of modern French literature; but unfortunately its morality, politics and religion are but a fashion—nothing more.

Some of the best things written in France are the pamphlets in favor of the clergy, by Timon (Cormenin.) He shows that the moral and political corruption of the nation, the mean, trafficking spirit which pervades the French population, and puts all the higher efforts in the arts and sciences to scorn, is the true cause of the Jesuitical reaction which the government in vain tries to undermine. The insolence of the Bankers, and the humility of the Jesuits, cannot co-exist without entering against each other in the arena. Mr. Thiers may make notions in the Chambers, Mr. Dupin witticisms, and Mr. Guizot may look serious, the moral evils of France are too deeply rooted in her literature, her arts, and in her very religion, to be seriously improved by a single act of the national legislature.

Mons. Guérard's "La Littérature Française Contemporaine," if any one can be found with sufficient patience to go through the trashy, voluminous work, will amply bear out my assertions, though the author, no doubt, strives hard to prove the contrary. The work is not quite finished, and since the author seems to have a disposition to drag it out *ad infinitum*, the publisher, to keep his promise to finish the whole work in twenty-four numbers, has engaged two young men by the name of Ch. Lounandre and F. Bourquelot, to conclude it for him. I sincerely hope they may get through with it. A better, though anonymous, work of M. Guérard's is "Les Auteurs Déguisés de la Littérature Française au XIXième Siècle." The biographies of the disguised authors is perhaps the best thing contained in the book.

The celebrated publicist, Duvergier de Hauranne, the defender of Greece in the Chamber of Deputies, and Baron Frenilly, Peer of France, are shortly to publish together a work with which they have already been occupied more than twenty-three years. It is nothing less than "The History of the English Parliament." Seven volumes are already completed, in manuscript, and will shortly make their appearance.

To the most instructive works lately published in France, (and for which the author will probably have received less than Alexandre Dumas for one of his *feuilleton* novels, written by half a dozen of his literary clerks,) must be counted the following: "Histoire des Etats Généraux et des Institutions Représentatives en France, Depuis l'Origine de la Monarchie jusqu' en 1792, par A. C. Thibaudau." 2 vols. It is probably one of the best historical

works of the present day, and might well bear being translated into English.

To the numerous works which are not absolutely immortal must be added "Le Diable à Paris," principally on account of its excellent illustrations by Gavarni, who is often styled "the Raphael of French vice," and "La Science de Bien Vivre, par Paul, Pen et A. D." The latter is a worthy pendant to Brillat Savarin's "Physiologie du Goût," a translation of which was published in Philadelphia, many years ago, and ably reviewed in the Quarterly then issued by Messrs. Carey & Lea. "The Art to Live Well" does not omit the joys of the table, a chapter to which many a translator might do better justice than the generality of cooks. If Brillat Savarin gave us the *tasir* for good living, Paul Pen and A. D. may be said to treat of the *spirit* of cookery, so that each of these remarkable works is in a measure the necessary complement of the other. A translation of it into English might furnish a good text book for our principal hotels, (I have no doubt it would be relished even at *Head quarters*), and do much less mischief than other jarted publications of the French metropolis.

Frederika Bremer's new novel, "In Dalecarlia," 2 vols., is considered not only equal, but superior to any of her former productions. Her idyllic talent has here taken a tragic direction, which occupies the reader's attention from beginning to end. A translation of it will, no doubt, increase the library of our cheap publications in New York or Philadelphia.

Of late, Sweden and Norway have attracted much attention in Europe, and have been visited by many a tourist. But the best work on the subject is still "Sweden in 1843, by Theodor Muggé, 2 vols., 1844," of which I remember no translation, either in England or America. Sweden and Norway are both agricultural states; hence the simplicity and truthfulness of their inhabitants. Of the three millions of inhabitants of Sweden, two and a half millions are occupied with rural economy. All the Swedish towns together have not yet a population equal to the city of New York; for it does not exceed, as yet, 300,000: Three-fourths of the whole population are poor, but they have no rich neighbors to whom they might act as panders. No wonder, then, that Sweden produced Frederika Bremer. In the whole kingdom there is but one person paying the tax on 2,000,000 dollars property; two for 1, and two for 1 million; seven persons are supposed to possess 750,000 bank dollars; sixteen more than 500,000; 136 more than 100,000; 448 more than 50,000; and 330,220 peasants are estimated to possess property exceeding in value 2500 dollars banco each. Particularly interesting in this work are the political disquisitions, especially those which relate to Charles John Bernadotte, late king, and to his successor.

The Life of Godfrey Wm. Von Leibnitz, on the basis of the German works of Dr. G. F. Guhrner, by John M. Mackie, Boston, Mass., 1815, 300 pages 12mo., is highly spoken of by the German literary press.

Chief Justice Story's British and American Laws of Bills of Exchange, have just left the German press in form of a condensed translation, bearing the title, "D. Joseph Story's Mitglied des Höchsten Gerichtshofes der Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika und Professors der Rechte Englisches und Nordamerikanisches Wechselrechts," Deutsch bearbeitet und mit Anmerkungen und Vorrede Begleitet Von D. Georg. Karl Freitschke, (Royal Saxon Secret Counsellor in Dresden.) Leipzig, 1815. The work, like every thing issuing from the pen of the great American jurist, is admitted to be the best written on the subject in any language, and universally instructive to all countries.


# THE TEAR UPON MY CHEEK.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE MISS M. A. HOYE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY R. CULVER.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN.

*Andantino.*



has for me that I must pay for ev'ry plea - sure that I buy - row. The

friend all ten - der - ness to - day, is cold and stern per - haps to - mor - - - row. *ad lib.*  
*rall.*

## SECOND VERSE.

I cannot see my friend grow strange,  
 And leave me desolate and lone,  
 But I must keenly feel the change,  
 And melt like some expiring tone.  
 Oh, blame me not if then I turn,  
 To hide the tear upon my cheek,  
 Or if the thoughts that in me burn,  
 Refuse my tongue the power to speak.

## INDIANS HUNTING THE BISON.

We have given the readers of "Graham" several excellent engravings representing the Indians of North America, and we pursue the plan for the purpose of rescuing a part of their history from oblivion *here*. In Europe, the interest in their fate and traditions is intense, while we pass their story by, as a tale that has been told. We have already given several passages from the history of the Mandans. The principal beast of chase with them, according to Prince Maximilian, who traveled extensively among them, and who has given us a very full history of their manners and customs, is the buffalo. The men generally go hunting in a body, on horseback, in order to be more secure against a superior force of enemies. The equipments of their horses are more like those of the Blackfeet, and their saddle resembles the Hungarian; though now they sometimes obtain saddles from the whites, which they line and ornament with red and blue cloth. In riding, they never leave hold of their whip, which is made of wood, and not of elk's horn, as among more western nations. They never wear spurs. In summer time, if the herds of buffalo are dispersed to great distances in the prairie, the chase, of course, requires more time and exertion; but in winter, when they approach the Missouri, and seek shelter in the woods, a great number are often killed in a short time. The plate accompanying, gives a good idea of the chase. On these hunting excursions the Indians often spend eight or ten days; generally, they return on foot, while the horses are laden with spoil. The buffalo are usually shot with arrows while under full speed, the hunters riding up with great expertness within ten or twelve paces of them. These Indians are uncommonly fine horsemen. If it is very cold, and the buffaloes keep at a distance in the prairie, they hunt but little, and would rather suffer hunger, or live on maize and beans, than to use the necessary exertion to capture them; and when, as frequently happens toward spring, many of the buffaloes float down the river on the ice, they turn out in great numbers to draw the animals to land. It is remarkable how instantly their famished dogs know and take advantage of the hunting excursions of their masters. When the horses return, laden with the spoils of the chase, the children rush out, uttering a cry of joy, which the dogs perfectly understand, and setting up a loud howl, they rush toward the prairie, the scene of the chase, to partake with their relatives, the wolves, the spoils the hunters have left behind. When a hunter has secured an animal, he usually eats the liver and the kidney raw, sharing, however, the reward of his toil with his companions. If an eminent man, who has performed some great exploit, comes up when the animal has just been killed, and demands the tongue, or other favorite part, it cannot be re-

fused him. Dogs are not employed in hunting by the Mandans or Manitaris. They shoot deer and elks in the forests; antelopes and big-horns in the prairies, the Black Hills, and the neighboring mountains. Brackearidge says that they drive the antelopes into the water, and kill them with clubs; this must take place but in isolated cases. They generally choose a valley between two hills, which ends in a steep declivity. A number of horsemen drive them from the distant brushwood, and the terrified animals hasten down the hollow, and leap into the enclosure, made of sort of poles, where they are taken alive, or killed with clubs. The wolf and the fox are, for the most part, shot with a gun, as well as the white rabbit, or are caught in traps, which, for the wolves, are very strong—the latter are not easily deceived, being very cautious. Foxes are caught in small traps, which are covered with brushwood and buffalo skulls, to conceal them. Many such traps are seen every where in the prairies, and are surrounded with small stakes, that the animals may not enter them sideways. Beavers are caught in great numbers in iron traps, which are procured from the whites. The manner in which birds of prey are caught, is said to be very remarkable. The bird-catcher lies down at full length in a narrow pit, made on purpose, and exactly large enough to hold him. As soon as he has lain down, the pit is covered with brushwood and hay, and pieces of meat are laid upon the top. The eagle, or other bird of prey, descends in order to eat, when it is seized by the legs by the bird-catcher.

Before the chase, war is, of course, the employment of the Indian; and military glory the highest object of ambition. He who kills the most enemies, without sustaining loss, is accounted the best warrior, for willfully to expose themselves to the enemy's fire would, in their eyes, be folly, and not bravery. Their strength lies in concealed marches, surprises at daybreak, and in cunning and stratagem generally. When a young man, who has never performed an exploit, is the first to kill an enemy on a warlike expedition, he paints a spiral line round his arm, of whatever color he pleases, and he may then wear a whole wolf at the ankle or heel of one foot. If he has first killed and touched the enemy, he paints a line running obliquely round his arm, and another crossing it in the opposite direction, with three transverse stripes. On killing the second enemy, he paints his left leg, or leggin, of a reddish brown. On his third exploit, he paints two longitudinal stripes on his arms, and three transverse stripes. This is the exploit that is esteemed the highest. After the third exploit, no more marks are made. If he kills an enemy after others of the party have done the same, he may wear on his heel one wolf tail, with the tip cut off.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Prose and Verse.* By Thomas Hood. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 16mo.

Of late, Hood's name has been a more familiar word in the public mouth than formerly. The melancholy circumstances attending his sickness and death, and the earnest philanthropy which characterized some of his latest compositions, gave a personal interest to his publications. The serious compositions of his pen have not only grown into favor, but the serious element in his comic pieces has been more generally discerned.

Hood was no humorist in the sense in which the word is usually employed. He was no mere provoker of barren laughter, but a man whose mirth had its roots deep in sentiment and humanity. Though his perceptions of character and manners were often embodied in the most grotesque shapes, they always had in them a touch of nature and truth. He was a poet, and saw the serious side of life as clearly as the ludicrous. He knew what thin partitions separate in this world tears from laughter; that the deepest feeling often expresses itself in the quaint oddities of caricature; that wisdom sometimes condescends to pun, and grief to wreath its face in smiles. Indeed, there is occasionally a little misanthropy in him. A close observer of his writings will often see a bitter personal experience of the author embodied in the most farcical and bewildering freaks of his fun. Hood makes us sympathize more quickly with the troubles of his life, from not thrusting them in our eyes, with the usual parade of sorrow and lamentation. We laugh with him, and feel for him. Few writers have ever succeeded in blending so much thought and sentiment, so much true humor and no less true pathos, with the most extravagant drollery and fanciful exaggeration.

The two volumes before us contain many illustrations of these remarks, and they certainly form one of the best works in Wiley and Putnam's admirable "Library of Choice Reading." The "Pugsley Papers" contain much fine and knowing satire, as well as droll delineation. The "Literary Reminiscences" are quite interesting, and exhibit his connection with many of his eminent contemporaries in a pleasant light. They are prefaced by a short piece, apologizing for not offering an account of his own life, which, he says, is not worth giving or taking. "The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford little interest to any one else." "Miss Kilmanseggy and her Precious Leg" is a metrical story, full of humor and sly satirical hits at the world, and most remarkable rhymes and metres. The "Ode to Melancholy," "Ruth," and "Fair Ines," are in Hood's most poetical vein. The second has always been a favorite of ours, from the melody of the sentiment, as well as the verse. The following are fine exaggerations of chivalric compliment:

O saw ye not fair Ines?  
 She's gone into the west,  
 To dazle when the sun is down,  
 And rob the world of rest.  
 She took the daylight with her,  
 The smiles that we love best,  
 With morning blushes on her cheek,  
 And pearls upon her breast.  
 O turn again, fair Ines,  
 Before the fall of night,

For fear the moon should shine alone,  
 And stars unrivalled bright:  
 And blessed will the lover be  
 That walks beneath their light,  
 And breathes the love against thy cheek  
 I dare not even write!

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
 That vessel never bore  
 So fair a lady on its deck,  
 Nor danced so light before—  
 Alas! for pleasure on the sea  
 And sorrow on the shore!  
 The smile that blest one lover's heart  
 Has broken many more.

"The Bridge of Sighs," "The Lady's Dream," and the "Song of the Shirt," all having relation to the claims of poverty and wretchedness, are included in this collection. The long prose paper, entitled "Copyright and Copy-wrong," originally contributed to the London Athenaeum, represents Hood pleading for his own craft, in his own peculiar way. The question never was discussed with more liveliness, if with more cogency. In alluding to American republications, he disclaims hostility to the United States in very characteristic expression. "The stars and stripes," he says, "do not affect me like a blight in the eye, nor does Yankee Doodle give me the ear-ache. I have no wish to repeal the Union of the United States; nor to alter the phrase in the Testament into 'republicans and sinners.' In reality I have rather a Davidish feeling toward Jonathan, remembering whence he comes, and what language he speaks; and holding it better in such cases to have the wit that traces resemblances, than the judgment which detects differences—and perhaps fomenters them." Toward the close of one portion of his quaint pleadings for the rights of authors, Hood bursts out in an eloquent acknowledgment of his obligations to literature, and to men of genius. "They were," he says, "my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my Guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts—when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness like a new creation, and gave it 'two great lights,' Hope and Memory—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun."

This touches the real point in every discussion respecting the right of authors. We owe them a debt of gratitude, which we should take pleasure in repaying. Instead of doing this, we avail ourselves of every subterfuge of quibbling, to justify the most selfish and heartless conduct toward them. The book that comes to us as a benefactor—which opens to our view boundless domains of beauty and grandeur—which makes itself "felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;" is it consistent that we should be so careful to reckon its exact value in the current coin of the land? Is it not ridiculous for us to play a huckstering trade with the man, who is to pour into our minds the infinite riches of his genius? While our hearts are overflowing with kindness for him who has peopled our solitude with beings of unearthly sweetness and majesty—who has thrown celestial light around the bed of sickness and pain



—who has spoken a word of cheer to us in many a period of sorrow and abasement—whose great heart has beaten close to ours in many a moment of passionate exaltation—who, by the sweat of his brow and the sweat of his brain, has passed long years of labor in order that our lives might be made more beautiful and happy—shall we grudge him the just rewards of his labor, shall we compliment ourselves on our shrewdness in being able to steal from him the means of subsistence? What an antithesis is here—what a wonderful exaltation of thought and feeling, what consummate littleness and meanness of action! We treat our greatest friend and benefactor, for whom our love and gratitude should be boundless, not only worse than we would treat a common acquaintance, but worse than we would treat our butcher or tailor. We would have our imaginations exalted, our hearts kindled, our minds stored—and then pride ourselves principally on our cunning in evading all payment for such a priceless good. We fear that our shrewdness here overleaps itself. It may be questioned whether or not the serene and beautiful face of literature can be seen in its loveliness, or felt in its power, while it is in such close approximation to the Almighty Dollar.

One of the finest things in these volumes, is the piece called "The Great Conflagration." It refers to the burning of the Houses of Parliament, in 1834, and consists chiefly of letters written by Sir Jacob Jubb, M. P., and various members of his household, descriptive of the event. Sir Jacob was severely burnt, "by taking his seat in the House, on a bench that was burning under him. The danger of his situation was several times pointed out to him, but he replied that his seat had cost him ten thousand pounds, and he could not quit. He was at length removed by force." The richest epistolary gem is the letter of Ann Gale, housemaid. Her speculations on the fire are very deep. She understands that "The Lords and Commons was connected with a grate menny historicle associations, with of course will hav to make good all damage." Her feelings are strongly enlisted in favor of the members. "Ware the poor burnt-out cretura will go noboddy nose. Sum say Exetur Hall, sum say the Refadge for the Destitute, and sum say the King will lend them his Bench to set upon." She tells her correspondent that the fear of fire leaves her no peace. "I do n't dare to take my close off to go to bed, and I practice clambering up and down by a rop in case, and I giv Police Man 2s a shillin now and than to keep a specious eye to number fore, and be redly to ketch anny one in his harm. . . . O! Mary, how happy is them as lives lick you, as the song says, 'Far from the buzzy aunts of men.' Don't neglect to rake out evvery nite, see that evvery sole in the hows is turned down xtinguished, and always blo youreself out befour you go to youre piller."

This collection of Hood's writings is the best yet published, but it by no means includes all of his miscellaneous compositions. It is to be hoped that this collection will meet with sufficient success to warrant the publishers in adding a couple of volumes more. From his poetry, serious and comic, a great deal of delightful matter might be selected.

*Festus, a Poem.* By Philip James Bailey, Barrister at Law. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1 vol. 12mo.

The American edition of this poem is a fac simile of Pickering's second London edition, and is executed exceedingly well. Of the poem itself, it is difficult to speak. It is the strangest, most daring, most arrogant piece of composition produced in the nineteenth century. It is a splendid monstrosity. The author seems, in writing it, to have stood on the dizziest edges of reason, gazing down into the

gulf of madness. An irretrievable confusion of antagonist feelings and principles, deforms the book. Heaven, earth and hell run into each other. Did not the author exhibit the utmost earnestness, he might be justly chargeable with blasphemy and licentiousness. Portions of his poem may be referred directly to that state of the mind, often observed in fanatics, where the impulses of appetite are mistaken for the impulses of the religious sentiment. Indeed, the champions of the poem have been compelled to contrive an allegorical interpretation for those passages which bear the most indubitable marks of "lust and foul thoughts." The whole foundations of morality are denied as a master of philosophy—that is, so far as these foundations rest on man's free will. Wherever the author teaches what he is pleased to call religious truth, his morality and his religion are generally equally detestable. The humane and reverent sentiments of the poem are out of harmony with its predominant feeling. Yet, from its seeming agreement with some of the Calvinistic doctrines, the London Eclectic Review has the exquisite folly to commend its religious character.

Of the energy and richness of the diction, and the force of fancy and imagination which the poem displays, a great deal might be said. But sensibility is its strongest characteristic; it has its root in flesh and blood. There is a kind of grandeur about it which often reminds us of old Kit Marlowe. Every thought, bad or good, voluptuous or ascetic, tender or wrathful, pious or blasphemous, that comes into the author's mind, is boldly expressed, as though it were inspired by infinite Wisdom instead of false passion. There is no dramatic difference preserved in the persons of the poem—the Trinity, the Seraphim, Lucifer, Festus, and the various young ladies of questionable morals whom Festus admires, being but the variations of one individual sensibility. The whole poem represents faithfully a mind madly abandoning itself to every caprice of impulse—writing down every truism or paradox that tumbles into it—and claiming for each the importance of eternal truth. Its ethics and metaphysics might pass for philosophy in Bedlam; but, out of that place, the poem will be principally esteemed for its occasional passages of splendid poetry, the curious individuality it presents, and the devil's dance of fancies and imaginations along the path of its theological teachings.

*Characters of Shakspeare.* By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol.

This is not one of Hazlitt's most successful works of criticism, though it illustrates the characteristics of his mind. It is acute and brilliant, but it lacks profound thought. The critical remarks, though sufficiently eulogistic, are often despatched in too business-like a way. Besides, in going over Shakspeare's characters, Hazlitt's own prejudices, his hates and his loves, are vividly awakened. He is drawn aside from his object by collateral personal matter. He does not give himself up fully to Shakspeare, but Shakspeare has the effect to develop him. Thus the criticism on Hamlet is merely personal. The character of Isabella awakened some unpleasant individual association, and she is passed over with a sneer. Coriolanus is the innocent cause of some exceedingly bitter political diatribes, in which imagination is represented as an aristocratical quality, and poetry as identical with monarchy. Many characters, containing worlds of thought and emotion, he has glanced over superficially, from not perceiving their depth, or from their not having any qualities in common with him. In the hurry of composition, he has passed over other characters with a half criticism, or a mere mush of verbal panegyric. Though the book is

delightful reading, from its rapid movement and brilliant remarks, it is not what we expect from a critic of Shakespeare. Some parts are exceedingly well done, and some characters felicitously analyzed, but on the whole it represents William Hazlitt better than William Shakespeare.

Perhaps the prominent merit of the book consists in the manner of introducing the illustrative extracts, and the comments on their poetical excellence. Any passage which struck Hazlitt forcibly, he could impress almost as forcibly on another mind; and the volume is full of instances where quotations are accompanied with a richness of comment, which gives them new power over the reader's imagination and sensibilities. As a specimen of the style, we quote a few remarks from his character of Falstaff, which is done in his best manner. "We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter, or 'lands the lean earth as he walks along.' Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, 'into thin air;' but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension; it lies 'three fingers deep upon the ribs,' it plays about the lungs and the diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. . . . His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning."

*The Crock of Gold.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol.

This is a novel which goes right to the heart of the reader. Every thing is bold, direct, and to the purpose, in the style and in the matter. The characters of Roger Acton, Ben Burke, and Grace Acton, are excellently drawn. Grace is a beautiful delineation. Very rarely has piety found a more exquisite and winning embodiment in romance. The passage where she prays for her poor father and brother—the brother whom, though now wild and erring, she remembered as one who had stily put aside for more than a year, "a little heap of copper earnings, wedding-money, and errand-money, and harvest-money, and then bounteously spent it all at once, in giving her a Bible on her birth-day"—and the scene with Jonathan Floyd, where her filial piety and her love are so finely blended, are exceedingly touching and beautiful. The character of the steward, Mr. Simon Jennings, though somewhat overdrawn, and a little too *lagnish* in his villany, forms a prominent part of the interest of the story. The book bears evidence of the intensity with which the author has realized, in his imagination, the scenes, incidents and characters of his novel. It has the appearance of being a relation of events, which have passed directly before his eye. We believe that this is the second edition, a cheap one having been published in a pamphlet form some months ago. We are glad to see so fine a book in so elegant a form. It forms No. 18 of Wiley & Putnam's Library.

*Travels in North America, in the Years 1841-2.* By Charles Lyell, F. R. S. New York. Wiley & Putnam.

The circumstances under which Mr. Lyell visited the United States were such as to incline him to make a favorable judgment of both institutions and people. The "Lowell Institute," of Boston, engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on Geology, and paid him a higher price than he could have obtained at any literary institution in

any other portion of the world. Wherever he went, he was received with "distinguished consideration." Besides, he found everywhere new objects for scientific investigation; and, doubtless, much of the favor with which he viewed the people, was owing to the satisfaction he experienced in delving into the geological mysteries of their land. The book is the most sensible ever written on America by an Englishman. The author's mind seems divested of all prejudice. Whatever really offends his taste or his feelings, does not urge him into indignation or petulance. He finds reasons or excuses for all things. His remarks on the debts of the States, on slavery, on the peculiarities of American character, on politics, hotels and railroads—the usual staple of John Bull's sarcasms and denunciations—are absolutely wonderful, as coming from an Englishman. The greater part of his work is devoted to the geology of the land, and is full of interest to the man of science. Perhaps he is more successful in his observations on the soil than on the soul of the country.

*The Essays of Elia.* By Charles Lamb. New York. Wiley & Putnam.

Charles Lamb is one of the most truly original writers in English literature, and one of the most delightful. His originality consists in the sincerity with which he expresses his own perceptions of things. He is bound by no external restraints, and accommodates neither his style nor his opinions to external rules; but writes from within. In reading his works we obtain a true portrait of a most peculiar and beautiful nature, whose loves and antipathies, however different they may be from our own, insensibly win upon our feelings, and persuade us into sympathy. Though strikingly individual in the whole cast of his thoughts and emotions, he never offends the taste or shocks the feelings by that harshness of manner which so often accompanies marked peculiarity of disposition. His nature was eminently social and humane. He was bound to his race by his genial humor. During his life, he was warmly loved by friends of the most different opinions and natures—by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hunt, Hazlitt, Bernard Barton; and his sympathizing readers have as great an affection for him, as though he were a brother. To the reader, he never comes as a book, but as a companion; we do not so much read him, as hear him talk. His *essays* have an indelible vitality in them. As a humorist, a poet, a critic of books and manners, he is alike eminently original and delightful.

*My Uncle Hobson and I: Or, Slashes at Life with a Free Broad-Axe.* By Pascal Jones. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is rather a pleasant book, written in a devil-may-care style and spirit, and containing some flashing description. The story is absolutely nothing, and the characters have little convexity or force, if we except Uncle Hobson himself; but the style glitters with a good deal of wit and satire, and several points in New England character are hit off with some effect. The author is evidently a man of education and talents, who has seen considerable life, about which he writes hastily and thinks superficially. The Village Row and the Miller Meeting are well done. The story of the hero's love adventures, is rather clumsily managed. His different mistresses have no character at all, and we see but the froth and sparkle of his own. The book should have been more laboriously meditated, even to produce its intended effect.

*Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States and Great Britain.* By C. J. Ingersoll. 3 vols. Vol. 1. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard. 1845.

This book reminds us of the famous saying of Talleyrand, that language was made to conceal thoughts; the style is harsh and involved; and it is often difficult to understand the author's meaning. The sentences twist and turn like a worm in torture. Epithet is piled on epithet until the idea dies by a sort of *peine forte et dure*. We find little of the straight-forward simplicity of our mother tongue; but plenty of the quips and quirks of the French idiom grimacing to find itself in an English dress. A proper fondness for the old Saxon roots of our language is the only redeeming feature in Mr. Ingersoll's style. And he is the more excusable, because he has not always written thus. His *Inchiquin's Letters*, the production of his early manhood, are in some respects models of pure English.

Apart from the style, this volume is one of great value. In the limited space left for us this month, we cannot undertake a thorough criticism, but must content ourselves with a general summing up of the merits of the book. Probably there is no other man in the United States so well qualified as Mr. Ingersoll for the task he has undertaken. He unites in himself two opposite qualities of mind rarely found together. Like Horace Walpole, he delights in gossip. Like Burke, he has a comprehensive intellect. He possesses the French taste for that easy, chatty, sparkling style of biography, which they call *memoir-writing*; but he combines with this a capacity to generalize facts, and draw philosophic deductions, such as might make a good historian. To these qualities of mind he unites other eminent advantages. He has had access to all the political anecdotes of the last forty years; he has known the great actors in the story he narrates; he was himself a prominent member of Congress during the last war. Few men have had such opportunities to collect material for history. Still fewer have survived, like Mr. Ingersoll, the passions and prejudices of the stormy scenes in which they themselves took a part. But the author of this work has, in a great measure, buried his political prejudices in the grave of the past; and writes of times in which he played the part of an actor, like one who records the transactions of men belonging to another age. It is this general fairness, combined with the richness of the material, which makes the present history so valuable. The work is unquestionably the most accurate, literal, spirited and comprehensive narrative of the last war.

The volume before us carries the history down to the end of 1813. During these first eighteen months of the war, a continued series of disasters awaited the American arms, relieved only here and there by a naval victory, or a flash of heroism on the land. Of the inefficiency which characterized this period, both at Washington and in the army, Mr. Ingersoll speaks with proper boldness. He is deservedly severe on some of the characters of that day. Yet we predict that no work which has issued from the press for many years, will awaken such a storm of misrepresentation and abuse; for the incidents canvassed depend on too contradictory testimony, and the affairs narrated come too close to our own time, to allow of candor in others, or exact justice in the author. There will be statements and re-statements, pleas, rejoinders and replications, denials and affidavits, censures and corrections, without number. Those who think themselves aggrieved on one point, will unite with those who regard themselves as aggrieved on another; and so a strong party will be formed against the author, and a hail-storm of newspaper criticism, for years to come, be poured on his head. But when the passions of the day have subsided, when per-

sonal feeling is asleep in the grave, and when the actors in the last war, as well as their immediate descendants, shall have passed away, the volumes of Mr. Ingersoll will be referred to as a valuable cotemporary record, and a portion of their materials, judiciously selected, be embodied in a permanent history, to be read when we and our children, and our children's children, shall be no more.

The volume is elegantly printed, with clear, bold type, and the paper is very good for American publishers.

*Gertrude. A Tale.* By the Author of *Amy Herbert*. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the first of a series of books for popular reading, to be published under the name of "Appleton's Literary Melange." The resources of the publishers are such as to enable them to "get up" a very valuable library. The tale of "Gertrude" is not, perhaps, a very good selection to commence with, though, in itself, it is a good book. The moral tone is high, and it is written in a sweet and serious vein of composition, which cannot fail to make it acceptable to one class of readers; but in a new enterprise, like the present, it is always well to commence with something striking and brilliant. We have great hopes that the "Literary Melange" will take a prominent part in the re-action against the bad cheap literature of the day. The present volume is well printed, and is published at a low price. If it be followed up by works of a high literary character, and at the same time contain elements of popular interest, it will meet with decided success.

WORKS OF HARPER & BROTHERS.—Since our last number, we have received from Harper & Brothers the following works, which we shall notice at length hereafter.

*The American Shepherd.* By L. A. Norrell." Being a history of sheep, with their breeds, diseases, and management, illustrated with engravings. This is a work of great value to farmers.

*Journal of the Texian Expedition against Mier,* with the subsequent imprisonment of the author—his final escape—with reflections on the future relations of Texas, Mexico and the United States. By Gen. Thos. J. Green. This is an elegant work, with excellent illustrations, drawn from life by Charles M'Laughlin. It is dedicated to the Hon. Branch T. Arthur. It should be read by every one wishing to obtain clear views of the present relations of the countries treated of.

*Domestic Economy for the Use of Young Ladies at Home and at School.* By Miss Catherine E. Beecher. Illustrated.

*The Elements of Morality, Including Polity.* By William Whewell, D. D. In 2 vols." This is a work of one of the most eminent scholars of the age, upon a subject which should command attention.

Harper's Pictorial Bible, and also their Illustrated Shakespeare, maintain, as they advance toward completion, the elegance with which they were commenced.

E. FERRETT & Co. have sent us "*The Music of the Bohemian Girl*," "*Stories of the American Revolution*," and several of the excellent novels of Miss Pickering, "Nan Darrell," "The Fright," "Agnes Settle," all got out in good style, and sold at the lowest point of cheapness. Messrs. F. & Co. have made quite a revolution in the music business, by issuing from type the best music of the operas, and the most popular of the Irish and Scotch songs. They promise to push their enterprise into every department of music.





# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

## ANOTHER ERA IN THE LIFE OF IDA RAVELIN.\*

BY FANNY FORESTER.

THE windows had been thrown up, and the heavy curtains looped far back to allow free entrance to the fresh fragrant breezes; for breath—breath was sorely needed in that house of the dying. The trembling soul still clung to its earthly altar, fanned in the moment of its fainting by the clear summer air, which swept up from its dalliance with the budding things of June, to linger on the lip and give another swell to the heart which had once gloried in its joyous ministrations. Mary Ravelin, like some superb flower broken from its stem, lay withering in her fully expanded beauty. Her eye still flashed and burned with supernatural brilliancy, fully matched by the deep crimson of her cheek and lips; but the hands, which were folded over the heaving bosom, were long and thin, and tipped with the ice of death. Across her forehead, too, wandered little violet threads, now taking on a dark, unnatural purple, and contrasting fearfully with the deep pallor of their resting-place. Her hair had broken from the confinement of the cap, and lay in rich shining folds of raven blackness about her neck and shoulders; conspiring with the crimson cheek and dazzling eye to give an intensity, a proud queenliness to her beauty, in strange contrast with the certainty of immediate dissolution. Around her gathered a group of weeping mourners, but little Ida was not with them. From time to time, at the rustle of a curtain, or some slight noise from without, the eye of the dying woman would turn itself on the door, and then the breath which struggled up with so much difficulty from its fast beumbing fountain, would falter and quiver in agitation. At last, a light, quick, springing step was heard in the adjoining apartment, and gently, but eagerly, the latch was raised.

\* See the story entitled "Bending the Twig," in the August number.

"My Ida!" whispered the dying mother.

Ida had filled her apron with flowers, and gathered up the corners in her hand; the dew-spangled buds peeping out in every direction, eloquent in their young brightness, but strangely eloquent at an hour so fraught with the deep solemnities of death. The light of love was beaming in her eye, and her thin, childish face glowed with exorcise. Beautiful was the child—though not so beautiful as when we first knew her—beautiful was she, as, with the eagerness of a loving heart, her bright head peered through the opening in the door, and her sweet, dove-like eyes sought the couch of her mother. But the solemnity of the scene startled her, and she stood thus lightly poised, on the threshold, her lips parted, and her eyes full of eloquent wonder. A woman left the bed-side, and taking the child by the hand, beckoned her to throw aside the useless flowers.

"Nay, bring them to me," said a low, feeble voice from the pillow.

Ida dropped the hand of her conductor and sprung to the bosom of her mother, scattering the flowers as she went, and crushing them beneath her little feet, till the apartment was filled with their perfume. One hand of the dying woman closed about an opening rose-bud, as though the death-stricken fingers knew so well these beautiful treasures, loved of yore, as to select by instinct the fairest among them; and the other arm was twined lovingly about her own bud of immortality—the strangely gentle being who, year after year, had grown more closely to her impassioned heart.

What she said no one could hear, for the words seemed to be pronounced rather by her struggling heart than by her lips, so faintly and falteringly they fell, but Ida heard every one; and, as she listened, instead of the sorrow which was deluging other faces,

a strange, joyous light beamed in her eyes and played about her mouth.

"I know it, my mother, I know it," at last she said eagerly, "but no one ever told me before."

"Then tread the earth carefully, my darling," whispered the dying mother; "love the beautiful things which God has made—love the beings he has given you for companionship, but, Ida, Ida, shut that rich heart from every eye. Give all its wealth to Heaven—the reeds which it would rest upon here will sway and bend beneath it—there is no support for a strong, high spirit here. Keep thy treasure close, my darling, and thou wilt be happy, but once—"

The breath came gaspingly, and there was a short, severe struggle. An attendant interposed and endeavored to remove the child, but the arm of the dying woman was too firmly about her.

"Do not let the world know the riches shut in thy bosom, Ida—they would be desecrated, stained—keep them for thine own self and the angels."

Mary Ravelin drew the lips of the child to hers, pressed them fondly again and again, but each time more feebly, till finally there came one long, loving pressure, as though the icy lips would grow to the warm living ones, and all was still. Upon the bosom of the dead lay the fair child, her bright locks mingling with the shining black, one hand pressing the livid cheek, and the other lying, the fairest flower of them all, among the fresh roses yet sparkling with dew—there she lay in her young beauty, without a tear or sigh, but yet the sincerest of mourners. At first she would not be separated from the loved clay, but when they told her that her mother was dead, and she looked into the glazed eyes, and placed her hand upon the hushed heart, and knew that it was so, she suffered herself to be led quietly and uncomplainingly away.

All that day Ida sat beneath the little clump of locust trees in the garden, and watched the window from which her mother had so often looked; while thoughts, such as seldom find their origin in the bosom of a child, crowded upon her, and left an impress on her sweet, sad face. A change had come over Ida Ravelin since the night of the first strange phantasy which had sealed up the door of her spirit against communion with her kind. The timidity which characterized her during that year had remained and strengthened, but the self-distrust had vanished. She knew there was that within her bosom which those about her could not even comprehend; she knew of a deep mine of more than earthly wisdom, in which she daily reveled, and the existence of which no one imagined; but yet she believed herself as much unfitted for companionship with others as though she had been the idiot which she once imagined.

"I lack something," she would say to herself, "I am not like them; they never speak of the things I think about, and they find no pleasure in my words. I am not like them, they cannot be interested in me, and so I will give my love to the birds and violets."

Notwithstanding this feeling, none was more truly loved than Ida Ravelin—not by strangers, for her serious, thoughtful eyes, and full, intellectual fore-

head, had too little of the child about them for her years—but those who saw her daily, and penetrated beneath the covering of mingled timidity and self-consciousness in which she had enveloped herself, saw the joyous spirit, the simple, artless grace that fashioned all within, and loved her. But even they, her constant companions, did not see all. Sweetness, and love, and truth, were the qualities which attracted them: they did not see into the depths of mind and heart—the intellect and the affections braided closely together, and growing up in rich luxuriance, budding and blossoming for the eyes of angels only. The only expression which Ida Ravelin had ever given to the inspiration lighting up the inner chamber of her soul was in song. And, but for these revealings, even the watchful, anxious mother might have been deceived, there was so little without to give a clue to the contents of the casket. Yet, strange to say, through all this, Ida had preserved all her world-lovingness, her ready sympathy with whatever interested her friends; and, on all occasions she evinced a capability of judging, and a sober, common sense, seldom possessed in connection with a rich fancy and ardent imagination. So had Ida grown and expanded, though crippled still, until she reached her thirteenth summer; and now another change had come over her fortunes—a dark, dark change—for the eyes that had watched over her timidly and with trembling, but, oh, so lovingly! had lost their light, and the bosom which had pillowed her head when thought had made it ache could never be her pillow again. Cold, cold was it, and hushed the heart which had beat in concert with her own, answering every throb with a throb still wilder, even while the lips were striving to belie its earnestness. Ida had been taught of the heart, not the lips, and now was she all alone, orphaned in a world to which she was a stranger, doubly orphaned in spirit.

All was still in the house of death. The mourners had gone to their pillows, perhaps, with the abandon of real grief, to add the awe of darkness and the solemnity of loneliness to their already weighty sorrows; perhaps to rest their fatigued senses, but not their aching hearts, in a sleep haunted by dreams scarce less fearful than the waking reality. Two old women sat beside the vines which shaded the open window, talking in broken whispers, the meaning of which was eked out by mysterious nods, and involuntarily drawing nearer each other, as the shadows of the leaves commenced a fresh frolic with the moonbeams which peered through them, painting fantastic figures on the ceiling and carpet.

"She has not been a happy woman," whispered one; and then she gave two distinct nods, and tucked a gray lock beneath her cap, and passed her fingers across her keen old eyes, which glittered with an intenser light than the moon itself. The other shook her head and sighed, and thanked Heaven she was not in the place of some hard, stern people whom she might name; though, to be sure, Mary Ravelin had not been just like other women—the Lord forgive her for speaking such words of the dead, for she was sure she had always wished the poor creature well.

"Hark!" and both old crones put their fingers to their lips, and drew themselves upright with a shiver, for the clock was on the stroke of twelve, and mingling with its tone was another sound. The clock ceased, but the other noise continued. There was a click, like the lifting of a latch; and then a foot-fall, which struck the frightened watchers as singularly heavy, in the apartment of the dead. They both started to their feet and seized a light in either hand, and hurried to the door; and both paused, looked into each other's faces, and went back again. A low soft murmur, as of a pleading human voice, pressed down by a heavy weight of tears, stole up from the room where lay the shrouded corse, and mingled with the rustling of the leaves and the beating of their own hearts, overshadowing them with awe, till their limbs refused to support them, and their white lips strove in vain to pronounce the words of fear which struggled for utterance.

Slowly moved the fingers of the clock—so slowly, that it seemed Time himself had made a pause in fear; and five minutes passed like a weary period in a night-mare dream. Five minutes more crept by—how, the frightened women could not say—but it was gone at length; and then the voice ceased, and a low, soft breathing, though they imagined it singularly heavy and sob-like in their night-time fear, took its place, and filled them still with terror. A half hour had passed since the striking of the clock; and now that nothing but the monotonous breathing had been for a long time heard, the two old women gathered courage, and again proposed looking into the dreaded apartment. They moved timidly, and opened the door with the utmost caution. At first, they started back in alarm; but then they looked at each other, and one tried to smile, while a tear crept into the cold, age-deadened eye of the other, and fell sparkling to her withered hand. The dead had found loving company. The cloth had been laid back from the face of the corse, and close beside it knelt a fair young girl, her two hands clasped over the rigid neck, and her head resting on the cold, nerveless bosom. A ray of moonlight peering through a crevice in the closed curtains, glanced from her hair to the shoulder of her white night-dress, and then breaking and scattering itself, was spread over her like an angel's wing, or the visible promise of the protection given by the redeemed spirit to the child of her almost idolatry. Lightly and reverently crept the two old women to the spot. One of them stepped back and closed the curtain, as though the vision were too heavenly in its rare beauty for earthly eyes to look upon—but the other opened it again, and the moonlight rushed in gladly, enveloping the sleeping child in a yet more glorious radiance.

"We must take her away," said one in a whisper, "it is a dreadful place to sleep in—ugh!" and a shiver passed over the old woman as she spoke.

"No, no—she has chosen her own pillow," said her companion, tenderly. "Poor child! I dare say she will miss it many a time. Well, God help her! If Mary Ravelin was not the best of wives—and I never would say but she was, no no!—she was a de-

voted mother. Poor Ida sleeps soundly—and for the last time in such a place. We will not disturb her."

Almost tearfully, moved the two old women from the sacred spot, and closed the door with care, and left the child to her holy dreams.

"But for one word—one word more!" sobbed Ida Ravelin, as she laid her head so low within the opened coffin that her brown locks rested in glossy waves upon the pall. "Oh! to be assured that she will still watch by me! My angel mother!"

But neither the anguish of the child, nor the warm pressure of lips, nor the tears that jeweled over the midnight-colored hair, and wetted the white muslin pillow, could win one answering sigh from that cold bosom.

They took the child from her slumbering parent, and closed the coffin, and lowered it into the earth, and placed green sods upon the little mound they raised, and went away—some to mourn, others to forget.

Night followed the going down of the sun, and the morning came and went—the Sabbath dawned and waned, and gayer days rolled into its place—soon months were numbered. The golden sheaves stood up in the fields, and the white clover-blossoms and nodding grass-heads, yielding to the scythe of the mower, changed their color and gave out a dying fragrance. Then the apple-boughs were heavily laden with fruit of various hues; the purple plum for very ripeness dropped down at every touch of the wind, and nestled in the fading grass; and the peach peeped from among the sheltering green, with a radiant blush on one warm cheek, while on the other was a hue more lusciously tempting still—the rich, soft, golden tint which seemed melting into the yellow sunlight of a September sky. Then the trees put on their holiday suit of gold and scarlet, flaunting proudly in their gorgeousness; the orchis and the aster bloomed beneath the night-frosts in the garden; the blood-hued lobelia looked at its face in the sparkling, babbling, tripping brooks; the violets awoke from their August slumbers, thousands of purple eyes looking up lovingly from deserted garden plots; and the year became gay, gayer than in its childhood. The gala-day went by, and the trees put on their russet; long spires of pallid grass waved to and fro wearily; the wind awoke with a shiver, and marked its course with sobs and wallings; the brooks grew bluer and chiller; and the cold white clouds trooped off through fields of pure cerulean, obeying every impulse of the ice-winged lord of the storm. Another change—and the bare trees were wreathed in white; the brooks lost their silvery voices, or struggled on with a death-like gurgle amid barriers of choking ice; the wind swept freely and roughly over mountain and meadow, yet on wings of melting fleeciness; and the grave of Mary Ravelin, lost beneath the deep snows of winter, was well nigh forgotten by all but the child-mourner. She kept a path well-trodden, and her pale thin face often bent over it tearfully; for though the momentary doubt had passed, and she knew that the spirit of her lost mother was still by her, still hovered over her in the night-time, and



watched her every step in the sunlight. The death mark had been drawn between them. A deep gulf, with a grave at the bottom, must be passed before the two could be united as formerly; and Ida, notwithstanding her angel guardian, was in the world all, all alone. But it was not always to be thus. There was a change coming, and soon Ida's dark, thoughtful eyes grew lustrous with a strange kind of happiness; and she went about as one in a dream, a blissful, soul-fraught dream—for she had found a friend. By the time the spring violets began to shake off their winter slumbers, and open their bright eyes to the wooing breezes, the world was ringing with the praises of a poet who might have been dropped down from the clouds, so full was he of the inspiration of Heaven. But long before this had Ida Ravelin known the new minstrel well. A scrap of paper had fluttered in her path one day when the wintry winds were blowing keenly, and, as she glanced it over, her eye fell on familiar thoughts. Ida tried to brush the mist from her eyes, for she believed that she saw indistinctly—but still it was the same—her own thoughts, her secret heart-thoughts, that she never had revealed to mortal—the riches of her own bosom, which she had hugged to herself more closely since her mother's dying caution, spread out upon a paper in irrevocable print! And yet she knew well she had never placed them there. What listening spirit, what winged thing hovering near had stolen this honey from its secret lurking-place in the deepest recess of the soul-gifted flower, for a careless world to feast upon? Ah, Ida! there are other spirits than thine roaming the earth in loneliness, and genius often has its twin. The child believed her *thoughts* had been stolen, but the breathing language, the harp-like measure, she disclaimed. These were not her own; and these betrayed not only the inspiration of the genius, but the skill of the artist. Ida stood with her dark spiritual eyes fixed on vacancy, as though reading earnestly from a page invisible to others; then a smile, a glad, glowing, beautiful smile broke from her lips and lighted up her pale, sweet face. Ida was no longer alone in the world—she had found a friend. And here the finger of Fate was thrust forward, and some wheels were stopped, and new ones put in motion—for the strange machinery employed in weaving the destiny of Ida Ravelin grew more complicated. The child did not pause to reason—but one thing she knew from the day when she found the scrap of paper by the wayside. Her spirit, which could not be entirely prisoned in the little body that claimed it for a season, was not condemned to wing its way up and down the blossoming earth alone. For weal or wo—and Ida could not think of wo in that connection—she had found a companion.

Spring came. Life began to swell and breathe in the bosoms of the flower-buds, till it seemed as though each had in it a living soul, as full of energy and world-lovingness as Ida's own; the brooks leaped and sparkled, an Undine laughing from the heart of every bubble; and the winds murmured their spirit-music among the old trees, and then swept downward from their high communion, and stooped to kiss

the forehead of the child. Every where, every where, save in the world of living men, she found companions as full of life and joy as was her own fluttering heart. And oh, how that heart fluttered as the young girl stood thus on the flowery border of womanhood! Far before her poetic imagination spread the broad fields of life; far out in ether gleamed stars innumerable, which were to be her way-marks to immortality; and beside her walked her guide, her inspiration, her sacred spirit-friend—in the guise of an angel, trod he by her side, invisible to all but her. Glad Ida! Envious Ida! Thy rainbow was set in tears, true—but it was as a triumphal arch thrown over the gate-way through which thy Destiny was leading thee up to a broader view of life. And the child walked on humbly and lovingly, yet without a fear; stepping carefully the while lest her foot should crush the little violet or the dew-flower, and kneeling as she went to mark even the texture of the jeweled gossamer which nimble fingers had spread from green to green in the spirit-freighted night-time. Loved and loving, but all unknown, stepped Ida Ravelin beneath her rainbow arch, and looked with a startled gaze out on the strange world in which she was a stranger. Warm breezes came wooingly and kissed her cheek, and laid their soft fingers on her forehead, and left a touch of balm upon her ripe lips; the golden sunshine glowed in her path, or coquetted with cool fresh shadows which invited to dreamy repose by the wayside; a thousand glad voices greeted her from shrub and tree, flowers blossomed, wings glanced, waters sparkled, and the heart of Ida Ravelin fluttered in its cage like an imprisoned bird. But the cage was strong, and it could not free itself with all its flutterings. The wires had been woven over it, when it had no wing to raise in opposition, and now it commanded no resources powerful enough to undo the elaborate fastenings. It had been locked from without, and from without must the relief come. So Ida was still a stranger to those who loved her—for she was loved deeply, and with a reverential tenderness, inspired by her singular purity and guilelessness. So delicate and helpless, too, seemed Ida, that every arm coming within the charmed circle about her, involuntarily extended itself for her support; but she needed them not, for in her helplessness she was strong—in her lack of worldliness she was wiser than any worldling. Still there was a sadness in the strange, prophet-like eyes of Ida Ravelin, that seemed scarce to belong to one so young—a sadness which had stolen up from the grave where some of their tears had fallen; and though her heart was now as joyous as the young bird that waved its wing, and wheeled and circled in the sunlight, the shadow would not go away from her face. So many there were who wondered at the young girl's seriousness, and thought, as they looked upon her, how strange a thing it was that any blighting influence should have fallen upon so young a nature—and then turned away and forgot her existence. Ida was too quiet and unpretending, too simple and timid, to live long in the memory of a stranger. Others gave a second look, and these

always found something to interest them; but it was only those who won her confidence, and who appeared as guileless as herself, that were entrusted with even the first key to her nature. These were often startled by the stirrings of the free, glad some spirit shut within, and could scarce think the occasional gush of mirthfulness which seemed to have its source in an overflowing fountain down deep in her nature, could be real. But who should be glad if the pure are not? Who should be happier than the gifted, holding as they do the key to the bright world, and bearing a second treasure within their own bosoms? The God-gifted, led by the hand and guarded and cherished by Eternal Love—so like the angels as to be counted one of them even while lingering here—throwing their warm sympathy, like a veil woven of balm and sunshine, over the world

of suffering men—treading among the flowers of earth with the light of heaven circling about their heads—who should be happier than the gifted? And *Ida Ravelin* was—oh, so happy! Happy was she in her own genius, in her power of creating inner sunshine—happy in the human love which was lavished on her by the few who wondered at, even as they loved, the power she exercised over them—happy in the beautiful, beautiful things of God's creation, which sprang up beneath her feet and hovered over her head—but happier still in the fond dream of her heart's inner chamber—the deep, impassioned love which she had lavished so unsparingly upon her spirit's twin. So the child went onward, passed under her triumphal arch to womanhood, and the angel within her was not recognised. So many an angel "walks the earth unseen," since the closing of the gate of Eden.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time,  
O'er East and West its beam impended;  
And day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologer of old,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre  
Rising through all its seven-fold bars  
From earth unto the fixed stars.

And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see but hear  
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near,  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where chanting through his beard of snows  
Majestic, mournful Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his base.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And, with its chorus, seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy.  
Sirius was rising in the East,  
And slow ascending one by one  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star  
Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, Hunter of the beast!  
His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
And on his arm the lion's hide

Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of his hair.

Then pallid rose the moon and faint,  
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way,  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharmed, with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars  
As on the glowing coals and bars,  
That were to prove her strength and try  
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
She reached the station of Orion.  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!  
And suddenly, from his outstretched arm,  
Down fell the red skin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet.  
His mighty club no longer beat  
The forehead of the bull, but he  
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
When, blinded by Cænopion,  
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
And climbing up the mountain gorge  
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then through the silence overhead  
An angel with a trumpet said—  
"Forevermore! forevermore!"  
The reign of violence is o'er!"  
And like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
And on from sphere to sphere the words  
Re-echoed down the burning chords—  
"Forevermore! forevermore!"  
The reign of violence is o'er!"

## HILL-SIDE MORALITIES.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

*"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."*

Boy, through our creviced logs the morning's glow  
Flickers, like love's first blush, upon thy brow;  
Dreaming, thou smil'st. Up! Day is on the hill;  
Glad Winter calls—glad, bright, but shrewish still.

I'm with thee, grandsire. Bright, indeed! Yon fawn  
By the wood drooping—mottled like the dawn:—  
I'll fire!

Forbear! Thy matin prayer—its breath  
Still warms thy lip: would 'st close it with a death?  
Meek orphan, on life's wilderness astray,  
Sinless, be sorrowless; thou 'rt saved; away!  
On, boy! The ice-crisp'd snow, beneath our tread,  
Like a court promise, breaks. How dim and dead,  
In the gray dawn, seems nature—like a nun  
Whose cloister'd paleness never knows the sun.

Wend we unto the ledge?

Ay, seek the height  
Where the snow dazzles in the sun's first light.  
As the world's love, 't is cold; and such the fate  
Of minds above a jagged age elate;  
Heaven-kissed and bright'ning o'er the world below,  
Cheerless, they glitter in their glorious wo.

Moseems, thy love is churlish as the day,  
That mocks, not melts, the winter with its ray.  
A plague upon this path! The yielding snow  
Slides 'neath my foot.

Ay, boy, thou 'lt find it so  
In every path ambition climbs: For still  
Receding triumphs mock the mounting will.  
Half that we win is loss: we vauntly brave  
Life's snows, to find naught certain—but the grave.

Grandsire, I love the snow; and oft have stood  
To watch it struggling through the tangled wood.  
The silent forest, rustling low, awakes,  
As on the scre leaves gently fall the flakes.

Gently! So drop, from charity perfumed,  
Wise words and kind, to wretches famine-doom'd;  
It spreads, demure, o'er wo its snowy pall,  
Fine words—no more!—that freeze where'er they fall.

Here the white bloom of fair Wyoming  
Melts into other graces. Yonder spring,  
The mountain's life-stream, warm from breasts of snow,  
(Such, in fate's winter, friendship's gush and glow,)  
Blushes and smiles, as if the flowers of June  
Look'd in its depths and listen'd to its tune;—  
That stream, its vespy channel choked with dead,  
Once dyed, with blood, the emerald meadow red.  
And such is war—the drunkenness of gore!  
Oh, be its hell-outred madness known no more!  
For gutter, ghastlier dyes than blood-stains, start  
In the hot fountain of the upstir'd heart:

Last, hate, a God dethroned, a world undone,  
These fill and fester in that Phlegethon;  
Till in its depths a fiend would shriek to trace  
The heighten'd horrors of his mirror'd face.

Behold yon pine.

Green boughs weigh'd down by snow;—  
An old man's sorrows on a young man's brow:  
Alas! for him—his pangs no tongue hath told—  
Whose winter blasts him, ere his heart is old!  
The branches crash and fall. A godlike will,  
Torn thus its glories, towers in verdure still;  
O'erladen, crush'd, its boughs to earth are given;  
Its lofty brow still looks and smiles to Heaven.

Turn we—the mountain reach'd—to scan the vale.

Fans there a lovelier land the summer gale?  
Spangled with towns, with happy hamlets blessed,  
How sweetly sleeps it on the mountain's breast!  
Its fields—whose riches, like good acts untold,  
Rest till the smiles of Heaven their meed unfold;  
Its cottage-homes, whose smoke now mounts on high,  
Like good men's prayers, to mingle with the sky;  
Its river, lingering long, that loves to dwell  
By spreading mead, dim glen, and bowky dell,  
And wheresoe'er its willing waters wind,  
Leaves, like a well-spent life, a joy behind:—  
Oh, who can view nor bend before His throne  
Who made a land so bright—our own—our own!

How still the scene!

Calm as the just man's sleep!  
Nor bee, nor bird; save where the ravens sweep,  
With heavy wing, across the vale, or croak,  
Like patriots out of place, from yonder oak.  
The ice-bound brook, whose frolic life was spent  
With birds and flowers that to its kisses bent,  
Creeps silent and unseen; like age its tide—  
Dwindled, but peaceful—spent, but purified.  
Thy summer past, may thus thy spirit's way  
Seek, calm and pure, our common sea—the grave!

See, where, through cloven mountains crown'd with  
snows,  
The queenly Susquehanna calmly flows.

Once, in Time's youth, that rock-knit barrier stood  
Holding imprisonment the o'ergather'd flood.  
Unstir'd within its depths its terrors slept;  
Its surface dimpled where the soft breeze swept:  
Till changed the secure. Arousing in its wrath,  
It swept the rock-ribb'd mountain from its path;  
Pluck'd forth its heart, and toss'd, with Titan hand,  
Like down, the mighty fragments o'er the land;  
Then leapt, with laugh of thunder, through the plain,  
And rush'd, in frenzied freedom, to the main.

Still the cleft heights scowl down with war-scarr'd brow,  
Eternal hate upon the flood below:  
Like sever'd loves still true, their heads they rear,  
Forever parted—yet forever near.  
Approach the ledge. Those masses rudely hurl'd  
Might seem the ruins of some star-smut world.  
Rock upon rock, in lofty chaos thrown,  
Rugged as unpaid honesty, they frown.  
Like rank impoverish'd, scorn the happier vale;  
And hang their banner'd dwarf pines to the gale

A glen, mid nature's ruins!

Sod, but fair

As a lone joy that shines upon despair.  
In summer here the ineffectual day  
Flecks not the moss'd earth with a single ray;  
A thousand winning wild-wood flowers here spring;  
A thousand minstrels in the copewood sing;  
And high above us, on yon shaded height,  
A lonely fountain bubbles to the light.  
All joy and truth, it lapses through the glade,  
Basks in the sun or bickers in the shade;  
Now warbling merrily, now murmuring low,  
It wanders, wilder'd, to the cliff's dark brow;  
Then, like a maiden wrong'd, awakes too late,—  
A startled wail has told the woods its fate!  
Yet scarce that fate the Nymphs would recall,  
So bright in tears, so lovely in its fall.  
Though winter's hand has still'd its voice of wo,

Beneath that icy mask its sorrows flow;  
As, with the wretched, glum smiles entwined  
The studied brow, while vipers gnaw beneath.  
Bearded with icicles, the cliff its cheek  
Gives to the morning's kisses, bright and bleak.  
Trickling and freezing, as a miser's blood,  
The icy pendants hang o'er all the flood;  
Pointing to earth, they glitter with the day;  
Laugh in its smile—to melt beneath its ray.  
Thus pleasure, cold when brightest,—(such its worth!)  
Still points and tends and lengthens toward the earth;  
Till, beneath Heaven's full eye, it weeps away,  
And melts and mingles with its kindred clay.

Lo! falls an icy mass from yonder tower.—  
Scattering from winter's crown a jewel'd shower.  
Brittle as earthly trust in fortune's shade,  
It sinks upon the breast of the cascade;  
From cliff to cliff, it clatters to the ground,  
Spreading its diamond ruins all around.  
Grasp this. Thy pulpy hand is warm with youth.  
Closer! As close as conscience clasps the truth!  
Enough!—the glittering toy you vainly seize.  
Ungrateful! Mark, it melts not, though you freeze.  
Learn, thence, this lesson. Love will bear each ill,—  
All that life knoweth,—but the clasp'd heart's chill!  
What are want—wo? the loss of beauty—fame?  
The true heart laughs at all—and loves the same:  
But love will die when it, unloved, grows old;  
The heart that clasps but coldness must turn cold.

## THE CAPTIVE SPRITE.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A MUSIC-BOX AT SEA.

BY STELLA LEE.

HARK! what sounds so soft—so clear,  
Falling gently on mine ear  
In notes of liquid numbers!  
Is it some Nereid of the sea  
Breathing strains of melody  
To charm old Neptune's slumbers?

Or some little fairy sprite,  
Sporting over the billows bright  
Of the glorious, sunny sea?  
Skimming the wave on azure wings,  
Or soaring aloft, he merrily sings  
A wild and playful glee.

"In truth a happy sprite am I,  
Yet neither on earth or in air I fly,  
Or under the heaving main,  
For in this little cell my life is bound.  
Yet pleasure I give to all around,  
As I pour forth my gladsome strain.

"I joyfully wear my life away,  
To breathe around a cheerful ray,  
Or soothe the sigh of pain;  
From me, then, dear lady, a lesson take.  
Let pleasure to others, your pleasure make,  
And around you cheertulness reign!"

## AN HOUR IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FRANCES G. OSGOOD.

A LIVING poem round me breathes  
Light, color, melody and air,—  
In all, divinest music wreathes,  
Through earth and sky—Creation's prayer!

The dreaming cloud sails by in heaven,  
Its gliding shadow dims the grass,  
That tranquil takes whate'er is given,  
Breeze, shade and sunshine, as they pass;

And ever as it grows, it sings  
Its own sweet hymn of lowly love;

Soft on its faintly fragrant wings,  
The fairy murmur floats above—

The lightest chord of Nature's lyre,  
Forever tuned to joy and praise—  
Oh! happy heart! join thou the choir—  
With breeze and bird the anthem raise

As meekly springs the dew-fet grass,  
With softer song, through shade and shine,  
Oh! trustful let the shadows pass!  
And grow to meet the light divine!

## A SKETCH FROM ITALIAN HISTORY.

### FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

Among the great men whom the era of the 16th century produced, none possessed more astonishing qualities than Cosmo de Medicis, son of the celebrated Giovanni de Medicis, captain of the Black Band. At the early age of twenty he recovered, through his extraordinary perseverance and address alone, the Ducal seat at Florence, which had been founded by his ancestor, Cosmo, the father of his people, and Lorenzo, the parent of letters. In 1537, he became Duke of Florence; in 1555, Duke of Sienna; and in 1569, Duke of Tuscany; and it was to his personal valor and energy alone, combined with a strong national love of country, that he owed his rapid progress in power. Constantly refusing an alliance with France, although the same was repeatedly proffered by his relative, Catherine de Medicis, he united with the Emperor against the French nation. Great vices were, however, mingled with Cosmo's noble qualities, and history pronounces a severe judgment on his character when she styles him crafty, cruel and avaricious. In truth, this man, who freed himself from his personal enemies by means of the sword and poison—who erected gallows in each quarter of his splendid capital—and who did not hesitate to lay heavy monopolies on the citizens, for the purpose of contributing to his personal pleasures—was yet indefatigable in erecting splendid buildings for public utility, became the patron of savans, painters and poets, founded the University of Pisa, and was constantly watchful over the national honor and liberty of Italy.

Cosmo had four sons by Leonora of Toledo. The two oldest, who served in the Imperial army, were distinguished by their bravery and paternal attachment, while the younger, Don Garcia and Cardinal Giovanni de Medicis, dwelt at the court of Florence, where their continued disputes and mutual dislike often won from their father the prediction of some unhappy issue.

Anxious to perpetuate the memory of the two great battles of Montenerte and Seannagallo, which he had won from the Marshal de Strozzi, the grand duke instituted the Order of St. Stephens, in 1562. When elected Grand Master, by Pope Pius XIV., Cosmo sought to add to their numbers the most illustrious names of Italy. His two sons, Peter and Francis, were made chevaliers, the Cardinal Giovanni was created Grand Prior, and Don Garcia alone received no title, a slight which rankled secretly in his bosom, although he so carefully concealed his disappointment as even to deceive the crafty duke himself.

Pleased by his apparent submission, the duke one day promised, that if Garcia would endeavor to overcome the antipathy which he so openly declared toward his brother, he would reward his forbearance by bestowing on him the first promotion in the order, which might prove vacant. The youth, with apparent humility, consented to his father's wishes; and as the noble and confiding spirit of his elder brother met with eagerness every advance on his part, the court of Florence soon rejoiced in the sudden reconciliation which seemed to exist between the pair.

About this time, Cosmo de Medicis being chosen arbiter between the Sultan Solymán II. and the Republics of Genoa and Venice, prepared to receive their embassies with all possible magnificence. Painters, sculptors, and architects assembled in crowds at the Palace Pitti, San Giovanni, and Cappolini, which were selected as the residences of the plenipotentiaries. The numerous baths of porphyry and marble, which were constructed in the Cappolini palace, destined for the Turkish ambassador, were estimated at the value of forty thousand crowns. Florence, rousing herself from the lethargy which had so long palsied her energies, showed deep interest in the coming festivity, and brought forth all the treasures of the famous Hotel de Ville. Services of gold, buffets of ebony inlaid with precious metals, goblets and cups carved by the best artists of the Florentine school, all were brought into requisition; while orders for flour, honey and perfumes were extended in every direction. Fruits and grapes, ripened at the foot of Vesuvius, were purchased at great expense. The fishermen of Sicily were ordered to reserve their best stores for Florence—while the hunters of Lombardy and Piedmont engaged to furnish game. Above all, a band of Greek artisans took possession of the arsenal, and labored to devise the most splendid illuminations and the newest pyrotechnics. Nothing was wanting to the proper reception of the ambassadors.

The news of the promised fêtes soon extended itself throughout Italy, and Florence was crowded with the élite of the young nobility of Naples, Milan, Pisa, Verona and Venice. Every road leading to the Tuscan capital was filled with cavalcades, equipages and armorial litters.

"To Florence! to Florence!" was the general cry, yet under far gayier circumstances than when Regulus shouted "To Carthage! to Carthage!"

Cosmo entered with the warmest enthusiasm into the luxurious and costly preparations which were

every where making; for, like a skillful diplomatist, he wisely calculated that the expense incurred by the state, would return with interest into the public coffers, and he rejoiced in having given the first signal to the universal prodigality. He frequently visited the palaces to mingle among the artists and workmen, where his presence was ever hailed with cries of rejoicing by the populace; and when his counselors hinted at the enormous expenses incurred by the city, his only answer was, "Vox populi, vox Dei."

It was determined that the entrée of the ambassadors should take place on the thirteenth of November, 1562. On the morning of that very day, Cardinal Giovanni entered the duke's apartment, and, after a friendly greeting, prayed that his father would grant him a small request.

"Sire," he observed, "you are about to become the object of general homage and felicitation; and, as the arbiter of three great nations, it is well perhaps that the statesman should not be harassed by those paternal claims which the presence of your children might produce. Allow me, then, to pass this important day in the pleasures of the chase, at our castle of Rossignonno. It is a pastime which I have long desired, and the present moment seems most favorable to the gratification of my wish, for, as a cardinal, I cannot well appear at the reception of a Turkish ambassador, since the purple of a prince of the Church may not stand side by side with the robes of a follower of Mahomet."

"Giovanni," answered the grand duke, with an affectionate smile, "speak out frankly and acknowledge that you hope on this day of general public festivity, to be able to yield more freely than ordinarily to the pleasures of the chase, those rude pleasures, so little suited to the profession which you bear."

The youth's face lit up with a warm blush, as he smilingly acknowledged his father's discernment, and the grand duke, pleased by his openness, readily assented to his request, only inquiring who were to be his companions.

"Don Garcia has expressed himself desirous of accompanying me," answered the cardinal, "and my young friends, the Count of Novarro, the Marquis of Castellforte, Aldobrandini, and Cbigi, all declare that they prefer a fête of Diana to the noisy gayety of the city."

"You say that your brother means to accompany you," rejoined the duke, and his brow knit, and a sudden gloom flitted over his features, as he seemed about to refuse the first permission. But fearful of reviving the former distrust of the brothers, by any expression of suspicion, he shook off his anxiety, and after an affectionate embrace, quietly observed—"Now go, my son—rejoin your brother, and a pleasant day's sport to you both."

Scarcely, however, had the youth descended the palace steps, than, unable to shake off his anxious presentiments, the grand duke summoned his faithful attendant, Alberic Castini, and exclaimed—

"Mount quickly as possible on horseback—follow the cardinal as though thou wast his shadow,

and bring him safe back to the palace on this very night."

"I pledge my life for his return," replied the domestic, in a tone of firm resolution.

"The snare is already set—hasten—fly," exclaimed the anxious father.

Alberic uttered not another word—and just then, as he hurried from the apartment, there was a discharge of cannon from the fort, the city bells pealed out their merriest chime, announcing the entrée of the ambassadors into the capital; and, chasing the cloud from his lofty brow, the grand duke placed the crown upon his head, muttering, "I have done the father's part—now I must act the sovereign's," and, preceded by his guards, stiff in costumes of gold and steel, he took the way to the saloon, and seated himself on the ivory throne of Lorenzo de Medici. The immense palace was resplendent with lights, and, on that particular afternoon, Florence, the always successful rival of Rome and Venice, seemed to have displayed all the wonders of the famous garden of Armida. In one place, the waters of the Arno, spouting high in air, formed beautiful *jet d'eau* on the verdant terraces; in another, showers of the gaudiest and sweetest flowers fell in profusion on the heads of thousands of maidens, who danced graceful quadrilles in the midst of the marble amphitheatre, dedicated in days of yore to Marius, the conqueror of the Cimbri; further on, a vast theatre offered various diversions to the populace in the ponchinello of Naples, the harlequin of Boulogne, the pantaloen of Sienna, the scaramouche of Rome, and the trivelin of Bergame.

Merchants from all parts of the world were installed in the elegant shops, which had arisen, as if by enchantment, along each bank of the Arno. Turks, Syrians, and Marselleise, dressed in their national costumes, displayed rich stuffs and precious tissues; while the venders from Hungary, Spain, and Flanders, sought to win notice by shining Toledo daggers and poignards of the truest steel; with works of ivory, in casings of sandal wood; chaplets and crucifixes of rose wood.

The Portuguese merchants, hastening from the lately discovered Indias, spread out rare and foreign fruits, huge tortoisesh, parrots of every hue, and robes of ostrich feathers; while the jugglers of Rome and France, mounted on gaudy cars, captivated the populace by the recital of imaginary tales, wonderful cures, and unheard of acts of legerdemain. As the people of Florence, noisy, turbulent, intoxicated with joy, and saturated with perfumes, gave themselves up to an excess of pleasure, the gondoliers of the Arno, resting on their oars, floated along the river, and chanted in measured harmony the sweetest and most voluptuous songs.

The enormous clock of the cathedral struck midnight, and the signal for the display of fire-works before the palace was now given. Cosmo de Medici, with the Turkish ambassador on one hand, and those of Venice and Genoa on the other, had just taken his seat in the alcove, when a domestic was seen advancing precipitately through the guard, and

approaching the duke, he murmured, so as to be heard by him alone, "Sire, the cardinal, your son, has been found dead in the forest of Rossignono."

"Dead!" muttered the duke. "Is it thus you have fulfilled your morning's promise, Alberic?"

"Sire," replied the servant, mournfully, "as the cardinal and Don Garcia had not taken the usual road, I did not reach the huntsmen until night, and the cardinal was not then with the rest of the party."

"It is well, carry the body as secretly as possible to my cabinet. Hasten back to Rossignono, and return with Don Garcia. And, hark! Alberic, silence and speed, on your life."

The domestic disappeared through the gay course, and, rising from his stately seat, Cosmo now advanced with smiling mien to the balustrade, and received the shouts and welcomes of the populace, as they arose in deafening exultation above the ringing of the bells and the discharge of artillery. The fire-works now commenced, and as the fashion of the times employed an excess of allegory, the first display was made to represent the Temple of Glory, where all the great men of ancient and modern Italy appeared. The Cæsars and the Medici, Raphael and Vitruvius, Cleomenes and Michel Angelo, the Scipios and Pallavicini, while, as a delicate compliment, they had introduced the two great Turkish sultans, Melomet II. and Solyman into the very centre of the group. The goddess Glory herself was seen descending from Mount Olympus to distribute her laurels, till in the midst of awful thunder and lightning the heavens seemed to open, and received in her immense concave these heroes of the earth. The ingenious and splendid bouquets of flowers, queer squibs and chandeliers of rockets, which shot up in every direction against the midnight sky, the long garlands of variegated lamps, which were reflected to infinity in the silver mirror of the Arno, the beating of tambours, the noise of the halberds, the cries of the immense populace, all clad in festal costumes, all these things awakened admiration in the breasts of the foreign ambassadors, and they seemed as under the influence of a dream, till turning to express their gratification to the grand duke they perceived that he had retired.

The unhappy Cosmo had indeed left the gay *fête* as soon as possible, since its gayety and ceremonial only increased the torture of his soul. Traversing unattended the long line of apartments, he at length reached his secret cabinet, and without taking time to lay aside his crown and sceptre, he threw himself on the corpse of his murdered son, which lay on a carpet, whose embroidery and gold were heavy with blood. "My son! my son!" he exclaimed, as in utter agony, he clasped the young and lifeless form to his bosom, "is it thus that I see you fallen beneath the hand of the assassin? Giovanni, my son, vengeance shall yet be yours! Wo! wo to him who plunged the dagger in this young bosom, my Giovanni, my precious boy!"

Just then a low rap at the door announced the arrival of the faithful Castini.

"Sire," said he, addressing Cosmo, "your com-

mand is executed: Don Garcia waits your summons in the next apartment."

"It is well," replied the grand duke, bid him enter, and for yourself, retire until this golden ball, falling into its metal basin, shall summon you again to my presence."

The servant quietly withdrew, and throwing the carpet, as if carelessly, over the bloody corpse, the duke took his seat, in seeming composure, in his ebony chair. Don Garcia now advanced, with a pale and sorrowful countenance, yet utterly devoid of all appearance of agitation, and bending respectfully before his father, he inquired the duke's pleasure. For a moment Cosmo gazed fixedly on his face, then breaking the solemn silence, he said—

"And has your hunt of to-day been successful, my son?"

"Yes, father," replied the youth, "we had a fine chase, and—"

"And your brother, Don Garcia, where is he?"

"The cardinal followed a stag—"

"Speak! where is he?" again inquired the unhappy father, in tones that seemed to freeze the youth's soul, for now he stood trembling and agitated before the duke. "Come, then, I will show him to you," muttered the stern parent, as, rising from his seat, he approached the spot where lay the lifeless corpse, and raising the covering revealed to the horror-stricken Garcia the beautiful remains of his innocent brother; while, as the youth drew near, torrents of blood gushed from the open wound. "Garcia, it is thou who hast done this," he said solemnly, as he laid his hand on the youth's shoulder. "Kneel instantly before me, confess every circumstance which led to the act, and receive justice from thy father and thy judge."

Garcia became pale as marble; he seemed as if petrified, and large drops of sweat coursed each other down his rigid features, and mingled with his brother's blood. "Since you command it, father," he said, slowly, "I must acknowledge myself the murderer, but it was Giovanni who first provoked me to anger; it was he who struck me first, and the blood which runs in these veins could not receive the indignity without revenge."

"It is false," exclaimed the duke, "thou didst first rouse thy brother's indignation; thou must have drawn him into the snare; yes! now thou hast revealed the aim of thy long concealed duplicity. Garcia! thou hast ever hated this young and innocent boy. But stay! the sentence must be immediately executed. Blood calls for blood."

"Mercy! mercy!" pleaded the frenzied youth, as he rolled in anguish at his father's feet.

"There is no mercy for thee," cried the duke, "instantly commend thy soul to God, and be thankful that the steps of the scaffold do not run with thy life-blood, for the descendant of the Medici must not suffer such humiliation."

"Pardon! pardon! if not for my sake, at least for the sake of my brother, whom you so dearly loved," was now the youth's pleading cry.

"For my son's sake, I might grant you pardon,"

added the duke solemnly, "but in my own name I condemn you; you *must* die!" and with one stroke of his poignard he stabbed the miserable youth to the very heart.

For a moment the grand duke gazed on the two corpses, as they laid side by side, their life-blood mingling in welling streams; then throwing the golden ball into its tingling basin, the attendant obeyed the summons.

"Alberic!" said the duke, with quiet composure, "remove yonder corpses, they are the remains of my two sons. Bury them secretly in the dungeon of the ducal palace, and extend throughout Florence the news of the sudden illness of Cardinal Giovanni, and

the departure of Don Garcia, whom you may charge with a secret mission to Catharine of France."

Scarcely had the attendant removed the bleeding remains, when once more casting the ball in the basin, the captain of the guards appeared.

"The dawn is breaking," said Cosmo, "let my council be early assembled; for, occupied as we are with the interests of our allies and the peace of Europe, a long period of slumber cannot be permitted to us who hold the destinies of the world in our hands; now retire."

With these words the grand duke placed on his brow the ducal crown, and rose to meet the assembled council.

## THE BLIND GIRL TO HER SISTER,

### ABSENT FROM HOME.

BY L. J. CIST.

COME HOME! DEAR SISTER! Sad and lonely-hearted,  
As o'er another ray of light withdrawn—  
As for the sunshine of her home departed,  
The blind girl sits, and weeps, to know thee gone!  
Gone, the companion of her mirth and sadness,  
The friend and playmate of her childish years;  
Life, in thine absence, loseth half its gladness,  
And this deep darkness doubly dark appears:  
The lone, long day is more than night without thee—  
Thrice welcome night, for its sweet dreams about thee!

COME HOME! SWEET SISTER! Ah! how much I miss thee—  
All thy kind shielding from life's rude alarms,  
From day's first dawn, when erst I sprang to kiss thee,  
Till night still found me nestling in thine arms,  
My lips may speak not—but the heart's deep feeling,—  
The spirit's sadness, and the low-voiced tone—  
The round, full drops, that will not brook concealing,  
These tell of one deep grief—I am alone!  
Alone!—without thee, dearest—what to me  
Were even life's best gift—the power to see!

COME HOME! DEAR SISTER! Can the far-off stranger,  
How kind soever, yield thee love like mine?  
Can fairest scenes, through which thou rov'st a ranger,  
Give to thee joys like those which none enshrine?  
Think, how for thee my lonely spirit pineth,  
Through the long weary hours, as, day by day,  
Slowly the sun down yonder west declineth,  
Whilst thou, my sun of life, art far away!  
Thou canst not dream how this full heart is yearning  
For that blest day which sees thee home returning!

COME HOME! SWEET SISTER! Like a dove all lonely,  
My heart sits brooding in its silent nest,  
Its joy departed! Come! thy presence only  
Can make our home with cloudless sunshine blest.  
Ev'n as the bird, whose gentle mate has perished,  
Droopeth, no more to notes of rapture stirred,  
So do I pine amid the scenes we've cherished—  
I cannot sing where ever once were heard  
Our strains commingled, ere thy steps did roam;  
My song is hushed! Sister! sweet mate, COME HOME!

## STANZAS.

LADY! I would that verse of mine  
Could fling, all lavishly and free,  
Prophetic tones from every line,  
Of health, joy, peace, in store for thee.

Thine should be length of happy days,  
Enduring joys and fleeting cares,  
Virtues that challenge envy's praise,  
By rivals loved, and mourned by heirs

Thy life's free course should ever roam  
Beyond this bounded earthly clime,  
No billow breaking into foam  
Upon the rock-girt shore of Time.

The gentleness of a gentle heart,  
Pure as the wishes breathed in prayer,

Which has in others' joys a part,  
While in its own all others share.

The fullness of a cultured mind,  
Stored with the wealth of bard and sage,  
Which Error's glitter cannot blind,  
Lustrous in youth, undimmed in age;

The grandeur of a godless soul,  
With wisdom, virtue, feeling fraught,  
Gliding securely to its goal,  
Beneath the eternal sky of Thought!—

These should be thine, to guard and shield,  
And this the life thy spirit live,  
Blest with all bliss that earth can yield,  
Bright with all hopes that Heaven can give. P.



# THE PATENT SHOT LEGEND.

OR MRS. WATTS'S DREAM.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Every one in Philadelphia must have observed the shot-towers—but few, perhaps, are aware of their origin. Like the round towers of Ireland, they mystify many. In former years shot was manufactured without a tower, but then it was not entirely round. Mr. Watts, a plumber, of Bristol, England, was a large manufacturer of the article. And the improvement made in it was suggested by the circumstance alluded to in the following legend. The old shot-tower, the first ever built, is still standing, and is to this day used for its original purpose. After Mr. Watts had made a fortune, he disposed of the patent, and commenced building a splendid range of houses at Clifton, near Bristol, but sunk all his money in the foundations, and was compelled to resume his plumbing occupations. The loss so preyed on his mind that he gradually declined, and was found one morning dead in his counting-house. The buildings he projected were completed by another and more prudent hand. The traveler who sojourns near the celebrated St. Vincent Rocks, Clifton, may observe what now is as well known by the name of **WATTS'S FOLLY** as of **WINDSOR TERRACE**.

'Twas morning: day began to peep,  
And through the shutter chinks to creep,  
When Mrs. Watts arose from sleep  
And woke her spouse also—  
The near church-bells were chiming five—  
"Put on your breeches, man alive!"  
Said Mrs. Watts, "and throw  
Your oldest coat upon your back;"  
Here Mrs. Watts bestowed a smack  
To urge her lord to go—  
But where? He rubbed his eyes and swore  
He 'd see his breeches burnt before  
He 'd move—and for another snore  
Himself did straight prepare:  
When Mrs. Watts, who, prudent soul!  
Scorned any conjugal control,  
Assured him she would show  
How shot could best be made—that night  
She 'd found the way to make them quite  
Round, without dent or seam,  
Said she—"They must fall from a height—  
I saw it in

## My Dream.

"I'VE HAD A VISION IN MY SLEEP—"  
Here Mr. Watts from slumber deep  
Aroused—asked what she meant?  
Then huddling on his working-clothes,  
His shoes forgetting and his hose,  
Following his wife he went.  
"Now get a ladle and some lead,"  
The lady to her husband said—  
"Our staircase forms a well—  
I'll pour the metal from the top  
And let it into water drop;  
In water by the lowest stair—  
Now watch with all your eyes, for there  
**I mean to work the Spell.**"  
Soon from the staircase top she throws  
Small drops of lead—on Watts's nose  
Fell one—'t was burning hot!  
The rest into the water cold  
In drops of perfect roundness rolled,  
And Watts with wonder did behold  
**THE BIRTH OF PATENT SHOT!**  
'T was true enough—each common shot  
Which Watts before had made, had got  
A little pit, or seam, or spot

Upon its tiny round;  
But on no shining bits of lead  
Which rolled down from the staircase head  
Could any speck be found.

A tower was built for making shot,  
A well was dug below,  
In which lead fell in many drops,  
A woman's wit to show.  
Still from the summit of the tower  
The molten lead falls like a shower  
Of shining silver rain  
Into the water far below,  
Which cools it suddenly—and so,  
Round shot it doth remain.

Mr. Watts very soon a protection got—  
So that nobody else could make patent shot—  
King George and the Regent declared they 'd not  
Shoot with any thing else, and they ordered a lot,  
And every sportsman, both sober and sot,  
From the peer in the castle to peasant in cot,  
Englishman—Irishman—Welshman and Scot,  
Vowed that they cared not a single jot  
For any thing shot but the patented shot.

Mr. Watts's face grew red and pale,  
Which erst was white as milk—  
His ruffles were of Mechlin lace,  
His waistcoat of shot silk.  
As day by day the lead down rolled,  
It, as by magic, turned to gold.  
At length he left off trade—  
His secret, with the right to make  
The patent shot, and "no mistake,"  
To others was conveyed.

He who from Avon's winding bank  
Will upward cast his eye,  
A Terrace—"Windsor" called—may note  
Between him and the sky—  
Bright with the sunshine—can it raise  
One thought of melancholy?  
Alas! another name betrays  
Its history—**WATTS'S FOLLY!**

On mere foundations went his all—  
And "Watt's Folly" still we call  
That luckless piece of ground.  
So ends the story of the "Dream,"  
In which, as Folly is the theme,  
Some folly may be found.





J.M.W. Turner, Rain, Steam, and Great Central Railway, 1862

# THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

## NO VI.—BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

FROM ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED MSS.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

IN consequence of the extreme heat of the weather, there was, after the 13th of July, a temporary suspension of hostilities between the two armies, and General Greene retired across the Congaree, and led his troops to a camp of repose at the High Hills of Santee, a healthy position, where, secure from the prevalent diseases of the season, they might recruit their strength by rest and refreshment. Lord Rawdon, who, in consequence of ill health, had obtained permission to return home, embarked for Europe during this period of inactivity, and left the command of the troops to Lieut. Colonel Stewart, who had arrived from Charleston some time before with the third regiment, more generally known as the Bulls. They had arrived from Iceland not long before.

As soon as the sultry season began to abate its violence, General Greene, who had received a reinforcement of troops, a brigade of North Carolina Continentals under General Sumner, resolved on putting his army again in motion, with the view of attacking Colonel Stewart, or of driving him from his position to one less eligible. He had a larger proportion of cavalry than the enemy, and though his regulars were fewer in number, they were for the most part better disciplined than the regulars of the hostile army, many of which were recruits that had not seen service. This statement, at variance with the accounts given by all American writers, is verified by an extract from a letter of Colonel Williams, the adjutant-general of the Southern army, written a few days before the battle of Eutaw. Should the British commander hazard an action, General Greene felt certain of defeating him—and if, declining an engagement, he should move nearer to Charleston, his army would only escape destruction by the sword to fall by the extreme sickness of the climate.

On the 22d of August, General Greene left his post at the High Hills of Santee, and proceeding up the north bank of the Wateree, crossed near Camden. Continuing his march, he was joined at Friday's Ferry, on the Congaree, by the militia from Ninety-Six, under General Pickens, and the South Carolina state troops, under Col. Henderson, and moved on toward the enemy, who, informed of his design, retired with all his forces and took post at Eutaw Springs.

Having ascertained that the British commander had been reinforced by the troops from Fair Lawn, on the 4th of September Gen. Greene issued an order

for Gen. Marion to join him with his command, which had been detached on an expedition toward the Edisto; and this indefatigable officer, by marching all night after an arduous service, reached Laurens' place on the 5th, in advance of the army. The 6th was devoted to rest, and a due preparation of all things necessary for the battle. On the afternoon of the 7th, the army marched to Burdell's tavern, on the Congaree road, within seven miles of the Eutaws. Every thing that could in any way impede them, tents, baggage and knapsacks, had all been left behind them. Their canteens and a single change of linen were all that officers or soldiers took with them. No carts or wagons accompanied the army, except two containing hospital stores, and a hoghead of rum each for the use of the soldiers. The troops all lay out in the open air, officers and soldiers firing alike, with no canopy but the heavens above them, and no pillow but the hard earth beneath their heads. The fatigue of marching and the cool night breeze disposed the weary to slumber, and they were soon wrapped in sleep, forgetful of the dangers of the coming morn. The eyes of treason, however, were wakeful; for two of the North Carolina conscripts, as soon as the sleep of their companions seemed confirmed, silently escaped, and made their way to Col. Stewart by six o'clock in the morning, announcing the approach of Gen. Greene.

Regarding these deserters as spies or emissaries sent to induce him to abandon his position, he gave little credence to their report, and placed them immediately in confinement. He had sent a small body the day before to patrol the Congaree road, and he felt certain that if Gen. Greene was actually on the advance this party would have brought him the intelligence. The activity of Col. Lee, of the Legion, however, had prevented this, by killing or capturing the whole party. So secure did Col. Stewart feel, and so little apprehension did he entertain of the approach of the American army, that early in the morning (before the coming in of the deserters) he had sent up the Congaree road, under a small escort, an unarmed rooting party of several hundreds, for the purpose of procuring vegetables. Though still discrediting the approach of Greene's army, after the announcement by the deserters, he sent Captain Coffin with the cavalry to act as a corps of observation, and to recall the foraging party if necessary.

At 4 o'clock in the morning of the 8th, Gen. Greene put his army in motion toward the enemy, arranged in two columns, each composed of the troops destined to form its respective line; so that the whole could be readily arranged in order of battle. The front of the first was composed of Lee's Legion and the South Carolina state troops, under the command of Col. Henderson; the rear, of the militia of North and South Carolina, under Marion. The second column consisted of the regulars, under Gen. Sumner, and Kirkwood's Delawares and Washington's cavalry, under Col. Washington. The artillery moved at the head of the columns.

At eight o'clock in the morning, about four miles from the British camp, while moving with much circumspection in the expectation of meeting their pickets, Captain Armstrong, who led the reconnoitering party, reported to Col. Lee the approach of a body of the enemy. This was the escort of the routing party and the cavalry of Coffin, of which we have made mention. Supposing it to be the van of the British army, Lee forwarded the intelligence to Gen. Greene, and halted for the arrival of the American main body. But Coffin, ignorant of the strength of the party and of the approach of the whole army, followed Armstrong, who fell back to the advance, and engaged him with great spirit. The Legion infantry and the state troops, under Henderson, received the enemy with enthusiasm, and soon drove them back, while the horse, under Major Eccleston, wheeled round upon their rear. The noise of the firing drew out into the road at this time the routing party, and shortly after the whole took incontinently to flight, pursued by the Legion dragoons. Of the infantry of the enemy many were killed, and the rest, about forty in number, together with their captain, were taken. Some of the cavalry also were killed, and many of the foraging party captured.

Pushing forward with animation, the Americans encountered a second advanced party of the British, within a mile of the Eutaws. This had orders to engage and detain the American troops until the British commander could form his line and prepare for battle. Persuaded of the proximity of the main body of the enemy, Gen. Greene halted his columns, and distributing the contents of his rum casks, formed his men in the order of battle. He drew up his army in two lines. The first line was composed of militia. The North Carolinians, under Col. Malmedy, were in the centre; the South Carolinians were ranged in equal divisions on either side; those on the right under Gen. Marion; those on the left under Gen. Pickens. Col. Lee with his Legion covered the right of this line; Col. Henderson with the state troops the left.

The second line was composed entirely of regulars. General Sumner occupied the right, with the North Carolina brigade in three battalions, under Col. Ash, and Majors Armstrong and Blunt. Col. Williams was stationed on the left, with the Marylanders in two battalions, under Lieut. Col. Howard and Major Hardman. Colonel Campbell was placed in the centre, with the Virginians in two battalions led

by Major Sneed and Captain Edmonds. The reserve, composed of Baylor's regiment of horse and Capt. Kirkwood's Delawares, was commanded by Col. Washington. The artillery, consisting of two three-pounders, and two sixes, commanded by Capt. Gaines and Browne, were placed, the former in the centre of the front line, and the latter in the centre of the rear line. The artillery moved along in the road from the Congaree to Roche's plantation—the troops on either side of it, in a wood sufficiently open to admit of convenient passage.

After the line had been formed and began to advance, the action commenced between the American van and the British advanced party: their artillery soon began to be felt upon the American ranks, when Col. Williams brought up in full gallop the artillery of Gaines, which returned the fire with good effect. The American line continued to advance, firing, while the British fell back toward their own lines, and, diverging to the right and left, took post upon the flanks.

About 200 yards west of the Eutaw Springs, the British troops were drawn up in one line, extending from the Eutaw Creek beyond the Congaree road leading to Roche's plantation. The third regiment, the Bulls, formed the right of the line; the troops of Lieut. Col. Cruzer the centre; and the sixty-third and sixty-fourth, (veterans) the left. The creek covered the right of the enemy, which was further protected by a flank battalion of grenadiers and infantry, under Major Majoribanks, forming an obtuse angle with the main line, and partially obscured by a dense thicket running along the bank of the creek. The cavalry of Coffin, with a detachment of infantry, held in reserve at a convenient distance in the rear, supported the left of the main body; and the artillery was distributed along the line. Both armies were drawn up in a wood, but about fifty yards in the rear of the British forces was a large cleared field, of quadrangular shape, parallel with the British line, and extending back eastwardly from it. In the centre of this field was their encampment, with the tents left standing, and in the northwest corner a two-story brick house with outbuildings, and a large palisaded garden, extending from it to the Eutaw Creek, designed as a citadel in case their line should be compelled to retreat.

The front line of the Americans advancing, a sharp fire of artillery and musketry opened upon the British, which was warmly returned. The Americans still continued to press on and fire, with shouts and exultations, while the British firmly maintained their position. A desperate conflict raged. The artillery of Gaines and that of the enemy were engaged in an obstinate contest, and a constant fire ran from flank to flank along the whole line of the militia. In the mean time the Legion infantry was engaged in a severe conflict with the sixty-third; and the corps under Henderson sustained not only the fire of the British right, but also of the flank battalion under Majoribanks. After disabling one of the British pieces, both of Captain Gaines' three-pounders were dismounted, and the militia, unsupported by artillery,

and exposed to a fire of superior numbers, and heavy discharges of grape, after firing seventeen rounds, hesitated, and were forced to give way by the advance of the sixty-fourth and a part of the British centre—Henderson and Lee, upon the wings, still keeping up a fire against the enemy, but falling back with the militia. Such was the bravery of the militia under their valorous commanders, that in a letter to Baron Steuben, Gen. Greene declared, "their conduct would have graced the veterans of the great King of Prussia."

The right of the second line, under Gen. Sumner, was now ordered up to fill the space left vacant by the recession of the militia, and at the same time the infantry of the British reserve was brought into action, and the presence of fresh troops on both sides gave renewed spirit to the engagement. The British, who had before advanced, soon fell back to their first position, when the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides. Col. Henderson now received a wound that disabled him, causing temporary confusion, which was, however, remedied by the exertions of Colonel Wade Hampton and Lieuts. Polk and Middleton; and at the same time Sumner's brigade, which was composed in a good measure of recruits from the militia, but had displayed the greatest intrepidity, gave way before the fire of superior numbers and retreated.

In the eagerness of the pursuit, consequent on this movement, the British rushed forward with an impetuosity that disordered their ranks. The watchful eye of Greene instantly perceived this, and he determined to avail himself of the opportunity to strike a decisive blow by bringing up the Marylanders and Virginians. He instantly issued his command, through Dr. Irvine, who was ever on the alert to exert himself in the capacity of surgeon, aid or soldier, "Let Williams advance and sweep the field with his bayonets." The Virginians and Marylanders were now put in motion, and came on with impetuosity. Led on by the intrepid Col. Campbell, the Virginians, when about forty yards from the enemy, delivered their fire, when the whole second line of the Americans, with trailed arms, rushed on with a shout to the charge with the bayonet.

On the approach of the second line, the British left, which was somewhat advanced, became confused, and as Col. Lee now outstretched the line of the enemy, he ordered Capt. Rudolph to wheel upon their flank and enfilade it with a destructive fire. This was executed with great effect, and the left, thus assailed in front and flank, was thrown into irretrievable disorder, and pressing upon the British centre and right (where the Marylanders under Howard, celebrated for the use of the bayonet at the Cowpens, contended with the Bulls with such desperation that some of the hostile parties were mutually transfixed) forced it back, when the enemy yielded along the whole line, and commenced a precipitate retreat. The Maryland troops then delivered their fire, and the shouts of victory resounded along the line. This was alloyed, however, by the loss of some brave officers, particularly that of Col. Campbell, who fell

mortally wounded in the charge that broke the English line. Informed of the rout of the enemy, he exclaimed, "I die contented," and expired soon after.

On the advance of the second line, Majoribanks had been put in motion, and Colonel Washington with the reserve, and Colonel Hampton with his troops, were ordered to dislodge him, and relieve the Americans from the destructiveness of his flanking fire. Finding him secure behind a dense thicket of black jack, almost impervious to horse, Colonel Washington, who had advanced without Kirkwood's infantry, did not wait for the arrival of Hampton, but dividing his cavalry into sections, and ordering them to wheel to the left, endeavored himself to gain the rear of Majoribanks through a small interval between the British left and the Eutaw creek. This movement brought the greater portion of the cavalry within range of the enemy, and a fire from behind the covert assailed the different sections with murderous effect. Horses and men fell in every direction. Lieutenant Stuart, of Maryland, of the first section, was disabled, and every one of his men killed or wounded. Lieutenants King and Simmons were wounded; Captain Watts, the second in command, fell pierced by two balls; and the gallant Colonel Washington himself had his horse killed under him, and as he fell was bayoneted, and had his life preserved by the generosity of a British officer. Of the corps one half was killed or wounded, and all of the officers except two.

In the mean time, Hampton appeared, collecting and covering the scattered cavalry, and Kirkwood advanced to avenge their fall. But Majoribanks, though victorious, fell back to cover the retreat of the British, who now retired with precipitation before the American army, and abandoning their encampment, and destroying their stores, hurried confusedly toward Charleston, or threw themselves into the house and garden for protection. Still keeping to the thicket bounding the Eutaw creek, he rested at length with his right on the creek, and his left on the palisaded garden. Coffin, in the mean time, with the cavalry, took post in the wood below the Charleston road, to cover the British left.

During the retreat, the Americans took over three hundred prisoners and two pieces of artillery. One was captured by Captain Rudolph, of the Legion infantry; the other by Lieutenant Davall, of Maryland, the brave young officer who stormed the "star redoubt," in the siege of Ninety-Six. In the moment of exultation over the capture of the piece, he was killed by a musket ball.

When the Americans reached the encampment of the enemy, many objects presented themselves to the cupidity of the soldiers. Considering the victory certain, they forgot the pursuit in the temptation to plunder, and stopping to seize upon the liquors, refreshments, and other things in their way, fell into irretrievable confusion. The Legion infantry, however, which had not yielded to the allurements of the British camp, pressed so hotly upon the heels of the enemy as they retreated to the house, that the fugitives only prevented its entrance by shutting the

doors against it, and excluding at the same time some of their own officers and men. The infantry captured these, and escaped the fire from the house by interposing the prisoners as a shield between the captors and the enemy.

A heavy fire from the house now poured destruction upon the Americans, and taking advantage of the confusion in the troops engaged in the encampment. Majoribanks prepared to issue from his thicket, and make a demonstration upon the American right, while Coffin moved to attack the left. By this time, the two six-pounders belonging to the second line, and the artillery taken from the enemy in their flight, were ordered up to batter the house; but being within range of the swivels and musketry of the house, the greater part of the artillerymen were soon killed or wounded. While this was doing, a detachment of Lee's legion, under Major Eccleston, had been compelled to retreat before the cavalry of Coffin, who was about to attack the men dispersed among the tents, when Colonel Hampton, who had been ordered up to support the cavalry of the legion, charged upon him with irresistible vigor. In the retreat, Coffin passed near the infantry of Majoribanks, and the American cavalry, in the eagerness of pursuit, were drawn so near to it as to receive a destructive fire. Such was its fatal effect that Lieutenant Folk, who commanded Hampton's left, declared "he thought every man killed but himself." Taking advantage of this success, and the confusion consequent upon it, Majoribanks instantly sallied out, carried the pieces, and run them under the windows of the house.

The tide of fortune now seemed entirely turned against the Americans. Colonel Howard, who had just commenced an attack with Oldham's company, near the head of the ravine, was now wounded, which suspended the operations there—and the loss of the artillery and the disordered condition of the troops induced General Greene to retire before Colonel Stewart, who, having formed his broken line, was marching on to give him battle. Having brought off all his wounded and prisoners, except those who fell under the guns of the house, General Greene drew off his army to Burdell's, seven miles distant—the nearest place that afforded a supply of water—having left a strong picket on the ground, under Colonel Hampton. The British commander was satisfied with the re-possession of his camp, and did not attempt a pursuit.

This was one of the most bloody battles of the revolution, and both armies claimed the victory. But it is evident that, though not decisive, the advantages were greatly in favor of the Americans, whether we regard the achievements of the day, or the ultimate consequences of it. It lasted between three and four hours. The force of the Americans was 2000 men—that of the British, 2300. The loss of the Americans was 114, rank and file, killed; 300 wounded, and 40 missing; besides 21 officers killed, and 40 wounded. The loss of the British was about 1100 men, of whom 500 were prisoners. Of six continental commandants of regiments, Colonel Otho

Holland Williams, of the Maryland line, and Colonel Henry Lee, of the Legion, alone escaped being wounded, though the former had a horse shot under him. That this was not owing to a fear of exposure, may be inferred from the language of Gen. Greene himself—for his adjutant, he says: "I cannot help acknowledging my obligations to Col. Williams for his great activity on this and many other occasions, in forming the army; and for his uncommon intrepidity in leading on the American troops to the charge, which exceeded any thing of the kind I ever saw." And in a letter to Col. Lee, he writes—"There was no man that deserved greater credit than you that day."

Congress signified its sense of the victory at the Eutaws by a vote of thanks to the commander of the department, Gen. Greene, and to all the officers and men of the several troops; and by presenting to Gen. Greene, as an honorable testimony of his merits, a British standard and a gold medal, emblematical of the battle and victory. A sword was presented to Capt. Pierce, who bore the general's despatches.

I give an extract from an unpublished letter of Col. Williams to his brother, dated Fort Motte, 4th September, 1781, while the army was moving down upon Colonel Stewart, containing prognostics of the battle which took place on the 8th; and also an unpublished letter written to Major Giles some days after, giving a description of the battle.

"I will not venture to predict the issue of the present maneuvering, but assure you I am tolerably easy as to what may be the consequences. We have a great superiority of cavalry, and if their number of regular troops exceed ours, they are not better, nor have many of them seen so much service. Most of those lately received are recruits, that never fired a gun at an enemy, and are strangers to fatigue and danger. If Col. Stewart, who has commanded the army since Lord Rawdon's departure for Europe, thinks proper to risk an action, he will be beaten. If he does not, he must retire for security a little nearer to Charleston, where he may suffer as much by sickness. Our sick are more numerous now than at any time before, but not so many as might be expected where the inhabitants are sacrificed to the climate at this season; nor so many as the enemy have, who, we are told, are uncommonly healthy. If we do not come to blows in a few days, we shall take our old station on the High Hills of Santee, which is more agreeable on every account than the low country."

CAMP HIGH HILLS OF SANTEE, }  
23d of September, 1781. }

DEAR GILES—

Since my last, which I believe was written at this place, about two months ago, we have had an expedition toward Charleston. The British army, being reinforced by the 3d Regiment, advanced, contrary to my expectations, from Orangeburgh to Congaree, and encamped at Col. Thompson's, about one mile from Fort Motte, which we had reduced some time before. It is said they exultingly gave three cheers upon regaining that position. The two armies re-

mained neighbors, and were only separated by the Santee, from early in August till the 23d of that month, when General Greene took the resolution to remove Colonel Stewart, who had succeeded Lord Rawdon in command, or give him battle.

It was impracticable to pass the rivers Wateree and Congaree immediately in front; and though their confluence is but a little to our left, it was not considered eligible to cross the Santee below the enemy, for obvious reasons. We had a junction to form with the state troops and militia, whose numbers were not ascertained, and without them we were greatly inferior in force to the enemy. Therefore, the general ordered us to march by the right, and we passed the rivers above, which induced the British army to retire to Eutaw Springs, about thirty-five miles from Thompson's, and about two from Nelson's Ferry, over Santee. General Greene did not approve of their holding that post, and as his forces were now collected, he determined to prosecute his plan of giving battle, or removing them to a more peaceful distance.

By easy marches we arrived at Burdell's, seven miles from Eutaw, in the afternoon of the 7th instant, and orders were given for marching again next morning at four o'clock, to attack the enemy. At four o'clock next morning, we were under arms, and moved in order of battle about three miles, where we halted and took a little of that *liquid*, which is not unnecessary to exhilarate the *animal* spirits upon such occasions. Again we advanced, and soon after our light troops met the van of the enemy, who were marching out to meet us. Very serious, very important reflections began to intrude—but Liberty or Death! Peace and Independence, or Glory and a Grave!

The enemy's van was soon driven to their line, and our troops displayed. Our militia, which composed the front line, seconded the attack, and behaved better than usual. The North Carolina Brigade of Continentals were next engaged, and acquired honor by their firmness. The Virginians advanced with impetuosity, and beat their foes wherever they found them; and the little remnant of the Maryland line (with an intrepidity which was particularly noticed by our gallant commander,) advanced in good order with trailed arms, and without regarding or returning the enemy's fire, charged and broke their best troops. Then, indeed, we fired, and followed them into their camp, near which is a thick wood, very unfavorable to cavalry. But Col. Washington, impatient, perhaps, of a more favorable opportunity, charged upon the enemy's right, where unluckily their flank companies were posted. He received a very galling fire, by which his horse fell in the front of his dragoons. In an instant, his breast was pierced with a bayonet, which, however, wounded him but slightly. His cavalry was repulsed, and that excellent officer became a captive.

Our loss in officers, killed and wounded, was very considerable, and the eagerness of the pursuit had thrown most of the troops into disorder, which could not now be remedied. Some were taking prisoners,

and others plundering the enemy's camp, while they in despair sought refuge in and about a strong brick house, which stood in the midst of it, and from which their fire began to gall us exceedingly. About this time, Gen. Greene had brought our two six-pounders within about one hundred yards of the house; and two others, which we had taken, were brought to the same place, by accident or mistake.

At this critical juncture, the enemy made a conclusive effort, which not only did them great honor, but, in my opinion, was the salvation of their whole army. Major Majoribanks sallied briskly from behind a picketed garden, charged our artillery, and carried the pieces, which they immediately secured under the walls of their entadell. Surely a strong brick building, two stories high, with upwards of thirty windows, may be called a citadel, with some propriety, after answering all the purposes of a fortification. As our two three-pounders, and one which we had taken in the field, were all dismounted, it was useless to attempt any thing further with small arms. The General, therefore, ordered the troops to retire, which was done gradually, the enemy not presuming to follow.

The cavalry of the Legion kept that of the enemy in awe, but found no good opportunity to cut them. The Delaware battalion and Legion infantry acted with their usual vivacity, and were among those who did the most execution. As the Eutaw Springs were within fifty yards of the house, and as there was no other water nearer than Burdell's, we retired in the afternoon to that place, which gave the enemy an opportunity of burying as many of their dead as their stay would admit. They abandoned the post early in the night of the ninth, leaving upwards of sixty of their dead unburied, and sixty or seventy wounded, that could not be carried off.

We pursued them about thirty-five miles, and though their army was reinforced by Major McArthur's detachment, consisting of three or four hundred men, from Monk's Corner, they thought proper to retire from a strong position on the south side of Ferguson's Swamp, in the night of the tenth, when we lay at the Trout Spring, within five miles of them. They retired to Fair Lawn, below Monk's, and on the morning of the thirteenth the general ordered the army to return to its former position at the High Hills of Santee.

This expedition was made in the season of the year which is most sickly in this country. In August and September agues and fevers, particularly the bilious, are almost universal complaints, to avoid which was the general's principal inducement to return to this position, which is almost the only one in this state where those annual diseases do not prevail over every constitution. However, we have not entirely escaped; we have a great number sick, which, added to that of the wounded, reduces our little army very considerably, and makes the hospital a great incumbrance. It is an impediment to the schemes of our enterprising general, who only wants force equal to his abilities to put an end to the Southern war.

Upon reperusal of this circumstantial sheet, I do



not think I have said enough of the bravery of the American troops. To have a true idea of their vivacity and intrepidity you must have shared their danger, and seen them charge, which exceeded any thing of the sort I ever saw before. The battle of Eutaw was an example of what I conceive to be obstinate fair field-fighting; and it is worthy of remark, that it happened on the same spot of ground where, according to the tradition of this country, a very bloody, desperate battle was fought about a century ago, between the *savage* natives and the *barbarous* Europeans who came to dispossess them of their possessions, which in soil is as rich as any upon the continent, or can be any where else.

On the spot where the conflict of bayonets decided the victory, is a monument, or mound of earth, said to have been erected over the bodies of the brave Indians who fell in defence of their country. Will any such honorable testimony be erected to the memory of our departed heroes? Adieu.

O. H. WILLIAMS.

There are many good anecdotes in relation to the battle of Eutaw. Lieut. Manning, who led the detachment of legion infantry that pursued the fugitives

into the brick house, as soon as the door was shut in his face, excluding some of the British also, sprang forward and grasping the collar of Captain Barre secured his sword. The captain, in the terror of the moment, began reciting his titles with great solemnity. "I am Sir Henry Barre, deputy adjutant-general of the British army, captain of the fifty-second regiment, secretary of the commandant of Charleston."

"Are you indeed?" says Manning; "you are my prisoner now, and the very man I was looking for; come along with me." So saying, he placed him between himself and the fire of the house and precipitately retired. He was the brother of the celebrated Colonel Barre who had so eloquently opposed in Parliament the taxing of the colonies.

In this battle Captain Gee, of the South Carolina militia, received a musket ball upon the head, which felled him instantly, tearing at the same time a fine new chapeau in which he prided himself greatly. Arising presently, and interrogated relative to his wound, he replied, "Oh never mind my head; time and the doctors will mend that; but the rascals have completely ruined my new hat."

## THE POET'S HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend. Young.

The clock strikes twelve! The world is sleeping now—

An antetype of that great sleep called death!  
While over this fair page my paler brow  
Hangs clammy in thy cold, but fragrant breath!  
How many heard that thought-disturbing toll—  
Trembling thy darkness with its awful chime?  
It wounded like the last thoughts in my soul,  
Thinking of thee, thou death-bed of man's time!

I will not sleep—my thoughts, like Noah's dove,  
Shall go out from my soul's ark unto thee,  
Thou deluge, where the Day ites drowned! in love,  
And bring the olive leaf of peace to me!  
I will not sleep—there is no rest in sleep  
For him whose soul is restless for the leaf  
Which floats upon thy dark, oblivious deep,  
And is an antidote for all my grief!

For that which I have sought the most in life,  
Appears most distant from my grasp to me—  
Eluding all my powers—all but that grief  
Which now my soul drowns in the thought of thee!  
It is that glorious AMARANTH OF FAME,  
Which blooms immortal, that enchants me now;  
The only balm for that like-living flame,  
Which, rising from my heart, burns on my brow!

It is not that my soul is vain of praise,  
That it would drink of that joy-giving stream;  
But feels undying wants within, to raise  
Some monument which others may esteem.  
I love the sympathies of other minds—  
Not that my soul is needy of mere praise—  
I am not poor for friends—but something binds  
My spirit, sighing, to the After-Days.

I cannot call it any thing but love.

A longing in our souls to never die;  
To be with men as we shall be above—  
Clad in the robes of immortality.  
If this is vanity, God made me so,  
And placed it in the centre of my soul—  
From which all thought proceeds—this wish doth grow—  
Strong as the lightning's flash—the thunder's roll!

If not in life my soul your praise can have,  
It is an idle breath flung on the air;  
I care not for your plaudits in the grave—  
What good were they? my soul will not be there!  
And if men are to be what they would be,  
Though more exalted in that world above—  
Let me, on earth, while living, have from men  
What, being dead, will show our former love.

But though within our mortal we can see  
Nothing which looks immortal to our sight;  
Behind that veil there is what makes us be,  
And without which we soon would be all night.  
And as man's natural body lives on earth,  
With earthly things—seen with our natural eyes—  
Our spiritual bodies shall, when we go forth,  
Be seen by spiritual ones, where nothing dies.

Then we shall see all things, as they are seen  
On earth, with eyes no mortal sun can dim;  
And be in heaven, as we have ever been,  
Like man, though subject not to death like him.  
And if we carry with us all we have  
Of knowledge here below, or happiness,  
The more we have of each, this side the grave,  
The richer will we be in heavenly bliss.

## THE HAUNTED ADJUTANT.

### A TRADITION OF THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

(Concluded from page 220.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the conference at the quarters of Captain Lyndsay was broken up, our hero walked deliberately down Hanover street toward his own abode. He was busily planning operations in accordance with the result of the council as he walked along. But he was not so much absorbed by his own affairs, or his own meditations, as to be unconscious of his approach to the habitation of his layde-love. In those days it was an essential part of good breeding for a gentleman to call upon his partner on the morning after a ball, "and humbly hope she caught no cold," though he had to canter over half a county in the service. It was not likely, therefore, that Hazlehurst would premit the performance of this duty when his path took him past her very door. So he knocked boldly and was speedily admitted, and ushered into the presence of the fair Clara, who, of course, was expecting his visit. She wore her apple-green silk that morning—a color I would not recommend to my lady readers, unless they are very sure that their complexions can bear it—and, by Heaven! she did look divinely. It is provoking to see how the most unbecoming colors will set off a complexion and eyes that need take no thought for themselves. But I am not going to rave. I only state the simple truth, in saying that she looked divinely. At least, I never saw anything prettier than the sweet glow of consciousness that mantled over her cheeks and neck and breasts, (I must say it, for Copley has told you how many churins the fashion of that day disclosed,) and the smile that kindled in her eyes, as she met the ardent gaze of her advancing lover. At any rate, I am quite sure that he agreed with me in this opinion, for he hardly seemed to know whether he was in the body or out of the body, as he walked up the room. Lovers are foolish creatures. At least, so I have heard, for I was never one myself. But, for the life of me, I can't conceive why that silly Hazlehurst should have gone and seated himself in the arm-chair on the other side of the fireplace, when the gentle Clara had taken pains to leave plenty of room for him on the sofa by her side. I am sure I never should have done that. However, he did, and it is my business to relate, not to account for the fact.

They were soon seated *vis à vis*, with nothing but the little work-table between them, and there seemed to be no reason why they should not make themselves agreeable to one another. And I am by no means sure that they did not, although they had very little to say for themselves, apparently. What Hazlehurst

might have whispered to Clara the night before, at Concert Hall, as they stood apart, sheltered by a battalion of card-playing dowagers, and covered by the full burst of a regimental band, I am unable to say, for I was at that time engaged in overhearing what General Howe was saying to Governor Gage, at the other end of the room. But I think it must have been something that altered their relations to each other in some way, for they were not half as chatty and conversable as they were the day before. And yet it could not have amounted to a full understanding, or that stupid Hazlehurst would not have been sitting two yards away, looking at her pretty foot, (not but what it was well worth looking at,) as it rested on the edge of the footstool; nor would she have kept her eyes fixed upon her embroidery all the time with the prettiest confusion you ever saw. And I don't believe that they would have talked over the night before in a sort of way that made it perfectly plain that they knew nothing at all of what they were talking about, if they had felt quite at ease in their own minds. It was clear that they were thinking of something else than their words. Poor Hazlehurst was evidently in the state of mind of an unlucky moth, that has been well advised by its wisers and betters that candles are dangerous things in general, and especially that specific candle in particular, and who yet cannot keep itself away from the shining mischief. The attraction of the brilliant object before him was quite too much for any dimly remembered warnings of his distant family against American beauties, or for the fresher hints of his friendly commander, to keep him from flying at last into the flame.

I can't tell you how it was, my dear reader, but somehow or other, in less time than I have been writing these three lines, Hazlehurst was by the side of Clara, his left arm encircling her slender waist, their right hands clinging together, and her sweet head gently drooped upon his shoulder. It was a charming group, I do assure you. There are many more disagreeable situations in the world than that of young Hazlehurst at that moment. It was a grand pantomime of action. No words could have expressed their meaning more eloquently. It was not a time for words—they would have been impertinent and superfluous. Accordingly, their lips gave utterance to no sound. Whether their lips did any thing else to the purpose, it is not my intention to disclose. I am "trusty Mr. Tattle" as to all matters which should be kept private. Nothing of that sort was ever worned out of me. The ladies need have no

hesitation in placing the most entire confidence in my discretion.

But this silence, though deep and delicious, could not last forever. Alas! that it could not. Murmuring words soon displaced it, and the faith of two true young hearts was pledged to each other forever. Ah! holy truth plight! Thine is the true marriage—the era of the mystic union of souls—of which the blessing of the priest is but the statement and proclamation. Wo to those who profane its mysteries by levity, by covetousness, or by falsehood!

As soon as their young joy had subsided into a sort of tumultuous calmness, how they sat, with their hands locked together, talking over their love and their hopes! They traced with fond curiosity the course of their true love—"Great Nature's Nile"—up to its small beginnings and unsuspected springs. Bruce himself could hardly have surpassed them in zealous or minute investigation. And then the more dubious future—how were its uncertainties turned into realities, and its doubts transmuted into sanguine hopes by the potent magic of youth and love!

"Ah, love! young love! bound in thy rosy band,  
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill."

Clara's doubts as to her reception into the family of her lover, were eagerly driven away by his earnest assurances of a cordial welcome. Sir Ralph and his mother were the best of human beings, and had no earthly wish beyond his happiness; and was not his happiness wrapped up in her? Such is the logic of youth and love, and it easily prevailed over one willing enough to be convinced. The best of human beings sometimes take very different views of the component elements of earthly happiness from their children. At least, so it is said. They were too happy to fear. The future would take care of itself. The present was enough for them.

But such interviews, though they live forever, must come to an end in time and space. The time came when the pledged lovers were to part for the first time since they had exchanged their sacred vows. Dinner-time will come round on the day of rejoicing, and on the day of mourning, and interpose its material demands between our souls and soft emotions of tenderness and grief. The necessities of the body often afford a healthful distraction to thoughts too highly strung to sensations of joy or of sorrow. The body is a "homely nurse," but it is a faithful one, if it be not maltreated, and does its best to guard and help the immortal child that is entrusted to it, to be carried in its arms during its days of infancy. So the time of parting came, and they parted; not for any interminable space of time to be sure—but it was their first parting. It was not, as I just said, an eternal separation, for there was to be a great sleighing-party that evening, and Hazlehurst had already engaged Clara to be his companion. With as many last words as if they were to part for years, he at length departed, with quite unnecessary entreaties to her not to forget the evening's engagement.

It was all over. The irreparable step was taken.

The Rubicon of life was passed. The hour that was just expired would tinge with its hues every future moment of his life. He felt that it was no light thing that he had just done, and though he was conscious of a deep happiness, it was no boisterous joy; and it was not only with ease, but with satisfaction, restrained within the limits of his own breast, until the due time of disclosure. It was a pleasure to feel that he had a secret hoard of happiness, known only to himself, which he might count over with a miser's joy, but with none of a miser's guilt or folly.

One thing, however, was remarkable. The idea of the orderly book, or of the ghost, had never once crossed his mind, after he had found himself hurried on to the catastrophe of the interview. He was sorry that he had not made Clara the confidante of his troubles, and resolved to repair the omission at the first opportunity. Confidence should not be kept back first on his side. He rather rejoiced that he had a misfortune, which she might share with him. Perhaps his philosophy would not have stood him in such good stead, had his misfortune been a little greater than it was. But every thing helps to feed a healthy love. It is your feeble, rickety brats, that expire of the first unsavory mess of earthly pot-tage.

The mess dinner was over. There had been some quizzing on the subject of Miss Forrester and of the ghost; but it was all evidently at random, and they had no idea how very near the wind they were going, on either tack. Hazlehurst and his friends kept their own counsel, and after dinner met by appointment at Dr. Holcombe's quarters, to finish the plan of their campaign against the midnight forager of orderly books. They had, as they had agreed upon, selected a number of picked men, on whose secrecy and fidelity they could rely, who were to keep watch and ward, duly relieved, by night and day, without making any noise about it. So that if the ghost should return, clothed in his "vesture of decay," to the scene of his former operations, he would be pretty sure to be laid by the heels. The officers themselves also agreed to mount guard, by turns, in the captain's chamber, so that it should never be without a sleepless eye on the look-out. Arrangements were made that the sentinels and their officers should rendezvous quietly in the neighborhood, at a small inn, as if by accident, and the men be shown their posts of observation without any bustle to attract notice, John and Orderly Williams being left in garrison of the haunted building until it was properly invested. Every thing happened at the time and in the order that it should, and the arrangements were carried into effect with military precision. One man walked up and down the street, with injunctions never to lose sight of the front of the house. The three other sides were in charge of three other trusty men, so placed that no approach could be made to the house on either side without instant detection. A guard was also placed on each floor of the house, on the inside; although it had been most thoroughly searched, in advance, in every corner. It seemed as if the Prince of the Power of the Air alone, approaching through his own

peculiar principality, could obtain entrance unobserved. And so they rested on their arms.

In the mean time, the winter's sun made haste to put an end to the short day, and the time arrived for the great sleighing party to *rendezvous* in the North Square. Captain Hazlehurst's graceful little sleigh, contrasting curiously with his stout cob, were at the door, and he was speedily drawn up in front of Mr. Forrester's mansion, awaiting the pleasure of its fair mistress. She soon appeared, breathing a fresh summer upon the cheek of winter, and yet looking like his youngest daughter, so be-furred, and be-tippeded, and be-cloaked was she. Still, through all, you could see the graceful outline of her shape, while her happy face glowed through her world of habiliments, like the sun through evening clouds. The moon would, perhaps, be a more appropriate, but the sun is a more splendid simile—so let it stand. She was soon by the side of Hazlehurst, and they were rapidly careering away toward the North Square. A very few minutes brought them to the *rendezvous*, where they found a large company of the *élite* of the garrison and the town's people, preparing for a merry scamper round the town. There were large sleighs drawn by two, and some by four horses, containing parties, which, like the family party of the Vicar of Wakefield, if they did not have a great deal of wit, they had a great deal of laughing, which answered the purpose just as well. There were not wanting modest single sleighs, like that conveying our hero and heroine, which, if not as well adapted for frolic as their larger companions, were better calculated for sentiment and for flirtation. After the usual time had been wasted in waiting for loiterers, and adjusting where every one should go, the procession set forward in due order, the *quadrigæ* taking the lead, and the more unpretending vehicles following in due succession.

Ah! what a merry jingling of bells and ringing of laughter resounded through the streets of Boston, as the horses dashed through them, making the frozen earth resound with their tread. It was a sound of merriment that jarred gratefully upon the ears of many an unwilling listener, separated by the siege from beloved hearts, and suffering, perhaps, from cold in the depth of that dreadful winter, or with hunger, within the sound of the revelry of their oppressors. To many an ear the sweet bells seemed "jangled, out of tune, and harsh." But what was that to the revellers? What cared they for the pining of rebel hearts? Away! away! up Hanover street, down Queen street, through the succession of streets now all amalgamated into Washington street, up to the lines on the Neck! How the crackling snow glitters in the light of the full moon! What a volcanic effect do the rebel watch-fires give to the lonely hills in the distance! You can hear the very hum of the camp, so near are you to it. And you have the pleasing uncertainty as to how soon a battery of cannon may open upon you, or a shell be sent to convey to you the compliments of those who are knocking at your gates. But what of that? Away! away! Back again to the Common—round it—and

then dash down to the line of wharves that enclose the harbor, look out over the frozen sea, and then round again across those desolate fields, which are now all populous streets, or crowded marts. Oh! it was a merry drive! What though the hardships of a seven years' war, ghastly wounds and grisly death, awaited some of the revellers, and the bitterness of disappointed hope, and of interminable exile, was the appointed lot of others? They knew it not! That glittering night was theirs! And who has more?

There are worse places for a flirtation or a *tête-à-tête*, let me tell you, than a sleighing party. Especially where you have a sleigh to yourselves. The noise and the bustle isolates you so completely. And then the bear-skins roll you up together so comically, that positively you sometimes mistake your neighbor's hand for your own! It's very odd—but so it is. Poets may talk as much as they please about summer moons, but I have known quite as much mischief done under winter moons. And if I had a daughter, I would quite as soon trust her with a "detrimental" in a summer grove, beside a murmuring stream, with the very best moon that was ever manufactured hanging over their heads, as I would in a snug sleigh, behind a good horse, making good time over a ringing road, in a cold, clear, sparkling night.

"Now, ponder well, ye parents dear,"

And lay these, my words of wisdom, to heart.

Clara and Hazlehurst, you may be sure, did not fail to improve their opportunities, and the evening's drive furnished a very satisfactory epilogue to the morning's drama. After a brief interval of silence, as they rushed up King street, Clara turned to Hazlehurst, and said laughingly to him—

"But, Charles, you have not told me yet what Captain Honeywood had to say to you. For, of course, he must have been to call on his tenant by this time."

"Ah! my dear Clara! I am satisfied that he was a piratical old dog! I have but too good reason to think ill of him."

"Indeed!—and how so, pray? Has he laid you under contribution already? Perhaps he intends collecting his rent in advance."

"If that were all," answered Charles, "I should care little about it. But I am afraid that the old villain is more of a rebel than a pirate. I fear he bears more of a grudge against the king than against me."

"That is natural enough, you know," replied Clara, "for it was his majesty's predecessor who put him to so much inconvenience for his little mistakes in the matter of ownership. But you mean something, Charles—now tell me all about it."

"The all is soon told," said he. "The crafty old sea-dog has helped himself to the very thing that it is most important, for the sake of the service, and for my own sake, should have been kept out of his hands—and I suppose I may have to pay for his villainy."

"Good God! Charles!" exclaimed Clara, turning

pale with fright, "what *do* you mean? What has happened?"

"Nothing, my love," he responded, "excepting that he has carried off the orderly book of the regiment, which may convey intelligence to the rebels that will bring them buzzing about our ears, if they have the sense to make use of it."

"But you—how will it affect *you*?" inquired Clara, evidently thinking more of her lover than of her liege lord. "You said that it was bad for your own sake that this book had fallen into his hands."

"Indeed, I hardly know myself, exactly," he answered, "but I am quite certain that it can do me no good. And what a court-martial may think of it, they only can tell."

"A court-martial!" exclaimed Clara, in consternation—"dear Charles! what have you done for which you can be court-martialed? Pray tell me that you are only in jest."

"I wish I were in jest, my dearest Clara," said he, in reply, "but it is no joke, I assure you. The orderly book was in my custody, as the adjutant of the regiment. I left it on my table when I went to the assembly last night, and when I came back it was gone."

"Gone!" repeated Clara, echoing his words.

"Gone, my dear," he repeated; "and how or whither, the thief, and the devil that helped him, only knows. And when the loss is reported at headquarters, I have reason to fear that I shall be held responsible for it, and it may prove a serious business."

"But what can they do to you, dearest Charles?" almost gasped poor Clara. "It certainly was not your fault that it was taken."

"I cannot think it was," he answered, "after all the precautions I had taken. But one cannot tell what views these old fellows may take. If it come to a court-martial, a reprimand would be the least punishment—the loss of the adjutancy, I think, would be the greatest. But the worst is, the effect it will be likely to have upon my promotion."

"This is dreadful—dreadful!" sobbed poor Clara, bursting into tears, "oh, Charles—Charles! what is to be done!"

"Dear, dear Clara!" answered Hazlehurst, brushing away her tears in a manner for which I can only account on the supposition that she could not get at her pocket-handkerchief, and from the fact that they had dropped into the rear of the procession—"do not be distressed about it, my love. I and my friends are resolved to find out what this business means, and if we can get to the bottom of it by Saturday all will be well—and, if not, the worst can be borne."

"By Saturday?" said Clara, clearing up a little—"that is a good while to come, and much may happen before then. I wish that I could do something to help you. Can I not?"

"Nothing, my love, but your good wishes and sympathy, I believe," said Hazlehurst; "but stay, there is a thing that you can do. You can ask your father to let our poor fellows have the shelter of his summer-house, which commands the rear of the

Vaughan house. It will be a serious service to them these bitter nights."

"Certainly," answered Clara, cheerfully, "you can have the key to the little gate that opens upon your grounds, that was made for the accommodation of Miss Vaughan and myself; and as the fence is an open one, they can keep watch as well in the summer-house as in the yard."

"Thank you," he replied, "that will be doing us good service. I hope," he continued, after a short pause, "that you will pardon me for not telling you all this, this morning. But, in truth, I never thought of it once. It was hardly fair, as you did not have all the facts of my case before you. But it is not too late, you know, now to change your mind."

"You do not think that this, or any thing else that you *could* do, would make any difference in my love for you, Charles," said Clara, looking up in his face. "I know you do not."

"Indeed, I do not, dearest," he replied, and as he spoke he leaned his lips so near her cheek, that I should have thought that they must have touched, had I not known that it would have been improper.

"But here we are at the Royal Tavern," he exclaimed, as they drove into Dock Square, and drew up at the door of the inn where it was proposed to close their expedition. "Now clear your brow, and repair your eyes, lest the gossips put things, and people too, together."

There is a time of life when three days seem to be an ail-sufficient eternity—and my Clara was happily not past that blessed period. So she soon dismissed the unpleasant tidings she had just heard from her mind, and endeavored to mingle in the gaieties of the Royal Tavern. The scene was not a very magnificent one, to be sure, but the company was as gay as if it had been a royal palace. The mulled wine was beyond praise. The floor of the large parlor was swept, and a noble fire diffused light and heat through the room. They had not a regimental band, as they had the night before, but the fiddle of a musical negro, belonging to the house, was sufficient to set them all dancing and flirting. And what could his majesty's own band itself do more? At a proper time an excellent supper was served in the dining-room—none of your perpendicular abominations—but a good, regular, sit-down supper, all hot from the spit, and served, if not with metropolitan magnificence, yet at least with provincial plenty. Ample justice was done to the viands—and the port wine and the everlasting punch were not neglected. After the sacred rage of hunger was appeased, the company returned to the great parlor, and resumed their gaieties, which were protracted until a late hour. Such were some of the schemes to which the beleaguered inhabitants of the town resorted to speed away some of their weary hours. And very good schemes they were, in my opinion.

I do not know how it was, but the garrison gossips, of whom Hazlehurst had warned Clara, remarked that he was not as devoted to her as usual. From this they augured, with the sagacity of their tribe, that he was inclined to be off from the flirtation.

Now I formed a directly opposite opinion from the circumstance. I am too old a bird to be *chuffed* in that way. I know, however, that the young lovers compared notes of what they heard and overheard on the subject, as they drove home, and that they were entirely satisfied with the success of the enemy. What could have made them dissatisfied with it?

On arriving at his quarters, Hazlehurst found every thing ready, but no ghost as yet. Dr. Holcombe, who much preferred a comfortable arm-chair, a pipe and a tankard of punch, over against a rousing fire, to all the sleighing parties that ever manufactured pleasure out of cold and discomfort, had volunteered to mount guard for the first evening in Hazlehurst's room. He protested, however, that all had been quiet, and not so much of a ghost stirring as would make the candles burn blue. He and Hazlehurst sat up till near morning, and then lay down alternately for an hour or two—but all was still. "Not a mouse stirring." They had their labor for their pains that night. Still they were not discouraged in their campaign against the powers of darkness by this withdrawal of the enemy. They still believed that they would have a brush with him yet. In this faith they renewed their arrangements for the next day, carefully managing them so cautiously that there should be no ground of suspicion given to the world around that there was any thing extraordinary going on.

The allies met after breakfast to talk over the matter, and to decide whose turn should be the next to face the enemy. Major Ferguson, in right of seniority of rank, received the privilege. The men who were on guard during the night were examined, but they maintained that there was nothing that could be construed into a suspicious circumstance that had fallen under their observation. Renewed charges of secrecy were given and exchanged, not only for fear of the ghost's getting wind of the conspiracy against him, but lest the laugh at the mess-table might be turned against them. Lord Percy was curious to hear the result of the night's campaign, when the adjutant waited upon him for orders, and gave his approval of the steps taken, and encouraged them to proceed.

Another day, and yet another passed away. Ferguson and Lyndsay had successively taken the field against the ghost—but none would come when they did call for him. Old Jamaica was the only spirit that was raised, and tobacco-smoke was the only intangible essence that infested them. What was to be done now? It was plain that the ghost was more than a match for them. They believed that they might be his masters in the field—but he certainly had the advantage of them in the strategy which avoids the presence of a superior enemy. They felt, in the slightest degree in the world, like fools, that they should have lost their natural rest for three nights, and expended a degree of skill and energy sufficient to have raised the siege, and all for nothing. Friday night was come. The morrow was the fatal Saturday, when the orderly book must be found, or the loss reported at head-quarters. The confederates sat rather gloomily over their wine at Ferguson's lodg-

ings—for Ferguson was a married man, and did not live at mess—and considered with themselves what was to be done next.

"You have not won your supper at the Dragon yet, doctor," said Ferguson. "The ghost does not seem to regard you with any more favor than the rest of us."

"The Ides of March are not past yet, my friend," observed the doctor. "I shall have a double chance, as I shall keep watch the last night of the siege, as well as the first. You cannot tell what this night may bring forth."

"So you are not discouraged, I am glad to find," said Hazlehurst, "and still hold to your intention for the night. But don't you intend to go to Miss Forrester's this evening? I know you are invited, and your watch can begin after the party ends."

"Not I, indeed," responded the son of Galen, "not I, indeed. I am not quite boy enough for that. It is all well enough for you youngsters, who have no turn for rational pursuits—but a pipe and a tankard for me, against all the gatherings together of flirting boys and girls, and gambling papas and mamas, that were ever held. I shall repair to my post early in the evening, and maintain it unseduced and unterrified."

"And 'faith! I believe that I will bear you company, doctor," said Ferguson. "My wife has not got over the cold she got at that cursed sleighing party, and intends going to bed instead of the party."

"Do so, by all means," replied Holcombe, "and I dare say that, besides having a rational time together, we shall have a good account to give of the ghost by the time these boys are ready to come home; only, I suppose, if we see the ghost both at the same time, you will expect to go snacks in the supper."

"To be sure, I shall," said the major, laughing, "we will be partners in the battle and in the spoils."

The party soon after dispersed and went their several ways. And it will not surprise my readers to learn that Hazlehurst's way led him to Clara Forrester's. He just looked in to see if he could be of any service. He found the fair Clara in some little perturbation.

"What goes wrong, my love?" he inquired—"has the governor sent an excuse, or has *la belle* Wilton turned sulky and refused to come?"

"Worse than either, I assure you, Charles," she replied. "I could spare a dozen governors and beauties better than black Domingo, who has selected this particular occasion to fall sick, and to throw me back on the mercies of James, who is hardly equal, as you know, to such an emergency."

"That is unlucky, indeed," said Hazlehurst; "but my John is quite at your service, such as he is; and he is certainly competent to the ministerial, if not to the executive, duties of such an occasion."

"Thank you," she answered, "he will be of great use, and I gladly accept your offer. But what will the doctor and Major Ferguson do without him to attend them—since you say that they are determined not to smile upon me?"

"O, never fear for them," replied Hazlehurst;

"John shall brew them a double supply of punch, and leave their supper ready laid for them, and they can wait upon themselves fast enough. They are too old campaigners to be disconcerted by a trifle."

"They shall be better treated than they deserve, then, for not coming to me," said she, "for I will send poor old Peter over to them with their supper, and with a bowl of the punch I have been superintending myself for the evening. So you will be good enough to let me have John as soon as you can spare him."

"He shall be at your command directly," he replied, "as soon as he can put himself in proper trim. Peter will answer all the purpose for the doctor and Ferguson."

After a few more passages between the lovers, which I do not think particularly concern my readers, Hazlehurst took his leave of his lady-love, and proceeded to his quarters. I beg that no unkind imputations may be laid upon my Clara, in consequence of her holding this festivity on the eve of the important Saturday, for the arrangements had been made for it before she knew any thing of Hazlehurst's troubles. And as they were still a secret, and as she had as yet no acknowledged interest in them, if they were public, there was obviously nothing to be done but to go on. But the dear girl had suffered great distress and anxiety about it, especially as the week drew to an end without any tidings of the missing volume. But she had to put a good face upon the matter, and go through her hospitable duties with the best grace she could.

In those days the hour for the assembling of company was a very different one from that which now brings a party together. Before seven o'clock the rooms were filled. I cannot stop now to describe, (though description is my forte,) the beauty and splendor of the scene. We have nothing in these days, excepting the awkward imitation of a fancy ball, that approaches the glories of the days of brocades and scarlet coats, of gold lace and gold buttons, of diamond buckles and steel-hilted rapiers that looked like diamonds, of powder and high-heeled shoes. Ah! those were times when you knew a gentleman by his coat, and were not obliged to cipher him out by his conduct or his conversation!

The company were received by Mr. and Miss Forrester, with all the ceremony of the old time. I have not introduced Mr. Forrester to the reader as yet, simply for the want of time. As he made no objection to Hazlehurst's proposals when they were laid before him, only declining to ratify the engagement formally, until the consent of Sir Ralph had been received, and as I, therefore, could make no use of him in the only way fathers can be successfully managed, as cruel tyrants trampling on the young affections of their daughters, I have had no occasion to mention him. He would have been well worth your knowledge, however, as a favorable specimen of the old pre-revolutionary New England gentleman. But I have no time left for you to cultivate his acquaintance. The fact is, I want three volumes to make use of my materials. Magu is very

good, but, like Chanticleer in the fable, "she is not enough." All that was eminent in rank or station, civil or military, all that was brilliant in beauty and attractive in manners, that the besieged town could command, was gathered together on that gay evening. Youth and dancing, old age and cards, were in happy proximity. And whatever there might be of love about the former conjunction, there was certainly nothing of it in the latter. Mrs. Battle, herself, never despised playing cards for love more heartily than the former generation of Boston dowagers. Gaming was in those days almost as much a necessity of life, as drinking. At the proper tune, when supper was announced, His Excellency led the procession, bearing aloft the fair hand of his lovely hostess, and not tucking it under his arm like a walking-stick, or a wet umbrella. The tables were loaded with the choicest viands and the rarest wines, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

While these festive proceedings were going on, in the next house Doctor Holcombe and Major Ferguson were whiling away the hours as best they might, in such talk as the garrison and the mess afforded. The punch-tankard stood between them upon a little table, and filled up many pauses in their conversation. As they lazily pulled out the smoke from their mouths, they thought with satisfaction of the wisdom of their choice. The distant hum of the party, and the music, only enhanced their solitary satisfaction. At length, a tap was heard at the door, which, opening, admitted the sable form of poor Peter, to whom we introduced our reader in the second chapter. He entered the room with a dogged and almost an unconscious air of stupidity, bearing a basket in either hand, from one of which he produced some elegant extracts from the great supper, and from the other a fresh flagon of the most delicious punch that they had ever dreamed of, and, besides, two bottles of the celebrated old Forrester Madeira, which had "put a girdle round the earth" in its travels, and knew more years than I dare mention. It is hardly necessary to say, that as soon as Peter had disposed of these edibles and potables upon the table and retired, the friends drew up to it and commenced an assault upon its contents which did infinite honor to their military education. The flagon was in constant requisition, and was pronounced nectar worthy of the Hebe who had dispensed it. Then, after their supper was finished, they uncorked the wine, and, drawing up to the fire, set in for serious drinking. They were seasoned vessels; but, I am sorry to say, that in due time, the liquor began to make inroads upon their brains, and to set their tongues in perpetual motion. They told excellent stories, only forgetting the point; but this, as they both talked at once, was of the less consequence. The doctor grew professional, and the major musical. The one described operations, and the other broke down in the midst of songs, all of which he sung to the tune of "*Bonnie Doon.*" Their eyes began to glaze, and their tongues to trip. They were not at all surprised at seeing duplicates of all the objects in the room; nor at finding themselves stopping short in the midst of stammering

sentences. In short, I grieve to relate it, they were getting very drunk.

"I say—doctor," stammered the major, "wont you take another glass—of—ghost?"

"D—n the—ghost!" hickuped the doctor. "I do be-believe, Ferguson, you're dr-drunk! I should like to see the gh-ghost that would face me n-now."

"Suppose—you—see, doctor—whether the door's —drunk!" said the major—"it looks d—d tottering to me!"

The doctor laid his course for the door, and, after a few judicious tacks, succeeded in making it. It was slightly ajar, so he shut and locked it, apostrophizing the ghost as he meandered back to his chair.

"D—n you!—you'll have to c-come through the k-key hole, to-night, m-my friend—if you c-come at all."

Having with great generalship recovered his seat, they attempted to resume their "rational enjoyment" and improving conversation. But nature was too strong for them; and it was not many minutes before they were both fast asleep in their chairs. I am sorry to say that such scenes were not so rare, or so discreditable, in those three-bottle days, as they have happily since become; and the sight of two middle-aged gentlemen drunk on either side of a fire-place would have been no astonishing sight seventy years ago!

How long it was after this point of their adventures, I cannot exactly tell—but it was not long before the men who were keeping guard were alarmed by a loud and most startling noise in the haunted chamber. They all incontinently rushed to the door, and heard within the sounds of a clamorous struggle. The ghost was evidently caught at last. But it was also plain that he was fighting for his life. He was game to the last, clearly. He was apparently almost a match for his two adversaries, for loud cries resounded through the house.

"Here he is, d—n him!" "I've got him!" "By —, he's choking me!" "Murder! murder!" "Help! help!" "Where are you, you scoundrels?" All attended by a running accompaniment of furniture breaking and chairs tumbling into chaotic heaps. The men tried in vain to open the door, when Hazlehurst rushed up stairs in hot haste, having been summoned, by his own direction, at the first alarm.

"Where are your muskets, men?" he cried, in strong excitement. "The bloody rebels are murdering them! Dash open the door with the but-ends!"

Seizing a musket he suited the action to the word, and the door was soon broken down—though not without difficulty, as doors were then. The scene was frightful. The furniture was overturned. The lights were out; and lying on the floor, either mortally wounded or exhausted by a fruitless struggle, lay the watchmen of the night.

"Where is the villain?" cried Hazlehurst, rushing into the room.

"Here's the d—d scoundrel!" cried the doctor, laying hold of the major.

"This is the infernal rascal!" bellowed the major, seizing the unhappy Holcombe by the throat.

And as they shook each other, they vainly endeavored to rise from among the wreck of things that surrounded them.

It needed no conjurer to tell how the matter stood. Hazlehurst sank into a chair which, fortunately, had survived the fray, and made the whole house ring with interminable peals of laughter. His followers could not resist the contagion, which was made the more irresistible by the drunken gravity of the two heroes, who sat like so many tipsy Mariuses amid the ruins of another Carthage. You would have thought that a legion of laughing imps had taken possession of the mansion, and were consecrating it to their service.

As soon as Hazlehurst could command his voice, he gave directions to the men to separate the unlucky ghost-seers, and to carry them carefully to bed. Then, taking a candle, he surveyed the prospect before him. The emptied flagons and broken bottles sufficiently accounted for the scene he had just witnessed. He glanced his eye upon the table. His color changed. He started forward. By Heaven! THERE LAY THE ORDERLY BOOK!

Two or three years had passed away, and a happy family party were assembled around a Christmas fire at Hazlewood, the seat of the Hazlehursts. Vigorous age and blooming infancy clustered around the hearth, but the centre of the circle was Charles Hazlehurst and his lovely Clara. He had consented, reluctantly, to retire from the army, that he might sustain the declining years of his parents. He had brought his wife with him, and there they sat, as bappy and beloved a pair as ever lived and loved.

The evening had been sped away with games and gambols. At last, the sports were over, and the party, closing round the firebrands, yielded to the inspiration of the hour, and vied with each other in tales of *diablerie*. At last, Charles is fixed to narrate his adventure. He told it well, and was rewarded by alternating deep-drawn breaths of interest, and by peals of laughter. But the mystery still remained unsolved. While they were all offering their several explanations, Hazlehurst exclaimed—

"I would pay down a handsome reward to any one who would tell me where that book was during those four days!"

"And would you grant an amnesty," asked Clara, "to all concerned, if you could know it?"

"That I would, with all my heart—for the excellence of the joke, now that no mischief came of it, redeems its roguishness."

"Then I can easily satisfy you, my dear," resumed his wife—"it was all the time in my dressing-table drawer."

There was a moment of silent astonishment, and then Hazlehurst exclaimed—

"In your drawer? Why, were you the ghost, Clara?"

"Not exactly," she replied; "but I had an Afrite that did my will quite as well as any ghost could do."



"What do you mean, my love?" inquired her husband. "You are surely jesting. What Afrite do you mean?"

"You remember poor Peter?"

He nodded assent.

"Well, he was the ghost, and none but he. I never meant to tell the story, but it is too good a joke to be kept to oneself."

"But how? What had you to do with it?"

"Remember your proclamation of amnesty, and I will tell you. You know that he was the servant of the Vaughans—"

"No," interrupted Charles, "I knew no such thing—only that he belonged to a family that had left the town."

"True," she resumed; "I remember that I kept back that particular, for fear of exciting your suspicion. But their servant he was, and treated with merited kindness for the service done his master, which resulted in disordering his poor brain. After he came to live at my father's, he never seemed to feel at home, but would often wander away at night. I suspected that his resort was to his old master's house, and that it was his prowling about it that gave it its bad name. But as the officers who first occupied it were not especially pleasant neighbors, I did not interfere with his amusements. But when you came, my dear—"

"You took me under your protection, and I thank you," said Charles, laughing.

"Certainly, I did," she continued, "but I thought he might just try your courage for one night. I had him watched out of the house by my maid, and, from the glee in which he returned, I had no doubt of his entire success. That was the first night—"

"But pray tell me," asked her husband, "how he performed the feat, if you happen to know. He must have had wings, though I never saw them."

"That I can," she replied. "Poor Peter was a native African, and was as lithe and agile as a monkey, though you would not think so to look at him. He could go up the side of a house by the spout, or the slightest inequalities, like a cat. When you heard him walking over your head, and went up to look for him, he swung himself out of the window, abutting it cunningly after him, and sliding down the spout, was in a second at the window of your closet.

It was but the work of a moment to do what you found done, and of another moment to escape as he entered. It was a sort of spite he felt against intruders in that house."

"But how came he by my orderly book?" inquired Charles.

"That I must claim as my unwilling glory," answered Clara. "I cross-examined Peter, privately, on the subject of his night's adventures, and strictly forbade his repeating his visits without my knowledge. I must confess, however, to a strong desire to mystify you a little further; especially as I had learned from my maid, who was a flame of your orderly, of your precautions. I accordingly told Peter that he might visit your room once more, disturbing nothing, and only bringing away a single book from the table. When I found what it was, I was frightened enough, and when I learned how much mischief I was near doing, you know I was half-distracted."

"I remember it well, and put it all down to my own account."

"And so you should, to be sure, Charles. It was all on your account. I was relieved by finding that the mischief could be repaired, if the book were returned in time. So I devised several ways of getting it back to you, which I abandoned for fear of detection. My party, however, on Friday night, gave me the opportunity, you recollect, of spiriting away your servant, and getting poor Peter, within your lines of entrenchment. By watching his opportunity, he climbed unperceived to your closet, where he ensconced himself, biding his time. I had told him to restore it, as nearly as he could, to the place whence he took it, for fear of mistakes. In due time the snoring of your watchful friends told him that the season of action was come. He stole into the room, deposited the book on the table, blew out the lights, knocked the two sleepers' heads together, and retired covered with glory. The rest you know as well as I. This," continued Clara, "is the revelation of the only secret I ever kept from you. It was the first—it shall be the last."

"Well," said Hazlehurst, as the party rose to retire for the night, "there is an end of my only ghost-story! But this is not the first time that THE DEVIL has had the credit of a piece of mischief, which, was, in truth, only due to A WOMAN!"

Y. M.

## SONNET.

BY "L."

Love springs delighted only in the breast  
That shrines alone the purest, noblest things;  
It is not bought with gold, or pomp of kings;  
It gives to life the dearest, sweetest zest—  
Of all that joy inspireth, 't is the best;  
Or present, or upborne on Memory's wings,  
It checks the erring spirit's wanderings;

Wouldst thou ask Love to be of thine a guest?  
The poet's glowing language never spare,  
But let it serve to minister to bliss;  
Wouldst have the angel tarry? Treat him fair,  
With pleasant smile, fond word and earnest kiss:  
And so the cares of life that seek thy door  
Shall be struck blind as were Lot's fives of yore.

## MARRYING A FOOL.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"CERTAINLY you must marry—every body ought to that has a chance, and I would n't pay you so poor a compliment as to suppose that you could n't have, any time, just such a chance as you might choose. But when you do marry, darling, be sure to marry a fool."

"My dear aunt!"

"Certainly, child. By the time you have been unfortunate enough, like myself, to have had three husbands, you will need no explanation of my advice; but as that can't possibly be for a good while, and, indeed, may never be, I'll give you my reasons before-hand. I am not so silly as most people, to think that if a girl merely gets a man with good fortune, good connections, good appearance, and good manners, she is marrying well. To be married well she must have a husband who will make her perfectly bappy, and if he has n't the faculty for that, where's the value of the other things? If he has a fortune, he may manage it in his own way; if he has family to be proud of, he may expect her to do just as they do; if he has a fine person, he may look for her to be admiring it, when she would rather be attending to her own; and if he sets himself up on his manners, why she never must make a curtsy if he doesn't think proper to make a bow. No, no—a human being, especially a woman, can't be perfectly happy unless she has her own way in every thing, and no man is likely to give a woman her own way, unless he is a fool."

"Therefore, to be perfectly bappy, a woman must marry a fool!—my dear aunt, you are so delightful!"

"Hush, Clara! do n't be so giddy—it is no laughing-matter, I assure you. If a man has any sense, or, what's pretty much the same thing, fancies he has, it gives him such a conceit of himself, that he is quite blind to his wife's, though, ten to one, she has a great deal more than he has—as you would have, Clara, if you were married to any man I know of. I have bought this experience dearly enough, for, of my three husbands, none was exactly of the right sort. I had my choice, too, out of a dozen each time, which was natural, as I was a woman of property, but I had n't learned to see deeply into such things. My knowledge came too late for myself, for three trials of married life ought to be enough for any reasonable woman, which, you know I am, but I intend that you shall have the benefit of it—it is your right, as I have adopted you for my daughter. My husbands had the name of being uncommonly sensible, and though each showed his sense in a different way from the others, none of the ways was any advantage to me. There was your uncle Crumpsey—you

would have thought that the world went by the wag of his tongue. It was nothing but philanthropy, patriotism, general improvement, public good, grand systems, and important suggestions, with him. All sorts of people came to him for advice, from the candidates for mayor, down to the inventors of patent washing-machines, and discoverers of infallible rat destructives, and after he had harangued and dictated and laid down the law, of course he must put his hand into his pocket to pay the expense of carrying out his sentiments, and it was my money that was forthcoming. I could n't help seeing how the money went, though I never complained except by hints—I was too good a wife for that—but if he had lived much longer than the honey-moon—"

"The honey-moon, aunty?"

"Yes, child, the honey-moon sometimes does last four or five years, when there's no children or any other serious dispensations of Providence; if he had lived much longer, as I was going to say, I should certainly have let him hear my mind about it. Never marry a smart-talking man for the world."

"And what sort of sense had my next uncle, aunty?"

"Your uncle Didenhoover—why, his ran altogether in the way of books and philosophy. He never cared a fig for the public good, which was one virtue in him; but instead of that he had a provoking turn for enlightening me. Whenever I sat down beside him, thinking to have a comfortable chat about my neighbors, my property or my indoors domestic affairs, he was sure to branch off to the Greeks, Romans, Trojans and wild Indians. You might have understood him, my dear, for, after going through all the arts and sciences at Doctor Drungood's, like a good girl, you can talk like a book, and are pretty much of a philosopher yourself; but to me it was as tedious as if he had been saying grammars and English Readers by heart. Though he had all the learning of the Egyptians and King Solomon, I never could make him remember how to give a receipt, and the only time I could persuade him to collect a rent for me, he lost it before he got home—had his pocket picked at a second-hand book auction, while he was bidding against himself on an old Dictionary. I had the honor of having a philosopher for a husband, but honor and happiness are two different things. If I wished him to spruce up a little and come out of his study to see company—he was a portly, fine looking man, or I would n't have fancied him—as likely as not he made his appearance with a boot on one foot and a slipper on the other, his wig turned hind-side before, or a woollen skull-cap hanging by its strings round his

neck. The very servants made a butt of him, and once when they had the impudence to fill his snuff-box with coffee-grounds, instead of seeing into the trick, and razing them for it as they deserved, he expressed his astonishment, in their presence, at the curious chemical phenomenon presented by his Maccaboy. There was a sensible man for you! He was kind-hearted and peaceable, though, and I would n't be recalling his faults, if I had not your good so much at heart—but between you and me, Clara Burney, the only real satisfaction I had of that marriage was in receiving the ten thousand dollars paid me as his life insurance."

"But my uncle Cripps?"

"Well, he was altogether another sort of a man, and he got his credit for smartness from another sort of people. His faculty was for eating, and he had as much learning on that subject as Mr. Didenhoover had about pyramids and hieroglyphics, and Mr. Crumpsey about steam wind-mills. I never knew it, though, before we were married, for he had always appeared a nice, quiet young man, though rather too fleshy; but when we were preparing for our first dinner-party, the way the long words rolled from his tongue was bewildering. After awhile I got used to them, and at last could even go through them tolerably well myself—what do you think, Clara, can be the meaning of such words as Marcobrunner, Broneburg, Hinterhausen, Kottenheim and Rudesheimer?"

"What do they mean, aunty?"

"Why nothing but sour Dutch wines, to be sure, and, to try you in French, what's the meaning of *côtelettes en papillotes*?"

"Cutlets in curl-papers, isn't it?"

"Curl-papers?—you are out there—pshaw! what a giggler you are, Clara, but I see you know well enough; and do you know the meaning of *brioche*, and *friand* and *pié*? and what is *potage à maître d'hôtel*? I hope you may never learn by experience, as I did! I had determined not to marry a book-worm again, but I found that Mr. Cripps had a single book-shelf that caused me greater trouble than husband Didenhoover's whole library. Every volume was about eating, from the Cook's Oracle down to the Cook's Almanac, and every day your uncle rummaged it from beginning to end, to find something new to tickle his appetite. Then there were dinners to be given this week, and suppers the next, and if our cook happened to be none of the best, why I must have a finger in every pie myself. 'My dear,' he would say, 'such an exquisite compound requires the delicate hand of a lady,' or 'my love, it can have no flavor unless your excellent judgment is exercised upon it.' That's the way I was wheedled into wearing myself to skin and bone. I must not only find the wherewithal, but I must sacrifice myself into the bargain. It aggravates me yet to think of it."

"But, I suppose, aunty, you found his company and conversation rather more congenial than those of my learned uncle Didenhoover?"

"I can't say that I did, child. I was always too tired pottering about the kitchen and pantry and store-room, and scouring the market-houses in search

of tit-bits, to have much inclination for company of any kind, and as to his conversation, as it was always in the same strain, I mostly tried to put a stop to it, for fear it would lead to further toil and trouble. There were plenty, though, that did find him congenial and agreeable enough, for the house was always full, and the table crowded. If a word fell from his lips, there was always some one ready to catch it up and call it 'capital.' At first, as I said, he was a nice, quiet sort of a man—would let me talk away a whole hour without disturbing me—but when he began to entertain company, and found how his speeches were received, with, 'Ah, Cripps, you are a droll wag!'—that was a good thing of yours, Cripps, about the sliced tongue,' or, 'that joke of yours, Cripps, about the deviled kidneys was rich—let's hear it again—glorious!'—after he had been complimented that way during three or four dinners, he came to have a wonderful opinion of himself. Nothing, in a reasonable way, could be found good enough for his delicate palate, as his friends called it, and at last he got to such a point that he must have a ham boiled in champagne. It was the death of him, poor man—he took sick the night after, and died in three days. I believed then, and shall always believe, that it was a judgment for such a sinful waste of wine. It's too awful a thing to laugh at, Clara."

"I was not laughing, my dear aunt."

"Were n't you—I surely heard somebody laugh."

"So did I, but it must have been in the next room. Shall I pin your collar?"

"There, that will do—now I'm ready for the breakfast-bell—but to return—"

"Not to interrupt you, aunty, I was going to say that as there are so many various sorts of sensible men, it would be strange if there was not an equal variety of fools. How shall I know from which to choose?"

"Leave that to me, child. The one you want is of the quiet, good-natured sort, one who will have sense enough to make, or take care of, a living, but in other matters will do just as you say; who will not know one dish from another, will only be able to tell a large book from a small one, and will never speak more than a dozen of words at a time."

"But is there any probability that I shall ever meet with such a person?"

"Why not? It was to give you an opportunity that I brought you here, instead of taking you to Cape May or Saratoga. Among the one or two hundred people here it would be strange if almost any taste could not be suited; and there will be a much better chance to find people out than if there were a thousand coming one day and gone the next. You, of course, will be introduced to every body, for though I say it myself, there's not many like you to be found any where, and you will be at no loss—you have uncommon discernment for one so young—it runs in the family. Still, you might possibly be imposed upon, and the best plan will be for me to look round among the gentlemen, and fix upon one that comes nearest the mark. I can tell him at a glance, so don't give yourself any concern. I'll begin at

once during breakfast, and if you feel me nudge you, just watch my eyes, and I'll give you a sign with my head—so—that you may know whom I have decided upon. Then we'll only have to get an introduction, and the whole affair can soon be settled, for with *such* a man we can have our own way."

The scene of the dialogue we have recorded was the chamber of two ladies, at an agreeable watering-place, and, fortunately for our story, the breakfast-bell did not hurry the fair interlocutors, in preparing for their first appearance at the public table, until the advice-giving was concluded. The seats were nearly all occupied when they entered the wide door-way of the eating-room, and the elder lady advanced along the far-stretching line of chair backs with the air of one habituated to the movement, elevating, with her right hand, a pair of spectacles in heavy, chased gold frames, folded quizzing-glass fashion, and attached to a rich chain thrown over her shoulders; and carrying in the other a silky white napkin and a massy silver fork drawn through an equally massy silver ring. She was evidently a woman of substance, in a metaphorical as well as a literal sense. Her person was stout and heavy, and appeared still more so from the voluminous folds of an exuberantly trimmed black silk dress. Her face was broad and ruddy, looking still broader from the redundancy of the thread lace and false curls surrounding it, and still ruddier from the reflection of the pink cap ribbons mingled among them; but its features were agreeable, and its expression one of cheerful good-nature. Her plump fingers were covered with rings, of which little circlets of woven hair and of tortoise-shell were indiscriminately placed beside costly settings of emeralds and diamonds, and over one of her handsomely laced under-sleeves was clasped a very brilliant bracelet of fine topaz beside a yet more conspicuous one of elaborately strung black beads. Her young companion followed a few steps behind her, simply attired in a neat cambric morning-dress. She was an elegantly formed girl of eighteen, with a modest but self-possessed demeanor, an intelligent and animated countenance, and a complexion which bore admirably well the trying contiguity of a semi-wreath of white and rose-colored crape disposed at the back of her well formed head, above the glossy plats of her luxuriant dark hair. By the time they had reached their places near the foot of the table, the information had circulated half way down from the upper end, that they were the rich Mrs. Cripps and her beautiful niece, and heiress presumptive, Miss Clara Burney.

The entrance of the two ladies was immediately followed by that of a gentleman, also a new comer, who had emerged from an apartment opening into the same lobby with their own, and who passed down the eating-room simultaneously with themselves, though on the other side. As there was nothing in his appearance to denote either the dignitary, the dandy or the nabob, he was allowed to make his way without a second look from any one. He was rather young than middle-aged, was of the medium size, and nothing about him looked beyond the common medium, though a very little more attention to his

person, air and dress might have rendered him rather handsome, instead of merely "well enough." His seat at the table was exactly opposite to that of Mrs. Cripps, and as he slid quietly into it, he cast a single glance at her, and another at her graceful charge, and then looked neither to the right nor left, but seemed to have bent all his thoughts upon his bread and butter. Clara had met his eyes, and received an indistinct impression that they were dark and fine, though she was not sufficiently struck by them to question whether they were gray or brown, but Mrs. Cripps, after seating herself, examined him as far as she could above an egg-steamer, and mentally resolved to look again. While waiting for her second cup of coffee, the old lady raised her glasses and began her predetermined survey of the company. It was unsatisfactory until it returned to her neighbor opposite, and then the expected nudge was given, accompanied by a very peculiar and perceptible movement of the head. The gentleman seemed, at the moment, to be examining the table-cloth, and there was a strange quiver of his eyelids, with an awkward twisting of the corners of his mouth, which certainly, to others besides Mrs. Cripps, might have made him look very much like a fool.

#### CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Cripps was an oddity, and Clara was the first beauty who had appeared at the hotel during the season—that is, the first very pretty young lady of considerable fortune and fashion, for to be constituted a beauty the aid of one or both of these adjuncts would be imperatively necessary to the most beautiful woman in the world. "Beauty when unadorned (is not) adorned the most," in our day, whatever it may have been in that of Mr. James Thompson. Their arrival was, therefore, particularly welcome. Mrs. Cripps found several acquaintances amongst the habitués of longest standing, and the morning was spent by her and her niece in receiving introductions, during which golden opinions were won from all sorts of people by the sprightly, accomplished, bright-eyed and sweet mannered Miss Burney. Among the candidates for her notice, however, was not the quiet gentleman of the breakfast-table. Mrs. Cripps, much to her impatience, did not see him again until dinner, when he was again *her vis-à-vis*, looking as modest and harmless as she could have desired. She was gratified to observe that he ate sparingly, and of the dishes most convenient to his hand—a proof that he was free from one of her three cardinal failings. She had kept him so closely in her mind all morning that she now felt familiar enough with him to call upon his services.

"I'll trouble you, sir, for a veal-patty," said she.

"They are potatoes, ma'am," said the stranger, gravely, taking up the knife on the dish before him.

"Potatoes!—perhaps you are near-sighted, sir."

"Not at all," he replied, in the same subdued tone, as he helped her.

"They are veal-patties—you had better try them, sir—you'll relish them more than potatoes."

"All the same to me, ma'am," was the answer.

Mrs. Cripps looked at him earnestly, and her incredulousness was exhiled before the serenity of his countenance. She joggled Clara with her elbow, and unconsciously allowed a smile of self-gratulation to rest on her face.

"That's the very man for you, my dear!" said Mrs. Cripps, scarcely waiting till the chamber door had closed upon her and her niece, after they had retired from the dinner-table; "I knew this morning that he was one to be examined into, but I didn't suppose he could come so very near the mark as not to know veal-patties from potatoes. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think of that, aunt, but a man with such a head can hardly be a fool."

"Pshaw! there's nothing in heads, child," said the old lady, dogmatically; "that's just a romantic notion you got into you at boarding-school. I know it's a common saying, and always has been—

'Little head, little wit,  
Big head, less yet.'

"I do n't mean the size of his head, dear aunt," renoustrated Clara, laughing.

"Then you mean the shape, I suppose, which is equally nonsensical. Who could have told by the shape of my husband Cripps's head that he would want his ham boiled in champagne? or that he would be so hard-hearted as to roast a goose alive, to see if it would swell the liver!—tell me that! In my young days, some people had a notion that there was great meaning in the way the hair grew out—that whoever had it growing down in a point on the middle of the forehead, and high up at the sides, was fore-doomed to be a widow or widower; now, here am I, a widow the third time, and mine grows low down all the way across. Another sign was, that whoever had it growing in two twirls on top of their heads would see two kingdoms; Mr. Crumpsey had a double crown, as they called it, and he never saw any kingdom at all, for he never set foot out of this country, and, as your geography must have told you, America has never been a kingdom since the Revolution. That ought to be enough to convince you that heads do n't signify any thing."

"Then, heads out of the question, aunty, how do you know that he is single?"

"Of course he is—has he got the don't-care look with him of a married man? I have too much experience of all manner of men not to be able to judge of that. But to satisfy you, I'll ask old Mr. Dyer, whom I saw shaking hands with him very hard, as if he knew all about him."

"And don't forget to ask his name, aunt—we ought at least to know the name of the person over whom our designs are pending."

Mrs. Cripps did accordingly question old Mr. Dyer, and learned that the gentleman was a Mr. Page, that he was unmarried, and that, in the words of the informant, he was "a worthy, respectable, orderly man." Further than that she did not inquire, being satisfied that her own sagacity was sufficient for all other discoveries.

The next morning Clara was promenading, among

other people, on a shaded piazza, attended by a midshipman named Westover, whose warrant was of very recent date, and who was much admired by the extremely young ladies, on account of his uniform, which he wore upon all occasions. Being the only officer of the day, he had attached himself to Miss Burney, as the only suitable beau for the only beauty, and was indulging her with a very vociferous discourse, when Mrs. Cripps, who had been watching with some anxiety the arch smiles of her niece, exclaimed to a lady near her, "Just listen to that swaggering young boatswain! it is easy to tell that he has never been on shipboard by the way he talks up to every body;" and she stepped forward to put a check to his dangerous eloquence.

"Dear me, Mr. Westover," said she, "don't you feel very much smothered, this roasting weather, with having that thick blue cloth coat buttoned up to your chin? It seems hard that you officers can't be allowed to make yourselves comfortable like common people. Don't you envy that gentleman they call Mr. Page, sitting there on the settee, looking so cool in his suit of white linen? Do you know him?"

"He had an introduction to me this morning, ma'am—he seems a dry, poor creature."

"Then do introduce Clara and me to him—we wish to be acquainted with him for that very reason. We'll go with you now."

"My dear aunt!" said Clara, drawing back, "surely you would not—"

"Hush, child, he won't know any better," returned the old lady, and holding Clara with one hand she seized the arm of the midshipman with the other, and drew them up to the confused-looking Mr. Page.

"Mr. Page, Mrs. Cripps—Miss Burney," said the midshipman, and then, as no one else spoke, Mrs. Cripps even being at a nonplus for the moment, he proceeded, "any political news in your papers, Mr. Page?—pray, what's your opinion of the Oregon question?"

"That it is a—a—quodlibet," answered Mr. Page, looking up over his broad brows into the face of the questioner, without raising his head. He had resumed his seat after making his bows.

The midshipman looked as much posed as Mrs. Cripps, and then responded, turbulently, "I think it a humbug, sir—a decided humbug—a pretty story that Uncle Sam must be kicking up a dust about a few miles of Rocky Mountains, barren, dried up Rocky Mountains, sir, only fit to starve crows and wither frogs to mummies. I could let him into one secret—that rather than fight about such a mean concern, some of his best officers would back out of the service."

"Would you?" asked Mr. Page, solicitously.

"I am one, sir," replied the naval hero, "that do n't want to fight unless laurels are to be gained; if Uncle Sam undertakes dirty work, let him call out his militia and marines to do it for him. I would tear off my epaulettes and hand in my sword first."

"Then you do n't subscribe to the sentiment, 'Our country, right or wrong,'" observed Clara.

"All humbug, Miss, all humbug. We owe one

duty ourselves, and another to our country; number one is the first law of nature. It is no gentleman's duty to fight unless he can fight like a gentleman. That confounded Florida war comes in point. Would it be *my* duty, sir, or would it have been, had I been in the service at the time, to prowl about those muddy swamps, and be shot at by the rascally savages, without seeing any thing to fight but mosquitoes, alligators and moccasin snakes?"

As the midshipman threw forward the well-padded breast of his blue coat, and struck the perpendicular frontlet of his cap into a still straighter line with his nose, the laughing eyes of Clara were met by those of Mr. Page, with a comic expression of mock appeal that at once placed him on a more definite point in her estimation. Mrs. Cripps observed the glance, and construed it in her own fashion.

"Do n't worry Mr. Page with any hard questions, Mr. Westover," interposed she, in a tone of protecting kindness; "he's not one to puzzle his brains about politics or any thing else, I'll venture to give my word; are you, Mr. Page?"

"No, ma'am," answered Mr. Page, meekly, and, to Clara's apprehension, his countenance grew still more comical.

With a contemptuous look at Mr. Page, Mr. Westover reminded himself of an engagement, and Clara also made a move, proposing to retreat to the saloon, but Mrs. Cripps was resolved not to lose the vantage she had gained. She therefore placed herself beside Mr. Page, ejecting from the settee a young man of unrememberable appearance, with whom he had been exchanging newspapers.

"I think all the better of you that you are not inclined to politics, Mr. Page," said the old lady, "where's the use of it?—a pack of nonsense just got up to help the elections, and empty people's pockets. But I suppose Mr. Westover thinks he had better get himself excited about it now, for when he's sent away where they catch whales he'll have no chance. You do n't go to sea, do you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then pray what may your occupation be?"

Clara started, but Mr. Page, though his eyes snapped very rapidly, answered gravely, "I am the editor of the — Magazine."

"Oh dear!—that's a poor business, is n't it?"

"It suits me very well, ma'am."

"You are not hard to please, I dare say," she returned, when, to the great relief of Clara, the newspaper reader, who had been hovering near, advanced exclaiming, "I am happy to find that I had the honor of conversing with a congenial spirit—let me grasp your hand, sir—I do something in the literary line myself. My name is O. Goldsmith Twiggs—I presume it is not new to you."

Mr. Page submissively yielded his hand.

"Glorious places these public rendezvous are for persons of our calibre," pursued Mr. Twiggs, "to study human nature and shoot folly as it flies; but there may be too much of a good thing, and I always carry the Beauties of Shakspeare in my pocket, to pore over when I grow weary of the dull realities of

life. Confidentially speaking, Mr. Page, what do you really think of Shakspeare's Plays?"

"That—there's a good many of them," said Mr. Page.

"Exactly—I understand," responded Mr. Twiggs, winking and nodding significantly, "not quite so great for quality as quantity; I am glad that I have such good authority to agree with me. In a paper I penned fifteen months ago for a magazine, but which, as the editor informs me, is still held in abeyance—'for want of room,' no doubt—I have demonstrated that to a fraction. I suppose you would n't object, for the good of literature, to the use of your name, if I should resume the subject in a more lengthy essay?"

"I would—rather—" replied Mr. Page.

"On consideration, you may be right. Editors durst not let their subscribers know that they swim against the current, or dive very deep into things. We who are prudent enough to keep anonymous have the weather-gage of you there. But between ourselves, I have now a series of papers under contemplation," and as the man of letters began to speak low and look mysterious, Clara thought it a good opportunity to draw her aunt away.

"There, now, the matter's as good as settled!" said the triumphant Mrs. Cripps, when she had followed the hurried steps of her niece to their room; "you do n't find me long herming and hawing about any thing I take in hand. I've managed to get you acquainted, and all you'll have to do will be to talk a little kind to Mr. Page, and rouse a bit of courage in him, and you'll have just the husband you want."

"My dear aunt, you are entirely mistaken in Mr. Page," said Clara, drawing her hands over her burning cheeks, and then she stopped, for she knew that it would be vain to try to make the old lady comprehend the force of what was very clear to her memory, the moment she heard his succinct account of himself, that he was celebrated as one of the rarest humorists of the day.

"Why, what under the sun is the matter with you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. Cripps, in much surprise; "I've not made a shadow of a mistake; Mr. Page is every thing I supposed him to be at first sight. He cares nothing about talking and eating, as you have seen with your own eyes, and heard with your own ears, and as to books, could you have desired any thing better than the way he answered that long-tongued, dirty-collared little fellow about them, and tried to cut the subject short? If you had ever listened to husband Didenhoover you'd have known how to value it. If the name of a book was broached to *him*, he would tell what this critic thought, and what that one said, and how so and so differed, and then he would spend his own opinion, the longest, most mixed-up rigmarole of all. No, no, Clara, Mr. Page is the man—and he's right good-looking, too—better than might have been expected of him."

"Aunt Cripps," said Clara, solemnly, "I do n't think that Mr. Page will have any desire to pursue the acquaintance into which you have so strangely forced him."

"Then he'll be even more of a fool than I think

him, and the proper person to follow up—so you needn't cry about it. I thought you had a better content of yourself."

Clara for a moment was in despair at the impracticability of her aunt, and then she thought, as she had often done before, that it would be wiser to take a hearty laugh at it, which she did, though with tears in her eyes.

### CHAPTER III.

The graces of Miss Burney were by no means impaired by the exhilarating breezes of her healthful retreat, yet before the month was half out, it was questioned, particularly by certain young gentlemen, whether she was really a beauty after all. A strong proof in favor of the doubt was, that she quite forbore to exact the tribute, which, as a beauty, was her prerogative, notwithstanding each of them had summoned resignation to yield it, and appeared satisfied, simply, to walk and talk with that quiet, plain Mr. Page, who, to be sure, was a good sort of fellow, and capital at a dry joke, but still was, in short—altogether inferior to themselves.

Mr. Page was not what is called a ladies-man, but he had too much taste not to be an admirer of loveliness, such as was exemplified in the person of our young heroine. Therefore he had no unwillingness to second the advances of Mrs. Cripps, and he did it with a tact that gratified Clara, by assuring her that he placed her attractions quite apart from the old lady's manoeuvrings. Then, when, afterward, he found, by reading the most expressive of fair faces, that he was understood and appreciated, and when his delicate humor was rewarded by the sweetest laugh that had ever rung in his ears, he began to apprehend that it was all over with him. And Clara, it was strangely unaccountable to her how she had missed discovering at the very first, how handsome he was, and she often, by way of extenuation, repeated to herself that she had done justice to his eyes. As to his conversation, she could not pretend to do it justice; she regretted he did not talk more, but what he did say she considered all the more striking for being so condensed, and the manner of it—that was irresistible; she wondered whether Elia, the paragon of her imagination hitherto, could have been at all comparable in play of fancy, in droll humor, in quiet, simple, natural wittiness, to the charming Mr. Page. But she kept all this to herself.

Aunt Cripps soon grew impatient, and began to talk about going home, especially in the presence of Mr. Page, and to Clara she became more and more urgent in her charge to "hurry, hurry, and make good use of her time," which charge was now heard with blushes instead of smiles. Though Clara had always insisted upon her matronly supervision over her rambles with Mr. Page, the old lady showed an increasing proneness to loitering behind, hurrying ahead, and diverging to opposite directions, and one day, near the termination of the period to which she had actually limited her sojourn, after inveigling them to a shaded bench between two sycamores, with a tall screen of young locusts separating them from all

other loungers, she entirely disappeared. The two had ventured upon the perilous undertaking of analyzing each other's characters, and Clara wound up an eloquent disquisition by remarking laughingly that there were times when she had observed her companion to assume an air and an expression of countenance, which made him look as if he possessed not an ounce either of sense or spirit. "I have more than once suspected that the manner was put on voluntarily," added she, "and would think so still, if I could see any possible reason for your doing it."

Mr. Page merely smiled, and then, approaching her more closely, he said, coloring and stammering, "I learn from your aunt that you will leave this in a day or two, and I have been anxiously waiting for an opportunity like the present to express myself on a subject nearly connected with my happiness. Yet now that I have it, I cannot summon words for my purpose. I believe I am a fool in reality!" and then he stopped until Clara had tied six or seven knots in her bonnet strings.

"Never mind that, Mr. Page!" interposed Aunt Cripps, appearing from the further side of the thicket, where she had stopped, unable to resist her desire to listen to the result of her stratagem; "Clara and I won't think any the less of you for being a little foolish. If you wish to pop the question just go on, and do n't mind me—I'm used to such things."

"Oh, aunt," faltered Clara, growing pale, and leaning her face in her hands.

"Miss Burney," said Mr. Page, earnestly, "I have given you the entire devotion of my heart—will you allow me to offer my hand also?"

"Clara, say yes," whispered Mrs. Cripps, peremptorily; "don't be ashamed; who'd have thought you such a baby!—if you don't say yes, I'll take Mr. Page myself;" and frowning with a severity she had never before shown to Clara in her life, she flounced away. Clara had not seen the frown, but she had heard the threat, which appeared to her so supremely ludicrous, even beyond the usual devices of her aunt's imagination, that, in spite of her mortification, she burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter.

"I am glad to see you laugh, dear Miss Burney—that is, if you are not laughing at me"—said Mr. Page; "it seems to be an assurance that you will listen to me, at least, with good humor."

"That you may begin fairly," returned Clara, "I give you permission to withdraw your proposal."

"Do you wish me to do so?" asked Mr. Page, looking in her face so anxiously, that she replied, in great trepidation, "Come, let us go to the house;" she did not, however, draw away the hand which he placed in his arm.

"Well, Miss, I hope you have come to your senses," said Aunt Cripps, swelling with dignity, when Clara, all blushes and confusion, came into her room; "do you intend to have Mr. Page, or are you determined to leave him to me?"

"I have agreed to take him myself, aunt," replied Clara, not certain that she durst venture to smile.

"Very well; I'm glad you've got over your nonsense. Mr. Page is a man in a thousand, and I had

no notion that he should be lost to the family. Now, we'll have to be off to-morrow, and begin preparations forthwith. There's no end to the sewing and trouble when people make up their minds to get married. And you'll have to commence the house-keeping part of your education, which you can do at once. You could n't have a better time for it, this being the pickling and preserving season. To be sure, you won't have so much to learn as if you were getting another sort of a husband, but, I dare say, you will like to have nice things yourself sometimes, and it would be as well to teach Mr. Page to care a little about them, just for the sake of appearing well in company. You'd feel queer if he would make such a blunder at your table as not to know a haunch of venison from a sirloin of beef."

The old lady opened the door to go down stairs, and Clara heard her exclaim, "Dear me, Mr. Page, do you lodge in that room? I did n't know it before! It's well you are to be one of the family, for you have no doubt heard plenty of our little confabs."

A new idea struck Clara, and when she met Mr. Page at the foot of the stairs, waiting to conduct her to the tea-table, she asked, "Was Aunt Cripps right in her conjecture just now?—and if so, pray confess all you have ever overheard."

"The most important item was a very original piece of advice—"

"Which you have just been persuading me to follow," added Clara.

"Just so," answered Mr. Page, smiling; "for by

undertaking, for the amusement of the moment, a novel experiment, without a single thought as to how far I durst presume to carry it, I very clearly identified myself with the respectable character I attempted to personate."

"I should think you must be disappointed in your niece's match, my dear madam," said an old friend of Mrs. Cripps, who met her, for the first time, some months subsequent to Clara's marriage; "after knowing your opinions about a husband for her, I confess I was surprised to hear that she had taken a man of so much character as Mr. Page."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mrs. Cripps elevating her eyebrows, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper. "Mr. Page is the very man I thought him at first. People have got a great idea into their heads of his wit and wisdom, and it's well enough he can pass himself off for it—but between you and me, it is not all gold that glitters—if you were at home in their house, as I always am when I go to see them, and had a chance to know how he pets his wife, and lets her have her own way in every thing, you'd agree with me that if he is not a fool, he is so much like one that it would take a wiser person than either you or I to find out the difference."

Mrs. Cripps is still in blissful security, for Mr. Page yet remains a notable evidence in favor of the truth—

"That men whose genius sets them high  
Their fellow men obey,  
Who wisely talk and wisely act,  
Are lunatics in love."

## FIR-CROFT.

BY W. R. C. HOOPER.

Fir-Croft, the seat of F. Pumpelly, Esq., is situated on the east bank of the Susquehanna. The natural beauty of the place, and the hospitality of the proprietor, suggested the following invocation.

SWEET Fir-Croft! nestling at the feet  
Of uplands ever green,  
When high the pulse of Summer beat,  
Before me spread thy scene.  
Pines on the hill, like watchmen placed  
Thy fields below to guard,  
The back-ground of a picture graced  
That chained the glance of bard.

The deep-voiced Susquehanna through  
The foreground swiftly rolled,  
And sunlight on his bosom threw  
A flood of molten gold:  
A river of more varied charms  
Wild wind hath never swept,  
And in his bright, embracing arms  
Full many an islet slept.

I looked upon thy fountain bright,  
That round a coolness hung,  
And fancied that each beam of light  
With radiant pearl was strung.

Brooks, welling forth from rocks up-piled,  
Woke echoes on their way,  
As if a thousand Nymphs wild  
Were racing through the spray.

My blessing, Fir-Croft, on thee rest,  
And on thy worthy lord!  
May sorrow ne'er within his breast  
Awake one jarring chord!  
The dust of earth's great battle ground  
Dims not thy landscape fair,  
And in thy quiet shades I found  
A spell to conquer care.

The wood-paths up thy mountain-side  
That lead to quiet bowers—  
Thy meadows, laughing in a wide  
Embroidery of flowers—  
Thy rushing and romantic streams—  
Each glen—each fairy knoll—  
Will oft be visible in dreams  
To bathe in bliss my soul.



# A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

## MY FIRST VISIT TO THE PLAY-HOUSE.

BY SOLITAIRE.

HAVING been raised after the strictest order of the Church, I was led to look upon *Play-Houses* as a great evil, and, from my earliest recollection, I passed them by with a kind of shudder, as if the air of a certain place unmentionable hung around their walls. One, in particular, stood in my pathway to and from school, and I would often stand on its pavement, bestrewed as it was with pea-nut shells, and look upon the large glaring bill of the play, as a finger-board pointing the way to that "broad road" I had heard so often fearfully described. I surveyed the persons who passed in and out of its portals with a mingled feeling of interest and pity, for I sincerely believed them past all redemption, and utterly lost; and my blood would run cold, and my heart beat quick, when a laugh rung out from their lips. I thought it terrible that such beings should, in their lost state, laugh; and then again I thought it the wild laugh of despair—the reckless and heaven-daring caecination of a soul aware of its being doomed forever. Time wore on, and fear wore into curiosity, until, from regarding the outside of a theatre with interest, a strong desire grew to see its interior. Perdition was the penalty; but I began to think that the efforts of a host of pious friends might, possibly, save me even after a sight of a play-house in full operation. I had numbered about *twelve* years in this "blessed wale," as Mrs. Gump would say, and being of an inquiring mind—having, moreover, to pass the temptation daily—my fears grew less and less, until, at length, I yearned to solve the mystery, and dwelt with painful curiosity upon the bills which described the wonders within.

One morning, on my road to school, I observed larger bills than usual posted at the entrances, and upon them, in large and glaring capitals, were displayed the words:

### THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS!

APPEARANCE OF THE FIEND!!

PANDEMONIUM!!!

Here, then, was the devil, himself, come to take part in the play—no doubt from this fact arose the saying of "here's the devil to pay," for, doubtless, the paying a *star* of such magnitude, for his services, would be a "heavy business." I hovered around the theatre that evening, to catch a glance, if possible, of his sable majesty, when about entering or departing, and read over the bill again and again. It described "strange appearances and disappearances, magnificent *fire-works*"—(of course, thought I, from the old *pit* itself)—"the entrance of Faustus to the lower regions—his final doom—all with terrific effect!"

Ever and anon, came forth, from the interior, the loud swell of music, and then the deep and prolonged

shout of a thousand voices blended into one, mingling with which a Chinese gong—heard then for the first time—rang out its fearful peal, all making up a whole of wonder which made my sense of curiosity absolutely ache. I had no money—a prudent papa took care to keep the root of all evil far from me—a *cent*, on a holiday, was about the extent with which I was trusted, and the disbursement of that was well watched. He did n't absolutely say what I *must* expend it for—but he generally took me to church with it, and said I might put it in the contribution box.

Well, as I said before, I had no money, but I had an overweening curiosity. Sometimes I almost made up my mind to make a dash at the door-keeper, and *rush* by him—but he was a large, fat man, and I small for my age—so that idea was discarded. I wandered round the building, toward the conclusion of the play, and a light shining through a cellar grating of the theatre attracted my attention. I stooped down to look, and a black imp was loading a scuttle with coals. More *fire* doings, thought I—and I looked at him, with straining eyes, to see what his *tail* looked like. A shout at this moment declared the performance to be over, and mingling with the crowd that issued from the theatre, I listened with increased interest to their comments on the piece—the appearance of the fiend, and the wonders he enacted. For the whole of that night, what I had heard, and hoped to see, peopled my busy dreams.

On the next day, to finish the matter, a boy who sat beside me at school, and who had been present at the performance the evening previous, gave me a *luminous* and *extended* description of the whole affair, enlarging to a grand magnitude the powers of the *real devil*, which he averred appeared upon the occasion. That was enough. I resolved to compass an entrance, cost what it might, and waited with silent determination for the shades of night. On my way from school, I took a peep through the cellar grating, where I had seen the darky loading up coals. One bar was broken out, for the purpose of admitting coal from the outside, and after philosophising on the matter of coal, the road to the coal, and the possibility of a road *from* it right into the centre of the theatre, I came to the conclusion that the *bar* no longer existed to my viewing the wonders of the interior.

Night came, and as its darkness gathered around, I approached the coal-hole. I seated myself first upon the pavement, by the opening, and awaited until the throng, crowding to see the play, had thinned off. At length, a gap of a few hundred yards occurring between the passers by, I seized the advantage, and down I popped through the opening, and up popped my hair to a perpendicular! I was in for it, and feared, for a short time, either to advance or retreat.

Groping about, I found a stair-way, and following its windings about three stories, I came to a termination of the rail on a landing, and could find no continuation. By the sound I thought I was in a room, but the darkness was so thick I could almost feel it—the possibility, therefore, of seeing even my “nose,” was out of the question, without mentioning an “inch past it.” I cautiously advanced a few steps, but could touch nothing. I then turned, as I thought, to the stair-way again—but I could n’t find it! Now just imagine my feelings! I had entered the building under the belief that devils tenanted it. I had found my way up a stair-way into a dark room, and now the stair-way had disappeared! I was trapped—enmeshed—circumvented—in short, a gone sinner! At each succeeding pulsation of my rapidly beating heart, I expected to see the walls burst out into a glow of fire, and to discover myself in a vast room, with the old gentleman seated at the upper end upon a throne of red-hot coals! I felt the heat even while I thought, and the perspiration rolled from my brow in a stream. In very desperation I reached out and advanced—I touched something, and snatched my hand back with horror, for I believed another hand tried to catch hold of mine! I moved a few steps in another direction, and reached again—I touched canvas-covered frames, leaning against the wall, to the number of about a dozen. At this moment, I heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and soon observed a light. In a moment I squeezed myself between the frames and the wall. Two figures, with sleeves rolled up, entered and commenced moving the scenery from that particular pile under which I was concealed. I nearly fainted, as piece after piece was removed to the other side of the room. At length, the eleventh piece proved to be the one they were in search of. One of the men remarked that “the *cursed* thing was sure to be under all the rest.” Whether this referred to me or the scenery was then an important query in my mind. The piece they had selected from the pile was artistically hideous—a vast serpent upon it, whose massive folds twined around a burning column, and whose eyes and mouth appeared to be a deep, burning red. My blood curdled at thought of what near neighbors we had been. A “*cursed*” looking thing it was indeed—and just then I felt myself any thing but a *blessed* observer of its hideous proportions. The light enabled me to fix the location of the stair-way, as I thought, to descend; but when they departed, and I essayed to retreat, I found myself at the base of an ascending instead of descending stair, and fearing to remain where I was, I concluded to advance. Two lights more brought me upon the staging around the “*flys*,” from whence I could see the stage, lit with its innumerable lamps. Descrying some figures on the opposite side of the staging, from where I stood, I stole away into the darkness and hid.

From my place of retreat I could discern a strong light, apparently coming through the floor of a dark chamber beyond, and cautiously I made my way toward it. It was well that care marked my movements, for, stepping upon the ceiling over the pit, it

yielded to my tread, and an incautious footstep would have precipitated me far into the pit below, making at one and the same time a most startling first and last appearance. With a short piece of board I made a bridging from beam to beam, and thus reached the open centre piece in the ceiling. Here let me pause for breath, while I contemplate the dangers I have passed, and look with wonder upon the sights I have won. Gorgeous in its gay coloring and unseel finery, which reflected back the many pendant lights, and thronged with a dense mass of human beings, of both sexes and all ages, lay before me the interior of this temple of the Muses. From my high eyrie, my fevered imagination pictured the scene as of another world. The brilliancy of the decorations appeared to reflect a strange beauty upon the occupants—wealth glittered upon the necks and arms of fair women, who were seated beside richly attired men—mirth sat on each countenance—inpatient applauding broke forth at intervals, and then swelled up the rich music of a full band, until the building appeared to vibrate with a tone of melody. Carried away by this, to me, strange and fascinating scene, I detected myself, alone, and in darkness, clapping my hands in an ecstasy of delight!

Anon the curtain rose, and a loud shout hailed the commencement. The dark student summoned the fiend, and sure enough, in all his terrific majesty, he appeared, but so terrible that his summoner turned aside with fear, and I shook myself very nearly out of my trousers with absolute terror! On went the act, scene after scene, each more wonderful in its change than the preceding, until the close. I had no sooner gained breath, and slightly recovered from the effects of the illusion, when I perceived a lamp a short distance from me, and the holder evidently looking for something.

“I see a little fellow crawling over here somewhere,” said a voice.

I knew in an instant they meant me, and without thought I clambered up the king-post of one of the massive rafters to the very peak of the roof, and there seated myself on one of the cross-ties. The slightest miss of my hold would have sent me crashing through the ceiling, a distance of 80 feet, into the pit below.

“Well, I can’t find him,” said the man with the lamp, “but we’ll set a *trap* to catch him as he makes his way out.”

This was comfortable news for me. I was in the very entrance hall of Pandemonium, and a *trap* set to prevent my escape—in a state of despair I clambered down, and sullenly seated myself at the centre piece, resolved to “see it out!” On went scene after scene, the excitement growing more and more intense, until the murder places Faustus in the power of the fiend, when Pandemonium with all its fiery terrors bursts into view! Serpents spouted fire—grinning hydras spouted back at them, some invisible power suspended Faustus by the heels in the centre of the stage, and showers of flame appeared to circle round him, while over all the fiend in dreadful state presided. Yell after yell from the audience attested their satisfaction of the horror, as the folds of the

vast curtain hid the fiends and their victim from view. It is impossible to describe fully my feelings at that particular period. I was a Sunday-school scholar, and many a denunciation in the good book, that had been directed, for my safety, against theatres in particular, now rose up to upbraid me. I had seen the horrors the transgressor must undergo, and was assured the trap was set to catch me, suspend me by the heels, and pelt me with fire. The cold sweat stood out at every pore, and a tremor shook my frame. I had scarcely strength left sufficient to stand erect. Through the opening I watched the vast concourse below retiring from their seats, even to the last, who lingered to see how the lamp-lighter managed to reach the lamps, and seeing him accomplish their extinguishment with a tin tube, departed satisfied. Light after light was pulled into darkness, until nothing but the lamp-lighter's small taper was left, which, like the light of a glow-worm in some deep cavern, served only to tell of its whereabouts, but shed no light on objects around—soon it disappeared, and darkness reigned supreme! I despaired of making my escape, in the gloom, and amid the intricate windings and dangerous passages I had passed, with a trap set for me, too, and the d—l no doubt at the bottom of it! At length in very recklessness I began to grope my way over the ceiling, and after fixing my board, advanced rafter after rafter, until reaching forth for another advance, my piece of bridging touched—nothing! I put out my hand to feel for the ceiling, and it *was n't there!* As the best method to solve my position, I let the board drop, and it fell upon a staging about four feet below where I lay crouched; clambering down with fear and trembling, I gained a place upon the platform, and again reached forth, but could feel only darkness, which I now almost believed to be a substance. I dropped my piece of board again, and listened for the sound of its fall—the pause was longer than before, and at length it struck the stage—*forty feet below!*—rather a tall step for a boy of twelve, and short of his age! I drew back in horror, my blood congealing in my veins, my hair on end “like quills upon the fretful porcupine,” and every fibre quivering like an aspen leaf, while my eye, searching through the gloom, informed the imagination of a thousand unseen horrors. Clinging to the staging, upon my hands and knees, weak with terror, and utterly bewildered, I crawled along, trusting to chance; accident befriended me, and a few moments placed me upon the side of the *fly*, where they raise the curtain—here my outstretched hands came in contact with the ropes and windlass. Creeping along from thence, one moment my foot upon the verge of the staging, feeling for a stepping place beyond, the next, stumbling over some fragment of scenery, or tripping against a projecting beam, I floundered accidentally into a door-way, and turning along a partition groped my way until a table impeded my progress; skirting this, during which I more than once plunged my hands into pots of liquid placed thereon, I reached another door, beside which hung numerous long pendants; these, at first, I sup-

posed to be ropes, but running my hand down them, discovered by their tapering proportions that they were the serpents used in the play. I fancied them now but sleeping, and, weak with this thought, I staggered upon the stair-way—fancy pictured them awake and in pursuit—already I felt one twining his folds around me—but one step down the stair-way gave me courage, and I shook off the dreadful thought. As cautiously I made my way, my heart began inwardly to rejoice, when, all at once, I thought of the threat about the dreaded traps, and again fear reigned in my bosom. I had no doubt that the devil was asleep on the stair-way, with his tail so disposed that it would be impossible to pass without treading upon it, and consequently waking its owner.

Stealthily I advanced, pausing each step to listen, at one moment hopefully, the next despairingly, until I entered the scenery room. For a moment I paused to collect my confused faculties, and to decide in which direction lay the stair-way from thence; fixing the location in my mind I advanced—fortune favored the attempt, and again I commenced descending, step by step, slow and cautiously. Filled with dread, and almost exhausted, I reached the *coal-hole*—a street-lamp threw its light through the opening, and I hailed it with joy, but in the dark nooks and crannies of that vast cellar beneath the stage, I fancied I descried mocking spirits of evil, who had suffered me to progress thus far only to overwhelm me with destruction just as the haven of safety was in sight—the door of escape wide open. I paused, shut my eyes, and pushed my fingers into my ears; then summoning up my remaining spark of resolution dashed for the opening. I clambered half way through, when, faint and weak, I hung unable to make a further effort, and fancy pictured a thousand little imps, each with a cord attached to my person, pulling me back. The light was shining upon my hands, which were stuck through the opening, and my horrors accumulated on perceiving them red as with blood! Their sanguine hue made my head swim, and I felt myself sinking back swooning into the cellar—arousing myself for a final effort, I struggled out upon the pavement, and sunk panting beside the wall of the building. A moment more, and invoking Heaven and “my sinews to bear me stiffly up,” I fled for home, which having reached I crept beneath the coverlet with a burning brain, and in a nervous sleep dreamed until morn of strange sights and chimeras dire.

Years have passed since then, and I have stood and surveyed the scene of my perils, and shuddered again at the fearful positions in which I clambered that night—have looked into the identical pot of *red paint*, in which I dipped my hands and deemed it *blood*—have stood unmoved and gazed upon the canvas serpents which shook me then with terror, yet I never now enter a play-house but the thought of that night crosses my memory; but in vain have I tried to wrap myself up in the strange and fearful illusion of that first night at the play. I have heard of human heads turning *gray* with terror, and have often wondered if the *fiery* horrors of that evening caused the *red tinge* which graces my own much valued locks!





Engraved by J.C. Smith

THE LITTLE TOMMY.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

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## FIELD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### NO. III.—THE HUNTER'S YARN.

BY FRANK FORBSTER.

The room into which our sporting friends were introduced by Dutch Jake himself, was a long and narrow apartment, occupying the whole breadth and two-thirds of the length of the house. It was lighted by day by six small windows, three on each side, and by two glass doors, that through which our sportsmen had gained admittance, and a second directly opposite to it; and by night, as in the present instance, by half a dozen sconces, with marvelously dirty tin reflectors, attached to the wall, each containing one large home-made tallow candle. Had this been all the illumination, however, of the long, dingy, low-ceiled room, it would have scarcely sufficed to render the darkness visible; but, as it was, a huge pile of hickory logs, blazing and snapping in a vast open fire-place, sending broad flashes of flame up the wide-throated chimney, and great volumes of smoke into the room, at intervals, diffused both warmth and lustre through the bar-room. At the right hand of the door by which they entered, was the bar itself, with a narrow semicircular counter, protected by stout wooden bars, and a sliding door, garnished with mundry kegs of liquor, painted bright green and labeled in black characters on gilded scrolls. These, with two or three dull-looking decanters of snake-root whisky, and other kinds of "bitters," a dozen heavy-bottomed tumblers, resembling in shape the half of an hour-glass, a wooden box full of dirty brown crushed sugar, which aspired to be white, and a considerable array of tobacco pipes, constituted all the furniture of Jake's bar, and promised but little, as Tom Draw had forewarned his young friends, for the drinkableness of the Dutchman's drinkables.

Unpalatable, however, as they appeared, and would probably have turned out on trial, to the refined tastes of our sporting epicures, it seemed that they were looked upon in a very different light by the assembled magnates of the neighborhood, who, in great numbers, and great glee, came thronging toward the door to stare at the newcomers.

They had but just ceased from a regular breakdown Dutch dance, which they had been plying most uproariously and most industriously to the obstreperous braying of a fiddle, worked by a fifty horse power coal-black white-headed negro, who seemed to be on the best and most intimate footing with all present; and now, seeing that the newcomers were neither friends nor acquaintances, they crowded to the bar, and took advantage of the brief cessation of the breakdown, to liquor on the largest scale, men and girls, black and white together.

"Hello! Jake!" exclaimed fat Tom, as he entered, affecting to stare about as if he could hardly see—"what in creation makes it so most all-fired dark in here? Why, I can't see my way to the bar, if so be there be one!"

"Well, Nisiter Draw," responded the old Dutchman—"I ton't see dat it pe so tark—put, de deyvil, it mosht pe de ehmoakes, for te turned chimney—"

"No! no! It ar n't, Jake, it ar n't the smoke, nor the chimney, no how. I'll nose it out to rights, I tell you.

It's the darned niggers, I guess. It's the niggers, aartin! Why, there's enough on 'em to make the moonshine dark!"

This most characteristic speech on the part of the jolly publican called forth a burst of good-humored and resounding laughter from the dark-skinned portion of the company, the bluckest of whom are wont in mirthful or angry objur-gation to vituperate each other as "brack niggers;" but it was by no means so complacently received by the white party, many of the younger members of which were aware that, out of the Dutch settlements, it is looked on somewhat as a reproach to associate in the hours of relaxation with the free negroes; and were disposed not a little to resent the bold taunt of the bluff speaker.

Little cared jolly Tom for that, however; but, seeing the bended brows and lowering looks of some of the gigantic Dutchmen, he would in all probability have continued in a strain yet more offensive, and very likely have produced a general row, if Harry, who entered the room a moment after him, having remained behind to give some directions touching the horses, had not interposed promptly and effectively to preserve the peace.

"The poor old man's very drunk, gentlemen," he said, with his frank and cheery smile; "a thing, I'm sorry to say, that happens to him very often; but he's mad now, which I don't wonder at, for he wanted to kiss a very nice young wench as we came along, and she would n't have him, any how!"

"Kiss the dev—" Tom began to reply, furiously indignant, but he was interrupted by about a dozen voices, eager and loud in inquiry; for so seriously had Harry spoken, that half the young men believed him in earnest.

"Do tell," said one, "where was 't?"

"I ton't know of no nice young wenches off'te road to York!" cried another.

"I cannot exactly tell you, gentlemen," replied Harry, still preserving his gravity admirably, "as I am not well acquainted with your country, or the names of places. But I think I can describe it to you. You all know the old heaver-dam, I fancy, and the bridge. Well, just beyond that, there's a big hill; and beyond that again, a deep, wet swamp; and across that, a mountain, with a toll-gate at the far side—"

"Yes, yes—I know—I know ferry well. Dat's Han's Schneider's dotte-gate. Vell!—dere's no young wench dere!"

"No, no—not there—but in a little hovel about two-thirds up the mountain. The road was so steep I made the fat man get out and walk up, and just as he got opposite the door, she came out, with a tin pail to fetch some water, and he tried—"

"Mine Got! It's oh Shuno dat he meansh. Oh Tave's fraw!"

"Tonsend teyvis! She pe older nor a hunter year."

"Ant oglier as te ferry Oh Nick!"

"Til he, py Cot! vant to kish oh Shuno? Donder ant deyvil! vat a peash!"

"Ant she vout n't haf him, no vays. By Cot! I to n't vonder as he pe mat, mit te color peoples, arter dat."

What were fat Tom's emotions, at this strange invention of Harry's, it would be difficult to say; for, in the first instance, his face turned as red as fire, and his eyes gleamed angrily from beneath the overhanging pent-house of his heavy gray eyebrows; but at the numerous wondering exclamations of the credulous and astonished Dutchmen, at the abhorrent and disgusted looks of the girls, many of whom were very young, and plump, and pretty, and above all at the intense delight of the negroes, who stamped, and yelled with laughter, and positively rolled on the floor, in their mad glee, the old man's face relaxed. A joke was always too much for him, even if it were, as in the present instance, at his own expense.

"Well, well," he said; "boys—I aint jest right to tell tales on the party. See if I beant quits with you afore long! But so be you has told, I don't see but I've got to stand treats for the company there. Jake, you daret old cuse, look alive, can't you! and make a gallon of hot Dutch rum, to rights; and if that ar n't enough for all hands, make two. If I can't kisse wenches, I'd be pleased to see if some of these all-fired pretty white galls won't be a kisin me, afore the night's done, anyhow."

"I vout den, anyhow, for fon!" said a very pretty little blue-eyed girl, with a profusion of long light brown curls, who had been listening with her bright eyes distended to their uttermost.

"For fun!" exclaimed fat Tom, intentionally misunderstanding her meaning, and making at her without a moment's hesitation. "By the Eternal! 't ar n't for fun I kisse, I'd have you to know—it's in right down most all-fired airnest."

"No, no! old man!" interposed Harry, stepping between Tom and the girl. "Do n't be afraid, my pretty lassie, he shall not touch you. He's too old altogether for such a pretty girl."

"Ant ferry moelle too ogly!" answered the girl, laughing joyously.

"Here's metal more attractive, perhaps," answered Harry, seizing Frank Forester, and dragging him forward as he spoke.

"No, no. He mosen't mottle mit me, neider," said the girl, still laughing. "I'd all as fon pe a kissing te old cat, mit all dat nashy hair on his lip—ahost as pad, mine Cot! nor fon old raccoon!"

A fresh burst of laughter, from the whole room, now followed this peculiarly acceptable repartee, in allusion to the thick yellow moustache which covered the whole of Frank's upper lip; and, under cover of the laugh, Harry snatched a hearty kiss from the laughing lips of the little coquette, saying, as he did so—

"It's hard if one of the lot won't please you."

"Aint you den, mit your impudence," she answered, flushing a good deal, and dealing him a crock on the side of the head, which made his cheek tingle, and his ear hum, for half an hour. "Kisse me again den, fon't you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," answered Harry, nothing daunted—and, suiting the action to the word, he caught her in his arms, and bestowed on her not one, but half a dozen long and sonorous kisses; which, as he afterward asseverated, though she affected to struggle and resist with all her might, she returned with good interest.

Most of the company laughed loudly at this interlude, which seemed to pass as a matter of course; but one raw-boned young Dutchman, who had been dancing with the girl half the evening, began to look something more than immodest, when the Dutch rum made its appearance, and the rich, spicy odor dissipated in a twinkling his fast rising choler.

The strange compound of Santa Cruz rum, boiling water, allspice, sugar, and—start not, gentle reader, when I say—butter, passed around, with clattering of glasses, gurgling imbibition, and loud laughter—under cover of which our friends stole away, by a door close beside the fireplace, leaving the particolored ball to re-commence, with new din and spirit, after an interruption which had turned so acceptable to all.

"Now, Jake," said Harry, to the landlord, who had ushered them into a sort of sanctum, in a projecting wing of the old stone tavern, which had a separate communication with the rest of the house—"you can get us something to eat, I suppose; we have not had a mouthful since one o'clock, and are half dead with hunger. You got my letter, I suppose, to tell you we would be here to-night?"

"Bartun!" replied old Jake. "I cot it yeshterday. Mein Got! yes. I can kive you fresh eggs and te ham, and te ahnnoke peef, petter as nothink!"

"Well—look you here. We have brought up some cold meat with us. Do you have some potatoes roasted in the ashes, and let us have some of your best butter and your best brown bread, and let my man Timothy do whatever he wants to do in the kitchen. Send a couple of your boys to take care of the horses; and let another run down to Dolph Pierson's, and tell him we are here, and want him to come up to supper."

"Tolph vas here not an hour since—ant I dolt him as you vas a conin; and he'll pe here mitout my shenting te poy. Vell! I'll go straight away, ant pid te women volka paru te potatoes, ant sent te poutter ant te treat, ant make te water hot for te poonch—you'll pe a vanting poonch—anyting elshe, Mishter Archer?"

"Yes. Have you got any ice?"

"A plenties!"

"Send in a good big tub full of it, broken small. Do that first—will you, Jake?"

"I fill," answered the old man—"and see, here cooms te man Dimoty. You tell him vat you'll pe a vanting, ant fe'll pe doin' it tight, any vays."

And, as he spoke, he left the room—while the little Yorkshireman entered it from the offices, clean-rigged and washed already, and followed by two negroes, carrying the one a couple of champagne baskets, and the other a large and apparently heavy chest of live oak, bound with iron at the corners. Timothy himself bore a smaller case of Russia leather, which he deposited on a side table, the negroes arranging their burthens on either side the fireplace.

"Noo, bring t' goon cases in," said Timothy, "and t' little leather troonk wi' t' powther and t' shot." And then turning to Harry, he continued—"T' horses is sorted doon bonnily, and all four on 'em are tocking into t' oats laik bricks, Measter Aircher. You'll be a wantin' scooper noo, ay reckon. At least ay sure, mysen, ay's varry hongry."

"So are we, Timothy; and I trust you have got something eatable in the traveling case there—for they've got nothing here but eggs and bread and butter."

"Ay've got twa brace o' t' cauld larded partridges—a brace o' t' sommer dooks, ready for broiling—a cauld ham sumnered t' champagne—and a goose pair, 'at ay maade mysen, fit for t' Queen, God bless her!"

"Excellent well, indeed, Timothy. You are a caterer wortb a thousand. Ah! here comes the ice. Now, look sharp—get out four bottles of champagne, and stick them into that pail. We'll keep the wood-ducks and the geese for to-morrow. We'll have a brace of the larded grouse and the ham to-night. You go and see to the roasting of the potatoes, and make a good big omelet. Have you got any parsley with you?"

"Lot's on't, sur—and a dozen little ingans, and soom

tarragon. Ay'se make a first-rate omelet, ay'se oophaud it."

"Very well—then look quick about it—and leave us the keys. We'll get the things out, and lay the table, this time, for it's growing late. What liquor have you got besides champagne?"

"A gullon demijohn o' t' paine-apple room, 'at Measter Forester aye laikes sae weel; and anither o' t' auld pale Cogniac; and anither yet, o' t' Ferintosh, to fill t' dram bottles."

"Let us have the pine-apple rum and some water screeching hot. Now, mizzle. Come, Frank, pull that big round table into the middle of the room. I'll open the boxes."

And suiting the action to the word, he unlocked the large chest, which displayed at the top a shallow tray containing a supply of cutlery and napkins; a coffee-pot and spirit-lump, and a small breakfast service, with a silver stew-pan and gridiron. This tray removed, several tiers were discovered of bright tin boxes, of various sizes, piled one above the other, such as are used by restaurateurs for sending out hot dinners to their customers.

Just as this was done, the door opened and a bixom Dutch serving girl entered, with a large table-cloth of very coarse but very clean home-made linen, followed by another carrying several plates and dishes empty, in addition to a magnificent brown loaf, and butter, like that set before Sisera, in a lordly dish.

"That's my good lasses," exclaimed Harry. "Now, if you'll get us the big punch bowl and ladle, and bring us in a kettle of hot water, we'll see to all the rest. Now, Frank, the big dish! It will just hold the ham. Look you here, is it not a fine one? Pure Yorkshire, and how beautifully braized. There, set it at the head of the table; and give me that other dish for the larded grouse. We shall sup as well as we could at Delmonico's. Now, then, I'll open the leather case, and get out the glass and *siller*; do you fetch the napkins and cutlery—and see that you fold the napkins in right form, or Timothy'll laugh at you. It's no lark to me to eat a good supper with two-pronged steel forks, or to drink champagne out of their vile glass an inch thick."

"I'd be all-fired sorry," interposed Tom, "to be a bottle of champagne afore you, if so be that you were a bit dry, in a quart pewter mug, or an earthen—"

"How should you like to be a pea, Tom," Frank interrupted him, "and he with a pitchfork?"

"It 'ud take a most onmighty pitchfork to hoist me, if I was a pea."

"You 'd make a tolerable marrowfat, I think, Tom."

"It would take a most infernal gizzard to digest him," replied Archer.

"Why, yes," said Frank, "I do n't think he'd be very likely to agree with the man that ate him—as poor Sidney Smith said to the Bishop of New Zealand, when he was on the point of sailing.

"Better a darned sight to be there, nor on the pint of a pitchfork," said Tom, grinning. "But come, boys, come—I could eat—I could eat—"

"Could you eat a small child with the small-pox, as Alick Bell says?" asked Forester.

"You darned eternal little beast," replied Tom, making a back-handed lick at him, which would have felled an ox, much more little Frank, if he had not dodged it. "You 'd spile a horse's stomach, with your all-fired filthy talking!"

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed Harry. "If that do not beat Satan preaching against sin, I will say no more, now or forever. But I do wish Tim would come, and that Dutch hunting fellow."

"Shall you wait supper for the hunting Dutchman?"

"Wait h——" cried Tom, savagely. "I'd see every Dutchman out of all Jersey, and Pennsylvania, arter that, in the t'other place, afore I'd wait a minnit. Wait supper! The boy's mad! This comes o' what he calls breedin'. Darn all sich breedin', I say. It'll breed nothin', I knows on, if it beant maggots in a body's brain."

By this time, Frank had disposed four plates in orderly array, with, upon each, a neatly folded napkin and a thick hunch of brown bread in its snowy bosom; had placed the ham and cold grouse, with their carving knives and forks in bright symmetry beside them, and was looking on with an air of extreme satisfaction, while Harry drew out of the leather casket a set of neat silver castors, replenished with every sauce and condiment that Binger can furnish, each bottle secured, like a smelling flask, by a screw top of silver. These placed on the centre of the board, he produced next two silver salt-cellars, a dozen table-spoons, and as many forks of the same metal; and last, not least, four tall pint beakers of clear Venice crystal, and four yet more capacious tumblers of Newcastle cut glass.

A moment or two afterward, the bowl made its appearance; the kettle was hung upon the crane, above the glowing pile of hickory; and the lemons and loaf sugar were disposed near the China bowl, whose vast gulf was destined soon to entomb them.

Then the door was again thrown open, and Tim Matlock made his *entrée*, bearing a tray with four wax candles lighted, the hot potatoes, and the omelet *aux fines herbes*, sending forth volumes of rich odoriferous steam, which alone would have won an anchorite from his fasting.

It was a curious scene—such a scene as never before had that small room, with its narrow casements and dark wainscoting, and home-made rag-carpet, witnessed. Cookery, which Ude would not have despised; game, such as Hawker would have given five years of life to shoot; wine, that would have been called excellent at Crookford's; silver, of Mortimer's best fashion; glass, such as might glitter worthily on the queen's table; and waxlights, shedding over the whole their pure, strong lustre.

And then for the guests—the two elegant, well-formed, highly bred gentlemen, who would have been esteemed an acquisition in the most courtly company; and the grotesque, original, round, rough-visaged, tender-hearted yeoman; who had the racy wit of Jack Falstaff without his abject cowardice, his sensuality without his selfishness, his honest bearing without his hollow heart—that king of native sportsmen!—that trump of trumps!—honest, brave, witty, kind, eccentric, Tom Draw of Warwick.

And now, just as the supper was all ready, and the appetites of all still rancid, the door communicating with the bar-room, or ball-room rather, was thrown open, and thereat entered one whom I must pause a moment to describe—Dolph Pierson, the Dutch Hunter.

It might be almost sufficient to say that this man was in all external points, and in many mental qualities, the very counterpart of Tom Draw—but he is a real picture, and such I will paint him.

He was at least three inches above six feet in height, and of bone and frame which were almost gigantic—whereas honest Tom was nearly a foot shorter than his rival sportsman, and so light of bone, and with feet and hands so delicate and small, that it was difficult to understand on what principle the vast mass of flesh which he bore about with him was supported; much more how it was moved at times, with so much activity and sprightliness. Then again it appeared, at first sight, that there was no flesh at all between the angular massive bones and the parchment-like skin of the new-comer—while honest Tom's hide was distended almost unto bursting by the



praternatural bulk of "too, too solid far" which rushed his whole form, and made every line about him, if not precisely a line of beauty, at least a line of sinuous rotundity.

Dolph Pierson's face and features were as sharp and as angular as the edge of an Indian tomahawk; his brow was low, but neither narrow nor receding; on the contrary, it displayed considerable amplitude in those parts which phrenologists are pleased to designate as ideality, and some prominence in the point which lies over that portion of the brain which the same learned gentry assert to contain the organs whereby man appreciates the relations of cause and effect.

Across this forehead the skin was drawn as tight as the parchment of a drum, indented only by one deep furrow, running from temple to temple. His hair was thin and straggling, and what there was of it was as white as the drifted snow, as were also two tufts of ragged bristles, which stood out low down on the jaw-bone, a little way below his mouth, alone relieving the monotonous color of his otherwise whiskerless and beardless physiognomy.

As if to set off the whiteness of his hair, however, and of those twin tufts, his eyebrows, which were of extraordinary thickness, were as black as a crow's wing, running in a straight line, without any curvature above the eyes.

The eyes themselves, which were very deeply set, and in fact almost entombed between the sharp projection of the brow and the almost fleshless process of the cheek bones, were dark, twinkling, restless, never fixed for a moment, but ever roving, as if in quest of something which he was seeking anxiously. His nose was of the highest and keenest aquiline, starting out suddenly at one acute angle from between his eyes, and then turning as sharply downward in line parallel to the facial angle, the point, at the curvature or summit, appearing as if it would pierce through the skin.

The nostrils were rather widely expanded, and their owner had a habit of distending them as if he were snuffing the air, so that many of his neighbors believed that he actually was gifted with the hound's instinct of following his game by scent.

His mouth, to conclude, was wide, straight, thin-lipped, and so closely glued down upon his few remaining stumps of teeth, that it seemed as if it had never been intended to open; and indeed it was the abode of an organ, which, if not endowed with great eloquence, had at least a vast talent for taciturnity.

Such were the features of the man who entered the room, walking in-toed, like an Indian, with long noiseless strides, with a singular stoop, not of his shoulders, but of his neck itself, and with his eyes so riveted to the ground, that it appeared very difficult to him to raise them to the faces of those whom he had come to visit.

He was dressed in a thick blanket coat, of a dingy green color, with a sort of brown binding down the seams, and a wash of brown worsted about his waist. On his head he wore a sort of skull cap, of gray fox-skin, with the brush sewed across it like the crest of a dragon's helmet, about four inches of the white tag waving loose, like a plume, from the top of the crown. Two cross belts of buckskin were thrown across his shoulders, that on the right supporting an ox horn quaintly carved, and scraped so thin that the dark coloring of the powder could be seen through it in many places; and that on the left furnished with a long wooden-handled butcher-knife, in a greasy scabbard. A tomahawk was thrust into his sash, its sharp head guarded by a sort of leathern pocket; and from the front was suspended a pouch of otter-skin, containing balls, bullet-mould, charger, greased wadding, and all the apparatus

for cleaning the heavy rifle which he carried in his hand, and which, at least in his waking hours, he was seldom if ever known to lay aside.

To complete his costume, his feet were shod with Indian moccasins; and stout buckskin leggins, supported by garters rich in embroideries of porcupine quills, were laced over his rough homespun pantaloons.

Archer was standing at the head of the table whetting his carving knife on an ivory-handled steel, preparatory to an attack on the ham, when the old hunter entered; but, as he saw the thin, raw-boned figure, he laid it down instantly, and stepped forward with extended hand to greet him.

"Ah! Dolph, how are you? I am glad to see you, man—I was afraid you would not have come in time for supper."

The hunter raised his eyes for a moment to the expressive face of the speaker, but before it had taken one glance at the well known features, it had wandered away to decipher the viages of the other tenants of the seats by the table. A pleasant smile, however, dimpled his cheek and twinkled for an instant in the dark eye, as he pressed Harry's hand cordially, and made reply—

"Middin' well, Mister Archer. I supped six hours ago, thank you."

"What if you did, boy?" interposed Tom. "You must have got ongodly hungry in six hours, I guess. Sit by—eat by. Darn all sich nonsense."

"I niver eats only twice of a day," replied the hunter, without a smile, or moving a muscle of his face. "And I niver eats hog, nohow—nor birds, neither," he added quietly, after a moment's pause, during which he had looked over the fire, the gun cases, and all the baggage in the room, not excluding Timothy, whom he seemed to regard as the greatest curiosity of all. No one, however, had seen him look toward the table, the burthen of which he named so accurately.

"Do you drink iver, Dolph?" asked Tom, half jeeringly, in the intervals of masticating the wing of the cold ruffed grouse, with a modicum of the thin shaved ham.

"When liquor 's good, and I 'm a dry!"

"Niver, when you 're not dry, Dolph?"

"Niver."

"Then you 're the dnrndest stupid Dutchman I iver comed across," replied the fat man. "Leastways, unless you 're always dry, like I be. Another glass of un'ere champagne, Timothy."

"Come, sit down—sit down, Dolph," said Harry—"and if you really will not eat any thing, at least take a drink with us."

"Well, I do n't care if I do!" responded the man of few words, depositing his rifle in the corner of the room, and taking his seat quietly between Archer and Tom, who was by this time steeping his soul in the third beaker of dry champagne.

"What will you have, Dolph? Champagne or—"

"Some of the rum, Mr. Archer," answered the man, with perfect readiness, while Timothy stared at him with inexpressible astonishment, more than suspecting that the stranger was what he would have called a wise man, meaning no less than a wizard.

At a glance from his master, however, the Yorkshireman so far recovered himself as to hand a square case-bottle to the hunter, who forthwith decanted about half a pint into the largest tumbler, and disdainfully waving away the water, which Tim offered to him, made a circular nod to the company, muttered "Here 's luck!" and swallowed it at a gulp.

Then he shook his head approvingly, winked his eye hard, and snuffed the air repeatedly.

"I knowed it!" he said, half thoughtfully. "Jest as I expected, adzactly. Them's prime aperrits."

At this unusually long speech, Harry smiled, knowing his roan, and made answer—

"Since you like it, had you not better repeat the doze?"

"Not this night, if I knows it."

By this time Frank, who had never before met with this original, and who had been studying his characteristic answers, inquired, with a view to drawing him out—

"Pray, Mr. Pierson, if you never eat hog or birds, may I be allowed to ask what you do eat—if it's not impertinent?"

"It's not impertent at all," said Dolph. "I eats a'most any wild crittur what runs. Deer, or bar meat, or 'possum, maybe."

"Did you ever eat a skunk, Dolph?" asked Harry.

"A skunk, killed dead, and cleaned well, 's not bad eatin'," interposed Tom Draw. "Say, Dolph, did you iver eat wolf?"

"Niver—not no dog, nuther, Mister Draw!" replied the hunter, somewhat testily, as if he fancied they were quizzing him—"nor no cat, nuther. I don't think much," he added, looking at Tom, as if to pay him off—"I don't think much of a man as eats cuf, no how."

"Nor I, Mr. Pierson," Frank put in adroitly. "I never eat it myself, at least—I had about as soon eat dog."

"I niver knowed a sportin' man as wouldn't," answered the hunter, apparently much gratified at Frank's adherence to his opinion; whereupon that worthy resumed, filling his glass with champagne—

"Well, if you will not join us, allow me to drink your health. I have heard of you from Mr. Archer often."

"Yes—Mr. Archer knows me," said the hunter quietly, and apparently unaware of the intended compliment.

"Do tell, Dolph," Tom put in what his poor friend, J. Cypress, Jr., was wont to cull his lingual ear, with the intention of kicking up a row—"Do tell us, Dolph—you said you niver ate no wolf—did no wolf iver eat you?"

"Niver—wlar 's your eyes?—do n't you see me?"

"Guess you'd a made 'em sick. They wouldn't eat you, no how."

"They come darned near to it once, iny how."

"Did they?—by George! You never told me that," said Harry.

"I'm no great things at talking. If you want to hear bragging, you must set Draw a goin'. Well, well!—there was wolves them times."

"There are wolves now," replied Forester.

The hunter looked at him half doubtfully, yet with a wistful eye.

"Not hereabouts," he said, at length. "Leastwise, I hain't heard none, nor seen no truck of none this six year. Yet I some thought to-day they mou't a gotten back like."

"They have got back," said Frank, earnestly. "We heard one howl, scarcely a mile hence."

Doubtful as to the certainty of Forester's wood craft, Dolph cast a quick glance of inquiry at Harry; and on receiving his affirmative nod in reply, brought his hand down with a heavy slap upon his sinewy thigh, and cried aloud, in more animated tones than he had used as yet—

"Damnation, if I is n't glad on 't."

"Why?" exclaimed Forester, hoping to detect old Draw in some blunder, as to his previous reasoning.

"Case I hates wust kind to be mistaken—and I half thought last night they had come back agin'."

"And pray what made you think so?"

"Why, I camped out nigh the Green Pond last night, seein' I'd sot some lines for pikerel; and bein' it was sorter cold, I'd kinticed up a fire; and sure enough, an

old doe, with two half grown fawns at her side, comed right up into the circle of the blaze, and scrouched down in the fern, not ten yards from my camp-fire. I knowed they must a' ben skeart orfully to come down on a man o' purpose."

"How do you know they came on purpose?" asked Frank, more intent on probing the man's strange sagacity, than on gaining information even.

"How did I know? They comed up wind upon me. They knowed I was there, a mile off—and they did right, by thunder! I'd not a butted a hair on 'em for a hundred dollars."

"I'm sure you would not, Dolph," replied Harry. "But come—Timothy has cleared away the estates, and I am going to brew a bowl of hot rum punch. You must break your rule for once, Dolph, and take another glass to oblige me, and blow a cloud, and spin us a yarn about the wolves coming nigh to eating you."

"I'd do almost anything to oblige you, Mister Archer, and you knows it. But I'd rather not drink, no how—and that 's along o' the wolves comin' so nigh, as they did, to eatin' me, too, I tell you."

"Well—I'll press no man to drink against his judgment," said Harry, as he brewed the fragrant compound.

"I knowed you wouldn't, when I telled you I'd rather not."

"Well, as I do not, you will blow a cloud with us, and spin us the yarn," replied Archer. "Forester and I are dying to hear it."

"Sartin I will," replied Pierson, "and I'll blow a cloud, too—but the yarn 's like to be a short un."

"Pass up your glasses, boys—let me help you. This is prime, and after a cold night ride and a cold supper, it will do none of us a thought of harm. Hand the cheroots round, Timothy. Those are good, Pierson."

"I smokes in an Injun pipe always, with Kinnekininick. I larnt that, when I hunted years and years agoe with the Mohawks in these huntin' grounds. Ah! they was huntin' grounds in them days."

"Now, then, for your story," said Harry, the pipes were all lighted, and the punch tasted and approved. "Begin as quick as you will, and after that we will to bed instantly—for we must be afoot early."

"Sartin we must, if we means venison. Well, well! It's nigh forty years agoe, it is, and I could shoot some then, and was right smart and strong, I tell you—but I did spree it then onces in a while like—not to say that I was a drunkard, for sometimes I'd go weeks and months on cold water—but then agin I'd git right hot, I tell you, for a week maybe, and spend half my airmins like, and be good for nothin' a month arterward. Well, well! there was few houses in them days, nor no clearins nigher than the Cohocton turnpike. There was no village here, nor no store then nigher than Jess Wood's, clear away beyunt Hans Schneider's gate. I lived here all alone, where I lives now. I'd a putty nice log house, and a log stable for old roan, and a lean-to for my dogs, jest on the pond's edge. Well—it was winter time, and winters in them days was six times as cold as they is now. There was nigh six foot of snow on the level, and in the hollows it was drifted twice as deep, all on it, I reckon. Well—deer was a hundred where you'll find ten these times, and bar a thousand on 'em. I'd had good luck all winter, and it was nigh the holidays, and I'd got out o' lead een amost, and putty short of powder. It froze ivery night harder nor nothin', and there was sich a crust as mou't hu' borne an elephant—but there was n't elephants them days—seems to me they grows pintier as bar grows scarce, and beaver aint none left. Well—I rigged up a jumper, and loaded it with peltry, and hitched up old roan, and offed to

Jess Wood's—twenty mile, I guess—through a blazed wood road, meanin' to git me a keg or two of powder and some bars of lead, sell off my plunder, and be back same night. Off I went sartin'—but when I come to Jess's, there was a turkey shoot, you see, and a hull' grist o' the boys, and we shot days, and dranked and played nights—and, to be done with 't, 'twas the third day, pretty well on for night, when I started, and I pretty hot at that. Well—it was moonlight nights, and I got along smart and easy, till I got on the hill jest above the beaver dam. The beaver dam war n't broke then, and the pond was full, but it was fruz right sharp and hard, and I went over it at a smart trot, and was thinkin' I'd be hum in an hour, when jest as I was half ways over I heard a wolf howl, and then another, and another, and in less time than I can tell you, there was thutty or fauty of them devils a jabberin' as fast as iver you heerd Frenchmen, on my trail; and afore I was well across I could see them comin' yelping and screeching, in a black snarl like, all on 'em together, over the clear ice. Well—I whipped up old roan, and little whip he needed, for when he heerd them yell he laid down his ears, and laid down his belly to the snow, and, by thunder! did n't he stick it though. Over rough, over smooth, up hill and down hollow, and I oncet thought we should a run clean out o' hearin' on 'em. But goin' up the big mountain, when we was nigh the crown, I car n't tell how it was adzactly, but pitch down we went into a darned rocky hole, and the first thing I knowed I was half head over in the snow, and the jumper broke to eternal smash, and old roan gone ahead like the wind—and I left alone to fight fauty howlin' devils, and putty hot at that. Well—I tuk heart, and fixed my rifle, and as they come a yelping up the hill, I drawed stret, and shot one down, and run like thunder, a loudin' as I went. Well—I got loaded jest as I reached the crown o' the big mountain, and the nighest wolf scarce ten rods behind me. Well—I got loaded and I went to prime, and darned if my flint hadn't smashed to pieces. I felt in my pouch, in my pockets—not a flint. I was hot, as I telled you, when I quit Jess's, and left them, on the bar. Oh! war n't I in a fix! And there war n't no big trees, nuther—and if there was, it was so bitter cold I thought a man must a' died afore mornin'. But I thought it war n't no use to say die, no how—so I run for the biggest tree, and clim' it—it war n't thicker than my body much, a stunt hemlock, nor not over fifteen feet, or eighteen feet, at most, to the first limb, and none higher that would bear my weight, and a tight match if that would. Well—I clim' it—and there, from

twelve o'clock of a winter's night, I sot perishin' with cold, and almost dead with fear—I ar n't skeart easy, nuther—with them fauty devils howlin' under me, and lickin' their darned chaps, and glaring with their fery eyes, and ivery now and then one big un jumping within three feet of the limb I sot on, and the limb crackin' and the tree bendin', 'at I thought it 'ud go ivery minnit. Day broke at last, and then I hoped they'd a quit—but not they. The sun riz—still there they was a circlin' round the tree, madder nor iver, foammin' and frothin' at the jaws, and oncet and agin fighting and tearing one another. Gentlemen, I was a young, stout man, when I clim' that hemlock, and my hair as black as a crow's back; when I fell down, for come down I didn't, I was as thin and as bent, aye! aye! and as white-headed, as you see me. Since then, I niver dranked only when I was a dry, and niver over oncet in the mornin', and oncet agin at night."

"But how, in heaven's name! did you escape them?" asked Forester, who was interested beyond measure in the wild narrative.

"By heaven's help!" answered the hunter, solemnly. "Some chaps chanced on old roan's carcass in the woods, arter they devils killed him, and knowed whose horse he was, and tuk the back track, and come down on the mad brutes from to leeward, with seven good true rifles. They killed five on 'em at the fust shot, and the rest made sret tracks; but I didn't see 't, for at the crack of the fust shot, my head went round, and down I pitched right among 'em—but they was skeart as bad as I was, and had n't no time to look arter me. Well, Mister Archer, my tale is telt, and my pipe smoked, so I'll go lie down on my bearskin by the kitchen-fire, and you'll be for bed, I guess—for we must rouse up bright and airy. I telled Jake to have breakfast two hours afore sunrise."

"We will go to bed—thank you for your tale. I will never ask you to drink again. Good night."

"Good night."

And, natching up his rifle, he left the room without farther words.

"That is a singular and superiot man," said Forester, as he closed the door.

"Yes, indeed, is he," replied Archer.

"Putty smart for a Dutchman," said Tom.

"He speaks better English than you, Tom," answered Forester.

"Better h——! He's as Dutch as thunder! Good night, boys."

And so they broke up the *adventur*.

## THE LOVE TOKEN.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

Thy heart is full of blissful hope,  
Of love and truth, dear maid,  
Thy eyes return his raptur'd look,  
Half trusting, half afraid;  
And fluttering in his hardy palm  
Thy little hand is prest.  
While many a wild, delicious hope  
Throbs in thy snowy breast!

Oh! woman's love is not as man's—  
He turns aside awhile,  
To cheer ambition's thorny road  
With woman's sunny smile;

But she embarks her all in love,  
Her life is on the throw—  
She wins, 't is bliss supreme!—she fails,  
Unutterable wo!

Then, maiden, pause, thy destiny  
Hangs trembling in the scale;  
To-morrow, neither wish nor hope  
Nor vain regrets avail!  
Oh! angels in this troth-plight hour  
May stop, and from the sky  
Look down and listen breathlessly  
To hear that low reply!

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Biographical Introduction. By Rufus Wolcott Griswold. Philadelphia. Horner Hooker. 2 vols. 8vo.*

We trust that this edition of the prose works of the most sublime of English poets, and one of the greatest of English prose writers, will meet a cordial reception from the literary classes of America. Milton's prose works are records of his struggles in the service of freedom, and they burn all over with the spirit from whose inspiration they sprung. The extensive circulation of them in the United States, would not only serve to place free principles on the soundest basis of right and reason, but would breathe new vitality into the hearts of those who made them their study. The soul of Milton is embodied in them, and almost every sentence kindles with his life. They are on a variety of topics, connected with the great interests of freedom and religion, and are all noble expressions of his own character and his own thoughts. They are a mine of wealth to the scholar, evidencing the most despotic mastery over all the resources of language, laden with the most magnificent and most majestic imaginations, and teeming with bursts of feeling and sentiment, which often swell and rise into lyrical rapture. The intellectual riches scattered so profusely over the whole of these wonderful compositions, are in themselves of the utmost value. Laden with the spoils of all nations and languages, one of the most profound of scholars as well as most creative of poets, Milton uses his learning not only to give his reasoning a firm foundation, but to illustrate it with numberless apt allusions, and adorn it with the most gorgeous images and comparisons. His style is radiant with jewels and precious stones, some brought up from the depths of an erudition which ran back to the remotest ages—some from the exhaustless mines of his own thought. No student of English, "the language of men ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty," who wishes to learn the wealth of the language, and its fitness as a vehicle of the most commanding eloquence—who wishes to commune with a mind whose elevation and strength have rarely been equaled on this earth—will fail to give the most earnest attention to the prose works of Milton.

We have no space in this short notice to convey to the reader any more than a faint idea of the riches that these volumes enclose. Let him, however, if he desires to know what Milton's prose style is, read the "Areopagitica, A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," addressed to the Parliament of England. There is nothing in Burke equal to it, in sustained, glowing, majestic eloquence, giving the noblest utterance to the noblest thoughts. Though extracts cannot convey the spirit of it—as much of its effect consists in the reader's being swept along on the stream of the blended argument and passion of the writer—still it presents temptations to quotation we cannot resist. The passage respecting the immortal life of books is well known, but the conclusion has not been so generally quoted. "We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but

strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life." The passage regarding the division of Truth, is a fine instance of a great fact stated in a poetical form. "Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." But the grandest of all, is that magnificent vision of the uprising of a nation, which has been so often pillaged by men, themselves of no mean reputation. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

Again, with what felicity of phrase, with what a noble confidence in Truth, he writes of the theological dimensions of his time. "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? . . . I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble, and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover, any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all." Another powerful work, "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelates," is almost one unbroken roll of eloquence, and makes the "sense of satisfaction ache" with the continuous beauty and grandeur of its diction. It is in this noble outburst of his cherished feelings and opinions, that he has the references to his own life and studies—in which he speaks of himself as a poet "singing in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him."

Mr. Griswold's biographical introduction is glowingly written, evidencing on every page the utmost reverence for Milton's character and genius, with side cuts at all who question either. There is one remark in his closing paragraph which might judiciously have been omitted. "He

was the greatest of human beings; the noblest and the ennobler of mankind." If any thing in English criticism may be considered settled, it is that Shakspeare is the greatest genius, the most comprehensive soul, who has left records of himself in literature. Milton, with all his depth, and grandeur, and invulnerability, is narrow, as compared with his "myriad-minded" predecessor. He must yield the palm to Shakspeare in intellectual greatness, and be content as the second Englishman, not the first. If Mr. Griswold's assertion relates to Milton's moral qualities, it is still too rash. He states it too much as if it were a settled, not a mooted point, who, of all the men that ever existed, was morally the greatest. We, however, feel too much obliged to him for his edition of Milton, to expend many words in quarreling about a headlong phrase of eulogy, which, if it be not strictly correct, is probably an indication of that warm love for his subject, to which the public is indebted for the present valuable collection of his prose.

*Big Abel and the Little Manhattan.* By Cornelius Matthews. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mr. Matthews has not generally had justice done to his talents, but "wherefore we know not." There are, undoubtedly, faults in his writings, but they have rarely been treated in a spirit of large and generous criticism. Yielding to none in the desire to see American literature a fair exponent of the national mind, and ever strenuous in his efforts to advance its cause, his own contributions to it have not been estimated at their intrinsic worth, and their circulation has been impeded by considerations apart from their real merits. Though we think he does not always select subjects calculated to exhibit his powers in their best light, or pay sufficient attention to the artistical form of his creations, we still cannot read one of his productions without perceiving indubitable traces of an original mind, gifted with no ordinary powers of observation and combination, and fearlessly embodying its own perceptions of things. The spirit which they breathe is uniformly high and true.

The present work of Mr. Matthews is one of his most peculiar compositions, and requires some sympathetic action of the reader's mind to be thoroughly appreciated. It is a kind of allegorical representation of the city of New York—a picture of localities, streets, parks, public buildings, manners and customs, as they appear to observation when modified by the analogies of fancy and feeling. It would be impossible in our limited space to describe the mental character impressed on the work, or to follow any of the subtle trains of sentiment and thought which run through it in scarcely perceptible veins. The two defects of the book are, its occasional haziness and abruptness, which, unless the reader is continually on the alert, involve his mind in a mesh of seeming incoherencies. The episode of the poor scholar is the most touching and beautiful portion of the work. The style of the whole is made picturesque by innumerable grotesque turns and fanciful felicities of expression. As the volume is small, let every reader give it a second reading, and not trust his first hasty judgment on its merits. It forms No. 5 of the "Library of American Books."

*Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, in the Years 1843—1845, to ascertain the Fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.* By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D. D., LL. D. 1 vol. 8vo. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1845.

It was reserved for the extraordinary man, who is the author of this book, to prove that the spirit of chivalry still lingers in this nineteenth century. To ascertain the fate of two English officers, whom their own government

abandoned to destruction, Dr. Wolff penetrated to Bokhara, at the imminent peril of his life, and thus satisfied the families of the victims that Stoddart and Conolly had perished amid unheard of tortures. He did this, too, "without fee or reward," led only by the impulses of a generous heart. Thrice, during the expedition, he was at the gates of death: he was robbed, held in captivity, and threatened with the axe unless he embraced Mahomedanism:—yet all these dangers he surmounted by an address such as few men are gifted with, and succeeded, finally, in regaining Europe, leaving behind him a reputation for sanctity and learning which will long awe eastern imaginations. The story of his wanderings almost surpasses the wonders of fiction.

Of all men, Dr. Wolff was the one best adapted to succeed in such a mission. He is one of the remarkable men of this age. Xavier was not more wonderful as a missionary than this converted Jew. The same indomitable courage, the same lofty enthusiasm, the same spirit of chivalric enterprise, distinguished both: Xavier, on the shores of India, amid a populace writhing before the pestilence—or Wolff, in the heart of a savage country, with persecutors daily seeking for his blood, alike command our admiration by their fearlessness and force of character. Such men prove to us that energy, boldness and perseverance often achieve more than the most brilliant intellect. And they teach us, moreover, the cheering lesson that a determination to do right—come what may!—carries men to loftier deeds and more lasting glory than genius of the highest kind unaided to moral rectitude. Xavier and Wolff will be enshrined among the great and good when Voltaire and Rousseau have rotted into oblivion.

It would be impossible to give even a general idea of this work in our limited space. Every person should peruse it. In thrilling incident, in pictures of strange manners, in examples of impossibilities overcome by mere force of character, this volume surpasses any one which has issued from the press during the present century.

The work is handsomely printed, and illustrated by numerous engravings.

*Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mount Blanc.* By George E. Cheever, D. D. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a well written book of travels, characterized by Dr. Cheever's usual energy of mind and style, and very well entitled to its place in a "Library of American Books." The theological bias of the author is very plainly seen throughout the volume, and there are passages indicating a little bigotry; but the book will still well repay reading. Dr. Cheever, in point of literary talents, ranks among the first of cotemporary American clergymen. His lectures on Bunyan are admirable of their kind.

"*Curate of Lintwood.*" "*The Abbey of Innismayle.*" and "*Mitchel on Auricular Confession.*" James M. Campbell, 26 Chestnut Street.

These are three handsome little volumes, got out in the excellent manner which characterizes most of Mr. Campbell's publications. The last has rather a formidable title, and, as we avoid all controversies as we would the plague, we have not dipped into it.

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