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T. Sully   J. Cheney

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Printed by Butler & Long

THE GIFT

1842

PHILADELPHIA

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

THE GIFT:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT

FOR 1842.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY & HART.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1841, by Carey and Hart, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

C. SHERMAN AND CO. PRINTERS.

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting a new volume of the Gift to the public, we may be permitted to remark, that no exertion has been wanting to render it worthy the favour so liberally extended to the previous volumes.

It likewise affords us pleasure to state, that all the illustrations in the present volume are from pictures by our own artists, and we flatter ourselves that they will be found to compare advantageously with any similar productions from abroad.

We cannot conclude without expressing our obligations to Mr. Gilmore, of Baltimore, for the loan of his admirable picture of 'The Tough Yarn,' by Mount, and to Mr. Brevourt, of New York, for the loan of 'The Raffle,' by the same meritorious artist.

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AUTUMN AND THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

My flowers! my precious garden-flowers!
  What evil hath been here?
Came the fierce frost-king forth at night,
  So secret and severe?
I saw ye last, with diamond dew
  Fresh on each beauteous head,
And little dream'd to find you thus,
  All sickening, pale, and dead.

Alas, my brave Chrysanthemum,
  How crisp thou art, and sere,—
Too lightly prized, perchance, thou wert
  When fairer friends were near,—
Yet, like a hero, didst thou rise
  To meet the spoiler's dart,
And struggle, till the pure life-blood
  Ran curdling to thy heart.

O fair and graceful Poppy,
  Whose petals' feathery grace
So oft in snowy globes have deck'd
  My simple parlour vase,—
Thy pierced buds disclose the gum
  Which swells Hygeia's store;
But the sleep of death is on thee,
  Thou wilt soothe our rest no more.

My poor Sweet-Pea, my constant friend,
  Whene'er I've sought in vain
To make a full bouquet for one
  Who press'd the couch of pain;
Or when my narrow border fail'd
  The mantel-piece to dress,
Thou always gav'st a hoarded gem
  To help me in distress.

But thou, dear lonely Violet,
  Thus smiling in my path,
I marvel much, how thou hast scaped
  The tyrant's deadly wrath,—
Say, did'st thou 'neath thy withering leaves
  Thy gentle head decline,
To bid one sad good-morning more?—
  Come press thy lips to mine.

Good-bye, my pretty flowering Bean,
  That with a right good-will
O'er casement, arch, and trellis white
  Went climbing, climbing still,
Till the stern destroyer mark'd thee,
  And in his bitter ire,
Trod out thy many scarlet spikes
  That glow'd like living fire.

Pale, pale Wax-Berry,—all is gone!—
  I would it were not so;
Methinks the Woodbine near thee
  Hath felt a lighter wo;
Lean, lean, upon its friendly arm
  Thy latest pang to take,
And yield to Winter's stormy will
  Till happier seasons wake.

Coarse, yellow Marigold, I once
  Despised thy tawny face,
Yet since my plants so few have grown
  I've given thee welcome place.
Tall London Pride! my little son
  From weeds preserved thy stem;
And for his sake, I sigh to see
  Thy fallen diadem.

I have no stately Dahlias,
  Nor green-house flowers to weep,
But I pass'd the rich man's garden,
  And the mourning there was deep;
For the crownless queens all drooping hung
  Amid the wasted sod,
Like Boadicea, bent with shame
  Beneath the Roman rod.

'Tis hard to say farewell, my flowers,—
  'Tis hard to say farewell,—
The florist's eye might scan your robes,
  Yet your worth I cannot tell,
For at rising sun, or eventide,
  In sorrow, or in glee,
Your fragrant lips have ever oped
  To speak kind words to me.

And dear ye were to him who died
  When Summer round ye play'd,
That good old man, who look'd with love
  On all that God had made,—
Who when his fond, familiar friends
  Had gone to dreamless rest,
Took Nature's green and living things
  More closely to his breast.

My blessed sire,—we bore his chair
  At bright and dewy morn,
That he might sit amid your bowers,
  And see your blossoms born,
While meek and placid smiles around
  His reverend features play'd,
The language of that better clime
  Where you no more shall fade.

Shall I see you once again, sweet flowers,
  When Spring returneth fair,
To strew her breathing incense
  Upon the balmy air?
Will you lift to me your infant heads?
  For me, with fragrance swell?
Alas! why should I ask you thus
  What is not yours to tell?

I know full well, that ere your buds
  Shall hail the vernal sky,
That many a younger, brighter head
  Beneath the clods must lie;
And if my pillow should be there,
  Still come in beauty free,
And show my little ones the love
  That you have borne to me.

Yea, come in all your glorious pomp,
  Ambassadors to show
The truth of those eternal words
  Which on God's pages glow,—
The bursting of the icy tomb,
  The rising of the just,
In robes of beauty and of light,
  All stainless from the dust.

ISABEL'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

When I was a very little girl I was frequently taken by a maiden aunt to visit an old lady who lived in a tall narrow house in Pearl Street, long since swallowed up in an enormous counting-house. Young as I was, the many weary hours I was obliged to spend in Miss Rachel Maybe's small back parlour have impressed every object upon my memory, and doubtless the dark tints in which all things were necessarily painted have contributed to their preservation in my mind, since the remembrance of dull scenes will long outlast that of gay ones, even as sombre colours will adhere to the canvass, while bright ones fade beneath the touch of time. Miss Rachel was a maiden lady of small but independent fortune. She inhabited the house in which her parents had lived and died, and antiquity was stamped upon every article of furniture. I can almost fancy that I see now the fantastic Turkey carpet which, eked out with a border of green baize, covered the floor; the straight-backed mahogany chairs, with their white chintz covers, the thin-legged tables, the bright brass fire-irons, the square japan cabinet, curiously inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the tall, perpendicular firescreen worked in worsted, the device, an enormous

cat with a mouse in her paw; and I am sure I shall never forget the quaintly carved ivory hand, with its curved fingers and long slender handle, which always hung at the side of that firescreen. I am afraid the old lady's ghost would rise and reproach me if I were to tell the uses of that fairy hand, but many a time have I seen her take it from its place and carefully insert it between her well-starched kerchief and the back of her neck.

Miss Rachel was not one who *pined* in single blessedness. Her complexion still bore some traces of the roses and lilies which had once adorned it, and her rotund figure had gained in dignity what it had lost in youthful grace. Her attire was characterized by extreme neatness. Her dark silk dress always looked as glossy as if just from the hands of the mantuamaker, her book-muslin neckerchiefs, though starched as stiff as buckram, were as transparent as glass, and as for her caps—we see none such now-a-days. They were not manufactured of trashy bobbinet or worthless blonde lace; no—they were handsome round-eared caps with high crowns, made of rare India muslin and bordered with costly thread lace, plaited as if by rule and compass, and finished by a broad white satin riband which encircled her head, terminating in a bow directly in front. Even the tie of that riband was characteristic of the old lady's precise habits, for the loops of the bow were exactly alike, the ends of just the same length, and always pointed (as I then thought) due east and west.

A pleasant cheerful body was Miss Rachel Maybe. Seated in her high-backed rocking-chair, with the tall screen protecting her good-humoured face from the heat of a blazing wood fire; her knitting-needles in her hand and an embroidered satin bag hanging on the arm of her chair, out of which she continually drew the well-spun thread of her discourses, she was a perfect picture of contentment.

Every body liked her, and she was a very useful woman in her way. She was an old-fashioned Christian, whose genuine piety and unostentatious benevolence were visible in her daily life, but never emblazoned in newspaper paragraphs. To the poor who could work she gave employment, and thus kept alive the feeling of independence which is the last treasure left the unfortunate. To the sick and infirm she rendered effectual aid, not by bestowing money only, which their very necessities would prevent them from using to advantage, but by appropriating her time as well as her means; by making comfortable garments and preparing wholesome food with her own hands; by visiting them in their wretched homes; by teaching them lessons of gratitude and contentment which pensioners on the world's bounty can never learn from the almoners of *associated* charities.

I have said that in my childhood I spent many a weary hour in the old lady's company. Miss Rachel and my aunt would sit discussing the merits of the last sermon, talking over the frailties of the congregation to which they were attached, or debating points of theological differences, while poor little I was left to amuse myself as I best could. I used to set the mandarins on the chimney-piece nodding, and watch them until I almost dropped asleep from sympathy. Then I would try to count the birds of Paradise which dropped their long tails over the paper on the wall, until 'thought was lost in calculation's maze.' Sometimes I resorted to the books which lay on the table, but alas! 'Baxter's Call,' and 'Taylor's Holy Living and Dying,' had but little attractions to a merry child, who was content to enjoy existence, even as the birds and butterflies, without thinking at all about it. I remember, however, a few pleasant scenes which I enjoyed through Miss Rachel's kindness and mirthful spirit. Once

she took us to an upper room, and, unlocking a huge trunk, amused my aunt very much by displaying innumerable suits of baby-linen,—the frocks of fine cambric, with long pointed stomachers, stitched full of whalebone,—the caps worked in lace-stitch but without borders,—which Miss Rachel's mother, out of a kind regard to the welfare of posterity, had made for her future grandchildren when her only daughter was but a romping girl. The old lady little thought, that the lapse of more than half a century would find her daughter fading in single blessedness, and the neatly-made garments untouched save by the hand of time. On another occasion Miss Rachel opened her India cabinet, to display some antique love-tokens, and I was wild with delight at being allowed to rummage among the paste shoe-buckles and the gold sleeve-buttons which had belonged to her father and brothers, the mourning rings and jet lockets which were all that remained of the loved of earlier days, the broken ornaments and antique jewelry which had formerly shone in many a brilliant scene of gaiety. Once too I found Fox's Book of Martyrs lying on the deep window-seat, and so long as it was allowed to remain there, I lacked not occupation. I revelled in its horrors even as I had done in the supernatural scenes of the Mysteries of Udolpho, and there was something in the atmosphere of that gloomy room, from which a neighbouring wall shut out the cheerful sunlight, and in the drowsy ticking of the old clock, peculiarly calculated to produce the frame of mind best suited to enjoy that most harrowing of all terrible books. I am not sure that the 'time, place, and circumstance' which I have just recorded did not give a sombre colouring to my young imagination which will last me through life; for although in my daily walk and conversation I am one of the most cheerful beings on earth, yet the 'children of my brain' are

very apt to assume a mourning garb ere I have finished their attire.

Notwithstanding the gloom and uneasiness which I so often encountered, I never declined an invitation to visit Miss Rachel. This readiness arose partly from the love of visiting so inherent in children, partly from the consciousness that I was a great favourite with the old lady, and partly from the certainty of getting good entertainment for the body if not for the mind. Miss Rachel's tea-table would shame the scanty board of many a fashionable dame in modern times. What transparent preserves! what rich plumcake! what delicate warm biscuits have I seen on that little round table. And then her cordials, quince, and peach, and lemon, and cinnamon, clear as amber, and all made by her own hands!—oh! there were some pleasant things to be enjoyed in Miss Rachel's gloomy room.

As I grew older my visits to the good old lady became far more agreeable to me. Her condiments continued equally inviting, and her conversation became far more interesting. Age had come upon her 'frosty but kindly,' and while she looked back upon her past life, even as the traveller pauses upon an eminence to review the road he has just trodden, she cherished a fellow-feeling with those who were just entering the rugged and dusty path. She had learned to judge of the present by the experience of the past, and while she had not forgotten the errors and follies which belong to the season of youth, she could bestow instruction and sympathy together. Many a lesson of life have I learnt from her lips, and if they profited me little the fault was not in the sower, but in the soil of the heart which allowed weeds to spring up and choke the good seed. One of her reminiscences now occurs to me, which, as it exhibits a most singular retribution of a fault usually considered venial in society, I will

record. I will give it as nearly as I can in the old lady's words, but alas! the tone, and look, and manner, which gave expression to every word, are lost for ever.

Isabel Athelstan was a beauty and an heiress. The close intimacy which subsisted between our families first led to our friendship, and though she was several years my senior, we were almost inseparable. I have since thought, —perhaps I wronged her,—that Isabel made me her chosen companion less for my good qualities than for my defects. I certainly must have been an admirable foil to her, for nothing could be in greater contrast than my dumpy figure, my deep-red cheeks and my gray eyes, with her stately form, her pale rich cream-like tinted complexion, her perfect regularity of feature, and her raven black eyes and hair. Nor was the disparity in our dispositions less striking. Educated in retirement, I was merely a simple-hearted, affectionate girl, with the hoidenish spirit of childhood softened down into the buoyant mirth of uninterrupted cheerfulness, and actuated by impulse rather than reflection or calculation. But Isabel was as calm and cold as some exquisite piece of sculpture. Rarely excited either to pleasure or pain, her brow was always as placid as a summer lake, and the bland smile which sate on her beautiful lip was as unchanging as if carved in stone. I think I never saw her angry, but they who deemed this placid demeanour the effect of an amiable temper were amazingly mistaken. I have often heard her express her surprise that any one should 'take the trouble' to get in a passion, and yet I have listened to the most biting sarcasms from her lips, while her countenance wore as gentle an expression as ever visited the face of a sleeping child. The characteristic of Isabel's temper was inertness; she hated the exertion of arousing herself either to evince

satisfaction or displeasure, and but for the one master passion which ruled her heart, she would probably have gone through life as one of those amiable, gentle creatures, who are all sweetness in their outward demeanour, and who reserve their hidden bitterness for the privacy of domestic life.

Isabel's calm exterior afforded the best of all concealments for her real character. She seemed rather to await than to seek admiration, and it was scarcely possible to believe that the cold and passionless beauty was in heart a consummate coquette. Even as the dark tide flows on unceasingly, though the icy fetter of winter have stilled its surface, so beneath her calm indifference was hidden a restless and insatiable desire for admiration. But the adulation and homage which a young beauty can always command in society were not enough for Isabel. Her vanity was not to be satisfied by any ordinary sacrifice. She required her admirers to become lovers, and an offer of marriage could alone be received as a sufficient evidence of her power. Descended from an ancient English family, (of which, by the way, she was excessively proud,) possessed of wealth and gifted with beauty, you may easily suppose she had no reason to complain of neglect, and she put in practice every art which female ingenuity could devise, to secure those whom her charms had attracted.

At the time I first entered society she had already rejected many suitors, and it was one of her favourite pastimes to gather a few of her young friends around her, while she carelessly tossed over for our inspection copies of verses, billet-doux, letters and other testimonials to the power of her beauty.

If there be any thing which ought to expose a woman to lasting contempt, it is such an unpardonable breach of confidence as that in which Isabel indulged. The trust

reposed in her by a suitor for her hand, whether his offer be rejected or accepted, should be held most sacred. If accepted, it is enough that her nearest friends are made aware of it; if rejected, none—not even the sister of her childhood, should be informed of it. If counsel be required by the young heart, let it be sought from the mother who has watched over the expanding bud of her daughter's affections, even as she once kept her vigil beside the cradle of her infancy. But when a man unlocks the secret chambers of his breast, and lays open his dearest affections to the gaze of her whom he loves, no careless eye should be allowed to behold the treasure, even though she value it not. It has always seemed to me that one of the strongest proofs of a woman's heartlessness is afforded by a long list of rejected suitors. Women are quick in discerning their own power, and she who professes correct principles and kindly feelings, will endeavour to prevent an offer which she does not mean to accept, rather than wait to reject it as a homage to her vanity. Men are seldom disposed to make an actual proffer of their hand without some prospect of success, and any woman possessed of our sex's tact can delicately hold out encouragement to him whom she prefers, while she opposes the barrier of friendship to the advances of others. It is true that men are not always acute enough to take advantage of our consideration, but I know of no circumstance which can excuse a breach of confidence towards the unsuccessful lover.

Isabel's tact in 'playing her victim' was unequalled. While she never departed from her quiet manner, she yet managed to adapt herself so well to the peculiar character of her admirers, that each believed her to be studying his tastes and moulding herself to his standard of perfection. Then she was a matchless manœuvrer in the arrange-

ment of time and place for securing her prize. In the gay party and amid the excitements of mirth the snare was laid for the frivolous,—the moonlight walk and the fascinations of sentiment were lures for the enthusiastic,—the quiet household circle, and the rational pleasures of home were traps for her more practical admirers. I have sometimes, in later days, tried to analyze the secret of her influence. It was not alone the spell of beauty, for I have seen others equal to her in personal attractions, who were yet completely overlooked in her presence,—it was not genius, for though intelligent, she was by no means gifted with superior intellect,—it was not the variety of her accomplishments, for in all the higher attainments of the mind she was very deficient, and her knowledge of mere feminine accomplishments was very superficial. What was it then which bowed down the aspiring intellect, subjugated the pride of self-love, and compelled the homage of the wise and the ignorant, the warm-hearted and the selfish, the ardent boy and the calculating bachelor? The talisman by which all this was effected was tact. Tact in studying character,—tact in adapting herself to its peculiarities,—tact in discerning and flattering the self-love which lurks in the hearts of all men. This was the spell she used,—a spell to be purchased only, as was the fabled elixir of life, by the sacrifice of all the good which belongs to our nature.

Isabel had reached her twenty-fourth year, without having formed any attachment likely to end soberly and rationally in marriage, when she became engaged in a flirtation which proved more serious in the end than she had designed. Somebody, I have forgotten who, introduced to our acquaintance a young man who bore the name of Ernest Leclerc, and was said to be the son of a rich West Indian. His delicate health, which had been

seriously injured by grief for the recent loss of his mother, had induced his father, who doted on him with a love almost approaching to idolatry, to send him to our city, in the hope that change of scene, and the bracing air of a northern clime might restore him. This was all we knew of him, and as he brought letters from a well-known mercantile house in New Orleans, and appeared to have almost unlimited command of money, we had no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. Ernest Leclerc was not more than twenty years of age; small, slender, and pale, with nothing to attract attention in his personal appearance, except a pair of dark luminous eyes, which seemed to gleam with almost supernatural brightness from beneath his overhanging brows. His character seemed as feeble as his physical nature. Possessed of a highly poetic temperament, and a morbid sensibility, which led him to pour forth his exaggerated feelings in verse, he was yet utterly deficient in the higher attributes of genius, which alone could give him rank among the gifted sons of song. But bred up in strict retirement beneath the eye of a fond mother, his studies directed by one of the most unworldly scholiasts that ever wore a priest's cowl, and his self-esteem exaggerated by the love of his father, he had learned to consider himself a poet of no mean order. Utterly ignorant of society, and totally unprepared for its rude collisions, the pride of intellect was strangely blended with the almost girlish timidity of the solitary student. He believed himself far superior to the most of those with whom he associated, and yet he was conscious that in the power of pleasing he was far excelled even by the greatest dolts. His sensibility to his own personal defects, and his belief in his own unappreciated superiority, gave a degree of awkwardness to his demeanour which often exposed him to the ridicule of his associates.

But unprepossessing as were his manners and appearance, he was not too insignificant for Isabel's rapacious desire of conquest. Her superior knowledge of the world gave her a decided advantage over the unpractised boy, and she did not fail to avail herself of it. We were in the habit at that time of passing a part of every summer in the country, and when we left town Ernest Leclerc was so far infatuated with his beautiful mistress as to follow us and take lodgings in our immediate neighbourhood. Here, in the seclusion of the country, with no rival claims upon her attention, Isabel had full leisure to rivet her chains upon her romantic admirer. His guilelessness of character rendered her task an easy one, and she found but little difficulty in adapting herself to his tastes and habits. She became an earnest admirer of poetry, a passionate lover of the pursuits of literature, deplored her wasted time and lamented her want of talent; and all this with an inimitable grace which could not fail to captivate the senses of the shy and sensitive boy. She applied to him for information on many subjects, perused his verses with enthusiastic applause, and took care that he should see her beautiful eyes suffused with tears by the exquisite pathos of his lament for his lost mother. Imagine the effect of such arts upon a proud, bashful, imaginative youth. Ernest soon became the devoted slave of Isabel, and she spared no opportunity of exacting his homage. She loved to express the most outrè and extravagant desires only that she might observe the readiness with which his wealth was squandered at her slightest wish. Not content with this, she even laid the uncontrollable mind under tribute, and at one time positively forbade his appearing before her unless he brought her a new copy of verses each day. Ernest sought to obey her in this requisition also, and you may suppose how much bad poetry was perpetrated in

accordance with this whim. Isabel used to take his delicately written verses with extreme graciousness, read them with apparent feeling, and place them in her bosom until the delighted boy departed, when she would withdraw them from their concealment, and make them the subject of many a merry jest, as she threw the paper into her desk, that *omnium gatherum* of love-tokens and letters.

When Isabel returned to the city she carried Ernest as if chained to her chariot wheels, and it seemed to afford her infinite gratification to expose him to the raillery of her less sensitive lovers. But Ernest seemed to live in a perfect trance of happiness. Isabel was his thought by day and his dream by night, and with the romance of youthful passion he chose to indulge his vague and beautiful visions of joy as long as possible without mingling with them the commonplace realities of life. The time at length came when Isabel wearied of her poetic lover, and then succeeded coldness, pique, jealousy, and the thousand stimulants which arouse the ungoverned heart to frenzy. Ernest had wooed her in the language of song, and he now demanded in plain prose an answer to his suit,—scarcely doubting that it would ensure his future happiness. What was his surprise therefore when he met with a prompt and decided refusal! Half maddened by such an unexpected downfall of his hopes, the passionate boy poured forth the most earnest entreaties, which were coldly and almost insultingly checked. A torrent of reproaches, such as could only issue from a bitterly outraged heart, now burst from his lips, and the response was a series of those keen and cutting sarcasms which sometimes have power to sever the very heart-strings. He went out from her presence in a state of mind almost approaching to insanity. It was not alone disappointed affection, but shame, and sorrow, indignation against his

unworthy mistress, and a bitter disgust of life took entire possession of him. Too weak-minded to struggle manfully against the pangs which assailed him, unsupported by that moral courage which can teach a brave man to endure life even in the midst of torture,—dreading the ridicule and mortification to which she had threatened to expose him by means of his passionate verses, and conscious how entirely he had put it in her power to make him a mark for the finger of scorn among the volatile foplings of the day, he madly threw away his life. The morning after he parted with Isabel Athelstan he was found dead in his room. An empty vial on his table, and the sickly odour imparted by the deadly drug, alone told the manner of his death. Nothing was found which could give a clue to the cause of this rash act. It was proved on the inquest that late in the evening he had called up a servant, and given him a letter to take to the post-office. The letter was for his father, and the servant when he entered the room observed him busied in burning letters and papers, but there was nothing in his manner which indicated insanity or distress. This was all the information that could be elicited, for not a scrap of paper was found which could throw any light upon the matter. Only those few who were admitted to the confidence of Isabel could surmise the truth, but of course it was never allowed to become a subject of public remark, and it was impossible to judge from her demeanour whether she really felt herself guilty.

Soon after this event the illness of my dear mother confined me to her chamber, and finally rendered a sea-voyage necessary, so that before her health was sufficiently restored to permit me to mingle in society again nearly a year had elapsed. To my surprise I found Isabel Athelstan again absorbed in the conquest of a new lover. Colonel Morton had been introduced to her by some casual

acquaintance, and he was too attractive a prize to be easily dropped. He was one of those men sometimes met with in society, whom time seems to forget or else to spare for their pre-eminent beauty. Tall and finely proportioned, with a figure sufficiently inclining to *embonpoint* to denote that he had passed the earliest prime of manhood, but with a cheek as unfurrowed, a brow as smooth, and locks as raven black as ever boyhood wore, it was quite impossible to conjecture his real age.

Whether he was too well practised in female wiles to be gained by such lures as Isabel spread, or whether he was of too cold a temperament to be excited by woman's charms, I knew not, but I soon perceived that he was not likely to be easily ensnared. His indifference towards her even approached contempt, and the sarcastic remarks which occasionally dropped from his lips as he watched the frivolous beings who fluttered around her, were well calculated to arouse her pride. Resentment now became a powerful auxiliary to vanity, and Isabel determined that, cost what it would, Colonel Morton should yet be made to feel her power. But for once she had met with an equal match. Colonel Morton understood the arts of coquetry as well as herself, and it was amusing to an unconcerned spectator to watch the movements of the opposing parties.

The Colonel, it was said, had been educated in Paris, and if so, he had doubtless early learned the lessons which he was now practising. He was certainly extremely well fitted to create a sensation in society. His conversation was that of a man who had seen much of life in all its varied shapes: adventures by sea and land were but as household themes to him; he drew caricatures with infinite humour; his voice was one of unrivalled richness and sweetness;—add to these advantages that of a noble person and a reserved, almost mysterious bearing, and you

will easily understand the interest which he excited. There was a careless grace in his manner of touching a few simple chords on the guitar, as an accompaniment to his French and Spanish songs, which could not fail of attracting the notice of all who beheld him, and the indifference with which he seemed to display his accomplishments, as if led to exhibit them by accident, was a most consummate piece of acting.

Isabel's arts at length recoiled upon herself. The interest she had so often feigned, she at length really felt, and while attempting to entangle the affections of the impracticable Colonel Morton, involved herself in an inextricable maze. Softened, as it should seem, by the unaffected tenderness of Isabel, he, at last, seemed to throw aside the coldness in which he had enwrapt himself, and it soon became evident that the game of coquetry would probably end in a serious attachment between the two players. Haughty to a fault, and entirely regardless of censure, Isabel did not hesitate to evince her partiality for the stranger by every possible method, while his growing regard for her was apparently repressed, and he seemed constantly struggling to overcome it. This was the masterstroke of his policy, for his fine person and attractive manners were scarcely more winning to Isabel's heart, than his mysterious bearing, his unconquerable coldness, and his reluctant submission to the irresistible power of affection. In vain Isabel's friends pointed out to her the folly of thus yielding up her love to one who seemed careless of his acquisition,—a man whom nobody knew,—a foreigner who had never offered any testimonials of his rank and standing in his native country,—nay, whose very country was unknown. The long-slumbering passions of Isabel's nature were now fully awakened, and they seemed to have gained redoubled strength from their long repose.

She loved Colonel Morton, and she was proud to exhibit her affection in every mode which her ingenuity could devise. In his presence her wonted calmness was exchanged for a restless and feverish excitement; she watched his every look, and listened to the accents of his voice as if her very existence depended on them. At length I learned that Colonel Morton had offered himself to Isabel, and been accepted. No inquiry had been made respecting his character, his rank, or his fortune. Heartsick with hope deferred, Isabel had joyfully listened to his suit, and ere he had half urged his claims to her hand, had gladly yielded it. She made no inquiries, because she would not heed any thing except her passion. She feared lest some obstacle might start up between them, and she resolved to trust for the best, without asking questions whose answer might mar her happiness for ever. Isabel was an orphan, and the widowed aunt with whom she had always resided had no power to control her wayward will.

Preparations were immediately commenced for celebrating the nuptials in a style of unwonted magnificence. Invitations to a very large number of friends were issued three weeks before the evening appointed for the wedding, and all that money could procure of rich and rare was put in requisition for the occasion. I was selected as one of the bridesmaids, and Isabel presented us with our dresses, which were of white brocade, embroidered with silver roses. During the short time which elapsed previous to the marriage, Isabel exhibited an almost childlike joy, which called forth the censure of those who considered such exultation as unwomanly and indelicate. But the conduct of Colonel Morton was perfectly inexplicable. His moody and restless manner was ill suited to a bridegroom, and once or twice I caught his eye fixed upon Isabel with an expression of such dark malignity as made me shudder.

One evening we were gathered around a cheerful fire, and Colonel Morton, at Isabel's request, had taken his guitar, when, as he stooped over the instrument in the act of tuning it, his vest fell partly open, and a slender black chain, which he wore about his neck, became entangled in the screws. Not perceiving it, he raised himself suddenly, and by this movement drew from its concealment a small miniature, which was attached to the chain. He at first seemed discomposed, and was about to replace the picture hastily, but upon hearing Isabel's exclamation of surprise, he turned and held it towards her. With a trepidation strangely in contrast with her former composure, Isabel eagerly grasped the picture. It was the face of a delicate woman, with little beauty, but great sweetness of expression, and as I gazed on it the features seemed not unfamiliar to me. With a merry jest I looked up to demand the name of her whose image thus lay upon the bosom of a bridegroom, but as I did so, I caught a glimpse of the same dark, revengeful expression in his countenance, as his eye fastened with serpent-like fascination upon his bride. Isabel's lip quivered as she returned the picture, and faintly repeated my question.

'It is the image of one whom I have loved as I shall never love again,' replied Morton passionately; 'of one who is now an angel in heaven—of my wife!'

'Your wife!' exclaimed Isabel.

'Yes, my fair Isabel,' said he, while a sneer passed over his lip with the rapidity of lightning, 'had you asked me of my past life, you would have learned that when you were but a babe in the cradle I was a husband and a father.'

Isabel started, but strove to smile as she replied, 'I am older than you suppose, Walter; you could scarcely have

been wedded so many years ago, or else time has forgotten to trace his characters upon your brow.'

Morton smiled gloomily as he said, 'Shall I tell you of my past history, Isabel? Methinks you should learn something of him to whom you have plighted your faith, though prudence would have dictated that such knowledge should have preceded your promise.'

There was a half-concealed sarcasm in this remark, which cut Isabel to the soul, but she only shuddered and was silent. Colonel Morton, fixing his eye upon her agitated countenance, resumed:

'I know not what you read upon my brow, Isabel, but it is certainly *forty-five* years since I first beheld the light of day. I was born in a wigwam,—my father was a Canadian fur trader, my mother an Indian.'

At these words both Isabel and myself gave an involuntary start, which could not escape his notice.

'Yes,' he continued, 'the blood of the red man, the first possessor of the soil, runs in my veins, and I am prouder of that title to native nobility, than if, like my gentle bride, I could trace my descent from one of the great Norman robbers. My father sent me to Paris for my education, but I soon wearied of books and sought to study men. A life of adventure such as rarely falls to the lot of an individual in modern times has been mine. I married when scarcely more than a mere boy, and my wife and son lived in luxury and splendour on a rich estate in one of the West India islands, while I——no matter; this is not the time to speak of my course of life. My wife and son are both gone to a better world; I am now a lone and solitary man, but there is a debt due me which you, my gentle bride, must pay.' His eye glared fiercely upon her as he spoke, but when Isabel raised her tearful eyes

to his face, he banished all trace of his emotion as by a single effort, and with the sweet looks and honied words of lover-like blandishments, sought to soothe her troubled feelings. 'Now tell me, Isabel,' said he, after a pause, 'are you still willing to wed the stranger, with the taint of Indian blood in his veins, and, for aught you know, the stamp of Cain upon his brow?'

'Walter Morton,' replied Isabel, solemnly, as she stooped her lips to his broad forehead, 'if the brand of Cain were written upon that brow in characters of blood, I would not believe *your* crimes had stamped it there.'

For a moment Morton seemed touched and softened. 'Come, my Isabel,' said he, 'we are growing too serious; let us seek a gayer theme. Tell me of your early days; did you never meet with one whom you once loved even as you now love Walter Morton?'

'Never.'

'If this little cabinet of yours could be unsealed, Isabel, would it not tell some tales of lovers' vows?' asked Morton as he laid his hand on her writing-desk.

'Look for yourself, Walter,' said Isabel smiling, as she touched a spring and opened the desk.

Glad that the conversation had taken a gayer turn, I placed the cabinet on the table, and insisted that Isabel should examine and burn her love-tokens in the presence of her lover. With a gay laugh she consented, and as we tossed over many a letter which contained the genuine outpourings of affection, Isabel sketched many an amusing picture of the writers. We had already given many to the flames, when Colonel Morton took up a bundle of papers, tied together and labelled 'Poetry.' They were the verses of the unfortunate Ernest Leclerc, and fearing lest the painful story should be revived, I hurriedly threw them into Isabel's lap, but not before Morton had seen the

handwriting. As Isabel flung them into the blazing pile Morton darted forward and snatched them from the flames. Seriously alarmed and vexed, Isabel strove to obtain them, but he was as resolute in retaining possession, until, dreading to excite his curiosity by her apparent desire to conceal them, Isabel promised to read them aloud if he would return them. Morton accordingly placed the scorched papers upon the table, and Isabel, drawing one from the parcel, commenced reading. But anxious to disarm Colonel Morton of any suspicions to which her anxiety to secure the papers might have given rise, she paused and drew a most ludicrous picture of her poetical lover. She depicted his timidity, his awkwardness, his exaggerated sentiment, his morbid sensibility; and while reading the poem, which happened to be his lament for his mother, she mimicked his nervous gestures and peculiar tone of voice. Shocked at her cruel mockery of the dead, I had not thought of Colonel Morton, but when I looked towards him, the expression of his countenance was almost demoniacal. Putting his handkerchief to his lip, which was bleeding profusely, for he had almost bitten it through, he pleaded sudden illness and withdrew, but the papers disappeared with him.

On the night appointed for the wedding a large and brilliant party was assembled. The apartments were decorated in a style of unparalleled magnificence, and every thing displayed the union of wealth and taste. The clergyman who was to officiate on the occasion was already in waiting,—the bride and bridesmaids were attired in their costly array,—the groomsmen had joined us in the ante-room, and nothing was wanting to complete the arrangements but the presence of the bridegroom. The hour appointed for the marriage was seven o'clock, but minute after minute passed, and still Colonel Morton did not

appear. Eight o'clock came, and then the groomsmen sprang into a carriage and set off in search of him, while the minds of all present were filled with the most painful apprehensions. Isabel was almost wild with terror. Illness or death she deemed would alone detain him, and she sate with clasped hands and dilated eye listening to every foot-fall. At length a carriage was heard driving at full speed to the door, and the next moment Colonel Morton entered the apartment. Overcome by her agitation, Isabel sprang forward and threw herself into his arms. Disengaging himself from her he led her to a seat, and while we stood in speechless wonder, he walked to the door and locked it; then, returning to his trembling bride, he looked down upon her with an expression I shall never forget, as he exclaimed, 'Isabel Athelstan, my revenge is complete!—You love me—even now you would forgive the shame I have put upon you, and wed your laggard lover. Yes, my debt is paid, and I leave to a life of lingering wretchedness her who doomed to the grave of a suicide my beloved son! Listen to me!' continued he, as with a wild cry Isabel started from her seat—'woman, listen to me! He whom your cruelty murdered was my son, the offspring of the only pure affection that ever filled my heart,—the child of my love,—worshipped even as was his mother in the midst of crime. From the pollutions of my own dark life I rescued *them.* *They* never knew whence came the wealth which afforded them luxuries for which princes might seek in vain: *they* knew not why the husband and father left so oft his home of peace and splendour. My wife perished beneath the blighting touch of disease, and I laid her in the grave sadly but uncomplaining; but when my son was stricken down in the midst of his young hopes, I swore to be revenged on his murderess. Isabel, I could have pitied you—had you shown one womanly feeling or

pitying tenderness towards his memory, I could have pitied you;—but no! you *mocked* him whom you had slain! Now go—and tell yon brilliant assemblage that Isabel Athelstan, the proud, beautiful, the high-born Isabel Athelstan, plighted her faith to Antoine Leclerc, the bucanier! —and was *spurned* like a reptile from his path!'

As he uttered these fearful words he strode away, and ere our cries could summon assistance he had made good his retreat. The whole house was, of course, a scene of confusion. Isabel was in strong hysterics, and we were too much overcome by the shock we had received to use much discretion in our details of the catastrophe. Before the next morning the whole town rung with the tale, and while Isabel lay between life and death, the story of her unprincipled coquetry and its fearful retribution was in the mouth of every one.

Colonel Morton, or rather Captain Leclerc, was never again seen in New York, but his black flag was long the terror of West India traders, and many an ill-fated ship vanished in flame from the waters over which his blood-stained bark careered.

What became of Isabel? you ask. She never again appeared in society. Bowed down by shame and sorrow, outraged in her pride as well as her affections, she took refuge in a distant country town, and in strict retirement endeavoured to conceal her disgrace. But it was not until time had destroyed her matchless beauty, and raised up another generation, to whom the events of her youth were but as legends of olden days, that she could feel herself free from the brand which stamped her fair brow with shame, or forget the blight which had fallen upon her young heart.

Brooklyn, L. I.

C.R.Leslie R.A.

DULCINEA.

DULCINEA.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Nay, smile not at La Mancha's knight,
Whose moon-struck fancy stray'd
To deck, with royal dignities,
A romping country maid.

To him the laughing cottage-girl
A stately princess seem'd;
And in her simply-braided hair
The gems of India gleam'd.

To him her rustic dress of serge
Was velvet laced with gold;
And broider'd flowers of orient pearl
Shone out in every fold.

But smile not at La Mancha's knight,
Till haply you can find
A lover who his mistress sees
With eyes that are not blind.

And men whose genius sets them high
Their fellow-men above,
Who wisely talk, and wisely act,
Are lunatics in love.

SNOW.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er vale and mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
To every cranny small,
And creeps through even the slightest chink
In window, or in wall.

To every noteless hill, it brings
A fairer, purer crest,
Than the rich ermine robe that decks
The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray, it gives
Whate'er its hand can hold,—
A beauteous thing the snow is,
To all, both young and old.

The waking day, through curtaining haze,
Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought,
Since last she shut her eyes;
And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their eaves
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
Who clamour in the wind;
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Tho' wild blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd
Who shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feathery flakes,
To the ruddy urchin's eye,
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry.
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,
Calls out their throng to play,—
Oh! a merry gift the snow is,
For a Christmas holiday.

The city miss, who, wrapp'd in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,
Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her, who laughing shakes the snow
From powder'd tress and form.

A tasteful hand the Snow hath,—
For on the storied pane,
I saw its Alpine landscapes traced
With arch, and sculptured fane;
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs
The dizzy Simplon wound,
And old cathedrals rear'd their towers
With Gothic tracery bound.

I think it hath a tender heart,
  For I mark'd it while it crept,
To spread a sheltering mantle where
  The infant blossom slept.
It doth to Earth a deed of love,—
  Though in a wintry way;
And her turf-gown will be greener
  For the snow that's fallen to-day.

Hartford, Conn.

THE BEE-TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A NEW HOME.'

Among the various settlers of the wide West, there is no class which exhibits more striking peculiarities than that which, in spite of hard work, honesty, and sobriety, still continues hopelessly poor. None find more difficulty in the solution of the enigma presented by this state of things, than the sufferers themselves; and it is with some bitterness of spirit that they come at last to the conclusion, that the difference between their own condition and that of their prosperous neighbours, is entirely owing to their own 'bad luck,' while the prosperous neighbours look musingly at the ragged children and squalid wife, and regret that the head of the house 'ha'n't no faculty.' Perhaps neither view is quite correct.

In the very last place one would have selected for a dwelling,—in the centre of a wide expanse of low, marshy land,—on a swelling knoll, which looks like an island, stands the forlorn dwelling of my good friend, Silas Ashburn, one of the most conspicuous victims of the 'bad luck' alluded to. Silas was among the earliest settlers of our part of the country, and had half a county to choose from when he 'located' in the swamp,—half a county of as beautiful dale and upland as can be found in the vicinity

of the great lakes. But he says there is 'the very first-rate of pasturing' for his cows, (and well there may be on forty acres of wet grass!) and as for the agues, which have nearly made skeletons of himself and his family, his opinion is, that it would not have made a bit of difference if he had settled on the highest land in Michi*gan*, since 'every body knows if you've got to have the ague, why you've got to, and all the high land and dry land, and *Queen Ann** in the world wouldn't make no odds.'

Silas does not get rich, nor even comfortably well off, although he works, as he says, 'like a tiger.' This he thinks is because 'rich folks ain't willing poor folks should live,' and because he, in particular, always has such bad luck. Why shouldn't he make money? Why should he not have a farm as well stocked, a house as well supplied, and a family as well clothed and cared for in all respects, as his old neighbour John Dean, who came with him from 'York State?' Dean has never speculated, nor hunted, nor fished, nor found honey, nor sent his family to pick berries for sale. All these has Silas done, and more. His family have worked hard; they have worn their old clothes till they well nigh dropped off; many a day, nay, month, has passed, seeing potatoes almost their sole sustenance; and all this time Dean's family had plenty of every thing they wanted, and Dean just jogged on, as easy as could be; hardly ever stirring from home, except on 'lection days; wasting a great deal of time, too, (so Silas thinks,) 'helping the women folks.' 'But some people get all the luck.'

These and similar reflections seem to be scarcely ever absent from the mind of Silas Ashburn, producing any but favourable results upon his character and temper. He

* Quinine.

cannot be brought to believe that Dean has made more money by splitting rails in the winter than his more enterprising neighbour by hunting deer, skilful and successful as he is. He will not notice that Dean often buys his venison for half the money he has earned while Silas was hunting it. He has never observed, that while his own sallow helpmate goes barefoot and bonnetless to the brush-heap to fill her ragged apron with miserable fuel, the cold wind careering through her scanty covering, Mrs. Dean sits by a good fire, amply provided by her careful husband, patching for the twentieth time his great overcoat; and that by the time his Betsey has kindled her poor blaze, and sits cowering over it, shaking with ague, Mrs. Dean, with well-swept hearth, is busied in preparing her husband's comfortable supper.

These things Silas does not and will not see; and he ever resents fiercely any hint, however kindly and cautiously given, that the steady exercise of his own ability for labour, and a *little* more thrift on the part of his wife, would soon set all things right. When he spends a whole night ''coon-hunting,' and is obliged to sleep half the next day, and feels good for nothing the day after, it is impossible to convince him that the 'varmint' had better been left to cumber the ground, and the two or three dollars that the expedition cost him been bestowed in the purchase of a blanket.

'A blanket!' he would exclaim angrily; 'don't be puttin' sich uppish notions into my folks' heads! Let 'em make comfortables out o' their old gowns, and if that don't do, let 'em sleep in their day-clothes, as I do! Nobody needn't suffer with a great fire to sleep by.'

The children of this house are just what one would expect from such training. Labouring beyond their strength at such times as it suits their father to work,

they have nevertheless abundant opportunity for idleness; and as the mother scarcely attempts to control them, they usually lounge listlessly by the fireside, or bask in the sunshine, when Ashburn is absent; and as a natural consequence of this irregular mode of life, the whole family are frequently prostrate with agues, suffering every variety of wretchedness, while there is perhaps no other case of disease in the neighbourhood. Then comes the twofold evil of a long period of inactivity, and a proportionately long doctor's bill; and as Silas is strictly honest, and means to wrong no man of his due, the scanty comforts of the convalescents are cut down to almost nothing, and their recovery sadly delayed, that the heavy expenses of illness may be provided for. This is some of poor Ashburn's 'bad luck.'

One of the greatest temptations to our friend Silas, and to most of his class, is a bee-hunt. Neither deer, nor 'coons, nor prairie-hens, nor even bears, prove half as powerful enemies to any thing like regular business, as do these little thrifty vagrants of the forest. The slightest hint of a bee-tree will entice Silas Ashburn and his sons from the most profitable job of the season, even though the defection is sure to result in entire loss of the offered advantage; and if the hunt prove successful, the luscious spoil is generally too tempting to allow of any care for the future, so long as the 'sweet'nin' can be persuaded to last. 'It costs nothing,' will poor Mrs. Ashburn observe, 'let 'em enjoy it. It isn't often we have such good luck.' As to the cost, close computation might lead to a different conclusion; but the Ashburns are no calculators.

It was on one of the lovely mornings of our ever lovely autumn, so early that the sun had scarcely touched the tops of the still verdant forest, that Silas Ashburn and his eldest son sallied forth for a day's chopping on the newly-

purchased land of a rich settler, who had been but a few months among us. The tall form of the father, lean and gaunt as the very image of Famine, derived little grace from the rags which streamed from the elbows of his almost sleeveless coat, or flapped round the tops of his heavy boots, as he strode across the long causeway which formed the communication from his house to the dry land. Poor Joe's costume showed, if possible, a still greater need of the aid of that useful implement, the needle. His mother is one who thinks little of the ancient proverb which commends the stitch in time; and the clothing under her care sometimes falls in pieces, seam by seam, for want of the occasional aid which is rendered more especially necessary by the slightness of the original sewing; so that the brisk breeze of the morning gave the poor boy no faint resemblance to a tall young aspen,

'With all its leaves fast fluttering, all at once.'

The little conversation which passed between the father and son was such as necessarily makes up much of the talk of the poor,—turning on the difficulties and disappointments of life, and the expedients by which there may seem some slight hope of eluding these disagreeables.

'If we hadn't had sich bad luck this summer,' said Mr. Ashburn, 'losing that heifer, and the pony, and them three hogs,—all in that plaguy spring-hole, too,—I thought to have bought that timbered forty of Dean. It would have squared out my farm jist about right.'

'The pony didn't die in the spring-hole, father,' said Joe.

'No, he did not, but he got his death there, for all. He never stopped shiverin' from the time he fell in. *You* thought he had the agur, but I know'd well enough what ailded him; but I wasn't a goin' to let Dean know, because

he'd ha' thought himself so blam'd cunning, after all he'd said to me about that spring-hole. If the agur could kill, Joe, we'd all ha' been dead long ago.'

Joe sighed a sigh of assent. They walked on musingly.

'This is going to be a good job of Keene's,' continued Mr. Ashburn, turning to a brighter theme, as they crossed the road and struck into the 'timbered land,' on their way to the scene of the day's operations. 'He has bought three eighties, all lying close together, and he'll want as much as one forty cleared right off; and I've a good notion to take the fencin' of it as well as the choppin'. He's got plenty of money, and they say he don't shave quite so close as some. But I tell you, Joe, if I do take the job, you must turn to like a catamount, for I ain't a-going to make a nigger o' myself, and let my children do nothing but eat.'

'Well, father,' responded Joe, whose pale face gave token of any thing but high living, 'I'll do what I can; but you know I never work two days at choppin' but what I have the agur like sixty,—and a feller can't work when he's got the agur.'

'Not while the fit's on, to be sure,' said the father; 'but I've worked many an afternoon after my fit was over, when my head felt as big as a half-bushel, and my hands would ha' sizzed if I'd put 'em in water. Poor folks has got to work——but, Joe! if there isn't bees, by golley! I wonder if any body's been a baitin' for 'em? Stop! hush! watch which way they go!'

And with breathless interest—forgetful of all troubles, past, present, and future—they paused to observe the capricious wheelings and flittings of the little cluster, as they tried every flower on which the sun shone, or returned again and again to such as suited best their discriminating taste. At length, after a weary while, one suddenly rose into the air with a loud whizz, and after

balancing a moment on a level with the tree-tops, darted off like a well-sent arrow toward the east, followed instantly by the whole busy company, till not a loiterer remained.

'Well! if this isn't luck!' exclaimed Ashburn, exultingly; 'they make right for Keene's land! We'll have 'em! go ahead, Joe, and keep your eye on 'em!'

Joe obeyed so well in both points, that he not only outran his father, but very soon turned a summerset over a gnarled root or *grub* which lay in his path. This *faux pas* nearly demolished one side of his face, and what remained of his jacket sleeve, while his father, not quite so heedless, escaped falling, but tore his boot almost off with what he called 'a contwisted stub of the toe.'

But these were trifling inconveniences, and only taught them to use a little more caution in their eagerness. They followed on, unweariedly, crossed several fences, and threaded much of Mr. Keene's tract of forest-land, scanning with practised eye every decayed tree, whether standing or prostrate, until at length, in the side of a gigantic but leafless oak, they espied, some forty feet from the ground, the 'sweet home' of the immense swarm whose scouts had betrayed their hiding-place.

'The Indians have been here,' said Ashburn; 'you see they've felled this saplin' agin the bee-tree, so as they could climb up to the hole; but the red devils have been disturbed afore they had time to dig it out. If they'd had axes to have cut down the big tree, they wouldn't have left a smitchin o' honey, they're such tarnal thieves!'

Mr. Ashburn's ideas of morality were much shocked at the thought of the dishonesty of the Indians, who, as is well known, have no rights of any kind; but considering himself as first finder, the lawful proprietor of this much-coveted treasure, gained too without the trouble of a pro-

tracted search, or the usual amount of baiting, and burning of honeycombs, he lost no time in taking possession after the established mode.

To cut his initials with his axe on the trunk of the bee-tree, and to make *blazes* on several of the trees he had passed, to serve as way-marks to the fortunate spot, detained him but few minutes; and, with many a cautious noting of the surrounding localities, and many a charge to Joe 'not to say nothing to nobody,' Silas turned his steps homeward, musing on the important fact that he had had good luck for once, and planning important business quite foreign to the day's chopping.

Now it so happened that Mr. Keene, who is a restless old gentleman, and, moreover, quite green in the dignity of a land-holder, thought proper to turn his horse's head, for this particular morning ride, directly towards these same 'three eighties,' on which he had engaged Ashburn and his son to commence the important work of clearing. Mr. Keene is low of stature, rather globular in contour, and exceedingly parrot-nosed; wearing, moreover, a face red enough to lead one to suppose he had made his money as a dealer in claret; but, in truth, one of the kindest of men, in spite of a little quickness of temper. He is profoundly versed in the art and mystery of store-keeping, and as profoundly ignorant of all that must sooner or later be learned by every resident land-owner of the western country.

Thus much being premised, we shall hardly wonder that our good old friend felt exceedingly aggrieved at meeting Silas Ashburn and the 'lang-legged chiel' Joe, (who has grown longer with every shake of ague,) on the way *from* his tract, instead of *to* it.

'What in the world's the matter now!' began Mr. Keene, rather testily. 'Are you never going to begin that work?'

'I don't know but I shall,' was the cool reply of Ashburn; 'I can't begin it to-day though.'

'And why not, pray, when I've been so long waiting?'

'Because, I've got something else that must be done first. You don't think your work is all the work there is in the world, do you?'

Mr. Keene was almost too angry to reply, but he made an effort to say, 'When am I to expect you, then?'

'Why, I guess we'll come on in a day or two, and then I'll bring both the boys.'

So saying, and not dreaming of having been guilty of an incivility, Mr. Ashburn passed on, intent only on his bee-tree.

Mr. Keene could not help looking after the ragged pair for a moment, and he muttered angrily as he turned away, 'Aye! pride and beggary go together in this confounded new country! You feel very independent, no doubt, but I'll try if I can't find somebody that wants money.'

And Mr. Keene's pony, as if sympathizing with his master's vexation, started off at a sharp, passionate trot, which he has learned, no doubt, under the habitual influence of the spicy temper of his rider.

To find labourers who wanted money, or who would own that they wanted it, was at that time no easy task. Our poorer neighbours have been so little accustomed to value household comforts, that the opportunity to obtain such advantages presents but feeble incitement to that continuous industry which is usually expected of one who works in the employ of another. However, it happened in this case that Mr. Keene's star was in the ascendant, and the woods resounded, ere long, under the sturdy strokes of several choppers.

The Ashburns, in the mean time, set themselves busily

at work to make due preparations for the expedition which they had planned for the following night. They felt, as does every one who finds a bee-tree in this region, that the prize was their own—that nobody else had the slightest claim to its rich stores; yet the gathering in of the spoils was to be performed, according to the invariable custom where the country is much settled, in the silence of night, and with every precaution of secrecy. This seems inconsistent, yet such is the fact.

The remainder of the 'lucky' day and the whole of the succeeding one, passed in scooping troughs for the reception of the honey,—tedious work at best, but unusually so in this instance, because several of the family were prostrate with the ague. Ashburn's anxiety lest some of his customary bad luck should intervene between discovery and possession, made him more impatient and harsh than usual; and the interior of that comfortless cabin would have presented to a chance visiter, who knew not of the golden hopes which cheered its inmates, an aspect of unmitigated wretchedness. Mrs. Ashburn sat almost in the fire, with a tattered hood on her head and the relics of a bed-quilt wrapped about her person; while the emaciated limbs of the baby on her lap,—two years old, yet unweaned,—seemed almost to reach the floor, so preternaturally were they lengthened by the stretches of a four months' ague. Two of the boys lay in the trundle-bed, which was drawn as near to the fire as possible; and every spare article of clothing that the house afforded was thrown over them, in the vain attempt to warm their shivering frames. 'Stop your whimperin', can't ye!' said Ashburn, as he hewed away with hatchet and jack-knife; 'you'll be hot enough before long.' And when the fever came his words were more than verified.

Two nights had passed before the preparations were completed. Ashburn and such of his boys as could work had laboured indefatigably at the troughs, and Mrs. Ashburn had thrown away the milk, and the few other stores which cumbered her small supply of household utensils, to free as many as possible for the grand occasion. This third day had been 'well day' to most of the invalids, and after the moon had risen to light them through the dense wood, the family set off, in high spirits, on their long, dewy walk. They had passed the causeway, and were turning from the highway into the skirts of the forest, when they were accosted by a stranger, a young man in a hunter's dress, evidently a traveller, and one who knew nothing of the place or its inhabitants, as Mr. Ashburn ascertained, to his entire satisfaction, by the usual number of queries. The stranger, a handsome youth of one or two and twenty, had that frank, joyous air which takes so well with us Wolverines; and after he had fully satisfied our bee-hunter's curiosity, he seemed disposed to ask some questions in his turn. One of the first of these related to the moving cause of the procession and their voluminous display of *containers.*

'Why, we're goin' straight to a bee-tree that I lit upon two or three days ago, and if you've a mind to, you may go 'long, and welcome. It's a real peeler, I tell ye! There's a hundred and fifty weight of honey in it, if there's a pound.'

The young traveller waited no second invitation. His light knapsack was but small incumbrance, and he took upon himself the weight of several troughs, that seemed too heavy for the weaker members of the expedition. They walked on at a rapid and steady pace for a good half hour, over paths which were none of the smoothest, and only here and there lighted by the moonbeams. The mother

and children were but ill fitted for the exertion, but Aladdin, on his midnight way to the wondrous vault of treasure, would as soon have thought of complaining of fatigue.

Who then shall describe the astonishment, the almost breathless rage of Silas Ashburn,—the bitter disappointment of the rest,—when they found, instead of the bee-tree, a great gap in the dense forest, and the bright moon shining on the shattered fragments of the immense oak which had contained their prize? The poor children, fainting with toil now that the stimulus was gone, threw themselves on the ground, and Mrs. Ashburn, seating her wasted form on a huge limb, burst into tears.

'It's all one!' exclaimed Ashburn, when at length he could find words; 'it's all alike! this is just my luck! It ain't none of my neighbour's work though! They know better than to be so mean! It's the rich! Them that begrudges the poor man the breath of life!' And he cursed bitterly and with clenched teeth, whoever had robbed him of his right.

'Don't cry, Betsey,' he continued; 'let's go home. I'll find out who has done this, and I'll let 'em know there's law for the poor man as well as the rich. Come along, young 'uns, and stop your blubberin', and let them splinters alone!' The poor little things were trying to gather up some of the fragments to which the honey still adhered, but their father was too angry to be kind.

'Was the tree on your own land?' now inquired the young stranger, who had stood by in sympathizing silence during this scene.

'No! but that don't make any difference. The man that found it first, and marked it, had a right to it afore the President of the United States, and that I'll let 'em know, if it costs me my farm. It's on old Keene's land, and I

shouldn't wonder if the old miser had done it himself,—but I'll let him know what's the law in Michi*gan!*'

'Mr. Keene a miser!' exclaimed the young stranger, rather hastily.

'Why, what do *you* know about him?'

'Oh! nothing!—that is, nothing very particular—but I have heard him well spoken of. What I was going to say was, that I fear you will not find the law able to do any thing for you. If the tree was on another person's property——'

'Property! that's just so much as you know about it!' replied Ashburn, angrily. 'I tell ye I know the law well enough, and I know the honey was mine—and old Keene shall know it too, if he's the man that stole it.'

The stranger politely forbore further reply, and the whole party walked on in sad silence till they reached the village road, when the young stranger left them with a kindly 'good night!'

It was soon after an early breakfast, on the morning which succeeded poor Ashburn's disappointment, that Mr. Keene, attended by his lovely orphan niece, Clarissa Bensley, was engaged in his little court-yard, tending with paternal care the brilliant array of autumnal flowers which graced its narrow limits. Beds, in size and shape nearly resembling patty-pans, were filled to overflowing with dahlias, china-asters and marigolds, while the walks which surrounded them, daily 'swept with a woman's neatness,' set off to the best advantage these resplendent children of Flora. A vine-hung porch, which opened upon the miniature Paradise, was lined with bird-cages of all sizes, and on a yard-square grass-plot stood the tin cage of a squirrel, almost too fat to be lively.

Mr. Keene was childless, and consoled himself as child-

less people are apt to do if they are wise, by taking into favour, in addition to his destitute niece, as many troublesome pets as he could procure. His wife, less philosophical, expended her superfluous energies upon a multiplication of household cares, which her ingenuity alone could have devised within a domain like a nutshell. Such rubbing and polishing—such arranging and re-arranging of useless nick-nacks, had never yet been known in these utilitarian regions. And, what seemed amusing enough, Mrs. Keene, whose time passed in laborious nothings, often reproved her lawful lord very sharply for wasting *his* precious hours upon birds and flowers, squirrels and guinea-pigs, to say nothing of the turkeys and the magnificent peacock, which screamed at least half of every night, so that his master was fain to lock him up in an outhouse, for fear the neighbours should kill him in revenge for the murder of their sleep. These forms of solace Mrs. Keene often condemned as 'really ridic'lous,' yet she cleaned the bird-cages with indefatigable punctuality, and seemed never happier than when polishing with anxious care the bars of the squirrel's tread-mill. But there was one never-dying subject of debate between this worthy couple,—the company and services of the fair Clarissa, who was equally the darling of both, and superlatively useful in every department which claimed the attention of either. How the maiden, light-footed as she was, ever contrived to satisfy both uncle and aunt, seemed really mysterious. It was, 'Mr. Keene, don't keep Clary wasting her time there when I've *so much* to do!'—or, on the other hand, 'My dear! do send Clary out to help *me* a little! I'm sure she's been stewing there long enough!' And Clary, though she could not perhaps be in two places at once, certainly accomplished as much as if she could.

On the morning of which we speak, the young lady,

having risen very early, and brushed and polished to her aunt's content, was now busily engaged in performing the various behests of her uncle, a service much more to her taste. She was as completely at home among birds and flowers as a poet or a Peri; and not Ariel himself, (of whom I dare say she had never heard,) accomplished with more grace his gentle spiriting. After all was 'perform'd to point,'—when no dahlia remained unsupported,—no cluster of many-hued asters without its neat hoop,—when no intrusive weed could be discerned, even through Mr. Keene's spectacles,—Clarissa took the opportunity to ask if she might take the pony for a ride.

'To see those poor Ashburns, uncle.'

'They're a lazy, impudent set, Clary.'

'But they are all sick, uncle; almost every one of the family down with ague. Do let me go and carry them something. I hear they are completely destitute of comforts.'

'And so they ought to be, my dear,' said Mr. Keene, who could not forget what he considered Ashburn's impertinence.

But his habitual kindness prevailed, and he concluded his remonstrance (after giving voice to some few remarks which would not have gratified the Ashburns particularly) by saddling the pony himself, arranging Clarissa's riding-dress with all the assiduity of a gallant cavalier, and giving into her hand, with her neat silver-mounted whip, a little basket, well crammed by his wife's kind care with delicacies for the invalids. No wonder that he looked after her with pride as she rode off! There are few prettier girls than the bright-eyed Clarissa.

When the pony reached the log-causeway,—just where the thick copse of witch-hazel skirts Mr. Ashburn's moist

domain,—some unexpected occurrence is said to have startled, not the sober pony, but his very sensitive rider; and it has been asserted that the pony stirred not from the said hazel screen for a longer time than it would take to count a hundred, very deliberately. What faith is to be attached to this rumour, the historian ventures not to determine. It may be relied on as a fact, however, that a strong arm led the pony over the slippery corduroy, but no further; for Clarissa Bensley cantered alone up the green slope which leads to Mr. Ashburn's door.

'How are you this morning, Mrs. Ashburn?' asked the young visitant as she entered the wretched den, her little basket on her arm, her sweet face all flushed, and her eyes more than half-suffused with tears,—the effect of the keen morning wind, we suppose.

'Lau sakes alive!' was the reply, 'I ain't no how. I'm clear tuckered out with these young 'uns. They've had the agur already this morning, and they're as cross as bear-cubs.'

'Ma!' screamed one, as if in confirmation of the maternal remark, 'I want some tea!'

'Tea! I ha'n't got no tea, and you know that well enough!'

'Well, give me a piece o' sweetcake then, and a pickle.'

'The sweetcake was gone long ago, and I ha'n't nothing to make more—so shut your head!' And as Clarissa whispered to the poor pallid child that she would bring him some if he would be a good boy and not tease his mother, Mrs. Ashburn produced, from a barrel of similar delicacies, a yellow cucumber, something less than a foot long, 'pickled' in whiskey and water—and this the child began devouring eagerly.

Miss Bensley now set out upon the table the varied con-

tents of her basket. 'This honey,' she said, showing some as limpid as water, 'was found a day or two ago in uncle's woods—wild honey—isn't it beautiful?'

Mrs. Ashburn fixed her eyes on it without speaking, but her husband, who just then came in, did not command himself so far. 'Where did you say you got that honey?' he asked.

'In our woods,' repeated Clarissa; 'I never saw such quantities; and much of it as clear and beautiful as this.'

'I thought as much!' said Ashburn angrily; 'and now, Clary Bensley,' he added, 'you'll just take that cursed honey back to your uncle, and tell him to keep it, and eat it, and I hope it will choke him! and if I live, I'll make him rue the day he ever touched it.'

Miss Bensley gazed on him, lost in astonishment. She could think of nothing but that he must have gone suddenly mad, and this idea made her instinctively hasten her steps toward the pony.

'Well! if you won't take it, I'll send it after ye!' cried Ashburn, who had lashed himself into a rage; and he hurled the little jar, with all the force of his powerful arm, far down the path by which Clarissa was about to depart, while his poor wife tried to restrain him with a piteous 'Oh, father! don't! don't!'

Then, recollecting himself a little,—for he is far from being habitually brutal,—he made an awkward apology to the frightened girl.

'I ha'n't nothing agin *you*, Miss Bensley; you've always been kind to me and mine; but that old devil of an uncle of yours, that can't bear to let a poor man live,—I'll larn him who he's got to deal with! Tell him to look out, for he'll have reason!'

He held the pony while Clarissa mounted, as if to atone for his rudeness to herself; but he ceased not to repeat his

denunciations against Mr. Keene as long as she was within hearing. As she paced over the logs, Ashburn, his rage much cooled by this ebullition, stood looking after her.

'I swan!' he exclaimed; 'if there ain't that very feller that went with us to the bee-tree, leading Clary Bensley's horse over the cross-way!'

Clarissa felt obliged to repeat to her uncle the rude threats which had so much terrified her; and it needed but this to confirm Mr. Keene's suspicious dislike of Ashburn, whom he had already learned to regard as one of the worst specimens of western character that had yet crossed his path. He had often felt the vexations of his new position to be almost intolerable, and was disposed to imagine himself the predestined victim of all the ill-will, and all the impositions of the neighbourhood. It unfortunately happened, about this particular time, that he had been more than usually visited with disasters which are too common in a new country to be much regarded by those who know what they mean. His fences had been thrown down, his corn-field robbed, and even the lodging-place of the peacock forcibly attempted. But from the moment he discovered that Ashburn had a grudge against him, he thought neither of unruly oxen, mischievous boys, nor exasperated neighbours, but concluded that the one unlucky house in the swamp was the ever-welling fountain of all this bitterness. He had not yet been long enough among us to discern how much our 'bark is waur than our bite.'

And, more unfortunate still, from the date of this unlucky morning call (I have long considered morning calls particularly unlucky), the fair Clarissa seemed to have lost all her sprightliness. She shunned her usual haunts, or if she took a walk, or a short ride, she was sure to return sadder than she went. Her uncle noted the

change immediately, but forbore to question her, though he pointed out the symptoms to his more obtuse lady, with a request that she would 'find out what Clary wanted.' In the performance of this delicate duty, Mrs. Keene fortunately limited herself to the subjects of health and new clothes,—so that Clarissa, though at first a little fluttered, answered very satisfactorily without stretching her conscience.

'Perhaps it's young company, my dear,' continued the good woman; 'to be sure there's not much of that as yet; but you never seemed to care for it when we lived at L——. You used to sit as contented over your work or your book, in the long evenings, with nobody but your uncle and me, and Charles Darwin,—why can't you now?'

'So I can, dear aunt,' said Clarissa; and she spoke the truth so warmly that her aunt was quite satisfied.

It was on a very raw and gusty evening, not long after the occurrences we have noted, that Mr. Keene, with his handkerchief carefully wrapped round his chin, sallied forth after dark, on an expedition to the post-office. He was thinking how vexatious it was—how like every thing else in this disorganized, or rather unorganized new country, that the weekly mail should not be obliged to arrive at regular hours, and those early enough to allow of one's getting one's letters before dark. As he proceeded he became aware of the approach of two persons, and though it was too dark to distinguish faces, he heard distinctly the dreaded tones of Silas Ashburn.

'No! I found you were right enough there! I couldn't get at him that way; but I'll pay him for it yet!'

He lost the reply of the other party in this iniquitous scheme, in the rushing of the wild wind which hurried him on his course; but he had heard enough! He made out to

reach the office, and receiving his paper, and hastening desperately homeward, had scarcely spirits even to read the price-current, (though he did mechanically glance at that corner of the 'Trumpet of Commerce,') before he retired to bed in meditative sadness; feeling quite unable to await the striking of nine on the kitchen clock, which, in all ordinary circumstances, 'toll'd the hour for retiring.'

It is really surprising the propensity which young people have for sitting up late! Here was Clarissa Bensley, who was so busy all day that one would have thought she might be glad to retire with the chickens,—here she was, sitting in her aunt's great rocking-chair by the remains of the kitchen fire, at almost ten o'clock at night! And such a night too! The very roaring of the wind was enough to have affrighted a stouter heart than hers, yet she scarcely seemed even to hear it! And how lonely she must have been! Mr. and Mrs. Keene had been gone an hour, and in all the range of bird-cages that lined the room, not a feather was stirring, unless it might have been the green eyebrow of an old parrot, who was slily watching the fire-side with one optic, while the other pretended to be fast asleep. And what was old Poll watching? We shall be obliged to tell tales.

There was another chair besides the great rocking-chair,—a high-backed chair of the olden time; and this second chair was drawn up quite near the first, and on the back of the tall antiquity leaned a young gentleman. This must account for Clary's not being terrified, and for the shrewd old parrot's staring so knowingly.

'I will wait no longer,' said the stranger, in a low, but very decided tone; (and as he speaks, we recognise the voice of the young hunter.) 'You are too timid, Clarissa, and you don't do your uncle justice. To be sure he was

most unreasonably angry when we parted, and I am ashamed to think that I was angry too. To-morrow I will see him and tell him so; and I shall tell him too, little trembler, that I have you on my side; and we shall see if together we cannot persuade him to forget and forgive.'

This, and much more that we shall not betray, was said by the tall young gentleman, who, now that his cap was off, showed brow and eyes such as are apt to go a good way in convincing young ladies; while Miss Bensley seemed partly to acquiesce, and partly to cling to her previous fears of her uncle's resentment against his former protégé, which, first excited by some trifling offence, had been rendered serious by the pride of the young man and the pepperiness of the old one.

When the moment came which Clarissa insisted should be the very last of the stranger's stay, some difficulty occurred in unbolting the kitchen door, and Miss Bensley proceeded with her guest through an open passage-way to the front part of the house, when she undid the front door, where she dismissed him with a strict charge to tie up the gate just as he found it, lest some unlucky chance should realize Mr. Keene's fears of nocturnal invasion. And we must leave our perplexed heroine standing, in meditative mood, candle in hand, in the very centre of the little parlour, which served both for entrance-hall and *salon*.

We have seen that Mr. Keene's nerves had received a terrible shock on this fated evening, and it is certain that for a man of sober imagination, his dreams were terrific. He saw Ashburn, covered from crown to sole with a buzzing shroud of bees, trampling on his flower-beds, tearing up his honey-suckles root and branch, and letting his canaries and Java sparrows out of their cages; and, as his eyes recoiled from this horrible scene, they encountered the

shambling form of Joe, who, besides aiding and abetting in these enormities, was making awful strides, axe in hand, toward the sanctuary of the pea-fowls.

He awoke with a cry of horror, and found his bed-room full of smoke. Starting up in agonized alarm, he awoke Mrs. Keene, and half-dressed, by the red light which glimmered around them, they rushed together to Clarissa's chamber. It was empty. To find the stairs was the next thought, but at the very top they met the dreaded bee-finder armed with a prodigious club!

'Oh mercy! don't murder us!' shrieked Mrs. Keene, falling on her knees; while her husband, whose capsicum was completely roused, began pummelling Ashburn as high as he could reach, bestowing on him at the same time, in no very choice terms, his candid opinion as to the propriety of setting people's houses on fire, by way of revenge.

'Why, you're both as crazy as loons!' was Mr. Ashburn's polite exclamation, as he held off Mr. Keene at arm's length. 'I was comin' up o' purpose to tell you that you needn't be frightened. It's only the ruff o' the shanty there,—the kitchen, as you call it.'

'And what have you done with Clarissa?'—'Ay! where's my niece?' cried the distracted pair.

'Where is she? why, down stairs to be sure, takin' care o' the traps they throw'd out o' the shanty. I was out a 'coon-hunting, and see the light, but I was so far off that they'd got it pretty well down before I got here. That 'ere young spark o' Clary's worked like a beaver, I tell ye!'

It must not be supposed that one half of Ashburn's hasty explanation 'penetrated the interior' of his hearers' heads. They took in the idea of Clary's safety, but as for the rest, they concluded it only an effort to mystify them as to the real cause of the disaster.

'You need not attempt,' solemnly began Mr. Keene, 'you need not think to make me believe, that you are not the man that set my house on fire. I know your revengeful temper; I have heard of your threats, and you shall answer for all, sir! before you're a day older!'

Ashburn seemed struck dumb, between his involuntary respect for Mr. Keene's age and character, and the contemptuous anger with which his accusations filled him. 'Well! I swan!' said he after a pause; 'but here comes Clary; *she's* got common sense; ask her how the fire happened.'

'It's all over now, uncle,' she exclaimed, almost breathless; 'it has not done so *very* much damage.'

'Damage!' said Mrs. Keene, dolefully; 'we shall never get things clean again while the world stands!'

'And where are my birds?' inquired the old gentleman.

'All safe—quite safe; we moved them into the parlour.'

'We! who, pray?'

'Oh! the neighbours came, you know, uncle; and—Mr. Ashburn—'

'Give the devil his due,' interposed Ashburn; 'you know very well that the whole concern would have gone if it hadn't been for that young feller.'

'What young fellow? where?'

'Why here,' said Silas, pulling forward our young stranger; 'this here chap.'

'Young man,' began Mr. Keene,—but at the moment, up came somebody with a light, and while Clarissa retreated behind Mr. Ashburn, the stranger was recognised by her aunt and uncle as Charles Darwin.

'Charles! what on earth brought you here?'

'Ask Clary,' said Ashburn, with grim jocoseness.

Mr. Keene turned mechanically to obey, but Clarissa had disappeared.

'Well! I guess I can tell you something about it, if nobody else won't,' said Ashburn; 'I'm something of a Yankee, and it's my notion that there was some sparkin' a goin' on in your kitchen, and that somehow or other the young folks managed to set it a-fire.'

The old folks looked more puzzled than ever. '*Do* speak, Charles,' said Mr. Keene; 'what *does* it all mean? Did you set my house on fire?'

'I'm afraid I must have had some hand in it, sir,' said Charles, whose self-possession seemed quite to have deserted him.

'You!' exclaimed Mr. Keene; 'and I've been laying it to this man!'

'Yes! you know'd I owed you a spite, on account o' that plaguy bee-tree,' said Ashburn; 'a guilty conscience needs no accuser. But you was much mistaken if you thought I was sich a bloody-minded villain as to burn your gimcrackery for that! If I could have paid you for it, fair and even, I'd ha' done it with all my heart and soul. But I don't set men's houses a-fire when I get mad at 'em.'

'But you threatened vengeance,' said Mr. Keene.

'So I did, but that was when I expected to get it by law, though; and this here young man knows that, if he'd only speak.'

Thus adjured, Charles did speak, and so much to the purpose that it did not take many minutes to convince Mr. Keene that Ashburn's evil-mindedness was bounded by the limits of the law, that precious privilege of the Wolverine. But there was still the mystery of Charles's apparition, and in order to its full unravelment, the blushing Clarissa had to be enticed from her hiding-place, and brought to confession. And then it was made clear that she, with all her innocent looks, was the moving cause of the mighty mischief. She it was who encouraged Charles to believe that

her uncle's anger would not last for ever; and this had led Charles to venture into the neighbourhood; and it was while consulting together, (on this particular point, of course,) that they had managed to set the kitchen curtain on fire, and then—the reader knows the rest.

These things occupied some time in explaining,—but they were at length, by the aid of words and more eloquent blushes, made so clear, that Mr. Keene concluded, not only to new roof the kitchen, but to add a very pretty wing to one side of the house. And at the present time, the steps of Charles Darwin, when he returns from a surveying tour, seek the little gate as naturally as if he had never lived any where else. And the sweet face of Clarissa is always there, ready to welcome him, though she still finds plenty of time to keep in order the complicated affairs of both uncle and aunt.

And how goes life with our friends the Ashburns? Mr. Keene has done his very best to atone for his injurious estimate of Wolverine honour, by giving constant employment to Ashburn and his sons, and owning himself always the obliged party, without which concession all he could do would avail nothing. And Mrs. Keene and Clarissa have been unwearied in their kind attentions to the family, supplying them with so many comforts that most of them have got rid of the ague, in spite of themselves. The house has assumed so cheerful an appearance that I could scarcely recognise it for the same squalid den it had often made my heart ache to look upon. As I was returning from my last visit there, I encountered Mr. Ashburn, and remarked to him how very comfortable they seemed.

'Yes,' he replied; 'I've had pretty good luck lately; but I'm a goin' to pull up stakes and move to Wisconsin. I think I can do better, further west.'

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

'Why wilt thou spurn my suit, sweet Isabel,
And turn thus coldly from my theme of love,
As if on thy unwilling spirit fell
A grating cadence? Tell me, what dost move
Thy gentle heart, unto this gush of tears,
That seem an answer to my soul's worst fears?'
Thus breath'd a hapless lover, as he leant
By a fair maiden's side, and gaz'd opprest
Upon her high, pale brow, where shadows blent
In quick succession, till her o'erfraught breast
Curb'd its full flood of grief, and on his ear
These accents fell, like music, low, yet clear.

'Oh! deem not that I spurn thee! for although
My heart can yield no sympathy to thine,
Yet still the sigh *will* rise, the tear *will* flow,
That love so vain and fruitless should be mine.
I thank thee for thy words; although in vain
They seek to bind my feeling's shatter'd sheaf,
And o'er my soul no stronger influence gain,
Than on an ice-sea, sunbeams chill and brief.

'Thou seek'st to know the past? alas! for me,
That I should open all its secret cells,
And stir anew each bitter fount, for thee,
That, touch'd by memory's wand, too quickly swells;
That I should paint again each sunny scene,
That once my morning walk of life beguil'd,
And conjure up, as pleasures that have been,
Each budding hope, which on my pathway smil'd.

'My early days, ah! even now they throw
A sickly light upon my spirit's gloom,
And shed within this breast, a chasten'd glow,
Like flowers that bloom and blossom on the tomb.
They float along existence' current, as
A green leaf 'mid a dark and stormy sea:
I may not give it shelter, for alas!
The dove of peace can find no ark with me.

'Strong memories fill my brain. They crowd, they throng,
As former guests in a deserted hall;
Yet 'mid that host of feelings, deep and strong,
One mighty master-passion governs all:
I *loved*, and in that wild'ring dream of mine,
There seem'd no sacrifice too hard to make,
But, as a pilgrim at some sainted shrine,
I spent my heart's wealth for a mortal's sake.

'*We grew together;* and as tendrils cling
Unto the stem as with a sense of love,
So in my girlhood, every secret spring
Of feeling, seem'd round him alone to move,
As to a centre. *He* it was that made
The Sabbath of my joys, and I begun
Life, in a world in endless spring array'd,
And where his presence form'd a *second* sun.

'Soon he became my idol. Not content
With a free gift of LOVE, I sounded deep
The springs of *mind*, within, and careless spent
Untiring days, and nights half robb'd of sleep,
In the dim haunts of science. All gave way
Unto my panting spirit; till methought
Soul answer'd soul, and 'neath the magic sway
Of that delicious truth, all toil was *nought*.

'Fresh founts of bliss were open'd. Need I tell
Of all the pleasures of those gone-by days?
My heart glanced like a feather, and there fell
A light that almost pain'd me with its blaze.
He was for ever near; and could I ask
For spoken words to tell me that he loved?
Oh, no! I silenced thought, and laid a mask
On each slight doubt, that o'er my spirit moved.

* * * * * *

'I woke from that bright dream! It was a night
Of pleasant autumn, and our mansion rung
With gladsome music, while a flood of light
Lit yon paternal hall, where garlands hung
Of flowers that vied with Nature's. 'Mid a throng,
Form'd of the gallant and the gay, I stood,
Catching each tone of adulation strong,
Though flattery's accents, I but little loved.

''Twas for *his* step I listen'd. It was nought
That others claim'd me in the dance's maze,
Or bow'd as if in worship, while they sought
To win me to repeat my country's lays.
I swept my harp's deep strings, but cold they fell,
Waking no answering tone within my soul;
My feet kept time with music, while a spell
Of utter listlessness upon me stole.

'In vain I sought his presence. Could I stay
Amid that scene of recklessness and glee,
Where all but mock'd my loneliness? Away
I broke from the gay revellers, suddenly,
And sought the balcony, where moonlight's wing
Curtain'd the sleeping waters, far below,
And life seem'd resting, like a weary thing,
Lull'd by the music made by distance, low.

'My heart had known no grief; and oh! the blight,
The bitter pang, that came with that first doubt;
I question'd if he loved me! and no light
To cheer me, from the past, now glimmer'd out.
All broke upon my mind; each word, each look,
The very changes of his speaking face,
I read it *all* as in a letter'd book,
And felt of love return'd, there was no trace.

'Alas! that was not all! I could have borne
Yet to live on, in worship, oh! too vain;
And like a precious talisman have worn
Love's fetter, though its thrall but gave me pain.
I could have hoarded up a wealth of thought,
And mused of him by day, and dreamt by night,
Thus feeding the pure flame that *he* had taught,
Unwittingly, to burn with such clear light.

'But that too was denied me. Not *alone*
I stood in that deep stillness. *He was there!*
And one lean'd on his arm! The moonbeams shone
Like silver o'er her garments, and her fair
And slender fingers in his own were laid,
As with averted brow she meekly stood,
Catching his accents, till their warmth betray'd
Through her transparent cheek, the crimson blood.

'Oh! the strange waywardness of woman's heart!
My very brain was sear'd, and yet I hung
Upon each burning word, nor could depart
Until each tie was broken, that had strung
Hope's gems, within my bosom. *I knew all!*
The past was seal'd to me. My future life
Lay like a wreck, beneath whose darksome pall,
Wild passions held a long and wasting strife.

'Once more I sought the hall. Its wide expanse
Seem'd like a sepulchre with torches lit,
And graceful forms moved by me in the dance,
As phantoms, that amid the grave-yard flit:
My spirit shadow'd all; and yet with proud
And throbbing pulse, I tutor'd up my frame;
And though I met his glance amid the crowd,
I quell'd my bursting heart, and look'd the same.

'Yet wherefore tell of love? I little dream'd
My lip had granted utterance e'en to this:
Enough! *he loved another*, and I deem'd
Life, with its every change, a weariness.
And yet I scorn'd my love, and buried deep
The poison'd arrow in my being's core,
And nerved myself to steel, and would not weep,
Though passion's secret founts were gushing o'er.

'Then speak no more of love. I cannot wake
One echo-note upon my spirit's strings;
And tell me not that lapsing years will break
The spell, that like a chain unto me clings.
Love may not be transplanted, as a flower,
Which blooms, if tended well, in every clime;
Its root is steadfast, and no earthly power
Can win it, all unmar'd, a second time.

'Thou should'st not prize this heart! It were no gain
To one so rich in feeling's wealth as thou;
All its deep treasure has been pour'd like rain,
And the worn soil can yield no harvest now.
What though my cheek may wear a healthful glow,
The canker-worm beneath its bloom may lie;
Life, like a bubble, soon must flash and go:
Oh! leave me, leave me—I have but *to die!*'

Her lover urged no further, for each word
Blighted his hopes like frost. He felt 'twas wrong
To wound her spirit more, and with a strong
Yet brief farewell, he ask'd not to be heard;
But sought amidst life's busy scenes to claim
A deep forgetfulness of self, until
Time, with his healing touch, awoke no thrill
Or memory of the past, and restless fame
Wrote a new title on his spirit free,
And seal'd it with his signet strong. While she
Sat in her uncomplainingness, nor threw
The sunlight of her smile on earth anew,
But as a graceful flow'ret, partly won
From its frail stem, droops till its life is spent,
So on existence' broken reed she leant,
Till, like a snow-flake melting in the sun,
(Still lovely, even to her latest breath,)
Her earthly being was dissolved in death.

Charleston, S. C.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY MISS CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

A GLOOM is on thy brow, beloved, a sad and fearful gloom,
The gathering of dark thoughts is there, like mourners round a tomb,
The smile, that was as sunlight glad, hath left those soft eyes now,—
Why meet those thick and angry clouds, beloved, upon thy brow?

Thou knowest how my inmost soul still clingeth unto thee,
As doth the clasping ivy vine, cling to the stately tree;
And even 'mid desolation there, when 'tis no longer green,
Around the bow'd and blasted oak, the ivy vine is seen.

Even thus, amid the storms of care, that weigh thy spirit down,
My love shall like a sunbeam burst, thro' all the tempest's frown;
Shall gild the pathway of thy life, with many a gleaming ray,
And chase the clouds of night afar, with the glad light of day.

When in the years of halcyon youth, the years of joy and pride,
By the pure altar-stone we stood together, side by side,
Hand, link'd in hand, with loving hearts, we vow'd, thro' weal and wo,
That either breast a sorrowing throb unshared, should never know.

Perchance thou deem'st the girlish thing, that stood beside thee then,
Unfit to mix with themes that shake the stouter hearts of men;
That woman was but made for joy, to gild thy sunnier hours,
To tune her voice to gentle song, to live 'mid blooming flowers.

Oh! thou dost wrong a woman's love, thou knowest not the well
Of hoarded fondness she hath kept in her heart's secret cell;
Like to the feeble reed she stands, that bows before the blast,
But proudly rears itself again, when the wild wind hath past.

Adversity, that maketh man a plaything in its power,
Gives but new might and strength to her in the dark stormy hour,
And though thy manly heart may bend before the stroke of care,
Her own, though cast in feebler mould, the weighty stroke doth bear.

Then let us,—tho' the flowers of youth, that wreath'd
around our feet,
No longer gleam in colours bright, nor shed a fragrance
sweet,—
Still cling together tenderly, (though they have pass'd
away,)
With the unbroken faith of love, outliving all decay.

Philadelphia.

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

AUTHOR OF 'ADA,' 'MONT BLANC,' ETC.

'Tis like the lightning, that hath ceased to be,
Ere we can say, "It lightens."'

SHAKSPEARE.

GLIMPSES of heaven! oh, that I might behold you!
Might gaze, though but a moment, on your light,
And catch your glory, and in rapture fold you
Within my heart, flowers that should know no blight;
Where shall I seek ye? many say they find you:
Ye glimpses, visions, whatsoe'er ye are,
Has any spell of wandering fancy twined you,
About the sudden flashing of a star?

When the red clouds at sunset part, and show us
An azure streak, of purest, calmest light;
When the bright dew-drops, on the earth below us,
A moment glitter in the sun-ray bright;
When gleams a sudden moonbeam on the ocean,
And lights it for an instant in its sleep;
There is a glimpse of heaven in each emotion
That thrilleth through the bosom, pure and deep.

6

And when the death of some pale violet, blowing
  Alone in autumn, through the heart doth bring,
For one rapt moment, a bright current flowing
  With all the light and radiancy of spring;
And when a strain of music in the even
  Steals on the spirit, till the slow tears start,
Are not such moments glimpses, sent from heaven,
  To light the darkness of the human heart?

Glimpses of heaven! ye come, ye bless, ye leave us,
  Ere we can speak the ecstasy we feel;
Ye come, even earthly sorrows grieve us,
  Softening the anguish that ye cannot heal:
And ye are sent in your mild radiance often,
  To tempt us onward to your native sphere,
Where ye shall have no weary wo to soften,
  And shine without the clouds that bind ye here.

NORA.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Twas in the 'green and weeping isle,'
Which like an emerald glows
Amid the wild and tossing deep,
In beautiful repose,

That widow'd Nora rear'd her boy,
Her only one, and fair;
With raven eye of eagle glance,
And richly-clustering hair.

And joyously she nurtured him,
The child of wit and glee,
As free and fearless as the winds
That swept his native sea,—

As true of heart, as strong of hand,
As reckless of the foe,
As were his noble house, before
Oppression laid them low.

* The fact which this poem narrates, occurred during the troubles in Ireland, in 1798.

And when to sudden youth he sprang,
'Twas sweet to see her glide,
As though scarce older than himself,
Like sister, by his side.

Yet sometimes, when her tuneful voice,
Pour'd forth at evening chime,
Those old Erse songs,—the ancient breath
Of an unconquer'd clime,—

How from its oft-invaded shore
The Danish sea-kings fled,
Or some stout chieftain cleft in twain
The fierce usurper's head,

She starting, mark'd his kindled eye
With vengeful fire elate,
And bade th' aspiring boy beware
His slaughter'd father's fate.

The war-cry rose 'gainst Albion's power,—
Sprang forth a hostile train;
Hot blood was up,—rash swords were out,
In conflict sharp and vain.

Then lonely Nora wept and pray'd,
Ere dawn's advancing light,
And weary watch'd, till sank the sun
Beneath the empurpled height.

He came not back,—yet all too soon
She heard the words of wo,—
Her son adjudged to rebel's doom,
Her country's banner low.

Before a man of might, there stood
  A youth condemn'd and bound,
And by his side a woman knelt
  In anguish on the ground;

His golden locks dishevell'd flow'd
  Around her shoulders fair,
'Oh, save him! save him!' was the cry
  That rent the troubled air;

And from her agonizing soul
  Burst such a shriek of pain,
That iron-bosom'd veterans shrank
  To hear that sound again.

She wildly clasp'd the Judge's knees,
  And with a maniac glare
Besought, 'the widow's only stay,
  For Christ's dear sake, to spare.'

But, as she scann'd his rugged brow,
  The blood forsook her cheek,
For sternly, toward her darling son,
  He turn'd himself to speak:

'Stand forth, and name thy rebel friends;
  Those men to justice give,
Misguided youth! and mercy's voice
  Bids thee go free, and live!'

From earth, indignant Nora sprang,
  Her proud form towering high,
And bade the idol of her love
  Gird up his heart to die;

'For if with deadly sin, like this,
  Should fleeting life be bought,
Thy mother's milk shall scorch thy veins,
  As burns the poison-draught.'

She saw them lead her gallant boy,
  A felon's death to die,
And strangely mark'd his latest pang,
  With fix'd and tearless eye.

In one prolong'd and fond embrace
  She wrapp'd the lifeless clay,
And firmly walking by its side,
  Led on the homeward way.

A Spartan spirit, nobly proud,
  Beam'd from her pallid face,—
Her glorious one, to death had bow'd,
  But not to dire disgrace.

She bare him to his fav'rite room,
  His childhood's couch she spread,
And press'd her white lips to his brow,
  Though not a word she said.

Yet ere again the brightening morn
  O'er Erin's hills arose,
That mother with her son was join'd
  In death's profound repose.

THE RECLUSE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.*

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. ELLET.

It is now a matter of thirty years since I left Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on an excursion through the valley extending west of the Juniata. I have often traversed the same portion of country since, but circumstances occurring on my first visit have fixed that indelibly in my memory, while my recollection scarce retains any subsequent impressions. By the way, poets who have sung of the beauties of nature 'on Susquehanna's side' ought to visit the most lovely of its western branches. The Juniata has but recently been celebrated by the pencil of American artists; though its banks present every variety of the bold and beautiful in scenery. Fair and fertile meadows, wild and romantic glens, moss-shrouded rocks, shady forests and picturesque wooded cliffs, mark the progress of this enchanting stream, from its rise in Bedford County to its junction with the parent river. The bold

* The above sketch was communicated to the writer by the traveller in whose words it is related. It may be relied on as 'owre true,' though but a simple tale.

features of the mountainous region of Pennsylvania are here blended with the fairy-like loveliness of a country less sternly wild.

My design was to proceed to Harrisburg. Though the roads were in a most uncivilized condition, yet I apprehended no inconvenience or discomfort in travelling on horseback, provided as I was with a stock of youthful strength, that bade defiance to fatigue. The valley of Tuscarora, now smiling with fertile fields and the abodes of industry, was then but imperfectly cultivated; a few houses, rude in structure, were occasionally seen; and the half-felled woods, and fields rough with *stumps*, the good farmer's abomination, bespoke a country newly settled. Further westward, the traces of human habitation disappeared; and a dense, dark forest spread for many miles, so ancient and impenetrable, that it acquired the popular name of the Shades of Death. The sturdy Dutch settlers that vegetated on the borders of this lonely region, were not gifted with the curiosity or enterprise of New Englanders; the Shades of Death had rarely echoed the sound of an axe, or the voice of the cheerful labourer. The sole disturber of its recesses was now and then a traveller, who ventured, like myself, to pass through them in quest of a more hospitable country.

I was ever a lover of nature in her wildest moods. It was with no slight feeling of enjoyment that I threaded these dreary woods, struggling along over many obstacles, like the stream whose eastward course I followed. The landscape around me was primitive, though my range of vision was of necessity limited. Here were oaks that had stood perhaps for centuries before the white man set foot on the soil of the western world, now hoary and crumbling, and fast yielding to the vigorous growth of their posterity, stately, luxuriant trees, that seemed to spurn the

prostrate forms of their ancestors. The solemn verdure of the tall hemlocks, of foliage like the cedar, was contrasted with the vivid green of the silver pine, peculiar to northern woods. There, also, radiant in the vesture of autumn, were the other sons of the forest; the American poplar, with its garment of deep yellow, the spreading beech and maple, dropping their leaves of glowing red, mingled with a variety of foliage of every intermediate hue. The creek flowing at my feet was fringed with the most luxuriant undergrowth of alder, brake, &c.; through which I was sometimes compelled to force a way. I had often likewise to pass into the stream, where thick boughs, drooping in the water, impeded my advance. The difficulties in my road offered a succession of little adventures, which, however, interfered not with my enjoyment of the grandeur and novelty of this wild scene. On either side within a few miles, rose the pine-crowned heads of a range of mountains. The tops of the pines were bathed in sunshine; gradually the streaks of light faded, and presently the bosom of the whole valley was wrapped in deep gloom. The forms of the tall trees grew indistinct; ere long I could only discern those that stood in relief against the sky, and then the mountains appeared like vast masses of shadow, undistinguishable from the heavy clouds that rested on their summits. Night was at length upon me: at every step I plunged into deeper darkness, and only by its gurgling murmur could I discover the sluggish stream. As I pressed on at a very tedious pace, I endeavoured to beguile the time by dreams of my own bright fireside, and the happy faces that would welcome me ere another evening had closed. My visions were at length broken by low mutterings of thunder, and I became sensible that I was about to be overtaken by a storm. I tried to quicken my pace, in hopes of reaching a better road; but soon found

that I should be obliged to make haste very slowly. All was still for a few moments after, except the moaning of the wind through the trees; and then came a frightful burst of thunder, instantaneously following the flash. The startling peal rolled along the side of the Blue Mountain on my right, and was instantly echoed from the opposite range of the Black Log, reverberating heavily from one to the other, till the smothered sound was lost in the thick plashing of the rain, that now descended absolutely in sheets. I had not been prepared for so sudden a bath. I dismounted; and comforting myself as well as I could with my streaming dress and reeking saddlebags, I was fain to betake myself to a slow and laborious stumping onward. But even this was more easily resolved upon than accomplished. The violent rain soon swelled the choked stream; at every step I sank mid-leg deep in the mire, and only by the flashes of lightning—that came almost incessantly—could I direct my course. The hour was late. I determined at all hazards to plod on. Daylight might fail to show me a better path, and I should be yet further from the end of my journey. I toiled for another half hour; as nearly as I could conjecture, I was twelve miles from any dwelling of man. The tempest did not abate; the wind fiercely rocked the trees over my head; and I began seriously to repent my undertaking. I half looked upon myself as a fool; judge if my impressions were not in some measure deepened, when I found myself fairly in a morass, and covered with mud to the shoulders! Trees were thickly imbedded in the slimy soil, and the twang of some thousands of frogs that came to my ears, seemed to mock my perplexity. The log on which I stepped had yielded to my footing, and disappeared in the soft green mass beneath. By sheer good luck I had not yet dragged my horse after me. I extricated myself as speedily as possible

from my perilous situation, scrambling out by the assistance of overhanging boughs, and proceeded to put in execution a desperate resolve.

Remounting, I urged my horse, with voice and spur, into the creek, to swim or wallow along its bed, till I could obtain a secure footing on its opposite bank. The good steed, however, had arrived at the conclusion that it was hopeless to think of going further. He refused to move another step, standing already up to his haunches in the water; and I was casting in my mind what more potent means of solicitation I should employ, when to my utter surprise I caught the sound of a human voice. I took it for an echo; but the voice came again from the other side of the stream. 'This way, stranger, this way!' I saw a faint gleam of light; it seemed miles distant, but ere many seconds had elapsed, a pine-knot blazed out close at hand, and without more ado I dashed into the creek, crossed it, and came up with the person who had hallooed to me. 'This way,' the voice repeated; 'follow me; you had better lead your horse.' We ascended a steep path through the thickest of the woods. The light flared on the tall figure of the man who carried it; but I could not see the habitation to which he was leading me. At last he stopped before a lodge, or rather an artificial cave, constructed in the side of the hill. The roof was supported by stakes, and clumsily covered with earth. The interior, however, which I had leisure to survey while the stranger took my horse, had more of comfort than I expected. A bright fire of pine fagots threw light upon the narrow walls. One side was furnished with shelves, on which books were piled in much disorder. A dingy muslin curtain across the farthest corner was partly drawn, and revealed a cupboard well stored with old bottles and dilapidated crockery. The oaken table was covered with

books and papers, and a small lamp was burning upon it. A chest, a few wooden chairs, and a bench near the fireplace, completed the list of furniture. I had hardly glanced round the den when its owner appeared, assisted me to divest myself of my dripping overcoat, and welcomed me with apparent cordiality to the shelter of his abode. He promised, if I would stay for the rest of the night, to direct me on my way as early as I might wish on the morrow. I need not say how willingly I accepted his proffered hospitality. He forthwith set about preparations for our evening meal. The dingy cupboard was resorted to, and yielded from its recesses better cheer than appearances promised. A loaf of bread and the remains of a saddle of venison were flanked by a bottle of prime brandy, and an earthen jug of water. I soon gained spirit to laugh over the disasters I had met with in 'the Shades,' —palpable memorials of which were visible on my torn and soiled dress. My host was extremely prepossessing in appearance, though he looked like one in ill health. He conversed freely, but responded not to the jovial tone I assumed. I thought him grave and stern; and when, half an hour after supper, he rose, and opening a small door opposite the fireplace, showed me a closet where a little straw and a couple of buffalo-skins were prepared for my bed, and closed the door after wishing me good night, I confess I had some slight misgivings. Through the chinks in the door I saw him stretch himself on the hearth, after heaping the fire with more logs; and having fortified my mind against visions of robbers by placing my pistols under my head, I resigned myself to sleep. Once lost in forgetfulness, I slept soundly, notwithstanding the rushing of the wind through the numerous crevices in my small apartment. A sunbeam streaming through one in the roof awoke me next morning. On going to the outer division

of the cave, I found my host had already gone abroad; and took advantage of his absence to inspect the books with which his shelves were filled. It looked strangely to see books in the midst of such a solitude. What was my surprise to find there a large collection of the classics, and of the older British poets and prose authors! My feelings changed towards the recluse. I had discovered him from his conversation to be a man who had seen the world; I saw in him now the devoted scholar, who had renounced the world that he might enjoy uninterrupted the pursuits of learning. With enhanced respect I bade him good morning when he entered, and thanked him for my night's refreshment. I was prepared to accept an invitation to share his solitude a few days longer; but as such an invitation was not extended, I had nothing better to do than take my leave, having previously arranged that I would ride to a village some dozen miles off, to breakfast.

How lovely was the morning after the storm! The distant mountain summits were gorgeous in the sunshine. A light breeze stirred the foliage, and breathed of freshness and fragrance. The blue sky was seen in patches through the leafy canopy over our heads, for there was no clearing about the cave of the recluse. The swoln stream flowed at the foot of the hill. Its murmur was mingled with the rustling of leaves, the screaming of birds, and all the other sounds of life morning calls forth, even in the deep forest. A little to the right, further up the hill, was a small clearing, in the midst of which stood a rude and evidently deserted hut.

'You have chosen a wild, but a cheerful spot, for your abode in the woods,' said I, to my pale and melancholy host, who accompanied me some distance. 'Do you not find difficulty sometimes in procuring the comforts of life?'

'No,' he answered. 'We need little; most of our

wants are imaginary. I have more than I need. I can procure abundance of game and fish; the rest comes from the settlements not far distant.'

'You have shown a true love for study in thus secluding yourself for the sake of its pursuits. Do you never visit the city?'

'I have not done so once,' he replied, 'in the many years I have lived here.'

'Our Pennsylvania forests,' I observed, after a pause, 'can boast few scholars; do you not sometimes wish for congenial society?'

The brief negative with which he answered me, and the cloud that came over his face, warned me that my curiosity was displeasing and not likely to be gratified. So after receiving his instructions as to my road, I parted from him. A brisk ride of three hours brought me to a small settlement—if a clump of log houses could be so called—at the head of Tuscarora Valley. I alighted at the tavern, at the door of which hung a most inhuman portrait of General Washington; and while discussing a substantial breakfast of venison steaks, hot coffee, and buckwheat cakes, I could not refrain from relating my adventure of the night, and asking if aught was known of the solitary stranger.

'Oh, my dear young sir!' cried the landlady, who sat by the fire in her clean cap and chintz apron—for the rare occurrence of a gentleman guest called for her special attendance—'have you never heard of our Blue Mountain Hermit?' and quietly refilling my cup of coffee, she commenced a story, which, omitting her somewhat tedious recapitulations, I will repeat as briefly as possible.

The hut I had observed not far from the cave, was once inhabited by an old man and his daughter. Various stories had been in circulation respecting him among the honest settlers, but it was generally understood that he had been

a soldier of no mean repute in the war of the American revolution, and the Indian war that followed. Rewarded by his country, like too many others, with poverty and neglect, he had withdrawn from the world to this lonely spot, where he supported himself by the labour of his hands. His leisure hours were devoted to the instruction of his daughter, who grew up most lovely in person, and in mind all that a fond parent could wish.

At the time of the Western or Whiskey Insurrection in the counties of Pennsylvania lying west of the Alleghanies, it chanced that one of the officers in Macpherson's troop of Jersey Blues, despatched to attack the rioters, was engaged in a skirmish near this place. He was severely wounded, fell from his horse, and was left by his men for dead. He had but swooned from loss of blood. On his recovery he found himself on a bed in the cottage. He could scarce credit his senses when he saw a beautiful face, animated by an expression of pity and sympathy, bending over him. An old man came in from the spring with water. He dressed the sufferer's wounds with much skill, and the young girl prepared and administered a composing draught.

The stranger owed his life to the care of the father and daughter. He slowly recovered; and it was with a perpetual astonishment that he discovered every day some new charm in his youthful nurse. A girl of superior education in the heart of such a forest! Was it surprising that he became deeply enamoured of her? It would have been strange if he had not loved, or if she had not returned his passion; for he was in the prime of life, handsome, pleasing in address, and a soldier. Weeks passed; and the stranger could no longer even feign illness as an excuse for lingering. He said not a word of his intended departure, but it was a matter of course. He

and his kind entertainer had a long conversation the evening before he purposed to set out, but it concerned the state of the country, in which the old man felt a deep interest, though he had suffered neglect at its hands. Alice,—that was the maiden's name,—joined not in their discourse; and it was only by chance, while busied about her work, that the officer discovered she was weeping bitterly.

He rose betimes and went forth next morning. On the brow of the hill above the cottage was a rock covered with thick green moss, and shaded by tall pines. A clear spring gushed from its bed, and trickled down the hill side, spreading into numerous little sparkling rills. The officer saw Alice go up to this spring; he followed her. He was startled to see how pale and sad she looked; but he endeavoured to speak cheerfully of his departure, and asked what he should send her from the city. 'Nothing can please me when you are gone!' sobbed the poor girl, and with a passionate burst of tears, she threw herself on the ground and buried her face in her hands.

The stranger felt as if his heart was torn in twain. He had won the love of a fair young creature, whom he could never make happy, for—he was already married. What a return for the hospitality of his kind host! He dashed his hand against his forehead in self-reproach. The truth must be told to the beautiful weeping girl before him, and she would execrate his memory. He knelt at her feet, and laying his forehead in the dust, uttered his confession. He told her, in wild and broken words, of his deep love, of his despair; then starting up, rushed away without daring to look upon her again; and mounting his horse, was speedily out of sight.

'You would have wept,' said the landlady, wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron, 'to see the poor young

creature deserted, and fading like a blighted flower. She was always delicate as a fairy, with bright blue eyes and cheeks fair as the white rose. She soon ceased to interest herself in the affairs of the house, but would sit for hours listless at the door, or wander away through the woods by herself. Nay, she would sometimes rise from her bed to walk out; and would be very angry when her father opposed her so doing.'

The good dame paused a space. I felt so much interest in her narration that I deferred my journey till I heard the conclusion of her story.

Poor Alice was drowned in the stream one night that she had gone out without her father's knowledge. The old man kept his wo to himself, and refused to accept the bounty of his neighbours. His chief pleasure was to visit her grave, which they dug at his request, at the top of the hill.

It was but a few months after her death that a stranger passed through the valley on horseback. He was earnest in his inquiries after the old man and his daughter. It was the Philadelphian officer whose life they had saved; he was dressed in deep mourning and had widower's weeds on his hat. Who can describe his emotions when he found, instead of the lovely young bride he came to seek, her freshly sodded grave! Her father—grief had reduced him to a state of helplessness, almost of idiotcy. He was no longer able to provide himself with daily bread. The stranger built himself a rude cell, close by, roofed it with logs and earth, and dwelt there alone, providing secretly for the wants of the bereaved father, who in his mental imbecility never thought of asking whence came the plentiful provisions that every day appeared in his hut, or who had hired the servant that waited on him.

'It is two years,' continued the dame, 'since the old

man died. A large number of the country people attended his funeral. A stranger, dressed in black, of fashionable appearance, mingled among them. Few recognised in this well-dressed stranger, the recluse who had lived so long in the forest; but I well knew it could be no other.'

Such was the landlady's story. A love-tale so romantic might have suited the ruins of some feudal castle, under Italian skies. Its tragedy had been enacted in the depth of an American forest! Surely the passion is well named universal!

Some years after, in passing through the Tuscarora Valley, I felt curious to learn what had become of the recluse in the Shades of Death. None could give me information. He had left the scene of his sorrow and his repentance; perhaps driven by the impulses of a restless spirit, to mingle once more in the world. A neat church has been erected by the honest and thriving settlers, upon the very spot where his hermitage stood. I learned that it was a favourite custom with the country maidens to go and strew with flowers the grave of the unfortunate Alice. Nay, the old women sometimes repeat a story that was long current, of her ghost having been once or twice seen on the brow of the hill, where she last parted from her lover.

Columbia, S. C.

Painted by W. S. MOUNT. Engraved by J. I. PEASE.

THE TOUGH STORY.

Printed by Butler & Long.

THE TOUGH YARN:

OR, THE CAUSE OF JACK ROBINSON'S LAMENESS.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Major Grant of Massachusetts was returning home from Moosehead Lake, where he had been to look after one of his newly-purchased townships, and to sell stumpage to the loggers for the ensuing winter, when he stopped for the night at a snug tavern in one of the back towns in Maine, and having been to the stable, and seen with his own eyes that his horse was well provided with hay and grain, he returned to the bar-room, laid aside his cloak, and took a seat by the box stove, which was waging a hot war with the cold and raw atmosphere of November.

The major was a large, portly man, well to do in the world, and loved his comfort. Having called for a mug of hot flip, he loaded his long pipe, and prepared for a long and comfortable smoke. He was also a very social man, and there being but one person in the room with him, he invited him to join him in a tumbler of flip. This gentleman was Doctor Snow, an active member of a temperance society, and therefore he politely begged to be excused; but having a good share of the volubility natural to his profession, he readily entered into conversation with

the major, answered many of his inquiries about the townships in that section of the state, described minutely the process of lumbering, explained how it might be made profitable, and showed why it was often attended with great loss. A half hour thus passed imperceptibly away, and the doctor rose, drew his wrapper close about him, and placed his cap on his head. The major looked round the room with an air of uneasiness.

'What, going so soon, doctor? No more company here to-night, think? Dull business, doctor, to sit alone one of these long tedious evenings. Always want somebody to talk with; man wasn't made to be alone, you know.'

'True,' said the doctor, 'and I should be happy to spend the evening with you, but I have to go three miles to see a patient yet to-night, and it's high time I was off. But luckily, major, you won't be left alone after all, for here comes Jack Robinson, driving his horse and wagon into the yard now; and I presume he'll not only spend the evening with you, but stop all night.'

'Well, that's good news,' said the major, 'if he'll only talk. Will he talk, doctor?'

'Talk? yes! till all is blue. He's the greatest talker you ever met with. I'll tell you what 'tis, major, I'll bet the price of your reckoning here to-night, that you may ask him the most direct simple question you please, and you sha'n't get an answer from him under half an hour, and he shall keep talking a steady stream the whole time, too.'

'Done,' said the major; ''tis a bet. Let us understand it fairly now. You say I may ask him any simple, plain question I please, and he shall be half an hour answering it, and talk all the time too; and you will bet my night's reckoning of it.'

'That's the bet exactly,' said the doctor.

Here the parties shook hands upon it, just as the door opened, and Mr. Jack Robinson came limping into the room, supported by a crutch, and with something of a bustling, care-for-nothing air, hobbled along toward the fire. The doctor introduced Mr. Jack Robinson to Major Grant, and after the usual salutations and shaking of hands, Mr. Robinson took his seat upon the other side of the stove, opposite the major.

Mr. Jack Robinson was a small, brisk man, with a gray twinkling eye, and a very knowing expression of countenance. As he carefully settled himself into his chair, resting his lame limb against the edge of the stove-hearth, he threw his hat carelessly upon the floor, laid his crutch across his knee, and looked round with a satisfied air, that seemed to say, 'Now, gentlemen, if you want to know the time of day, here's the boy what can tell ye.'

'Allow me, Mr. Robinson, to help you to a tumbler of hot flip,' said the major, raising the mug from the stove.

'With all my heart, and thank ye too,' said Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler. 'I believe there's nothing better for a cold day than hot flip. I've known it to cure many a one who was thought to be in a consumption. There's something so—'

'And I have known it,' said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, 'to kill many a one that was thought to have an excellent constitution and sound health.'

'There's something so warming,' continued Mr. Robinson, following up his own thoughts so earnestly that he seemed not to have heard the remark of the doctor, 'there's something so warming and so nourishing in hot flip, it seems to give new life to the blood, and puts the insides all in good trim. And as for cold weather, it will keep that out better than any double-milled kersey or fearnot

great coat that I ever see. I could drive twenty miles in a cold day with a good mug of hot flip easier than I could ten miles without it. And this *is* a cold day, gentlemen, a real cold day, there's no mistake about it. This nor-wester cuts like a razor. But tain't nothing near so cold as 'twas a year ago, the twenty-second day of this month. That day, it seemed as if your breath would freeze stiff before it got an inch from your mouth. I drove my little Canada gray in a sleigh that day twelve miles in forty-five minutes, and froze two of my toes on my lame leg as stiff as maggots. Them toes chill a great deal quicker than they do on t'other foot. In my well days I never froze the coldest day that ever blew. But that cold snap, the twenty-second day of last November, if my little gray hadn't gone like a bird, would have done the job for my poor lame foot. When I got home I found two of my sheep dead, and they were under a good shed, too. And one of my neighbours, poor fellow, went into the woods after a load of wood, and we found him next day froze to death, leaning up against a beech tree as stiff as a stake. But his oxen was alive and well. It's very wonderful how much longer a brute critter will stan' the cold than a man will. Them oxen didn't even shiver.'

'Perhaps,' said the doctor, standing with his back towards Mr. Robinson, 'perhaps the oxen had taken a mug of hot flip before they went into the woods.'

By this time Major Grant began to feel a little suspicious that he might lose his bet, and was setting all his wits to work to fix on a question so direct and limited in its nature, that it could not fail to draw from Mr. Robinson a pretty direct answer. He had thought at first of making some simple inquiry about the weather; but he now felt convinced that, with Mr. Robinson, the weather was a very copious subject. He had also several times thought

of asking some question in relation to the beverage they were drinking; such as, whether Mr. Robinson preferred flip to hot sling. And at first he could hardly perceive, if the question were put direct, how it could fail to bring out a direct yes or no. But the discursive nature of Mr. Robinson's eloquence on flip had already induced him to turn his thoughts in another direction for a safe and suitable question. At last he thought he would make his inquiry in reference to Mr. Robinson's lameness. He would have asked the cause of his lameness, but the thought occurred to him that the cause might not be clearly known, or his lameness might have been produced by a complication of causes, that would allow too much latitude for a reply. He resolved therefore simply to ask him whether his lameness was in the leg or in the foot. That was a question which it appeared to him required a short answer. For if it were in his leg, Mr. Robinson would say it was in his leg; and if it were in his foot, he would at once reply, in his foot; and if it were in both, what could be more natural than that he should say, in both? and that would seem to be the end of the story.

Having at length fully made up his mind as to the point of attack, he prepared for the charge, and taking a careless look at his watch, he gave the doctor a sly wink. Doctor Snow, without turning or scarcely appearing to move, drew his watch from beneath his wrapper so far as to see the hour, and returned it again to his pocket.

'Mr. Robinson,' said the major, 'if I may presume to make the inquiry, is your lameness in the leg or in the foot?'

'Well, that reminds me,' said Mr. Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler, which he still held in his hand, 'that reminds me of what my old father said to me once when I

was a boy. Says he, "Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where any thing is, unless you can first tell how it come there." The reason of his saying it was this. Father and I was coming in the steamboat from New York to Providence; and they was all strangers aboard—we didn't know one of 'em from Adam. And on the way, one of the passengers missed his pocket-book, and begun to make a great outcry about it. He called the captain, and said there must be a search. The boat must be searched, and all the passengers and all on board must be searched. Well, the captain he agreed to it; and at it they went, and overhauled every thing from one end of the boat to t'other; but they couldn't find hide nor hair of it. And they searched all the passengers and all the hands, but they couldn't get no track on't. And the man that lost the pocket-book took on and made a great fuss. He said it wasn't so much on account of the money, for there wasn't a great deal in it; but the papers in it were of great consequence to him, and he offered to give ten dollars to any body that would find it. Pretty soon after that, I was fixin' up father's birth a little, where he was going to sleep, and I found the pocket-book under the clothes at the head of the birth, where the thief had tucked it away while the search was going on. So I took it, tickled enough, and run to the man, and told him I had found his pocket-book. He catched it out of my hands, and says he, "Where did you find it?" Says I, "Under the clothes in the head of my father's birth."

'"In your father's birth, did you?" says he, and he give me a look and spoke so sharp, I jumped as if I was going out of my skin.

'Says he, "Show me the place."

'So I run and showed him the place.

'"Call your father here," says he. So I run and called father.

'"Now Mister," says he to father, "I should like to know how my pocket-book come in your birth."

'"I don't know nothin' about it," says father.

'Then he turned to me, and says he, "Young man, how came this pocket-book in your father's birth?"

'Says I, "I can't tell. I found it there, and that's all I know about it."

'Then he called the captain and asked him if he knew us. The captain said he didn't. The man looked at us mighty sharp, first to father, and then to me, and eyed us from top to toe. We wasn't neither of us dressed very slick, and we could tell by his looks pretty well what he was thinking. At last he said he would leave it to the passengers whether, under all the circumstances, he should pay the boy the ten dollars or not. I looked at father and his face was as red as a blaze, and I see his dander begun to rise. He didn't wait for any of the passengers to give their opinion about it, but says he to the man, "Dod-rot your money! if you've got any more than you want, you may throw it into the sea for what I care; but if you offer any of it to my boy, I'll send you where a streak of lightning wouldn't reach you in six months."

'That seemed to settle the business; the man didn't say no more to father, and most of the passengers begun to look as if they didn't believe father was guilty. But a number of times after that, on the passage, I see the man that lost the pocket-book whisper to some of the passengers, and then turn and look at father. And then father would look gritty enough to bite a board-nail off. When we got ashore, as soon as we got a little out of sight of folks, father catched hold of my arm and give it a most

awful jerk, and says he, "Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where any thing is again, unless you can first tell how it come there."

'Now it would be about as difficult,' continued Mr. Robinson after a slight pause, which he employed in taking a sip from his tumbler, 'for me to tell to a sartinty how I come by this lameness, as it was to tell how the pocket-book come in father's birth. There was a hundred folks aboard, and we knew some of 'em must a put it in; but which one 'twas, it would have puzzled a Philadelphy lawyer to tell. Well, it's pretty much so with my lameness. This poor leg of mine has gone through some most awful sieges, and it's a wonder there's an inch of it left. But it's a pretty good leg yet; I can almost bear my weight upon it; and with the help of a crutch you'd be surprised to see how fast I can get over the ground.'

'Then your lameness is in the leg rather than in the foot?' said Major Grant, taking advantage of a short pause in Mr. Robinson's speech.

'Well, I was going on to tell you all the particulars,' said Mr. Robinson. 'You've no idea what terrible narrow chances I've gone through with this leg.'

'Then the difficulty *is* in the leg, is it not?' said Major Grant.

'Well, after I tell you the particulars,' said Mr. Robinson, 'you can judge for yourself. The way it first got hurt was going in a swimming, when I was about twelve years old. I could swim like a duck, and used to be in Uncle John's mill-pond along with his Stephen half the time. Uncle John he always used to keep scolding at us and telling of us we should get sucked into the floome bime-by, and break our plaguy necks under the water-wheel. But we knew better. We'd tried it so much we could tell jest how near we could go to the gate and get

away again without being drawed through. But one day Steeve, jest to plague me, threw my straw hat into the pond between me and the gate. I was swimming about two rods from the gate, and the hat was almost as near as we dared to go, and the stream was sucking it down pretty fast; so I sprung with all my might to catch the hat before it should go through and get smashed under the water-wheel. When I got within about half my length of it, I found I was as near the gate as we ever dared to go. But I hated to lose the hat, and I thought I might venture to go a little nearer, so I fetched a spring with all my might, and grabbed the hat and put it on my head, and turned back and pulled for my life. At first I thought I gained a little, and I made my hands and feet fly as tight as I could spring. In about a minute I found I didn't gain a bit one way nor t'other; and then I sprung as if I would a tore my arms off; and it seemed as if I could feel the sweat start all over me right there in the water. I begun to feel all at once as if death had me by the heels, and I screamed for help. Stephen was on the shore watching me, but he couldn't get near enough to help me. When he see I couldn't gain any, and heard me scream, he was about as scared as I was, and turned and run towards the mill, and screamed for uncle as loud as he could bawl. In a minute uncle come running to the mill-pond, and got there jest time enough to see me going through the gate feet foremost. Uncle said, if he should live to be as old as Methuselah, he should never forget what a beseeching look my eyes had as I lifted up my hands towards him and then sunk guggling into the floome. He knew I should be smashed all to pieces under the great water-wheel; but he run round as fast as he could to the tail of the mill to be ready to pick up my mangled body when it got through, so I might be carried home and buried. Presently he see me

drifting along in the white foam that come out from under the mill, and he got a pole with a hook to it and drawed me to the shore. He found I was not jammed all to pieces as he expected, though he couldn't see any signs of life. But having considerable doctor skill, he went to work upon me, and rolled me over, and rubbed me, and worked upon me, till bime-by I began to groan and breathe. And at last I come to so I could speak. They carried me home and sent for a doctor to examine me. My left foot and leg was terribly bruised, and one of the bones broke, and that was all the hurt there was on me. I must have gone length-ways right in between two buckets of the water-wheel, and that saved my life. But this poor leg and foot got such a bruising I wasn't able to go a step on it for three months, and never got entirely over it to this day.'

'Then your lameness is in the leg and foot both, is it not?' said Major Grant, hoping at this favourable point to get an answer to his question.

'Oh, it wasn't that bruising under the mill-wheel,' said Mr. Jack Robinson, 'that caused this lameness, though I've no doubt it caused a part of it and helps to make it worse; but it wasn't the principal cause. I've had tougher scrapes than that in my day, and I was going on to tell you what I s'pose hurt my leg more than any thing else that ever happened to it. When I was about eighteen years old I was the greatest hunter there was within twenty miles round. I had a first-rate little fowling-piece; she would carry as true as a hair. I could hit a squirrel fifty yards twenty times running. And at all the thanks-giving shooting matches I used to pop off the geese and turkeys so fast, it spoilt all their fun; and they got so at last they wouldn't let me fire till all the rest had fired round three times apiece. And when all of 'em had fired at a turkey three times and couldn't hit it, they would say,

"well, that turkey belongs to Jack Robinson." So I would up and fire and pop it over. Well, I used to be almost everlastingly a gunning; and father would fret and scold, because whenever there was any work to do, Jack was always off in the woods. One day I started to go over Bear Mountain, about two miles from home, to see if I couldn't kill some raccoons; and I took my brother Ned, who was three years younger than myself, with me to help bring home the game. We took some bread and cheese and doughnuts in our pockets, for we calculated to be gone all day, and I shouldered my little fowling-piece, and took a plenty of powder and shot and small bullets, and off we started through the woods. When we got round the other side of Bear Mountain, where I had always had the best luck in hunting, it was about noon. On the way I had killed a couple of gray squirrels, a large fat raccoon, and a hedge-hog. We sot down under a large beech tree to eat our bread and cheese. As we sot eating, we looked up into the tree, and it was very full of beech-nuts. They were about ripe, but there had not been frost enough to make them drop much from the tree. So says I to Ned, let us take some sticks and climb this tree and beat off some nuts to carry home. So we got some sticks and up we went. We hadn't but jest got cleverly up into the body of the tree, before we heard something crackling among the bushes a few rods off. We looked and listened, and heard it again, louder and nearer. In a minute we see the bushes moving, not three rods off from the tree, and something black stirring about among them. Then out come an awful great black bear, the ugliest-looking feller that ever I laid my eyes on. He looked up towards the tree we was on, and turned up his nose as though he was snuffing something. I begun to feel pretty streaked; I knew bears was terrible climbers, and I'd a gin all the

world if I'd only had my gun in my hand, well loaded. But there was no time to go down after it now, and I thought the only way was to keep as still as possible, and perhaps he might go off again about his business. So we didn't stir nor hardly breathe. Whether the old feller smelt us, or whether he was looking for beech-nuts, I don't know; but he rared right up on his hind legs and walked as straight to the tree as a man could walk. He walked round the tree twice, and turned his great black nose up, and looked more like Old Nick than any thing that I ever see before. Then he stuck his sharp nails into the sides of the tree, and begun to hitch himself up. I felt as if we had got into a bad scrape, and wished we was out of it. Ned begun to cry. But says I to Ned, "It's no use to take on about it; if he's coming up we must fight him off the best way we can." We clim up higher into the tree, and the old bear come hitching along up after us. I made Ned go up above me, and as I had a pretty good club in my hand, I thought I might be able to keep the old feller down. He didn't seem to stop for the beech-nuts, but kept climbing right up towards us. When he got up pretty near I poked my club at him, and he showed his teeth and growled. Says I, "Ned, scrabble up a little higher." We clim up two or three limbs higher, and the old bear followed close after. When he got up so he could almost touch my feet, I thought it was time to begin to fight. So I up with my club and tried to fetch him a pelt over the nose. And the very first blow he knocked the club right out of my hand, with his great nigger paw, as easy as I could knock it out of the hand of a baby a year old. I begun to think then it was gone goose with us. Howsomever, I took Ned's club, and thought I'd try once more; but he knocked it out of my hand like a feather, and made another hitch and grabbed at my foot.

We scrabbled up the tree, and he after us, till we got almost to the top of the tree. At last I had to stop a little for Ned, and the old bear clinched my feet. First he stuck his claws into 'em, and then he stuck his teeth into 'em, and begun to naw. I felt as if 'twas a gone case, but I kicked and fit, and told Ned to get up higher; and he did get up a little higher, and I got up a little higher too, and the old bear made another hitch and come up higher, and begun to naw my heels again. And then the top of the tree begun to bend, for we had got up so high we was all on a single limb as 'twere; and it bent a little more, and cracked and broke, and down we went, bear and all, about thirty feet, to the ground. At first I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I guess we all lay still as much as a minute before we could make out to breathe. When I come to my feeling a little, I found the bear had fell on my lame leg, and give it another most awful crushing. Ned wasn't hurt much. He fell on top of the bear, and the bear fell partly on me. Ned sprung off and got out of the way of the bear; and in about a minute more the bear crawled up slowly on to his feet, and begun to walk off, without taking any notice of us. And I was glad enough to see that he went rather lame. When I come to try my legs I found one of 'em was terribly smashed, and I couldn't walk a step on it. So I told Ned to hand me my gun, and to go home as fast as he could go, and get the horse and father and come and carry me home.

Ned went off upon the quick trot, as if he was after the doctor. But the blundering critter—Ned always was a great blunderer—lost his way and wandered about in the woods all night, and didn't get home till sunrise next morning. The way I spent the night wasn't very comfortable, I can tell ye. Jest before dark it begun to rain, and I looked round to try to find some kind of a shelter. At last I see

a great tree, lying on the ground a little ways off, that seemed to be holler. I crawled along to it, and found there was a holler in one end large enough for me to creep into. So in I went, and in order to get entirely out of the way of the spattering of the rain, and keep myself dry, I crept in as much as ten feet. I laid there and rested myself as well as I could, though my leg pained me too much to sleep. Some time in the night, all at once, I heerd a sort of rustling noise at the end of the log where I come in. My hair stood right in eend. It was dark as Egypt; I couldn't see the least thing, but I could hear the rustling noise again, and it sounded as if it was coming into the log. I held my breath, but I could hear something breathing heavily, and there seemed to be a sort of scratching against the sides of the log, and it kept working along in towards me. I clinched my fowling-piece and held on to it. 'Twas well loaded with a brace of balls and some shot besides. But whether to fire or what to do, I couldn't tell. I was sure there was some terrible critter in the log, and the rustling noise kept coming nearer and nearer to me. At last I heerd a low kind of a growl. I thought if I was only dead and decently buried somewhere I should be glad; for to be eat up alive there by bears, or wolves, or catamounts, I couldn't bear the idea of it. In a minute more something made a horrible grab at my feet, and begun to naw 'em. At first I crawled a little further into the tree. But the critter was hold of my feet again in a minute, and I found it was no use for me to go in any further. I didn't hardly dare to fire; for I thought if I didn't kill the critter, it would only be likely to make him fight the harder. And then again I thought if I should kill him, and he should be as large as I fancied him to be, I should never be able to shove him out of the log, nor to get out by him. While I

was having these thoughts the old feller was nawing and tearing my feet so bad, I found he would soon kill me if I laid still. So I took my gun and pointed down by my feet, as near the centre of the holler log as I could, and let drive. The report almost stunned me. But when I come to my hearing again, I laid still and listened. Every thing round me was still as death; I couldn't hear the least sound. I crawled back a few inches towards the mouth of the log, and was stopt by something against my feet. I pushed it. 'Twould give a little, but I couldn't move it. I got my hand down far enough to reach, and felt the fur and hair and ears of some terrible animal.

'That was an awful long night. And when the morning did come, the critter filled the holler up so much, there was but very little light come in where I was. I tried again to shove the animal towards the mouth of the log, but I found 'twas no use,—I couldn't move him. At last the light come in so much that I felt pretty sure it was a monstrous great bear that I had killed. But I begun to feel now as if I was buried alive; for I was afraid our folks wouldn't find me, and I was sure I never could get out myself. But about two hours after sunrise, all at once I thought I heerd somebody holler "Jack." I listened and I heerd it again, and I knew 'twas father's voice. I answered as loud as I could holler. They kept hollering and I kept hollering. Sometimes they would go further off and sometimes come nearer. My voice sounded so queer they couldn't tell where it come from, nor what to make of it. At last, by going round considerable, they found my voice seemed to be somewhere round the holler tree, and bime-by father come along and put his head into the holler of the tree, and called out, "Jack, are you here?" "Yes I be," says I, "and I wish you would pull this bear out, so I can get out myself." When they got us out I

was about as much dead as alive; but they got me on to the horse, and led me home and nursed me up, and had a doctor to set my leg again; and it's a pretty good leg yet.'

Here, while Mr. Robinson was taking another sip from his tumbler, Major Grant glanced at his watch, and looking up to Doctor Snow, said, with a grave, quiet air, 'Doctor, I give it up; the bet is yours.'

LINES ON THE DEATH OF TWO PROMISING CHILDREN.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

Hope shed its cloudless sunshine
  Upon this lovely pair,
And life was all one boundless scene
  Of joy, unmix'd with care;
No darksome cloud of sorrow yet
  Upon their lot did lower,
They thought not of a morrow sad,
  For bliss made up each hour.

Oh! keen was death's sharp weapon,
  When first, with torture strong,
It tore the boy's young frame, where health
  Had been a guest so long;
And weary, weary were the weeks
  Of anguish, which he bore
With dove-like meekness, till his soul
  Fled where pain comes no more.

But while the voice of wailing
  Still mourn'd this blossom dead,
The spoiler came and set his seal
  On the unfrosted head

Of that sweet girl, so fair and good,
And rich in winning charms:
'Twas hard to give this treasure too,
Unto death's icy arms.

Yes! bright and happy beings,
They both lie 'neath the sod;
But shall one murmuring thought arise
Against the will of God?
No! parents weep awhile, but let
The faith of Heaven prevail,
Its balm will soon heal every wound,
A balm that cannot fail.

Trust them to that kind Shepherd,
Within whose living breast,
The tender lambs, still, still *your own*,
Safe from all evil, rest;
Why pine for those sweet singing birds,
Who life's clay cage have riven,
To fly, on wings of bliss untold,
Amid the fields of Heaven.

Charleston, S. C.

THE LOVE OF TEARS.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Mother! why is it when I trace
The tear which falls on *sister's* face,
It seems to me so bright and fair
I almost wish 'twas always there;
But when sometimes by soft surprise
I've caught the tear in *father's* eyes,
Those cherish'd orbs look'd up so dim,
I've almost thought to weep with him?
Mother! I'm but a maiden young,
Inform my heart and teach my tongue.

Bend hither, child of tender years,
And learn of me the 'Love of Tears.'
When Sorrow pours, with drops that gleam,
On *woman's* cheek the crystal stream,
It is a sign by which to tell
The heart that aches will soon be well;
A measure kind from transient grief,
Significant of soft relief,
In token that the mists of care
Will rise, and leave the rainbow there;

But when the tears of woman weak
Are seen on *manhood's* hardy cheek,
They come, like heralds, to proclaim
The storm which shakes his thunder-frame,—
The struggle of the fires which burn
Within the bosom's heaving urn,—
The rising of the mounting wave
Heart-bound to burst its passion cave.

If e'er 'tis thine, oh! daughter fair,
To watch beside his brow of care,
By every tie which mercy forms,
Deal *gently* with that heart of storms!

Camp on the Oscilla, Florida.

LOUIS LABLACHE.*

LABLACHE! Here is one of those artistical superiorities before which the loftiest reputations bend down as if in the presence of royalty. Since the appearance of Lablache upon the musical stage, the singers who had previously made a name in *basse-taille* parts have been all eclipsed, and no one else has risen up to dispute with him the first place.

Lablache, like Rubini, is of an age at which the agitations of the life of an artist are still productive of pleasure and glory. He was born at Naples in 1794; his mother was Irish, and his father was a Frenchman, who had left Marseilles to escape the perils of the revolution. But another revolution, in 1799, surprised the father of Lablache in his new country, and caused his ruin. He died of grief. Joseph Napoleon granted his protection to the unfortunate family, and placed young Louis in the *Conservatorio della Pietà de Turchini*, now *San-Sebastiano.* Here the boy studied both instrumental and vocal music. One day, a contra-bassist was wanting in the orchestra of

* Biographical Studies upon Contemporary Singers: Translated from the French of M. ESCUDIER, one of the most distinguished musical critics of Paris.

Santo-Onofrio; Marcello Perrino, Lablache's master, said to him, 'You are perfectly acquainted with the violoncello; it would be easy for you to play the contra bass.' Lablache had an aversion to this instrument; nevertheless he had the gamut of it written out for him, and three days afterwards he executed his part with perfect accuracy. M. Castil-Blaze has truly said, that even if Lablache had not been endowed with a magnificent voice, he would not the less have shone among the virtuosi of the day; he would have played upon the violoncello like Bohrer, upon the flute like Tulou; from the organ to the jews-harp all instruments were at his command; he had only to choose.

When still quite young, Lablache felt a strong desire to tread the boards. Five times in succession did he desert the Conservatorio to enter upon a dramatic career. On one occasion he engaged to perform at Salerno for fifteen ducats a month (forty cents a day); he received a month's pay in advance, remained two days at Naples, and spent it all. As, however, he did not like to go to Salerno without some portable effects, or the appearance at least of baggage, he took with him a trunk, which he filled with sand. Two days afterwards, the vice-rector, who had got upon his traces, arrived at Salerno, discovered him, and had him seized by *sbirri* whom he had brought for the purpose. The manager, to indemnify himself for the fifteen ducats paid in advance, took possession of the fugitive's trunk, and proceeded to make an inventory of its contents. It was opened, and to the infinite astonishment of all present, was found stuffed with—just what Lablache had put in it.

The youth's pranks, however, produced a good result for his comrades, and for art in general; a hall of representation was constructed in the interior of the Conservatory, and from that time he had an opportunity of gratifying his

passion for the stage. He no longer thought of flight, but prosecuted his studies, which he terminated at the age of seventeen.

We will not follow Lablache through the various theatres on which he performed previous to appearing before the Parisian public; it will suffice to say, that his talent was every where admired, every where sought to be retained; that the actor was fêted, the singer applauded, and that testimonials of regard were showered upon the individual.

It was in November, 1830, that Lablache made his début at the *Théatre Italien* of Paris, in the part of Geronimo in the *Matrimonio Segreto.* It was a perfect triumph. He played the character with wonderful talent, and was at once acknowledged to be the first basse-taille of the epoch.

To obtain an idea of the power of this artist over the multitude and the minds of the élite, one must attend a performance at the Italian Theatre when he fills an important part. Scarcely does he make a step upon the boards when a great movement is remarked throughout the whole house, as if produced by an electric stroke. Imagine the most frigid, the most silent, or the most indifferent assemblage. Suddenly all heads are erect, all brows are expanded, all mouths are relaxed: Lablache has appeared. Behold that fine, imposing countenance, those eyes in which are reflected the genius and frankness of the artist, that colossal, dignified figure. Lablache, both in person and voice, is the true type of the genuine basse-taille. He can put on all kinds of physiognomies, assume all kinds of characters; comic or serious, tragic or sentimental, he carries you away, captivates your imagination, and enchains all minds. He is a veritable Proteus. Marino Faliero or Doctor Dulcamara, the father of Desdemona or Don Magnifico, he makes you weep, or laugh, or

shudder, at his will, and that by a look, a gesture, a mere movement of his body.

The voice of Lablache descends to *sol* basso, and mounts to *mi* sharp. This is a very ordinary compass, as it only embraces thirteen notes, or an octave and a fifth; what renders his organ so marvellous is its timbre, its power, its vibration, its exquisite truth. One should hear him in grand concerted pieces, when all the other voices are in full developement around him, and the orchestra is putting forth its entire strength. His voice rises above the whole, swaying both the stage and the orchestra, while the éclat of his tones is never confounded with the tones of the deeper instruments which double them. The effect which this magnificent organ adds to the power of the vocal and instrumental masses cannot be described; it is a cannon in the midst of a fire of musketry, it is thunder amid a tempest.

And yet how admirably he manages this enormous volume of sound; how skilfully he modifies it, giving it, when he pleases, grace and fascination, and sometimes even coquetry. Here, in our opinion, is the climax of art. Labour in his case has fashioned nature, without taking aught from its primitive beauty.

In the light style of music, he has been known to accomplish the most surprising feats. One evening the *Preva d'un Opera Seria* was performed; in the duo with Madame Malibran, the lady thought she would disconcert him by sundry embellishments absolutely bristling with difficulties, which she had prepared for the purpose, and which it was incumbent upon him to execute after her; but this snare laid for the throat of our singing Hercules only served to manifest its agility and suppleness—note for note, passage for passage, shade for shade, Lablache, with his *voce di testa*, repeated instantaneously all the phrases which Mali-

bran had elaborated with so much trouble. Returning to the green-room, she could not refrain from expressing her astonishment at the ease with which he had surmounted the difficulties that she had thrown in his way, to which he replied, with his usual *bonhommie*, that he had not perceived the difficulties.

Lablache is not a singer in the sense commonly attached to this word. Do not therefore constantly ask him for flourishes, for *traits dentalés*, for ascending and descending chromatics; do not expect from him the grotesqueness of the point d'orgue, the whim of grace notes, and the embellishment of the Cadenza. He has no need to resort to such means for producing effect: he finds it in dramatic truth, in a perfect musical accentuation, in the sentiment of the art, which he possesses in the highest degree. As he is always obedient to truth, there is no singer who renders with more fidelity and intelligence, not only the productions of contemporaneous art, but also the ancient masterpieces, the execution of which has become so difficult for the singers of the day. He is indebted for all these qualities to profound study, such as few artists now pursue. So far does he carry the love of his art, that he would never allow himself to appear on the stage without having satisfied himself, by all sorts of investigations, that every thing in his costume and carriage is in exact accordance with the character and the epoch of the part he is about to perform. His first appearance as Henry VIII. in *Anna Bolena*, is still remembered in London. So striking was his resemblance to the original, that the spectators experienced a species of horror, as if they were gazing upon the tyrant himself.

The triumph of Lablache is in the *opera buffa.* Never did any *basse-taille* give recitative in a style more natural, with more amusing vivacity, and more sparkling humour.

There is nothing more diverting than to behold this Rhodian colossus skipping and gambolling about the stage with sylphlike lightness; you fancy at every moment that he must sink beneath the weight of his body, and just as you think him prostrate, he flies off like a butterfly. *Mi vedrai farfallone amoroso.*

An accomplished singer in tragedy as well as in comedy, an unrivalled actor in characters the most opposite, a theorist versed in his art, and competent to expound, define, exalt it, Lablache is thus a consummate artist. To these merits he joins literary attainments of a varied description, an acute intellect, and an elevated character, which renders him an object of affection and esteem to all by whom he is known.

RUBINI.

There is no name in the history of art more justly celebrated than that of Rubini. His reputation is colossal; he has been hailed king of singing by all Europe. No artist can be cited whose genius has manifested itself with more dazzling splendour, and has so long sustained itself with constantly increasing superiority.

Rubini is still young. He was born in 1795, at Romano, a small place situated about four leagues from Bergamo. In 1812, he made one of the chorus in the theatre of this town. He was afterwards attached to an itinerant troupe, from which, however, he soon separated for the purpose of undertaking a pilgrimage through Italy, in company with a violinist named Modi. But the tribulations and vicissi-

tudes of this nomadic existence were little to his taste, and he accepted an engagement at Pavia. His success was there so great that he was successively called to Brescia, to Venice, and at length to Naples, where the director Barbaja brought him out, with Pellegrini and Nozzari, in two operas which Fioravanti had composed for him. *Adelson y Salvini* and *Comingio.* In 1819, he appeared at Rome in the *Gazza Ladra* with Mlle. Mombelli; and at Palermo, with Lablache and Donzelli. At Naples, whither he returned after those brilliant excursions, he met with Mlle. Chomel, a distinguished singer, who soon afterwards became his wife, and repaired with him to Vienna, where he experienced a memorable reception.

It was on the 6th of October, 1833, that Rubini appeared for the first time in Paris, in the *Cenerentola.* Since that epoch, his career has been an uninterrupted series of triumphs, in France, in England, in Austria, in Italy, the cradle of his glory; they are too recent, and have shed too brilliant a lustre upon the musical world, to render it necessary to detail them here. Besides, it is not so much a biography that we wish to give of this great singer, as an analytical study upon his voice and his method, which, without ever having been committed to paper, has nevertheless exercised, like that of the Garcias, an incontestable influence over all the schools of vocalists.

The voice of Rubini is a tenor in the full acceptation of the word. It starts from *mi*, and ascends, in 'notes of the breast,' to *si* sharp; it continues, in 'notes of the head,' or *falsetto*, to *fa*, always with an intonation of perfect justness and equality. Thus the scale which it compasses is of two octaves and a note. But that is only its ordinary extent, for we have heard Rubini, in the *Roberto D'Evereux* of Donizetti, leap up to *sol.* True, he had never

gone so high before, and he himself seemed astonished at the feat. As to the power of his organ, it is never beneath what the strongest dramatic expression can exact from a singer. But this power, great as it is, never wounds the ear by too boisterous bursts. His voice is enveloped, as it were, in light gauze, which, without impeding its most rapid bounds, softens the asperities that are almost inseparable from an energetic vibration. Thence that sweetness, that indefinable charm, which spread around the singer when he pours forth accents of tenderness and wo. It is of him that it may indeed be said, without exaggeration and almost without metaphor, that he has tears in his voice.

We willingly acknowledge that he is greatly indebted to nature for these rare and precious qualities; but what art has added to them is immense. One of the prodigies of that art is displayed in the passage from the *voce di petto* to the *voce di testa*, and vice versa. When he has reached the limits of the register of the breast,—for example, *si*,—the change for the purpose of entering the falsetto is operated in so marvellous a way, that it is impossible to catch the moment of transition. Another of these prodigies is, that being gifted with very ample lungs, which demand a great quantity of air, he measures his respiration with such skill, that he loses only just so much of his breath as is requisite for producing the sound proportioned to the value of the notes. His manner of breathing is also one of those secrets of the art which it is impossible to describe. So adroitly does he conceal the artifice of respiration, that in the longest phrases you can never perceive the moment when the breath is taken. To understand this phenomenon, it is necessary to know that he fills and empties his lungs almost instantaneously and without the slightest interruption, as you would do with a cup which you

should empty with one hand and fill with another. It may be imagined what advantage the singer derives from this faculty, which he owes as much to nature as to study. By its aid, he can give a brilliant and varied colouring to his phrases, as his organ preserves in its gradation the strength necessary to begin, to prosecute, and to conclude, without interruption, the longest periods.

There is no singer whose pipe is lighter, more agile, more flexible than that of Rubini. It lends itself to the most unforeseen, accidental, arduous caprices of composition. There are no ornaments, no *fioriture*, no passages, however difficult, which he cannot accomplish, and which he does not always succeed in accomplishing with the most marvellous perfection. His voice may set the most rapid instruments at defiance, and yet he knows how to be sparing of ornaments, and how to employ them with discretion. Rubini is perhaps the very first artist who, possessing that immense facility of execution, the success of which is always sure, has understood that the most astonishing embroideries are not in keeping with passionate situations. There are works, like *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which he abstains from all embellishments. And then, let it be said that Rubini does not possess dramatic intelligence in the highest degree. It should still be proclaimed aloud, for connoisseurs as well as for the ignorant, that Rubini is both the most brilliant and the most expressive singer who has appeared upon the stage!

It is true that Rubini sometimes allows himself to play with his voice, and run riot in all sorts of *gorghetti*, to use the Italian phrase. Thus, in the famous duo of *Mosé*, which he sings with Tamburini, he stifles both the musical idea and the dramatic situation beneath a pile of ornaments. But we happen to know that this is a concession

which Rubini makes with regret to that unintelligent part of his audience which cares little for truth, provided it be amused by difficulties of often very doubtful taste ; just as some pretended lovers of painting take vastly more delight in gaudy, flaring hues, than in natural colouring and correct design.

There are people who will affirm that Rubini is a cold and stiff actor, if they do not even say that he is no actor at all. This is an error which it is easy to destroy. That immovableness, for which he is reproached, is the necessary consequence of his mode of singing. Behold him in those famous adagios, when, motionless and with his head thrown back to open a wider passage for his voice, he pours forth those mellifluous, limpid, impassioned tones, which waken such profound emotions ! The slightest displacement of the body would cause that voice, which is now so sure of itself, to undulate, and would deprive it of that equality and finish of which the charm is indefinable. It is his voice that weeps, his voice that makes you weep. Talma himself, with his admirable pantomime, did not produce more thrilling effects.

No, it must not be imagined that Rubini is only a sublime singer, who moves his hearers only by the potency of his voice. He should be seen in scenes of rage and despair, in dramatic situations, where he darts forth his note like a thunderbolt, to obtain an idea of his mimic energy and the truth of his movements. In the finale of *Otello* and in the curse of *Lucia*, one is at a loss which to admire in him most—the consummate actor or the inimitable singer.

Such are the various aspects under which this fine sample of an artist is manifested. Nature and art have combined to render him a phenomenon. His voice is

strong, sweet, equal, true; it was nature that made it so, and nature never showed herself more generous. His method is perfect, because it is based upon truth and the most exquisite taste. Rubini has brought to perfection the science of singing; he does better whatever was done before him, and moreover, art is indebted to him for many innovations with which all other methods have become enriched. Thus, to cite but a single example, Rubini was the first to introduce into singing those vigorous aspirations, which might be called *à répercussion*, and which consist in prolonging a sound upon the same note before the completion of the cadence. This shock given to the voice, this species of musical sob, always produces the greatest effect, and there is no singer now who does not endeavour to imitate it.

Nevertheless, as there is nothing entirely perfect in the world, Rubini also pays his tribute to human nature. In our opinion he is too negligent in his manner of phrasing the recitative. In concerted pieces, likewise, he does not even give himself the trouble to sing, and when it pleases him to open his mouth, it is only to keep the most absolute silence. It may be said that Rubini does not exist in *morceaux d'ensemble.* Often, too, he sings with his falsetto what he should sing with his natural voice. It is perhaps to these artifices that Rubini owes the complete preservation of his organ, which is as fresh now as in his youth; but it is not less true that by such indolence he may injure the dramatic thoughts of the composer, and paralyse the efforts of his comrades.

We have said nothing of the character of Rubini, our object having been to speak of the artist; but we cannot conclude this rapid sketch without rendering homage to his generous sentiments, to the simplicity of his manners,

and the goodness of his heart. All his comrades, and all those who have approached him, can testify to his elevated qualities as an artist and a man.

TAMBURINI.

Antonio Tamburini is another child of fruitful Italy, that land which seems to console itself for its political degradation by the splendour of its artistical glory.

Born at Faenza, on the 28th of March, 1800, he received from his father, Pasquale Tamburini, a professor of music, that early education which directs gifted natures towards the destinies they are to accomplish. But the young instrumentalist, who, at the age of nine years, was filling with distinction a place in an orchestra, experienced instinctive promptings to another career; and, soon afterwards was seen figuring in the choir of the church, and upon the stage of his native town. His success as a vocalist was such as to attract the notice of the elder Mombelli, of Madame Pisaroni, and of several other celebrated artists. At the age of eighteen, he made a triumphant début at the *Cento* theatre, in Bologna, in an opera of Generali; and next played at Mirandola and at Correggio, where he awakened the liveliest enthusiasm. The fame of his success drew upon him the attention of the Italian managers, and in 1819 he accepted an engagement for the theatre of Placenza, where is still preserved the memory of his brilliant performances in *Cenerentola* and the *Italiana in Algieri*. The same year he appeared at

Naples; Pavesi, Generali, Mercadante wrote for him, and enabled him to add some original creations to his triumphs.

Driven from Naples by the troubles of 1820, Tamburini appeared successively at Florence, Leghorn, Turin, and Milan. It was in this last city that he encountered Mlle. Marietta Gioja, whom he subsequently married, with whom he sang in the *Posto Abandanato*, which Mercadante had just written for them.

Mlle. Gioja was the daughter of the celebrated choreographer of that name, who died in 1826. Her mother was of French origin—the child of the Marquise de Pins, who married Count Gaëtani, a noble who had visited France in the suite of the King of Naples. The first husband of Madame Gioja was the Marquis de Misiallia, by whom she was left an immense fortune on condition of never marrying again; but having secretly espoused Gioja, and the fact being discovered, she was thrown into a convent, whence she was released by the protection of Marie Caroline. This lady, a woman of great beauty, who preferred the love of a poor artist to the splendours of her opulent condition, had three children by him, two sons and a daughter. The last is now Madame Tamburini.

A short time before his marriage, Tamburini had the misfortune to lose his mother, and such was his affliction that he had thoughts of retiring from the world and seeking an asylum in the church. Fortunately, at least for the art of which he is one of the glories, his application was rejected, or rather its immediate gratification was refused, on the ground of his being an actor, and time brought him back to his studies and toils.

Being engaged to perform at Trieste, Tamburini stopped at Venice on his way. The emperors of Austria and Russia happened at the time to be in the city of the Doges. Either from their having expressed a desire to hear the

young and already distinguished singer, or from the local authorities not being willing to allow the occasion to escape of adding a new charm and pleasure to the brilliant *fêtes* they were giving to their illustrious guests, Tamburini, at the very moment of departure, was detained by superior orders, and conducted with all the consideration due to his talent, to the opera house. There he was kept prisoner two days, to assist in the performances which their majesties were to honour with their presence. His success was immense. Rome, Palermo, and Naples, which were subsequently the theatres of his triumphs, still preserve the memory of his passage. It is related that at Palermo and at Naples he took the places of Mesdames Linarini and Boccabadati, who, from timidity or caprice, refused to execute their cavatinas. This *tour de force*, says a writer of Palermo, provoked thunders of phrenetic applause, fifteen times. At the conclusion of the opera he was called out to receive the bravos of the audience.

After making for two or three years the delight of the Neapolitan dilettanti, Tamburini resumed his peregrinations, and in 1827 and 1828 we find him at Vienna. The unrivalled troupe which combined David, Rubini, Donzelli, Lablache, Cicimara, Ambroggi, Botticelli, Bassi, Mesdames Mainviella, Rubini, Mombelli, Ungher, Sontag, Giudetta Grisi, Dardanelli, and Grimbaun, had just left that capital. Tamburini nevertheless succeeded in *enthusiasmizing* a public still agitated by their incomparable performances; and he shared with Rubini the honour of being decorated with the medal of the Saviour by the royal and imperial municipality of Vienna. This was no ordinary compliment; for among strangers Wellington was the only one who had previously received it.

England next welcomed the artist and confirmed the brilliant reputation he had earned in Italy and Austria. It

was during his stay in London that M. Robert, then director of the opera in Paris, succeeded in engaging him for several years. His début at the *Salle Favart* was made in October, 1832, and the enthusiasm of the Parisian dilettanti, which six years have not exhausted, definitively established the claims of superiority of the *Rubini of basse-tailles.*

Of all the great Italian singers, Tamburini is perhaps the one whom nature has most favoured with her gifts. It is to her that he owes that exquisite organization which has rendered him one of the first artists of the epoch. One may be a great singer and yet meet with but mediocre success on the stage, if the exterior of the individual be not, in a musical point of view, in harmony with the moral qualities of the vocalist. Now, Tamburini unites in the highest degree the various qualities which constitute a perfect artist. In his whole person there is a symmetry, a *désinvolture*, which at once prepossesses you in his favour; his figure, without being too tall or too broad, is well knit, and displays both grace and strength; his features are mild and intelligent; his head is finely placed on his shoulders; and in all his movements there is ease and elegance. It may easily be comprehended what benefit Tamburini must derive from these physical advantages, which are enhanced by the good taste and correctness of his costumes; for he is one of the actors who in this respect have been most laborious in their researches. His by-play and his pantomime are not less excellent; in his most vehement, as in his most buffoon parts, there is never the slightest exaggeration, the least incongruity. His performance in serious operas is dignified and earnest; in tragic characters he is impassioned—to use a theatrical phrase, he burns the boards.

Those who have met Tamburini in society, have never

found the man inferior to the artist. The esteem which he enjoys, and the numerous friends whom he possesses, are an unequivocal tribute to his worth.

As a singer he belongs to that description of basses which reach neither the extreme heights of the upper nor the extreme depths of the lower notes; his voice is a barytone, but of the kind calculated to sing bass parts. It descends to *la* below, and ascends to *fa* above, embracing thirteen sounds, the true compass of a barytone. It is especially remarkable for its truth of intonation, its sonorousness, fulness, clearness, and purity. It is of remarkable equality; there is no singer who can boast of an organ more even than his in all its notes. Take it in its various parts, you can find nothing in it to object to; take it as a whole, you will be compelled to admit that nothing more perfect can exist. Analysis and synthesis have simultaneously guided his studies, and given him all that it is possible to attain by this double labour. To this he owes that expression, that precision, which are to be perceived in his manner of sending forth his voice. The sound which he emits is always pure, delicate, and mellifluous; his inflections are always accurate and light. In our opinion, his voice is better adapted to the brilliant and graceful than to the strong and tragic style; but it is not less admirable in the sentimental and passionate cantilena, which is now one of the most decided characteristics of the Italian school. In the former, his performance of the parts of *Dandini* and *Figaro* are models; and in the latter he cannot be surpassed in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and the *Puritani*. He is not, however, by any means unable to rise to the most powerful efforts of tragedy. After hearing him in the last adagio of *Lucia:*

'Ella è mio sangue
Io l'o tradita,'

and in the famous duo of *Otello*, it is not permissible to doubt that he could attain, if he pleased, the highest dramatic expression.

All that the study of vocalization can effect in the way of finish, all that method can accomplish in the way of correctness, are to be found in this admirable singer. We know of no one who possesses in so high a degree the art of swelling, sustaining, and diminishing a note. He leaves nothing to be desired in regard to intonation and *portamento.* The power of his voice is always graduated in such a way as never painfully to affect the ear, and he throws it out with vigour, without ever allowing the least effort to be perceived. He does not domineer over the choruses and orchestra like Lablache, but he makes himself heard through them both, and though his voice vibrates strongly and brilliantly, it never loses that velvetness which constitutes its principal charm. His *portamento* is preserved equally pure throughout the diatonic scale. Whatever he sings, his style is always marked by excellent taste and an excellent method. What has especially rendered him popular is the torrent of *fioriture* which pour from his throat, and spread themselves, as it were, over the audience; the volubility and flexibility of his organ are marvellous; he embroiders and entangles notes and passages with as much success as the most daring tenors or sopranos. One must have been present at the incredible contest of vocalization in which Rubini and Tamburini engage in the duo of *Mosé*, to obtain an idea of the wondrous flexibility of the latter's voice. What Rubini can do in this way is well known. He is the finest pearl of that bracelet of which Tamburini is one of the most beautiful diamonds. There is no hardihood which Rubini does not attempt, no difficulty or caprice which he does not achieve with a perfection that it would seem

impossible to approach; nevertheless Tamburini, in this piece, does not yield to his rival either in agility, boldness, or precision.

But the most richly adorned singing, the most exquisite embellishments, would be only an insipid play of notes, were they not accompanied by sentiment and dramatic expression; and it is by these latter qualities that Tamburini has caused himself to be enrolled among the most accomplished singers of the epoch.

GRISI.

In the family of Giulia Grisi, singing is not, as has been asserted, an hereditary talent. The parents of this *cantatrice* were altogether strangers to the stage, and we are not aware that in ascending higher, any vestige of musical celebrity will be found among her ancestors. We only know that Madame Grassini, who had great success in her day upon the boards of the Italian Opera, is the aunt of Giulia and Giudetta Grisi, and perhaps the two sisters owe to the encouragements of the celebrated artist, a portion of their talent.

Giulia Grisi was born at Milan in 1812. The daughter of M. Gaëtano Grisi, a distinguished topographical officer of the Empire, and of a sister of Madame Grassini, she manifested at an early age the most brilliant dispositions for vocal music, and often astonished her family by the fidelity with which she imitated the gestures, the demeanour, and even the singing of the artists whom she happened to hear.

It was at Bologna, in the house of her uncle, that she began her musical studies; and when sixteen, she made her début in the theatre of that city, in the *Zelmira* of Rossini. Her success justified the hopes which had prompted the choice of her profession, and earned for her the honour of a partition composed expressly for her by the Maëstro Mililloti.

In 1828, Florence, the city of the arts, robbed the Bolognese of their youthful wonder, and admired in her the loveliest Juliet that had ever been seen in the *Capuletti* of Vaccaï. The following year, the part of Zoraïde, in Rossini's *Ricciardo é Zoraïde*, was a splendid revelation of the glory which was to be achieved by the young songstress.

After delighting the inhabitants of Pisa, and a second time those of Florence, where she was solicited to accept a third engagement, Grisi went to Milan, appeared at the theatre *de la Scala*, in company with Donzelli and Madame Pasta, and shared with those two great artists the honour of attaching her name to the production upon the lyric stage of *Norma*, that magnificent composition which crowned the glory of Bellini. It is said, that Madame Pasta was so struck during the first rehearsals of the opera, with the resources of the *débutante*, that, influenced by apprehension or inexcusable jealousy, she induced Bellini to suppress the solo of Adalgisa in the trio of the first act.

Grisi was in Corsica, reposing after the fatigues and labours which had injured her health, when the directors of the Italian Opera in Paris, succeeded in securing her services. She was adopted by France in 1832; and eight years, during which she has sustained the most difficult rôles of the buffo and serious repertory, have not yet exhausted the lively sympathy with which the severe

public of our Italian theatre welcomed her débuts. From that period Grisi has not left France, except to go with Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and her other comrades, to England, and reap two or three rich harvests of wreaths and guineas.

It is to the Italian school that the reputation of Grisi as a great singer must be ascribed. She cannot be said to have had any particular master; by her admirable faculty of imitation she derived from an association with great singers that assemblage of different qualities which has given her a place by herself amid contemporary artists. Thus, she owes to her contemplative admiration of Madame Malibran, the first revelation of those dramatic bursts which she has since so splendidly developed; to her study of Madame Pasta, that nobleness, that tragic severity, that full, powerful expression, which she carries into the parts of the new Italian repertory, more especially. But, every allowance made in favour of the rights of the genius that creates, Madame Pasta had not that limpidness of voice which charms us in Grisi and Madame Malibran, that incredible agility which we admire in our great cantatrice. For, once for all, we should well understand what is meant by a fine voice. A fine voice is one which, in the proper extent of its register, is powerful, clear, round, vibrating, and flexible. This is the natural beauty of the voice. These qualities should be found in all the notes of the vocal scale of every singer, and it is art which gives this perfection. But it should not be supposed that the finest voice is that which has the greatest extent. An artist might possess the greatest number of imaginable octaves and yet have a bad voice, if destitute of that equality which, in our opinion, is the most admirable attribute of vocal organization. Thus, Madame Malibran was assuredly a great singer, but no one will deny that her voice, though

very extensive, was almost defective in some other respects. She could go lower than Grisi, and higher also; but her upper tones, and the middle ones which connect the *voce di testa* with the *voce di petto*, were not always agreeable, and it was to cover these defects that she employed all the resources of her art, or rather the artifice of her method. She was frequently obliged to change whole phrases in some partitions; and more than once we have heard Rossini, with that caustic wit which characterizes him, allude to the manner in which she arranged certain passages of Otello, calling her arrangements *chemins de traverse.*

The voice of Madame Grisi embraces two octaves. It reaches from *ut* below to *ut* above the staff—a fine extent in the register of a perfect soprano, which enables the composer to develope all the beauties of melody, and even the caprices of fantasy. And in this compass, greater certainly than usual, what justness, what purity, what strength, what *morbidezza*, what roundness, what velvetness of tone! If, as we have reason to believe, our theory upon the beauty of the voice is admitted by the professors of the art, it must be acknowledged that a voice more completely beautiful than that of Grisi has never been heard.

Intonation is another essential quality which merits all the attention of criticism. It is not every one who can recognise, not absolute truth of intonation, but those delicate, almost imperceptible, shades, which make the fourths or demi-fourths of tones. Madame Pasta, that great artist, had the fault of singing too low. In France this was remarked by few; but in Italy, where ears are more exercised, the public needed to accustom itself to hear her to forget this imperfection, abundantly compensated for, as it was, by so many natural and acquired merits. Now, the

intonation of the voice of Grisi is as sure, as true, as finished as possible; and it is well that it is so, for if the defect just alluded to disfigured her organ, it would be much more perceptible and painful than in the case of Madame Pasta, from the vigour with which she attacks her notes. Her voice is especially remarkable for its precision and finish; never does a doubtful note mar her vocalization. As to her method, it is the nature of her voice which indicated to her, as if by instinct, the manner she ought to adopt. Her powerful organization, the scope of her tones, led her evidently to a broad, declamatory, dramatic style, and it is by this path that she reached the heights of her art, considered in its relations with tragedy. Thus, whatever appertains to the stronger passions, as anger, fiery love, jealousy, rage, finds an admirable interpreter in her. Her voice, her method, her beautiful, expressive, majestic countenance, are all noble and theatrical; one sees that she neither can nor should sing for the mere object of singing; her element is the drama in its loftiest and most sublime parts. It is for this reason she so affects the rôles of Desdemona, Anna Bolena, and Norma, which exhibit the three most striking aspects of love—love in all its fervour and despair, love in all its melancholy and regrets, love in all its jealousy and fury. It is not astonishing that Pasta, Malibran, Ronzi, and Grisi, should have had a predilection for these three eminently tragic parts, in which the three shades of the passion are depicted with Michael-Angelesque colours. Find in the old repertory a single opera that presents as many strong situations as *Otello*, *Norma*, and *Anna Bolena*.

What now signifies the reproach cast upon Grisi of not liking in the same degree the part of Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Assuredly her musical organization does not conceal from her any of the numerous

beauties which abound in this masterpiece; but, we repeat, it is not in the nature of Giulia Grisi to sing for the mere purpose of singing. And what situation does the insipid poem of Don Juan offer to the genius of the beautiful cantatrice? Imagine Talma playing Figaro, or Mlle. Rachel the part of Columbine. And yet, are there many singers who have performed, or who now perform as well as Grisi the light, brilliant, coquettish parts of Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*, of Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*, and of Donna Anna in *Don Juan?* We are not afraid to say, that if she is naturally disposed to tragic rôles, the marvellous flexibility of her organization enables her to execute simple, light, and graceful music with the same excellence, if not with the same satisfaction to herself. It was the same with Malibran, Pasta, and Ronzi.

Like her predecessors, Grisi possesses a perfect method of vocalization. The multitude of delicate shades, of happy *traits*, of graceful inflections, of evolutions of voice, by means of which she surmounts every difficulty, distinguish her among the most celebrated singers in this style. But what elevates her above all the rest, is her *mezza-voce* singing, her extraordinary *smorzature.* What efforts, what labour, what perseverance must have been requisite to obtain a mastery over that formidable power of voice, so as to be able to restrain and diminish it, and give it in the weakest sounds that equality, that clearness, and that soft vibration, which is one of the distinctive characteristics of her at once graceful and impassioned style.

As an actress, it must be acknowledged that Grisi has rarely had an equal in the combination of qualities which constitute a great tragedian. France, England, Italy, have paid homage to her beauty. Every one admires the purity of her features, the severe and at the same time harmonious contour of her face, the eloquence of her eyes,

the expressiveness of all her motions, and her glossy, raven hair, so effective in scenes of desperation and frenzy. Her acting, her singing, her look, all reveals inspiration and spontaneousness; rarely is she found in the same part to go through in the same manner the different dramatic situations.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the *diva* of the *Théâtre-Italien* is an irreproachable singer. We have sedulously studied all the aspects of this artistical physiognomy, and by the side of the rarest and most beautiful qualities we have discovered some little blemishes which should be pointed out. She may thus be reproached with the exaggeration of her qualities. The impulse of her powers hurries her, in spite of herself, into excess. She often succeeds in overcoming it, but she oftener yields to it, and then she is carried away beyond the bounds of truth. This, in fact, is the defect of all strong organizations, on whatever steps of the social ladder they may be placed. When Grisi, also, begins a long phrase, it might be thought that she finds difficulty in putting her voice forth and giving it the movement required by the measure. This does not proceed, as has been said, from the dryness of her throat and mouth; it is, on the contrary, a superabundance of saliva which causes the voice to hesitate, as it were, on its first start. Once, however, that the impulse is given, her mouth and her throat serve her admirably; she sustains the longest and most arduous parts without fatigue; her *débit* is always sure, and never does the slightest relaxation endanger the measure.

Having thus done homage to the genius and skill of the artist, let us in conclusion pay a merited tribute to the heart of the woman. Every one is familiar with the beautiful actions of Madame Malibran, the generous use which she made of the money lavished upon her wonderful talents.

Those who have the happiness to be intimate with Grisi, and from whom she cannot completely conceal her acts, have related to us some of them which do the highest honour to her character and her feelings. We regret that they cannot be made public, to oppose them to the timid echoes which have been given in Paris to the gross malevolence of the English press. We may say, however, without violence to her modesty, that nowhere can be found a woman more generous, more disinterested, more compassionate to misery.

PERSIANI.

Madame Taccinardi-Persiani is the daughter of the tenor Taccinardi, who enjoyed great celebrity in his day. He sang with considerable success at the Italian theatre of Paris, and is said to have exhibited some whimsical caprices as an artist. Having observed the unfortunate influence which the defects of his physiognomy exerted upon the public at his entrance on the stage, he requested the composers and poets employed to write for him, to seek out parts which would permit him to begin to sing behind the scenes, and by this means cause him to be heard before he was seen; but as this expedient could not always be resorted to, he invented another stratagem to hide a portion of his body from the spectators, that of having himself drawn upon the stage in a triumphal car. His beautiful voice, however, which was one of the truest tenors ever heard, his fine dramatic intelligence and admirable method, abundantly compensated for his defects.

No singer since his time, has declaimed recitative with that simple and natural expression which has become one of the secrets of the vocal art. It is but just, also, to add that the conditions of the lyric drama are not now such as they then were; it may be even said that they are entirely changed.

Madame Persiani is thus a musician by inheritance, if we may so speak. There is artist blood in her veins, and she worthily sustains the honour of her name. She received from her father her whole musical education. Nature bestowed upon her an organ of great extent, but deficient, perhaps, in some parts, in pliability and sweetness. Earnest study, incessant labour, have almost entirely remedied the defects. Her operatic career began upon the stage of Leghorn in Italy, but her débuts were by no means brilliant, and did not presage the triumphs she was afterwards to achieve. It was at Milan that she laid the foundations of her fame, which increased with great rapidity at Florence, and reached its highest point in 1835 at Naples, where she created with great eclat the fine part of *Lucia di Lammermoor.*

Since that period her dramatic life has been an uninterrupted succession of triumphs. After appearing upon the principal theatres of Italy, she was called to Vienna, where she left the most flattering recollections. At length she came to Paris, and the select public of the *Teatro dei Buffi* did not hesitate to sanction with its high approbation the brilliant renown which had preceded her arrival. At present Madame Persiani is one of the most splendid jewels of that superb crown of artists which constitutes the glory of Italy and the pride of the musical world.

The voice of Madame Persiani is one of the most extensive with which we are acquainted in the register of the true soprano. It rests with great firmness upon the

lower *si*, and ascends to *mi*, comprising eighteen notes, which surpasses the ordinary soprano limits; add to this a suppleness and flexibility unrivalled. It is one of those obedient voices, which lend themselves, not only to the execution of the greatest difficulties, but also to the most daring caprices of vocalization. It is not from nature, as we have intimated, that she derives these qualities; to study she is indebted for a large share of them. It is study which enabled her to *rinforzare* and *smorzare*, that is to say, to swell and diminish her voice, by sending it forth full, pure, and free from all nasal and guttural influence; to manage her respiration, prolong it beyond the usual duration, and render it almost imperceptible; to execute with so much precision and success those ascending and descending chromatic gamuts, which she casts like so many glittering sheaves at her astonished auditors. Admire also her exquisite taste in the choice of embellishments, her delightful manner of linking sounds together by the most felicitous transitions, of swelling and diminishing them by insensible shades; see in the boldest attempts the difficulty vanquished by apparently the simplest means, and always with grace, elegance, ease. Her voice is a prodigy of pliability and fascination; in two words, it astonishes and charms.

It must not, however, be supposed that the voice of Madame Persiani is perfect. Her breast-notes are somewhat rough and harsh, and when she rises into the lofty regions of singing, she utters occasionally sounds which resemble screams. But these defects, which must be irreparable, since they have resisted the most determined efforts of the skilful cantatrice, are lost amid her numerous acquired and natural merits.

Let us now examine the particular character of her talent. It is certain that she cannot accomplish with

equal success the various styles which constitute dramatic action. We have seen and admired her in the *Sonnambula*, in the *Lucia*, in the *Elisire*, and in *Don Juan*—these operas, we opine, form the extent of her lyric resources, placed as they are, between the two extremes of the tragic and the buffo. It is not merely the nature of her voice which restrains her within these limits; it is also the expression of her acting, and, we might add, the ensemble of her physical organization. Not that Madame Persiani is devoid of grace or charms; on the contrary there is in her whole appearance a certain *spirituel* archness, a piquant naïveté, that awaken the interest and sympathies of the spectators; her smile is animated, and from her head falls a flood of hair, which produces an admirable effect, particularly in the grand scene of *Lucia*. It is but just moreover to say, that she appears to have a true perception of her powers; her ambition is never too vaulting; she is perfectly aware of what is adapted and what is opposed to the character of her talent—a rare intelligence among artists.

In conclusion, we wish to pay a tribute to Madame Persiani, which every one doubtless silently renders to her. Since her arrival in Paris she has been an object of especial attention; we have watched with interest her onward march, and we can now confidently affirm that her place is marked in the front rank of contemporary artists. She does not, however, owe this distinguished position to new studies and labour; the talent of this actress at the period of her arrival was already in full maturity; but she has acquired that confidence without which the rarest qualities of a singer remain paralysed. The regard and admiration of the public of the Italian Opera have been manifested to her in so many ways that she has necessarily at last acquired that assurance which

she needed, and now that she can abandon herself without fear to the impulse of her inspirations, she enables us to enjoy all the riches of her admirable faculties.

Our last word will be one of counsel. Madame Persiani, you excel in effects of vocalization; you embellish with wonderful facility; you accomplish passages which cause equal pleasure and surprise, but you sometimes touch a dangerous shoal. We, with whom the interest of the art is the first consideration, will tell you the truth. It often happens that you allow yourself to be carried away by your love of ornament, without regard to the dramatic situation and the intentions of the composer; at other times you cover the melody with a luxuriance of embellishments which dazzle, undoubtedly, but which injure the effect of the musical period. You have no need of resorting to these means for winning admiration. You should command applause, and not solicit it.

THE PRAYER ON BUNKER'S HILL.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It was an hour of fear and dread,—
  High rose the battle-cry,
And round, in heavy volumes, spread
  The war-cloud to the sky.

'Twas not, as when in rival strength
  Contending nations meet,
Or love of conquest madly hurls
  A monarch from his seat:

But many a warm-cemented tie
  Was riven, in anguish wild,
Ere with a foeman's vengeful eye
  The parent met the child.

O'er the green hill's beleaguer'd breast,
  Swept on the conflict high,
And many a gallant leader press'd
  The trampled turf, to die.

* During the battle of Bunker's Hill, a venerable clergyman knelt on the field, with hands upraised, and gray head uncovered, and while the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the success of his compatriots, and the deliverance of his country.

Yet one was there, unused to tread
  The path of mortal strife,
Who but the Saviour's flock had led
  Beside the fount of life.

He knelt him where the black smoke wreathed—
  His head was bow'd and bare,
While for an infant land, he breathed
  The agony of prayer.

The shafts of death flew thick and fast,
  'Mid shrieks of ire and pain ;
Wide waved his white locks on the blast,
  And round him fell the slain.

Yet still, with fervency intense,
  He press'd the endanger'd spot,
The selfish thought, the shrinking sense,
  O'ermaster'd and forgot.

'Twould seem as if a marble form,
  Wrought in some quarried height,
Were fix'd amid that battle-storm,
  Save that the eye was bright,—

Save that the deeply-heaving breast,
  The hand upraised in air,
The mute, yet moving lip exprest
  That strong life wrestled there.

Then loud upon their native soil,
  Peal'd forth the victors' cry,
And thinn'd beneath the desperate toil
  The wearied host swept by.

But 'mid that new, and fierce delight,
  Oh, chiefs of other days!
Gave ye your falchions broad and bright,
  Your own right arms, the praise?

Or thought ye still, how many a prayer,
  Amid the deathful fray,
From cottage-homes, and hearts of care
  Upheld your host, that day?—

The column, red with early morn,
  May tower o'er Bunker's height,
And proudly tell a race unborn,
  Their patriot fathers' might;

But thou, oh patriarch, old and gray,
  Thou prophet of the free,
Who knelt amid the dead, that day,
  What fame shall rise to thee?

It is not meet that brass or stone,
  Which feel the touch of time,
Should keep the record of a faith
  That woke thy deed sublime;

We trace it on a tablet fair,
  Which glows when stars wax pale,
A promise that the good man's prayer
  Shall with his God prevail.

THE GIPSY'S CHAUNT.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world.
COWPER.

I.

FREE as air—free as air—
The gipsy's home is every where;
Wanderers o'er the earth are we,
Dwellers 'neath the greenwood tree;
Days depart and seasons change,
Yet abroad we freely range;
Summer's heat and winter's cold
Find us still upon the wold;
Clad in snow, or gemm'd with flowers,
All the spreading world is ours;
And our claim extends as high
As the azure-curtain'd sky;
For the cheering sun is there,
And the pure, elastic air,
From whose breath we sweetly borrow
Antidotes to every sorrow.

II.

What have we to do with care?
All the world to us is fair;
Fortune's children sworn are we,
Nourish'd by her charity.
Let proud pomp her trumpet blow,
And revel in her heartless show;
Let her all her trappings bring,
Call her court, and crown her king;
Ours is far a happier fate,
Than the glare of regal state;
For to us has Nature given
The wide canopy of heaven;
And the earth, with verdure spread,
Is our palace and our bed.
Free as air—free as air—
O the gipsy's home is every where.

It was a tawny maiden thus went singing
In all the lightness of a youthful heart,
As the wild birds around her path were winging,
And in her carol took their merry part.

Her face was fashion'd for some softer creature,
Cast in a mould of beauty sweet and rare;
There was a charm about her every feature
That seem'd to question why the child was there.

O, who could gaze upon her laughing gladness,
And hear her tell her love of Nature's sway,
Nor feel his heart melt down in very sadness,
That such a gem should thus be thrown away.

In other scenes, from wandering fancies parted,
Won from the ways of idleness and sin,
With such a soul, among the gentle-hearted,
O, what a treasure might she not have been.

ELEONORA.

A FABLE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I AM come of a race noted for vigour of fancy and ardour of passion. Pyrros is my name. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled whether madness be or be not the loftier intelligence—whether much that is glorious—whether all that is profound—do not spring from disease of thought, from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape the dreamers by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awaking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of that mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however rudderless or compassless, into the vast ocean of the 'light ineffable,' and, again, like the adventurers of the Nubian geographer, '*agressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi.*'

We will say then that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence—

the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life; and a condition of shadow and doubt, appertaining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being. Therefore, what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due; or doubt it altogether; or, if doubt it ye dare not, then play unto its riddle the Sphynx.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the 'Valley of Many-Coloured Grass.' No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay singularly far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and to reach our happy home there was need of putting back with force the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley—I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save Eleonora's eyes; and, winding stealthily about in mazy courses, it passed away at length through a shadowy gorge among hills still dimmer than those from which it had issued. We called it the 'River of Silence;' for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred

not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old station, shining on gloriously for ever.

And the margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided through devious ways into its channel, and the spaces that extended from the brinks away down into the depths of the streams, until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom—these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girdled it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so besprinkled throughout with the yellow buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts in loud tones of the love and of the glory of God.

And here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees, whose tall slender stems stood not upright, but slanted gracefully toward the light that peered at noonday into the centre of the valley. Their bark was speckled with the vivid alternate splendours of ebony and silver, and was smoother than all save the cheeks of Eleonora—so that but for the brilliant green of the huge leaves that spread from their summits in long tremulous lines, dallying with the zephyrs, one might have fancied them giant serpents of Syria, doing homage to their sovereign, the sun.

Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen years, roamed I with Eleonora, before love entered within our hearts. It was one evening at the close of the third lustrum of her life, and of the fourth of my own, that we sat, locked in each other's embrace, beneath the serpent-like trees, and looked down within the waters of the River of Silence at our images therein. We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day; and our words upon the morrow were tremulous and few.

We had drawn the god Eros from that wave; and now we felt that he had enkindled within us the fiery souls of our forefathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass. A change fell upon all things. Strange brilliant flowers, star-shaped, burst out upon the trees, where no flowers had been known before. The tints of the green carpet deepened, and when, one by one, the white daisies shrank away, there sprang up in place of them ten by ten of the ruby-red asphodel. And life arose in our paths; for the tall flamingo, hitherto unseen, with all gay, glowing birds, flaunted his scarlet plumage before us; and golden and silver fish haunted the river, out of the bosom of which issued, little by little, a murmur that swelled at length into a lulling melody more divine than that of the harp of Æolus, sweeter than all save the voice of Eleonora. And now, too, a vast and voluminous cloud, which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper, floated out thence all gorgeous in crimson and gold, and settling in peace above us, sank day by day lower and lower, until its edges rested upon the tops of the mountains, turning all their dimness into magnificence, and shutting us up, as if for ever, within a magic prison-house of grandeur and of glory.

The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the seraphim—and here, as in all things referring to this epoch, my memory is vividly distinct. In stature she was tall, and slender even to fragility; the exceeding delicacy of her frame, as well as of the hues of her cheek, speaking painfully of the feeble tenure by which she held existence. The lilies of the valley were not more fair. With the nose, lips, and chin of the Greek Venus, she had the majestic forehead, the naturally-waving auburn hair, and the

large luminous eyes of her kindred. Her beauty, nevertheless, was of that nature which leads the heart to wonder not less than to love. The grace of her motion was surely ethereal. Her fantastic step left no impress upon the asphodel—and I could not but dream as I gazed, enrapt, upon her alternate moods of melancholy and of mirth, that two separate souls were enshrined within her. So radical were her changes of countenance, that at one instant I fancied her possessed by some spirit of smiles, at another by some demon of tears.

She was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. No guile disguised the fervour of love which animated her heart—and she examined with me its inmost recesses, as we walked together in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass, and discoursed of the mighty changes which had lately taken place. At length, having spoken, one day, in tears, of the last sad change which must befall humanity, she thenceforward dwelt only upon this one sorrowful theme, interweaving it into all our converse—as in the songs of the Bard of Shiraz the same images are found occurring again and again in every impressive variation of phrase.

She had seen that the finger of death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemera, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die; but the terrors of the grave, to her, lay solely in a consideration which she revealed to me, one still evening at twilight, by the banks of the River of Silence. She grieved to think that, having entombed her in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass, I would quit for ever its happy recesses, transferring the love which was now so passionately her own to some maiden of the outer and every-day world.

And then and there I threw myself hurriedly at the feet of Eleonora, and offered up a vow to herself and to Heaven

that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of earth—that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory, or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the Mighty Ruler of the universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of him, and of her, a saint in Elysium, should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here. And the bright eyes of Eleonora grew brighter at my words; and she sighed as if a deadly burden had been taken from her breast; and she trembled and very bitterly wept; but she made acceptance of the vow—for what was she but a child? and it made easy to her the bed of her death. And she said to me, not many days afterwards, tranquilly dying, that because of what I had done for the comfort of her spirit, she would watch over me in that spirit when departed, and, if so it were permitted her, return to me visibly in the watches of the night; but if this thing were indeed beyond the power of the souls in Paradise, that she would at least give me frequent indications of her presence, sighing upon me in the evening winds, or filling the air which I breathed with perfume from the censers of the angels. And with these words upon her lips she yielded up her innocent life, putting end to the first epoch of my own.

Thus far I have faithfully said; but, as I pass the barrier in time's path formed by the death of my beloved, and proceed into the second era of my existence, I feel that a vague shadow gathers over my brain, and I mistrust the perfect sanity of the record. But let me on. Years dragged themselves along heavily, and still, with the aged mother of Eleonora, I dwelled within the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass. A second change had come upon

all things. The star-shaped flowers shrank into the stems of the trees, and appeared no more. The tints of the green carpet faded, and one by one the ruby-red asphodels withered away, and there sprang up in place of them, ten by ten, dark eye-like violets that quivered uneasily. And life departed from our paths; for the tall flamingo flaunted no longer his scarlet plumage before us, but flew sadly from the vale into the hills, with all the gay, glowing birds that had arrived in his company. And the golden and silver fish swam down through the gorge at the lower end of our domain, and bedecked the sweet river never again. And the lulling melody that had been softer than the wind-harp of Æolus, and more divine than all save the voice of Eleonora—it died, little by little, away, in murmurs growing lower and lower, until the stream returned at length utterly into the solemnity of its original silence. And then, lastly, the voluminous cloud uprose, and abandoning the tops of the mountains to the dimness of old, fell back into the regions of Hesper, and took away all its manifold golden and gorgeous glories from the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass.

Yet the promises of Eleonora were not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels; and streams of a holy perfume floated ever and ever about the valley; and at lone hours, when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs; and indistinct murmurs filled often the night air; and once—oh, but once only—I was awakened from a slumber like unto the slumber of death, by the pressing of spiritual lips upon mine own.

But the void within my heart refused even thus to be filled. I longed—I madly pined for the love which had before filled it to overflowing. At length the valley *pained* me through its memories of Eleonora, and I left it

for ever for the vanities and the turbulent triumphs of the world.

* * * * * * *

I found myself within a strange Eastern city, where all things might have served to blot from recollection the sweet dreams I had dreamed so long in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass. The pomps and pageantries of a stately court, and the mad clangour of arms, and the radiant loveliness of woman, bewildered and intoxicated my brain. But as yet my soul had proved true to her vows, and the indications of the presence of Eleonora were still given me in the silent hours of the night. Suddenly these manifestations ceased, and the world grew dark before my eyes, and I stood aghast at the burning thoughts which possessed, at the terrible temptations which beset me—for there came, from some far distant and unknown land, into the gay court of the king I served, a fair-haired and slender maiden, to whose beauty my whole recreant heart yielded at once—at whose footstool I bowed down, without a struggle, in the most ardent, in the most abject worship of love.

What, indeed, was the passion I had once felt for the young girl of the Valley, in comparison with the madness, and the glow, and the fervour, and the spirit-stirring ecstasy of adoration with which I poured out my soul in tears at the feet of the lady Ermengarde? Oh, bright was the lady Ermengarde! I looked down into the blue depths of her meaning eyes, and I thought only of them, and of her. Oh, lovely was the lady Ermengarde! and in that knowledge I had room for none other. Oh, glorious was the wavy flow of her auburn tresses! and I clasped them in a transport of joy to my bosom. And I found rapture in the fantastic grace of her step—and there was a wild delirium in the love I bore her when I started to see upon

her countenance the radical transition from tears to smiles that I had wondered at in the long-lost Eleonora. I forgot —I despised the horrors of the curse I had so blindly invoked, and I wedded the lady Ermengarde.

I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked, and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And in the silence of the night there came once again through my lattice the soft sighs which had forsaken me, and they modelled themselves into sweet voice, saying—'Sleep in peace; for the spirit of Love reigneth and ruleth; and in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved, for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven, of thy vows unto Eleonora.'

A WREATH OF RIDDLES.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

I WREATHED a wreath for my love to-day,
It was fragrant and fair,—but strange, you'll say,
When I tell you my names for the flowers so gay:
Yet she bound it over her ringlets bright,
And thank'd me for it with fond delight.
A Measure of Grain, that is ground, I tied
To an Animal's Dress, for my blushing bride;
A Mock Stone shone in her silken hair,
While the Rainbow rose in its beauty there;
A Sea-Snail twined with a Royal Plume,
And a Bird's Understanding in brilliant bloom,
A Fond Request and an Hour of the Day,
The Sun and a Finical Beast of Prey,
Bright Woman's Joy with its golden glow,
  A Regal Coin and a Coloured Girl,
Two Falsehoods together, as pure as snow,
  And a Belle's Shoe prison'd her shining curl.
Oh! was she not patient, my lady fair,
Under the burden I bade her wear?
She wreathed it over her ringlets bright,
And thank'd me for it with fond delight.
Will you guess its meaning?—My lady guess'd
Ere I show'd her the garland that love had bless'd.

'Oh! the Lady's Delight I love!' she cried,
'And Prince's Feather, our garden's pride!
The Lily, lifting her vase of snow,
  The modest Daisy, that blooms afar,
The Crow's-Foot and Four-o'clock softly glow;
  And the Cowslip glistens,—a golden star!
The Shamrock,—gem of the Emerald Isle,—
  The sweet Pennyroyal's fairy bell;
The Dandy Lion, with radiant smile,
  And Lady's Slipper!—it fits me well!
The Blue-bell's blossoms in beauty bend
  Their graceful petals of azure bloom;
While Iris and Gillyflower gaily blend
  With the timid Forget-me-not's soft perfume.
And these are the blossoms that Love has tied
To bind the hair of your happy bride!'
So she wreathed it over her ringlets bright,
And thank'd me for it with fond delight!

PRAYER FOR THE BRIDE AT SEA.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Nature hath many tongues! The woodland song
  And roar of surges reach alike thy throne!
Amid her varied voices, weak and strong,
  Father! I come to thee—I lift my own!

The storm is on the sea—I hear its wings
  In thunder fretting o'er the lifted wave;
Lash'd to the helm the anxious sailor clings,
  And wild around the frantic billows rave.

The storm is on the sea—before its car
  I see the startled sea-bird shoreward fly,
While 'mid the north the pilot's guiding star,
  Which late look'd down, in darkness veils its eye.

Death, danger, and the deep!—The breakers' spray
  Blindeth my sight along the wreck-strewn path!
Yet, 'mid the gloom I stand—oh, God! I pray
  For one not born to cope with ocean's wrath.

She rideth on the sea! night's misty veil
  Hangs dark and heavy o'er her brow of love!
Her lip forgets to smile—her cheek grows pale,
  Blanch'd by the thought, 'how wild the billows move!'

She hath no lover near, with circling arm
  To twine in fondness round her shrinking frame;
With whisper soft to lull her heart's alarm,
  And warm her pallid cheek with kiss of flame.

No eye hath she to watch beside her form,
  And soothe with cheering look her troubled breast,
Nor well known lip amid the hurtling storm
  To smile, or *seem* to smile the winds to rest.

Oh, Father! guide—protect her! By the hours—
  These long, long hours of absence and dismay!
By all the anguish which my soul outpours!
  I wrestle for her sake—I kneel—I pray!

Her sins I know are weighty, Sire divine,
  And just thy heaviest visitings would be—
That she hath worshipp'd at a *human* shrine,
  And loved an earthly image more than Thee.

That she hath dallied with a mortal toy,
  Hung her high hopes upon an infant's tone,
And oh! forgot, amid the wildering joy,
  Another Parent claim'd it for his own.

Yet gracious in forgiveness—still the same,
  Thou, on the land as on the lifting wave,
Stretch out thine arm, support her trembling frame—
  Look, and assure her! Father! smile, and save!

Camp on the Oscilla, Florida.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lo! on yon hillock, smooth and green,
Through clustering maples, dimly seen,
The village church! whose walls of snow,
Column, nor arch, nor buttress know,
Nor ivied tower, nor solemn bell,
With echoing chime, or funeral knell,
Or Sabbath music on the air,
Sweet prelude to the hour of prayer.
Yet from their cottage-homes, the train
As duly wind o'er dell and plain,
As surely heed the hallow'd day,
As gladly press, their vows to pay,
And there, the soul, resign'd and sweet,
Like Mary, seeks its Saviour's feet,
And hears his word, with trust as fair,
As though Religion's pomp were there.
  Bent o'er his staff, with temples gray,
The aged pastor takes his way
Through shady lanes, where dew-drops bright,
Exulting shun the blaze of light,
And pondering, calm, those glorious themes,
That win the soul from earthly dreams,

Thinks of his flock, with shepherd's care,
And bears them on his voiceless prayer.
Here, in this humble glebe, content,
The vigour of his prime he spent,
Here found the bride who cheer'd his breast,
And here, his children's children blest;
For, sooth to say, had wealth or power
Broke, with their wiles, his musing hour,
A richer meed, a wider fame,
The tinkling cymbal of a name,
Perchance, had check'd Devotion's sway,
Or stolen his heartfelt zeal away.
An upright man he was, and kind,
A model for the virtuous mind;
Nor envious heart, nor gossip's tongue
One shadow o'er his name had flung.
Still to his board, though scantly drest,
He freely led the stranger-guest,
Nor bade beside his lowly gate,
The unrequited suppliant wait;
Though like the Levite, who of old,
Nor lands might claim, nor hoarded gold,
He held, amid the soil he trod,
No heritage, save Israel's God.
See, round the simple porch, a train,
With greeting smile his step detain,
Whose brightening eye, and reverent air,
Their gratitude and love declare.
Nor he their honest warmth restrains,
Sweet payment of his toils and pains,
Not with caprice, or formal art,
Freezes the current of their heart,
Nor frowns on even an infant's zeal
The pressure of his hand to feel.

Toward him each glance confiding bends,
As o'er the sacred desk he bends,
And to Heaven's smile his flock commends.
Then with glad zeal, and lifted heart,
The old precentor takes his part,
And waking loud the rustic chime,
With hand high raised, to beat the time,
Calls forth no wild, Italian trill,
But childhood's accents, clear and shrill,
And quavering age, with tresses white,
In one full burst of praise unite.
There sits the farmer, brown with toil,
Whose harden'd hands have till'd the soil,
Since, when an urchin, strong and gay,
He gamboll'd 'mid the new-mown hay.
And by his side, his faithful wife,
Unspoil'd by pomps and gauds of life,
Who 'mid her ruddy offspring blest,
Her sleeping infant on her breast,
Deems not that aught of scorn or shame,
Blends with a nursing-mother's name,
Though in the holy temple she
Pursue her tender ministry.
Through the low window's narrow screen,
A sacred spot is dimly seen,
Where peaceful laid in lowly bed,
With springing turf, and daisies spread,
Their fathers, 'neath the hallow'd shade,
Are slumbering sweet, where erst they pray'd.
And pensive are the thoughts that stray,
To dear ones wrapp'd in mouldering clay;
And fervent is the love, and free,
That clings, sequester'd dome, to thee,
Who still dost rear thy guardian head
To bless the living and the dead.

EARLY DEATH.

BY MISS M. MILES.

'Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st; but where thou art
The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part.'

She loved the merry spring-time,
Its gay and sunny hours,
The glad song of its bright birds,
Its wealth of buds and flowers;
The gushing of its fountains,
Its sunset's lingering ray,
And the golden cloud that floated
So silently away!

She loved the fair, and beautiful,
And fleeting things of earth;
Whilst gladness, as a spell, was flung
O'er her spirit and her path!
And 'neath the sky's blue canopy
She dearly loved to roam;
Where she could steal some wild-wood sweet
From out its forest home.

Life was to her one fairy dream,
No cloud upon her brow,
And as the chime of some sweet bells
Her laughter's silvery flow;

And yet so beautiful she bent
  In prayer, at morn and even,
She seem'd some angel messenger,
  To point the way to heaven!

We guarded her with changeless love;
  But ever, day by day,
We saw her step grow faltering,
  Her bright smile pass away!
The rose-tint fade upon her cheek,
  The light of her blue eye
Grow dim, ere we could give her up,
  And *feel* that *she* could die!

She died! when bud and blossom
  Were bursting into bloom;
And the bird she loved was singing,
  As we bore her to the tomb;
But though the 'silver cord' was loosed,
  We bow'd beneath the rod,
And felt a spirit purified
  Was resting with its God!

But now, the merry spring-time
  To me comes fraught with sadness,
Where erst, of old, it only bore
  The radiant tinge of gladness;
But still, whene'er the pale sweet stars
  Come forth so fair at even,
I love to steal, and hold commune
  With that angel girl in heaven.

Boston.

THE PEOPLE THAT DID NOT TAKE BOARDERS.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Edward Carteret, a young gentleman of good connexions in the state of New Jersey, came to Philadelphia for the purpose of engaging in the study of the law, under one of the most distinguished members of the bar. He brought with him a number of introductory letters, and on presenting them he received invitations from all the families to whom they were addressed. While dining with Mr. and Mrs. Briceland, a few days after his arrival, they asked him where he had located himself. 'For the present'—said he—'I am at the Washington Hotel—but after I have had time to look round, I intend to fix myself in some genteel and agreeable boarding-house.'

'You would find it much better in every respect'—said Mrs. Briceland—'to take lodgings in a nice private family—you can in that way live more to your satisfaction, be more retired, have a better opportunity of studying, and above all you will avoid the contagion of bad example from the risk of bad society.'

She proceeded to say much more on the delights of residing in a small genteel private family; and Mr. Brice-

land descanted eloquently on the *desagrémens* of boarding-houses, judging chiefly from his own experience when a young man. He did not, however, explain that his means being at that time very small, he had been unable from his salary as a clerk to afford himself the comforts of a *good* boarding-house. Therefore his experience had been confined to establishments of low price and proportionate accommodations.

'But where,'—asked Carteret—'shall I find a genteel and respectable private family, the members of which would be willing to encumber themselves with one solitary gentleman as a boarder?'

'Oh!—they are numerous'—replied Mrs. Briceland—'families that have rooms to spare, and though they would not on any account take boarders, they have no objection to allow a gentleman of unexceptionable character and manners to become an inmate of their mansion (of course for a suitable consideration), on condition that the transaction is managed with proper delicacy, and so as never to be in the least apparent to the public.'

'Did you ever board in a private family, Mr. Briceland?' said Edward Carteret.

'I cannot say I ever did,'—replied his host,—'but no doubt I should have found any private family more agreeable than most of the boarding-houses I have lived at.'

He then proceeded to depict in vivid colours a selection of the petty annoyances and important grievances to which he had been subjected while a boarder at *bona fide* establishments for the reception of 'poor houseless wretches.'

'My dear'—said Mrs. Briceland—'I think our friend Mrs. Meems might possibly be prevailed on to accommodate Mr. Carteret. You know when her husband's affairs were settled, after his decease, (and the settlement occupied two years,) it was found there was nothing left for the

support of his widow and daughter but the house they lived in, and a trifle of bank stock. It is the astonishment of every one that Mrs. Meems and Matilda are enabled to dress as they do, and to maintain their place in the society to which they have always belonged. It must be at the cost of many painful privations known only to themselves. And then Meeta's education is not yet finished. I have a faint idea that, if such a thing was suggested to them in a delicate manner, they might be induced to admit Mr. Carteret, just to oblige him.'

'No doubt of it'—answered Mr. Briceland—'and to oblige themselves also. I think you told me that Mrs. Meems had been here the other day on purpose to ask you to recommend them a boarder.'

'Well'—said Mrs. Briceland—'I believe she did, in the course of conversation, chance to drop a hint on the subject of receiving an inmate. She complained of not having sufficient occupation, and of being in want of amusement when Matilda was out, and Meeta at school. And she said that there were times when she felt almost inclined to wish for an agreeable visiter that would stay permanently, and add nothing to the expenses of the family, but rather the contrary.'

'That certainly means a boarder,' observed Mr. Briceland.

'The truth is,' pursued the lady, 'I am much interested for my friend, Mrs. Meems, and her charming daughters. Meeta, to be sure, has not yet come out, though there are people ill-natured enough to whisper that she is a little beyond seventeen. But they are now out of mourning for poor Mr. Meems.'

'He was of the house of Meems, Yerks, Daggs, and Company,' remarked Mr. Briceland.

'I shall be very glad,' continued Mrs. Briceland, 'as I

have to invite Mrs. Meems and Matilda to my parties, that they may always be able to make a genteel and fashionable appearance among my friends; and, of course, I will do all I can to assist them. And I am sure so excellent a young gentleman as Mr. Carteret will be happy also to promote the interest of the widow and orphan, particularly when it will be so advantageous to himself.'

Mr. Carteret bowed.

'What say you, Mr. Carteret?' pursued the lady; 'shall I step round the corner to Mrs. Meems this very afternoon, and open a negotiation in your behalf? Great delicacy is requisite with these ladies, and I promise you that I will break the matter to them as gently as possible; for I know it would distress you to have their feelings wounded on your account.'

Edward Carteret assented, not being able to assign any reasoning for *dis*senting to this proposition; and as soon as the cloth was removed, and the wine and fruit placed on the table, Mrs. Briceland departed on the object of her mission, leaving the gentlemen to discuss the state of the nation. In about an hour the lady returned, looking very self-complaisant.

'I congratulate you, Mr. Carteret,' said Mrs. Briceland; 'that sweet woman, Mrs. Meems, has kindly consented to receive you as one of her family. And though, at first, she naturally hesitated for a considerable time, yet, at length, my earnest persuasions, my vouching for your perfect respectability, and my account of your connexions, and your being the grandson of Governor Carteret, and the nephew of General Welmore, and your father's being in the state legislature, and his high standing as to fortune and character,—in short, all these representations quite mollified her. Her daughter Matilda, however, took it

very hard, and the poor girl's feelings were so shocked that she was very near fainting.'

'At what?' said Mr. Briceland.

'Oh! at the prospect of her mother receiving an inmate.'

'She ought rather to be glad,' remarked Mr. Briceland.

'Perhaps,' said Carteret, 'as the ladies feel so much repugnance to the arrangement, I had best give it up, and seek for accommodation in a regular boarding-house.'

'Oh! by no means,' exclaimed Mrs. Briceland. 'After the first burst of natural sensibility is over, they will be delighted to have you with them. As to terms, I could not in delicacy make the slightest reference to that painful topic. I knew that Mr. Carteret was well able to afford a generous remuneration, and that there would be no difficulty about it. As these ladies do not take boarders, you will enjoy all the advantages of living in a genteel private family; and these privileges you will not, of course, have the least hesitation in considering properly. Observe, you are to regard yourself as a visiter and friend of the family, except in one delicate particular, the slightest reference to which is not to be hazarded, as it will be perfect agony to Mrs. Meems and her daughters.'

'I flatter myself,' said Edward Carteret, 'that I have no disposition to say or do any thing which may be unpleasant to these or to any other ladies.'

'I know you have not,' resumed Mrs. Briceland, 'and I assured Mrs. Meems that there was not the least danger of your ever expressing the slightest dissatisfaction at any thing connected with the house; that you were amiability itself, and so easily pleased that she need not make the least difference in her table, or keep an additional servant, or alter any of her arrangements on your account. I knew it would distress you to suppose that you put her to any

inconvenience, always remembering that hers is not a boarding-house, and that her husband, while living, was considered a rich man. And I can assure you it is not often that a young gentleman has such an excellent opportunity of getting into a private family so perfectly genteel as that of Mrs. Meems. She was a Miss Twiggs.'

To be brief, our young and inexperienced hero found that every thing had been arranged for him to the satisfaction of Mrs. Meems and Mrs. Briceland, the latter lady congratulating him on the trouble he had been saved by her negotiating the whole business, and, still more, on the delicacy of Mrs. Meems being spared the humiliation of having to converse with a gentleman, face to face, on a subject so extremely irksome to a family that did not take boarders.

It was settled, that on the following morning Mr. Carteret was to be inducted into the felicities of his new abode, and that he was to call for Mrs. Briceland to accompany him to Mrs. Meems, and introduce him to that personage. In the mean time, Mrs. Briceland, the very same evening, repaired again to her friend for the purpose of apprising her that Mr. Carteret was positively coming, and that he considered himself too happy in the prospect of being allowed the *entrée* of her house. She also hinted to Mrs. Meems the expediency of making every thing appear to the best advantage on his arrival.

Mrs. Meems and Matilda were startled at the idea of the young gentleman commencing his lodgment so soon, and said that it would require at least a week to prepare for him. But Mrs. Briceland adroitly hinted to them, with all due circumlocution, that until the young gentleman actually took possession, and was received under their roof, the term of his boarding could not properly commence; and that if they put him off for a week they would consequently lose a week's pay. It was surprising how instantly

they caught the idea, perceiving it at a glance, though Mrs. Briceland had enveloped it in a mist of delicacy and ambiguity. This consideration reconciled them to the speedy introduction of their inmate, as they called him; and their friend, Mrs. Briceland, went home highly pleased at the success of her exertions for their benefit.

Edward Carteret arrived punctually at the appointed hour, having paid his bill at the hotel, and directed his baggage to follow him to Mrs. Meems's. He found Mrs. Briceland with her bonnet on, all ready to accompany him; and to our diffident hero the introduction to his new hostess and his new dwelling had now assumed something of a formidable aspect.

'Poor Mrs. Meems!' said Mrs. Briceland,—'I quite long to see her, and to know how that dear Matilda rested after the agitation of yesterday. It was a trying day for the family. Remember, Mr. Carteret, you are not to make the slightest allusion to your coming as a boarder. I do not think either of the ladies could bear it. Well, here is the house; though not large, you see it is very genteel.'

The door was opened by a little black boy, and Mrs. Briceland conducted our hero into a parlour, the furniture of which had been showy when new, but was now rather faded. The folding doors opened into an adjoining room of a similar description, and there they saw a young girl in visible pantalets, a short frock, and tight sleeves, with her hair in long plats, *à la Kenwig*, seated at a piano, and playing with all her might. She merely turned her head to see who had come in, and then continued her music, as if afraid to stop an instant lest she should put herself out for ever.

'That is Miss Meeta Meems,' said Mrs. Briceland; 'my friend's youngest daughter. She has a wonderful turn for music; no piece is too long and difficult for her: she takes

pleasure in nothing else. You can perceive that Meeta is not a beauty, and as yet her manners are unformed, and she makes no attempt at conversation. But when she is once fairly out, her music will do wonders for her, though it is a great pity she cannot sing.'

After they had waited a considerable time, Mrs. Meems made her appearance. She was a small woman, very much drest, with a faded complexion that might once have been fair, but she had injudiciously chosen curls that were lighter than her face. She had a pinched nose, little half-shut eyes, thin lips, and an expression of mouth that looked as if she was always saying her own name. Mrs. Meems was followed by her daughter Matilda, a tall slender girl, with the smallest possible waist, and the longest possible curls, and the reddest possible cheeks; all these beauties atoning for some irregularity of feature. Her costume was excessively fashionable.

Mrs. Briceland introduced Mr. Carteret; and there ensued a general conversation of intense interest on the subject of the weather; the fair Matilda detailing the manner in which all sorts of weather affected her spirits. After which came in Miss Glorvina Gibbs, the intimate friend of Miss Matilda Meems, and rather excelling her in waist, curls, cheeks, etc. The two young ladies having exchanged kisses, retired to a *chaise longue* in one of the recesses, and affectionately holding each other's hands, entered into an animated discussion of a party they had both *attended* the preceding evening, and setting forth conspicuously the names of the most fashionable persons they had seen there; speaking of them familiarly as 'maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,' and hoping that the young gentleman was listening to *their* conversation rather than to that of the two matrons.

'Do tell me who that divine fellow is,' asked Miss Gibbs in a sort of whisper to Miss Meems. 'Like myself he seems to be making a very early morning call. I did not know you had a beau who was on such familiar terms. Fie on you, Matilda, not to have more confidence in your tried and faithful friend. You know we are sworn to tell each other all our secrets.'

Matilda simpered, and cast down her eyes, and looked conscious about nothing, and said in a low voice, 'It is a Mr. Carteret, a young lawyer, belonging to a great Jersey family, and heir to a large estate. His grandfather was a governor, and his uncle a general, and his father is a member of the Jersey congress, and was an intimate friend of pa's; so Mr. Carteret brought a letter of introduction to ma'. I expect we shall see a great deal of him.'

'Really you are to be envied,' said Miss Gibbs. 'He seems lovely.'

Just then the black boy Pliny put his head in at the door, and said, 'The gentleman's baggage is come. The things is to be put in the third story front room, ain't they?'

Mrs. Meems and her daughter exchanged glances of vexation, and Miss Glorvina Gibbs looked first surprised, and then amused.

Carteret hastily rose, and shutting the parlour door after him, went out to the front steps, and settled his business with the porter, who was requested by the coloured boy to assist him in carrying the things up stairs, there being no man-servant. Our hero then returned to the parlour, and found Mrs. Briceland preparing to depart; so he took his hat for the purpose of seeing her home.

'Mr. Carteret,'—said Mrs. Meems,—'we shall be most happy if you will come and take a family dinner with us to-morrow. We shall observe no ceremony with you.'

Carteret bowed assentingly, understanding that this invitation implied the commencement of his domestication in Mrs. Meems's house.

As he walked home with Mrs. Briceland that lady said to him, 'At so short a notice Mrs. Meems was not able to get your room ready, as she intended, but as your baggage has come, it is of course considered that you make a beginning to-day, your first week having commenced this morning. Till to-morrow it can be no inconvenience to you to remain at the hotel.'

'I can easily return thither, and stay one day more,' replied Carteret.

'I have no doubt,'—pursued Mrs. Briceland,—'that you will get along charmingly when once domesticated at Mrs. Meems's. Every thing there is so perfectly genteel, and so delightfully quiet.'

'Except Miss Meeta's piano,' thought Carteret.

'And then you will be so entirely exempt from all the disadvantages of a boarding-house. I assured Mrs. Meems you were one of the best-tempered young men in the world, (you carry it in your countenance,) and one of the last that would ever make an uncomfortable complaint, or, indeed, say or do any thing that could cause one moment's pain to any member of the family, from the black boy up. She requested me to repeat to you how very sensitive they all are, and to beg you to keep it always in mind, so as never for a moment to forget that they do not take boarders.'

On the following day Edward Carteret did really obtain possession of his new quarters. He found his room in the third story very scantily furnished, most of the articles that it had formerly contained being now removed into an apartment in the second story that was occupied by the young ladies. The carpet was worn out, the bedstead was old, the wash-stand was much defaced, and for a mirror there

was a cracked girandole, the glass of which was not much larger than a saucer. There were only two chairs, and neither table, bureau, nor wardrobe. Our hero had intended employing himself till dinner-time in unpacking and arranging the contents of his trunks, but there was nothing to arrange them in. He went down stairs, and found Meeta in one parlour, still playing energetically and untiringly on the piano, and Matilda in the other, leaning back on the sofa, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

On Carteret's entrance the fair *pleureuse* withdrew the handkerchief, and motioned him to a seat on the sofa.

'Mr. Carteret,'—said she,—'you must excuse my feelings. It has been said of me that I am a tender plant, too fragile for this world of affliction, and totally unfit to tread life's flinty path. Some have suggested that I ought to be cushioned on the pinions of doves and be fed upon unopened roses. I am one of those hapless beings that are all nerve. It has been reported that I have nerves even to my finger ends.'

'Who has not?'—thought Carteret,—'but I wonder to what all this is tending!'

'In short,'—pursued Matilda,—'I have been accustomed even from infancy to be cradled in elegance, and soothed for ever by the voice of tenderness and forbearance, and to lean for happiness on the bosom of my family. And now, think how heart-rending it is to be obliged—no, not that—not exactly obliged, neither—Oh, no! there is no necessity in the case—but to find this beloved family so situated—not that our income is in the least diminished by the death of pa'—but, as you know, the present style of living is so much more stylish than formerly, and expenses are so much more expensive, that when families hold a conspicuous place in society—In short, to enable us to keep pace with the increasing elegancies of elegant life, we have finally brought

our minds to receiving an inmate, or rather a friend, I hope I may say. This is the cause of the tears that have seized me, of the grief and despair at the humiliation whose gloom is stinging my heart. Not that I would wish you to suppose me in the least humiliated. Oh, no! I have too much dignity for that. Matilda Meems can never sink. She will always rise above fate. But, oh! Mr. Carteret, your coming to our house is very hard to bear.'

'Perhaps I had better go away,'—said Carteret—'I can easily seek accommodations elsewhere.'

'Oh! by no means,'—exclaimed Matilda. 'Mamma would be so much disappointed, now that all is ready for the sacrifice, and she has schooled her mind to bear its thorns. Oh, no!—remain, Mr. Carteret, remain. Oh, no!—time and energy perhaps will heal the wounds of wounded feeling. Mamma—mild, gentle being—deceives herself, and tries to believe that she only consents to receive an inmate for the sake of company and amusement, as (being in society) so much of my time is spent, of course, in attending parties and making morning calls. Mamma herself (but this is a great secret) is not quite so well up in society as I am; yet her spirit is quite as high, and her nerves as nervous. Therefore I implore, I request, I beg of you on no account to allow her to suppose that money is of the least importance.'

'To her or to me?'—inquired Carteret.

'To either,'—replied Matilda. 'That will be the safest course. And, above all, guard the secret as you would your dearest life. Let no one guess, even darkly, that we grant you the protection of our roof and a place at our table on any other terms than those of friendship—and let no deed of yours ever breathe to the astonished world (lest it should be known in society) that—how shall I say the fatal word?—that you are any thing like a boarder.'

'What am I like then?'—said Carteret, with a smile.

'Laughed at—scorned already!'—exclaimed Matilda, with almost a shriek. 'Oh! this is indeed the bitterness of boarders—inmates I mean.'

And throwing her head back against the wall, she burst into so loud a fit of sobbing that her sister looked round an instant from the piano, and then played harder than ever.

At this moment Pliny the coloured boy came in, and walking up to Carteret said—'Missis sent me to ax what wine you choose.' And Carteret finding that, though in a private family, he was expected to add to the profits of his hostess by allowing her to furnish him with wine, mentioned a particular sort, and the boy conveyed the intelligence to Mrs. Meems, and was despatched to procure some from the nearest bottling cellar.

The table was set in the back parlour, the folding doors were carefully closed, and after a long time dinner was brought in. It was a plain one and rather scanty, and very plainly set out: Mrs. Meems informing Mr. Carteret that she *had* French china, silver forks, damask napkins, finger-glasses, and all such things. 'But'—said she—'of course we do not use them in common, just for ourselves, and we consider you as one of the family, and we know that it will always give you pleasure to find that we do not regard you as a stranger.'

At table the conversation (which turned on the last new fashions) was chiefly between Mrs. Meems and Matilda, the latter declaring, as she sat down, that her heart was too full to eat. Meeta said nothing, for two reasons—first, that she had not yet come out, and secondly, that she had nothing to say. At six years old she had been put to the piano, (for which it was supposed she possessed an extraordinary talent,) and as she showed no capability for any thing else, she was kept at music till she had nearly

lost the faculties of thought and speech. However, she devoured two-thirds of the dinner, the remaining third being shared by the rest of the company.

At the close of the repast, Matilda having finished the last mouthful of her rice pudding, pushed away her plate, threw herself back in her chair, and covering her face, exclaimed—'It will not do, my feelings are too powerful for my frame. Mr. Carteret, you must excuse me—but the scene is so novel—so overwhelming—so unstringing to my shattered nerves!'

'What scene?'—said Carteret.

'This—this!'—sobbed the fair Matilda—'to find a place at the sacred family table occupied by a gentleman that is indeed a board——No—no—I cannot pronounce that awful word—that is an inmate!'

'My dear,' said her mother, 'it is the general opinion in society that your sensibility will destroy you. Try and bear up as I do. You had better retire and endeavour to compose yourself. Mr. Carteret will give you his arm to the door.'

Carteret obeyed, and conveyed the young lady to the foot of the stairs. When he returned, Meeta had again resumed her seat at the piano, and he went into the front parlour, desirous of some conversation with his landlady, who followed him thither as soon as she had superintended the removal of the leavings and the clearing of the table.

'Well, Mr. Carteret'—said she—'the worst will soon be over, and then I doubt not when we get a little accustomed to the present circumstances we shall be able to endure them better. I am sure you will do all in your power to spare our feelings.'

Carteret assented by a bow. But he had something on his mind that he was extremely desirous of mentioning, could he summon courage to do so; and that something

was a bureau. After much hesitation he ventured to ask, with downcast eyes, if he could not be accommodated with that useful piece of furniture.

'Really, Mr. Carteret'—said Mrs. Meems—'I hardly know how that can be. I am quite unaccustomed to such things—I thought gentlemen always found their own bureaus.'

'I have generally met with one in every apartment that I have occupied'—replied Carteret, his eyes still fixed on the carpet.

'I suppose you have always stayed at hotels.'

'I once stayed a week at a boarding-house in New York.'

'Oh! but I don't keep a boarding-house. And what is done at those places cannot possibly be any rule for me. A boarding-house, indeed! Really, Mr. Carteret, when I have brought myself to do such violence to my own feelings (and above all to my daughter's) as to consent to receive a gentleman into my family just for company and amusement, a gentleman who is considered merely in the light of a visiter, I, of course, have a right to expect that he will consider himself so. I have never heard of such a thing as a visiter making any objection to his room, or asking for bureaus. But you are young, Mr. Carteret, and you have much to learn yet.'

Mr. Carteret perceived that he had given great offence, and clearly comprehending that she would not give him a bureau, he dared not ask for a table, as he had at first intended. He was quite disconcerted, looked greatly abashed, and was not sure that he had not committed some crime.

After Mrs. Meems had harangued awhile in the above fashion, she paused to take breath, and then resuming her usual soft tone and mincing look, she added, 'Mr. Carteret,

perhaps you are not aware of the existence of auction stores, where furniture is to be had very cheap, either new or second-hand. I have no doubt at one of these places you could provide yourself to your satisfaction with a bureau and every thing else you may happen to want for your apartment,—if there is indeed any thing else.'

Carteret now murmured something that included the word table.

'A table, too!' exclaimed Mrs. Meems. 'Well, live and learn is a good saying. I had no idea that young gentlemen's wants were so numerous. I concluded the only use they ever made of their rooms was to sleep in them.'

'I read in my room of an evening,' said Carteret timidly.

'Well,—there is a very good mantel-piece to set your light on.'

'Sometimes I write.'

'I understood you were about studying law. Excuse me for supposing that you did all your reading and writing at the office. However, as I do not take boarders, I wish you to comprehend, my dear Mr. Carteret, that any little thing you may chance to want for your own convenience, you are quite at liberty to furnish for yourself, and I shall not feel the least hurt or offended; provided it is done as quietly as possible, and with all due delicacy, and never mentioned either to me or my sensitive Matilda. And now that we are on this painful subject, there is another thing which I scarcely know how to mention even by the remotest hint. I will just suggest that my little account will be transmitted to you at weekly periods, and that as soon as you have settled it, (which, of course, will be immediately,) you will oblige me by instantly destroying the paper; as it might accidentally be seen, or it might fall into other hands, and be considered as a proof that I had

accommodated a guest, and received from him—what shall I call it?'

'Pay,' said Carteret.

'No, no, my dear young friend, you are too abrupt. Pay is a very coarse word, and should never be thought of in genteel families. Remuneration is better; though even that is too strong. Really there should be a new language invented for persons of delicacy. But I fear I am detaining you from the office. I conclude you will pass most of your time there, (as my friend Mrs. Briceland told me you were an intensely hard student,) and it will be very commendable in you to do so.'

Carteret *was* a hard student, and did accommodate his landlady by being as little about the house as possible. He found it expedient at once to supply himself with a bureau, wardrobe, table, and many other things; and having made his room comfortable, he frequently sat there at night, and read or wrote till a late hour.

One evening at tea, the ladies informed him that they expected a few select friends, and they invited him to join the party. Mrs. Meems followed him out of the room to request that he would slip down stairs softly, and go and ring at the front-door bell, and enter the parlour with his hat in his hand, that he might appear like a visiter. 'I would not for the world,' added she, 'that the friends who are coming to-night, (they are all in society,) should entertain the least suspicion of my having an inmate in my family. With a little address we can always keep the secret, and Matilda's feelings may be spared. Should the thing be publicly known, I verily believe the dear child would go crazy.'

Carteret did slip quietly down stairs, did open the front door softly, and ring at it loudly, and did make his entrance with his hat in his hand, and (resolved to play his part

well) he walked steadfastly up to Mrs. Meems, made his bow, and paid his compliment; and she said to him, 'What have you been doing with yourself this long time, Mr. Carteret? it is an age since we have seen you. We feared you had left town, and our note would not find you.' At which the boy Pliny, who was carrying round lemonade, stood stock still for a moment, and opened his eyes and mouth to their utmost extent, knowing that only two hours before he had waited on Mr. Carteret at the tea-table.

Mrs. Meems and Matilda felt rather afraid to introduce Mr. Carteret, except to a lady who was very deaf; for they thought that, if engaged in familiar conversation, he might inadvertently imply in some way that he boarded in the house, which, by the by, was already known to the whole company, Miss Glorvina Gibbs being one of them. However, Meeta plied the piano so vigorously all the evening that there was little chance for any conversation; and if in the course of a piece that seemed interminable, the audience began to break into a buzz, the mother held up her finger, and said, 'Hush! just listen to this passage; it is divine.' It was true that Meeta, though she did not sing, really played well; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing; and as our hero, (like most young men who have not cultivated the art,) had no fondness for any instrumental music that was not of a military or a waltzing character, he was among the first to depart, and he 'stood not upon the order of his going.'

At the end of the week Mrs. Meems one morning after breakfast told Carteret that she was going to lend him a book, and begged that he would not open it till he got to his room, and that he would examine particularly the 25th page. She then put into his hand an odd volume of an old

novel. He went to his room, and in the 25th page found a slip of paper containing his bill for one week, charging as high a price as he would have paid at one of the best boarding-houses, and a number of items as extras which he had not known to be extras at all. The wine which he had found he was expected to have on the table every day, (and of which all the ladies partook daily,) was rated at about four times its real cost.

Young Carteret had an ample allowance from his father. He was naturally generous, very good-tempered, and quite new to the world. He felt an insurmountable reluctance to offering any objection to the bill, the total of which made exactly an even sum. So he took some notes out of his pocket-book, laid them between the leaves of the novel, burnt the bill as was requested, and went down and paid his hostess by delicately placing the volume in her hand.

Another week passed on much as the last had done; Carteret, when in the house, spending most of his evenings in his own apartment. When the ladies were out, or sitting up stairs, as they generally did when at home, there was after tea no lamp lighted in either of the parlours, and the fire was made to die out. They would perhaps have been more anxious for a larger portion of Carteret's society, and Matilda would in all probability have laid siege to him, only that shortly after he became their inmate, they learnt that he was already engaged to a very charming girl, whose parents lived in his father's neighbourhood, and whom he was to marry as soon as he had completed the study of his profession.

At the end of this week, Mrs. Meems requested an audience of our hero, and inquired (without, however, any signs of embarrassment this time) if it would be convenient to him to pay three months' boarding in advance, alleging that

Meeta's education bills were in arrears, and unless they were paid she could not again send her to boarding-school after the holidays. Rather than Meeta should be kept at home, Edward Carteret agreed to pay in advance, and accordingly gave Mrs. Meems a check for the money, and was of course enjoined to profound secrecy: a promise which of course he scrupulously kept.

In the progress of the ensuing week, he found that two more inmates were added to the family in the shape of young gentlemen that belonged to large mercantile establishments. The week after there was a third, who, like our hero, was studying law; and next week two others, who had entered as medical students with one of the principal physicians of the city. The number of inmates was now six, though still Mrs. Meems did not take boarders, as each of the gentlemen had been separately taught to comprehend; and all had been desired to have their baggage brought after night. Each of them also had been made to supply himself with various articles of furniture for his room, Mrs. Meems reminding them that her mansion was not fitted up for a boarding-house, and that Mr. Carteret (whom she always cited as a proper example) had volunteered to supply every thing for his own apartment.

Our limits will not allow us to detail all the petty contrivances and shallow stratagems by which Mrs. Meems managed to make as much money as possible out of her guests, and the expedients to which she and Matilda resorted for the purpose of concealing their real position. It was now necessary to allow the gentlemen the privilege of the front parlour, and to have light and fire in it during the evening. Great pains were taken to prevent their being found there all at once; and one evening when this did

occur, and some acquaintances from New York happened to drop in, Matilda whispered to the New York ladies that she was having a soirée; and that as soirées were always uncertain, it chanced that evening that the guests were few in number, and all gentlemen.

Much uneasiness was felt by the mother and daughter in consequence of half a dozen young men being seen so frequently at the house. But Mrs. Meems endeavoured to pass them off to her friends as Matilda's beaux. Never (as was remarked) were beaux so constant in their attendance, and never was hospitality equal to that of Mrs. Meems in allowing these beaux to take all their meals at her table. The opposite neighbours would have been somewhat curious to ascertain why so many different young men went in and out of Mrs. Meems's house so often during the day. But, as is generally the case with opposite neighbours, they were perfectly acquainted with the real state of affairs; and being in possession of the whole truth, had nothing left to conjecture.

It is not to be supposed that all the six young gentlemen were not fully aware of the doubtful capacity in which they were allowed to reside in Mrs. Meems's domicile. Also, it is not surprising that they compared notes, and had much amusement on the subject when they were not in presence of their landlady and her daughter. To each successive boarder Matilda had made a confidential communication of her excessive sensibility, and the terrible violence done to her feelings in receiving them as inmates; and two of the gentlemen were very willing to humour the joke, as they called it, and try what farther nonsense they could elicit from her.

One day when the inmates were going out from dinner, there stopped at Mrs. Meems's door a large, stout old gen-

tleman, with a very bald head and very bushy eyebrows. He was followed by a porter, with a wheelbarrow-load of baggage.

'Is this a boarding-house ?' inquired he of the boy Pliny, who had come to his loud ring at the door-bell.

'Yes, sir,' said Pliny, with unpardonable forgetfulness. But as Mrs. Meems at that moment came out of the parlour, and shook her head at him threateningly, the boy looked confused and stammered, 'No, sir—please, sir—we never take no boarders here; we never did such a thing in our lives.'

'I was recommended to this very house, however,' said the stranger, 'and I want boarding. I have just arrived from New York, and I don't wish to be prowling all over town in search of a place to put my head in.'

Mrs. Meems, rather than lose the chance of another inmate, now came forward, and the gentleman held out a card to her, with the name of John M. Grumbold. She courtesied, smiled, invited him in, and motioned him to a seat in the rocking-chair, saying, 'We do not take boarders—that is to say, what are usually termed boarders. But we have several gentlemen staying with us at present, merely for the sake of their society ; intimate friends of my daughter and myself; and as our own family is so very small, we should be at a loss for amusement if we were not trying to make the house pleasant to a few agreeable inmates.'

'Very kind in you,' said the old gentleman, 'very kind, indeed. But these friends of yours must be shabby fellows to live this way upon two lone women. Shame on them ! I think I won't make their acquaintance. I never could get along with such chaps.' And he rose to depart.

'Oh ! sir,' said Mrs. Meems, 'pray keep your seat. You don't exactly comprehend me. These are all honourable

young gentlemen, of the very best families in the Union, and well up in society, as is the case with my own family.'

'In what sort of society, madam?' said Mr. Grumbold. 'There are many grades of society, and some of it is bad enough.'

'I see, sir, you are not a Philadelphian,' replied Mrs. Meems, 'or you would know at once what society is, and what families belong to it.'

'I don't care a cent what it is,' said Mr. Grumbold; 'I am my own society. But I do say that these young fellows you speak of are not honourable men, if they can bring themselves to eat their victuals at your expense.'

'Why I *must* say,' answered Mrs. Meems, looking down and seeming embarrassed, 'all these gentlemen insist on presenting me with a weekly compensation.'

'Speak plain English, madam,' said Mr. Grumbold, 'and let us have no more of this beating round the bush. I am a plain downright man, and like every body to go straight forward. I have been living twenty years in India, and I have now come home with a pretty comfortable property, though I do not tell you so with a view of being overcharged; for I can assure you I am pretty sharp at a bargain, else I should not have been so lucky in business. My friend Layton, whom I saw yesterday in New York, recommended me here, and said he knew somebody that boarded with you: so I came straight along, bag and baggage. I want boarding for this winter, and then I am going to travel all over America, and see the improvements through the country. Now can you give me a good room or not?'

It is generally supposed that rich old men, however uncouth and disagreeable, are great prizes in all establishments, whether public or private; and something whispered Mrs. Meems that she had better not let Mr.

Grumbold slip through her fingers. So she resolved to give up her own room to him, and have a bed for herself put into her daughter's apartment. Therefore she told the old gentleman that she had a splendid chamber on the second story, which could soon be prepared for him. He asked the price, and she named an extortionate sum.

'That's quite too much,' said he; 'you must think me a fool to ask it of me. I could get the best room at any boarding-house in the city for one-third less; I know I could.'

'Dear sir, I do not keep a boarding-house,' said Mrs. Meems, who did not think it expedient to take offence this time.

'What then do you keep?'

'As I told you, dear sir, I merely accommodate a few friends. I should be sorry to have it said I took boarders.'

'Fudge! I tell you you do take boarders, and every body knows it. Friends, indeed! How do you know whether I shall be your friend or not? It just depends on how I am treated, and how I like you. You need not pretend you take *me* for company or amusement. I doubt if you will have much of my company, and you'll not find me the least amusing. However, if you'll promise to use me well, and let me have all I want, I don't care if I do try your house awhile, even at the shameful price you ask me. Scandalous extortion as it is, still it won't ruin me, and I don't want the trouble of searching about town. If I don't like your house, (as I dare say I shall not,) I can leave it, and that's one comfort. And remember, I come openly as a real, positive, acknowledged boarder; so there must be no quibbling and hemming and hawing about *me*.'

Mrs. Meems saw that she had now a man to deal with of a very different description from her other guests. But premising that he might turn out an Aladdin's lamp to

her, she resolved to take no offence at any thing he could say. 'I see, sir,'—said she with a gentle smile,—'you are one of those eccentric gentlemen that will have your joke.'

'Joke!' replied Mr. Grumbold—'I never had a joke in my life. And I think it no compliment to be called eccentric. An eccentric man always begins as a fool, and ends as a lunatic; and an eccentric woman is not fit to live. However, now that I've agreed to stay and try you and your house awhile, I may as well go and order in my baggage.'

The baggage was conveyed up stairs, and Mr. Grumbold established himself in the rocking-chair with the newspaper, while Mrs. Meems hastened to inform Matilda, and to have his apartment prepared for him. Matilda rebelled at the idea of sharing her chamber with her mother, but was somewhat pacified when Mrs. Meems assured her that Mr. Grumbold, though very queer, was undoubtedly very rich; that though his manner was rough his cloth was very fine, and his hat quite new; and that though his frill was rather too broad, it was fastened by a superb diamond pin. 'You may depend on it,'—said she—'he is really somebody, and if we humour him well, and put up with all his rudeness, who knows what may happen!'

Unluckily the far-seeing mother forgot to tell her daughter that in the case of Mr. Grumbold it would be best to dispense with her usual demonstrations of lacerated feeling on the initiation of a new inmate. So when the young lady made her appearance at the tea-table, where she found Mr. Grumbold installed at the lower end, opposite to the mistress of the house, in taking her usual seat at the corner next to her mother, she began to play off her customary airs of sensibility, and put her handkerchief to her eyes and seemed to sob.

'What's that girl crying for?'—said Mr. Grumbold, leaning forward and scrutinizing Matilda from under his contracted brows, while the young gentlemen commenced a brisk conversation to avoid laughing. 'I want to know what's the matter with her.'

'My daughter'—said Mrs. Meems—'is all one nerve, and therefore a prey to excitement. Her feelings are so painfully acute that they cannot bear the slightest shock.'

'Well, what has shocked them now?' persisted Mr. Grumbold.

'The arrival of a new inmate always melts her into tears,' sighed Mrs. Meems.

'Of joy or sorrow?' asked Grumbold.

'Neither, my dear sir—neither'—said Mrs. Meems—'but tears of sensibility.'

'I don't know what that is'—said Grumbold. 'Has it any thing to do with sense. I should think not. However, (looking round the table) I should suppose that by this time the girl might be pretty well used to boarders.'

Matilda now hastily rose and left the room—and Mr. Grumbold turned away indignantly and said—'Fudge! I think she had better not try this foolery again. It will spoil her market.'

Time passed on, and Mr. Grumbold with all his roughness and rudeness was considered by the Meems family as a most valuable acquisition, and nothing could equal the assiduity with which they gratified all his whims. Being in reality of a much more liberal spirit than he chose to acknowledge, he added greatly to the improvement of the table, by sauntering every day through the market and sending home certain delicacies in sufficient quantity for the whole establishment. He also presented jars of preserved ginger, chests of first-rate tea, &c. &c., besides having three sorts of wine every day at dinner. He paid

his bill weekly: always, however, saying it was enormous, declaring he would keep it to show, and insisting on a receipt.

Mrs. Meems and Matilda schooled themselves to laugh at his sallies, no matter how grating to their pride, and merely said—'How very diverting!' or 'Dear Mr. Grumbold, what spirits you have!'—or if he was extremely rude, the only remark was—'Well, Mr. Grumbold, you gentlemen that have lived in India are privileged to be singular.' They were rather posed, however, when he once turned upon them, and asked—'Why?'

The winter was now at an end, and Mr. Grumbold, to the great regret of the family, began to talk of setting out on his projected tour. One Saturday afternoon when Meeta was at home, and as usual practising hard and fast on the piano, and Mrs. Meems sewing in the front parlour, Matilda sat entertaining her friend Miss Hornblower, who had just returned from a visit of several months to New Orleans. 'Pray, Matilda,'—said the latter—'who were all those young gentlemen I saw coming out of your door yesterday afternoon as I was passing by on the other side of the way? You seem to have had quite a levee.'

Matilda looked embarrassed, and her mother simpered and said in a low voice—'There are several young gentlemen who are frequent visiters at our house—admirers, as the world says, of Matilda.'

'Dear me,'—remarked Miss Hornblower—'I counted six. Is it not rather awkward for them all to meet at once? If it happens often that they are all here together, it must be a little inconvenient.'

Just then Mr. Grumbold came in with the newspaper in his hand, and throwing himself into the rocking-chair began to read intensely.

'Who is that old gentleman?' asked Miss Hornblower of Matilda, in a low voice.

'That old gentleman?' said Matilda, hesitating—'that's an uncle of ours. He is lately from India, where he has been living these twenty years, and he is now on a visit to us. He is immensely rich—quite a nabob—you understand.'

'Do introduce me to your uncle'—said Miss Hornblower.

'You know the newest fashion is *not* to introduce,'—replied Matilda.

'Oh! never mind that,' pursued Miss Hornblower. 'In an extreme case one may always waive the fashion. It is easy to see that this old gentleman is a character, and I always like to become acquainted with characters. People in general are so flat.'

Matilda then named to each other Miss Hornblower and Mr. Grumbold. The old gentleman gave the fair stranger a nod and a stare, and then resumed his paper, while the young ladies, rather disconcerted, resumed their whispering.

After awhile Mr. Grumbold, looking towards Meeta and the piano, exclaimed—'Take that girl away!'

Mrs. Meems rose, and going to Meeta said to her softly, 'You know I have often told you to quit playing whenever Mr. Grumbold was within hearing. It disturbs him.'

'What shall I do then?'—said Meeta, pouting.

'Nothing at all—whatever you please—go up stairs and look out at the back windows.'

Meeta stalked out of the room, pulling at her lips with her fingers, and bestowing on Mr. Grumbold a resentful glance, which her mother checked by a significant frown.

'Ain't you fond of music, Mr. Grumbold?' said Miss Hornblower.

'Music!' replied the old gentleman,—'I suppose you mean the thing that the girl is always doing. Pounding, and hammering, and tinkling, and jingling without rhyme or reason. I can't find any thing like a tune, even when I do try to listen. And I cannot be pestered with such a din in my ears when I want to read the news.'

'Meeta's music always puts uncle into a passion,' whispered Matilda to her friend; 'let us talk of something else.'

Miss Hornblower, nothing daunted, then addressed herself to Mr. Grumbold, and said to him, 'It must have appeared very strange to you, Mr. Grumbold, after your return from India, to find your nieces whom you left as children grown into young ladies.'

'Nieces!—what nieces?'

'Your nieces the Miss Meemses.'

'They my nieces!—who told you so?—I never had a niece in my life—never had brother or sister.'

Matilda and her mother now cast appealing glances from Mr. Grumbold to Miss Hornblower, signing and winking at both.

'Why do you make such faces, and what are you winking at, and what is all this pulling and twitching for?' asked Mr. Grumbold, sternly. 'I am no uncle of yours, and you know it very well. What right have you to say so? I've a great mind to sue you for slander.'

'Mr. Grumbold's a little odd,'—said Mrs. Meems in a low voice to Miss Hornblower. 'We always have to humour him. He thinks it makes him seem old to be an uncle, so he always denies it.'

'I do no such thing,'—said Grumbold—'for I never heard of it before. But I hear you now, for my ears are sharper than you think; and I've heard many things that were not intended for me. Young lady, (to Miss Hornblower,) I'll

tell you the real truth. These people are ashamed to have it supposed they take boarders, though that is exactly what they do. They have taken boarders upon boarders, and yet they are such fools as to think they can pass them off for visiters, and sweethearts, and all such stuff. I have seen through all their manœuvres, and I laugh at their folly in supposing they were not detected; and so does every one in the house.'

Miss Hornblower now thought it expedient to finish her visit, so she rose and bade good afternoon. As soon as she was gone Matilda burst out crying in real earnest.

'There!' said Mrs. Meems, 'Bell Hornblower has hurried away to go and tell all over town what she has seen and heard at this unlucky visit. Our disgrace will now be made public, and the whole city will say that we take boarders.'

'The whole city says it already'—remarked Mr. Grumbold—'for I suppose by the whole city you mean the few people that happen to have heard of the Meemses. And they say nothing but the truth.'

'I can never show my face in Philadelphia again!' said Matilda.

'Why not?—Philadelphia is a large place, and I much doubt if your face is known in all parts of it.'

'I mean Chestnut Street,' said Matilda.

'Fiddlestick!'—said Mr. Grumbold. 'What fools you are. Ain't there many genteel women (quite as good as you, and a great deal better) who gain an honourable and comfortable living by taking boarders fairly and openly, without attempting to make a secret of it? The shame is not in doing the thing but in being ashamed of it, and in telling lies to conceal it, as if taking boarders could ever be done secretly.'

'We shall lose our places in society,'—sighed Matilda.

'Society!'—resumed Grumbold. 'I wish I could never hear that word again. I suppose you mean the set just a grade above the one you really belong to, and because you are always reaching up after it, you think you have clambered into it, and your hold is so slight that you are afraid all the time of being tumbled down by a whiff of wind. You had better content yourselves with walking steadily along upon plain ground. You will be much more respected, I can tell you. In a country where every man has to get his own living, is there any disgrace attached to his doing so? why then should women be ashamed to help themselves along by their own exertions, rather than depend on the niggardly bounty of relations? There, your mother has stolen out of the room, for she hates to hear wholesome truths, and you had better follow her and have your cry out. You do not know what you have lost by your folly. I am looking out for a wife—you are not a very ugly girl; and may be, if I had not been sickened with your nerves and nonsense, and your poor miserable pride, and your society-talk, and all your other lying and foolery, I might after a while have been brought to marry you myself.'

'Should you, indeed!' exclaimed Matilda, brightening up.

'Yes, yes—but you have not played your cards well. And as to Meeta, tell your mother if she keeps her belabouring that piano the girl will never get a husband while she lives.'

In conclusion, we have only space to relate that the false pride of Mrs. Meems and Matilda now made it irksome to them to remain in their native city, such was their mortification on finding that the fact of their taking boarders had been known from the very beginning. Therefore, as soon as Mr. Grumbold had departed on his tour, they broke up their establishment, sold off their effects,

and removed to the other side of the Alleghany; their gentlemen all taking rooms in professed boarding-houses. Meeta was left for another twelvemonth at school, from whence in a short time she ran away with the music-master, and is now assisting her husband in giving lessons in New York.

Mrs. Meems, though ashamed to take boarders in Philadelphia, was found at the end of the year keeping a hotel in one of the western cities. Mr. Grumbold, in the course of his long tour, stopped at her house, and found her conforming to her new situation with quite a good grace, and Matilda no longer tearful, and talking no more of society. Mr. Grumbold's visit put the young lady into excellent spirits, and she assured him that she felt as if she had left all her nerves in Philadelphia. When Mr. Grumbold departed from the hotel to continue his travels, he carried away with him as his bride the lovely Miss Matilda Meems; telling her, however, that he knew her to be a fool, but that he could not expect a sensible woman to marry *him.*

Our friend Edward Carteret finished the study of law, was admitted at the bar, and was united to Louisa Milman, the young lady to whom he had been so long engaged. They settled in Philadelphia, where he soon got into a very promising practice; and often when he saw any thing in his wife that savoured of false shame, he reminded her of the people that did not take boarders.

ADDRESS TO NATURE.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

Hail, holy Nature, mother of bright things!
 Hail to thy breezes, and thy blooming earth!
How my fond heart to thy creation springs,
 For it hath gloried in *thee* from its birth.

And like an unseal'd fountain, it hath pour'd
 The first warm current of its thoughts to thee,
Its early worship, and its stainless hoard
 Of fresh pure offerings, its idolatry.

Guide, Guardian, Watcher,—source of love and light!
 Measureless empire, Queen of boundless shores,
Vast realms of grandeur, and extended might,
 Which even thought, wild thought in vain explores.

Yet in the space, the little space, that bounds
 My wanderings, what abundance dost thou yield!
What ripe, rich harvest in the budding grounds,
 What pure, deep contemplation in the field!

That holy communing with silent things,
 That secret whispering of the spirit's prayer,
That melting harmony from unseen strings,
 That calm, religious music of the air.

The swelling gale that bends the waving grain,
  The breeze from out the rose-embower'd brake,
Passing with perfumed breath across the plain,
  Dimples the stillness of the smiling lake,

Wakening an Echo in the silent woods,
  Chaunting a hymn to the bright stars of Even—
Oh, lovely Nature! in thy solitudes
  How bright, how glowing are the gifts of Heaven!

Do I not love thee, mother of bright things?
  Hail to thy breezes and thy blooming earth!
How my fond heart to thy creation springs,
  For it hath gloried in *thee* from its birth.

Philadelphia.

THE SLED.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
BYRON.

I.

It's a bonny thing—our boyhood's play—
When the spirits are light and free from care,
When all that comes across our way
Is green as the earth and pure as the air;
When we have not learn'd the destiny
That hangs upon all of human kind,
From which we struggle in vain to free
In after time the burden'd mind;
When over the heart there come no clouds,
Or if they come, they soon pass by,
Nor gather around in stormy crowds,
Where thunders growl and whirlwinds fly.
O 'tis a beautiful, touching thing,
To see a happy and gladsome child,
And to know that we never again can bring
The feelings that once our youth beguiled.

THE SLED.

II.

Who does not remember the first glad night,
When he look'd on the drama's magic light,
When all that he saw, as he gazed around
Seem'd an elfin spell on enchanted ground,
When more than he dream'd of fair and grand
Came round like creations of fairy-land?
How the young heart leap'd when music's strain
Melted into his soul like the spring-tide rain.
How delighted he sat, while the song and dance
Brought all the charm of a wild romance;
Half deeming another world were there
Than that he had left in the open air.
Who does not remember how beautiful then
Was the woodland cot and the haunted glen,
While amid such scenes the actors seem'd
Like beings of whom he had scarcely dream'd,
And all sent into his heart a joy,
Because he knew not its base alloy?

III.

Such is human life to the youthful heart—
It sees alone the joyous part;
The gloomy scenes it does not scan
That wait on the after-steps of man.
The dark, the rugged, the sad, yet true,
Are all shut out from his passing view,
While he only looks on the bright and fair,
And deems that all is happiness there.
Alas! I have been behind the scenes;
I see the effect, but I know the means.
I look on the show of glory and pride,
But ah! I have seen the rough wrong side.

Those dresses, so elegant, seen afar,
When closer beheld, how coarse they are;
And even that beautiful fair young face
Owes to borrow'd colour one half its grace.
O for the days when all these were unknown!
The scene is still here, but its charm is flown;
For I've learn'd the falsehood that dwells with men,
And I cannot dream sweetly of truth again.

IV.

Shout, happy boy! for now is thy day;
Give it to gladness and peace while you may,
For soon enough will thy young heart learn
Of this shuffling world each 'slippery turn.'
Thou may'st slide now in thy youthful glee,
But the time may come it will slide o'er thee.
Think not of that, but shout thy fill—
Yield not thy soul to the coming ill;
Let thy heart be light, and thy spirits gay,
For life has but one holiday.
Long may the world be unknown to thee,
Its follies, its fears, and its destiny;
For all it can teach thee will never bestow
The bliss which, unlearn'd, it is thine to know.

THE FRENCH HEROINE.

BY CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

There is no historical character, combining so much of the picturesque and romantic, which has suffered so much in these respects, in its transmission through the pages of history, as that of the celebrated Maid of Orleans. As represented by Hume, and most English historians, she appears as the vulgar servant-maid of a country inn, who takes care of horses, and performs other masculine offices; and though all allow that her life was unblemished by vice, still every thing that is delicate and picturesque has been hid, and she stands before the world merely as a rough, enthusiastic Amazon.

But as time has rolled on, investigation has developed a new view of her character and career, and fortunately, one which does not rest on mere traditionary evidence, but on the most authentic of all testimony, the official records of judicial investigations. The authority on which the following account rests, is contained in the work of M. D'Charmettes, a late French writer, of whom Sharon Turner, the historian, thus remarks, 'This work is valuable, not only for its style of composition and ability, but still more so for the original documents it contains, and from which he draws his leading facts. Until this work of

Charmettes' appeared, there has been no authentic account of this extraordinary woman; all others have been filled with false statements and unsupported rumours.'

The documents furnished by M. D'Charmettes, consist of the depositions of witnesses, her own answers to her judges at her trial before her enemies, and also the testimony and depositions given on three informations and four inquests of revision. The first investigations were by her enemies, the last by her friends. The witnesses were her parents, family friends, neighbours, and most of those, both in high and low ranks, who had familiar intercourse with her, during her short and brilliant career. There is no past historical character, which can now be painted in all its minutiæ, from such abundant and authentic records.

In the following short article, no incident will be introduced, nor any language put into the mouth of the heroine, which cannot be authenticated by a reference to the volume of M. D'Charmettes; and as the work which furnishes the materials for this article has never been published in this country, it is presumed that it will prove both novel and interesting to most American readers.

At the time of the appearance of the Maid of Orleans, the English armies, under the celebrated Duke of Bedford, were almost entire masters of the greatest portion of France. The condition of Charles, the French king, was almost desperate. He had lost the flower of his army and the bravest of his nobles in battle. He had no money to raise or pay troops, nor even to meet the expenses of his own frugal table. Every day brought fresh intelligence of the loss of fortresses and towns. It seemed impossible for him to maintain any stand on his native soil, and at this time he was meditating a flight into Scotland.

The city of Orleans was the most important place remaining in his hands, and it was now so straitened by a

siege as to be on the point of surrendering. Just at this crisis, in the words of Charmettes, 'Providence raised up one of those beings, astonishing by their genius, and wonderful in their destiny, who at various periods are called forth to be the instruments of those unexpected revolutions, which confound the pride of human conquerors, mock all the calculations of human wisdom, and lead the minds of king and people to the recollection of the only throne that is never shaken—the only power that never ceases!'

Between Vancouleurs and Neufchateau lies the little hamlet of Domremy, a secluded spot in the most romantic and beautiful part of Champagne. The vicinity abounded in woods, rivers, and pasturage, and its simple inhabitants were chiefly labourers and shepherds. Near this hamlet stood a little chapel consecrated to the Virgin, and called the Hermitage of St. Mary, where the children of the village assembled every year to perform some religious ceremonies. Not far from this chapel was to be seen a simple child watching her father's flocks. At the sound of the chapel bell she often was seen to leave her flock to visit the chapel, or sometimes she would fall on her knees in the meadow and offer the short and simple prayer of childhood. And so anxious was she to be faithful in this religious duty, that when the beadle of the hamlet had several times forgotten to ring the bell, she made him the offer of a little present if he would be more punctual. The child had an intelligent and pleasing countenance, and a graceful and well-proportioned form, and through the day her melodious and flexile voice was often heard carolling childish ballads, or more frequently, the devotional strains of her religious faith. So gentle and kind was her disposition that her companions testified that the birds would come at her call, and eat bread from her hands. She was docile, energetic, and industrious. By day she assisted her father

in the care of his herds, and when at home, spun hemp and wool, and performed the other domestic duties of a peasant's family.

Not far from the cottage-home of this child, was an ancient, venerable forest of oaks, and near it stood a large and aged beech tree, which was an object of great veneration, and of many traditions. It was generally called the Fairy Tree, sometimes the Beauty of May or the Tree of the Ladies. Near it bubbled a fountain, which was deemed medicinal, and here those who were debilitated by disease would resort, to drink its invigorating waters, and to rest in its picturesque shades. It was the tradition of the country that the fairies visited these haunts, and moved in mystic dances around the Fairy Tree. Tradition also related that a knight was once seen under its shade, holding converse with these fairy forms. This place was so beautiful and interesting, from these and various other causes, that the gentry of the vicinity often resorted thither with baskets of food and wine, where they amused themselves with the children of the hamlet in rural sports. In the month of May the youth of the district assembled here for a festival. They here arranged their feast, provided by their parents, beside the murmuring fountain, roamed about and gathered flowers, and twining them into wreaths and garlands, ornamented the old tree, and danced around it. And after the sports of the day were past, they took down these garlands and bore them home to preserve as memorials of past enjoyment.

It was in such scenes as these that Joan, the Maid of Orleans, was reared. In addition to this, the Catholic faith, in that period abounded with traditionary legends of saints, while the superstitious belief of their frequent reappearance on earth, was very common. There can be no doubt that Joan was a person of that strongly excitable

temperament which belongs to genius, and that her naturally strong feelings and fervid imagination were alike stimulated by the scenery of her native hamlet, the traditions of the Fairy Tree, the legends of her religious faith, and her solitary musings while tending her flocks in the fields.

It is clear, also, from abundant testimony, that from early childhood she was under the influence of deep and abiding religious feeling. She frequented the church not only at mass, but at vespers and compelines. She confessed often, took the sacrament at Easter, and was often found alone in the church, bending before the cross, her eyes fixed in devout contemplation on the images of the Saviour or the Virgin. It was testified by her neighbours that at the age of thirteen she showed little relish for dancing and the sports of the hamlet, and would often withdraw from them to the church, where it was her custom to place a lighted candle before the Virgin, and she would often speak of her and of the Deity with deep veneration and devout regard.

Her reputation in all respects was unblemished, no one ever saying any evil of her, except that some thought her too devout. Her curé testified before her death, that he never saw her equal. Other witnesses state that a better girl did not exist in that part of the country, and the English commissary sent by her enemies to inquire respecting her early life, testified that he could hear nothing but what he should desire to find in his own sister. It was testified by her friends and neighbours that her time was never wasted in the street—that she was dutiful to her parents, charitable to the sick and poor, never used improper language, but was simple, modest, prudent, and industrious. Her countenance was sweet and amiable, her manners pleasing, and she was so bashful as to be disconcerted when suddenly addressed. She was so kind-

hearted that she gave away whatever she could command to the distressed, and sometimes lodged poor travellers in her own bed, while she slept on the floor. One poor peasant, who had been ill from his infancy, testified in strong terms of her benevolent attentions. All this evidence makes it certain that she was incapable of the falsehood, art, and juggling of an impostor.

We are therefore driven to inquire for the philosophy of that most remarkable part of her mental history, her constant assumption of being under peculiar Divine guidance, and visited and conversed with by supernatural beings. The discoveries of modern science, in relation to the laws of mind and body, furnish the means of accounting for what would otherwise prove so strange and mysterious. It is now well ascertained, that some persons, in certain states of mental and nervous excitement, are so affected, that the objects of imagination become realities, and, as it were, objects of perception. The writer of this article is acquainted with a person of intelligence and worth, who from infancy has been occasionally subject to such hallucinations, and so real and vivid were such impressions, that these mental visiters, in the period of childhood, were believed to be realities, whom he saw, and with whom he conversed. And it was not until age and experience furnished him with the means of correcting these illusions, that he ceased to believe in them as realities.

There is every reason for believing that the Maid of Orleans was a person subject to similar hallucinations, while her simplicity and ignorance, and the superstitions of the place and age, prevented her from ever suspecting the reality of these apparent visitations.

Let the fact of her highly imaginative character, her association with places deemed to be the residence of fairies, her belief in the faith that brings departed spirits

on missions to earth, and, finally, her strong devotional feelings, and we can readily perceive how such diseased mental and physical action might be generated, and how sincerely she might become a believer in the reality of her visions. To all this, add the fact that at the period in which her mind became thus affected, that part of the nation was in the highest state of political excitement. The rival claims of the French and English kings were daily topics of warm discussion, and sometimes of personal conflict between the neighbouring villagers. She herself, and all the inhabitants of Domremy were excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, in defending the rights of their young and popular sovereign, and the young men of Domremy would often engage in affrays with the inhabitants of the Burgundian villages in defence of his rights. It appears, also, from the testimony at her trial, that there had long been a tradition in that province, that France was to be saved by a maiden, who should arise from that part of the nation. All these circumstances must have combined to awaken the enthusiasm and to stimulate both the loyalty and the devotional feelings of Joan.

The following is her own simple account of the commencement of her mental hallucinations. 'At the age of thirteen, I had a voice from God to assist me to govern myself. It came at noon, in my father's garden. I had not fasted the day before. I heard it on my right towards the church. I was greatly frightened. I rarely hear it without seeing a great brilliancy on the side it comes from. I thought it came from heaven. When I had heard it three times, I knew it was the voice of an angel. It has always kindly guided me, and I understand very well what it announces. Though I were in a wood, I still hear it, and usually at noon.' When asked what it said to her the first time, she replied, 'It recommended

to me to behave well, and to frequent the church, and it told me that it was necessary *that I should come into France*,' (meaning the province called L'Isle de France, which the king still held, and where she did go when she first visited him.)

At her first examination she appeared to be unwilling to give any description of the appearance of what she saw, but afterwards with much urging she gave this account. 'The voices were those of St. Catharine and St. Margaret. Their heads were crowned with beautiful diadems, very rich and very precious. I knew them, because they named themselves to me when they saluted me. I saw them with my bodily eyes, as I now see you. When they left me I wept, and wished they had taken me with them. It is now seven years since they began to guide me.' She also gave an account of the visits of St. Michael, who first came to her and told her that these female saints would visit her, and be with her, and that she must act by their guidance and advice. Being urged to tell about his appearance, she said that in figure and dress he was a true gentleman, and that he had wings. When asked respecting their voice and language, she replied that they spoke in a 'mild, sweet, and humble voice,' but in fine language, which was French. When asked about the particular place where they first appeared to her, she said it was *by the fountain at the Fairy Tree*. But in her last examination by her enemies she said that she heard their voices every day, even in prison, where they sometimes waked her; that she heard them in the hall of examination, had asked their advice how to answer, and that they had told her to speak boldly. She said a brightness always attended them.

The nature of this account, and the purity and rectitude of her character, forbids the supposition, either that this

could be the result of the imposition of others upon her, or of intentional fabrication on her part. There can be no doubt that these were hallucinations occasioned by some functional disease affecting the organs of sight and sound, and regulated in their character by the predominating objects in her interest and imagination. Thus they appeared at once devotional, patriotic, superstitious, and fanciful.

It was in the month of May, as Joan testified, that she began to be admonished by these voices to undertake the exploits which she afterwards achieved. The voices told her that she must raise the siege of Orleans and conduct the king to be crowned at Rheims—the ancient city where the sovereigns of France were usually crowned, but which now was in the centre of the English power. A more improbable, and to human appearance, impossible enterprise, could not have occurred to a humble and simple country girl.

These voices directed her, as she said, to apply to Baudrincourt, the lord of the hamlet where she lived, who would appoint persons to conduct her to the king. She concealed her plans, both from her father and her priest, lest they should interfere to prevent, and went to visit at an uncle's, whom she seemed to suppose would be more likely to forward her enterprise. To him she communicated her views, and told him she must go to Vancouleurs to see Baudrincourt, for she was appointed to crown the Dauphin at Rheims.

Her uncle went to Baudrincourt, who after hearing his tale told him to whip her and send her home to her father. Joan on hearing this immediately put on man's apparel, and coming to her uncle, told him she would go to the wars alone, if he would not aid her. Seeing her determination, her uncle finally took her to see Baudrincourt. She told him that 'her Lord had commanded her to make the

Dauphin king, and to crown him at Rheims.' He asked her who her lord was. She replied, 'the King of Heaven.' She paid him three visits, but he gave her no encouragement.

She would not return with her uncle, but stayed at Vancouleurs, meantime conversing freely with her hostess, and others who came to visit her, of her divine mission. She recalled to their minds the ancient prophecy, that France was to be delivered by a virgin, who should arise from that province, and this, with her perseverance and enthusiasm, began to awaken a strong feeling of superstition in her behalf. Meantime she practised the use of the lance and the management of the horse, in which she was afterwards so remarkable.

The excitement of the public mind around her soon extended to Baudrincourt himself, and he came to visit her in company with the parish priest, but left her without taking any measures to aid her, and shortly after she returned to her uncle. After a considerable time had elapsed, unable any longer to brook such inaction, she started off on foot to visit the king, but her native good sense soon reminding her that it was not respectable to go alone, she returned. On her way she met a gentleman by the name of Jean de Metz, who inquired of her concerning her project. She told him her story, insisting upon it that she must see the king before Lent, and saying that no one could assist him but herself.

Struck with the singularity of the case, and interested in her manners and appearance, he took her hand and declared his willingness to aid her. The patronage of such a person as De Metz immediately increased her importance and added to the popular excitement. The Duke of Lorraine heard of her and sent for her to his presence, requesting her to cure him of a disease deemed

hopeless. De Metz conducted her to him, but she simply and honestly told him that she knew nothing about diseases, that she was appointed for another service.

This interview still more increased her notoriety, and finally Baudrincourt consented to furnish her with an escort, and give her a recommendation to the king. She then put on male attire, assigning the nature of the service demanded of her as the reason. Baudrincourt gave her a horse and a sword, and her townspeople furnished her with other needful supplies. Her retinue consisted of seven persons, Jean de Metz, another gentleman of noble birth, her brother, and four others. An oath was exacted from all, that they would conduct her safely to the king.

As the maiden, exulting in her success in gaining this first step in her career, started from her native village, her path was lined with her neighbours and friends, some to bless and encourage her, others to warn and alarm. On being reminded by some of them that the roads were beset with the armed soldiery of her enemies, she devoutly and heroically replied, 'God is my Lord and my Guide—I am born for this enterprise—I fear not men-at-arms!' Baudrincourt then dismissed her with this laconic address. 'Go, and come what may!'

De Metz and his companions stated afterwards in their testimony concerning her, that at this point they experienced many doubts and fears. Some stated that they apprehended that she would prove a mad woman or a sorceress, whom they probably would have to imprison on the way. But as they proceeded, the energy of her mind, her calm and fixed enthusiasm, her modesty, purity, and unaffected devotion, inspired them all with the deepest respect. In his deposition one of the party stated, that 'he should not have dared to make her an improper request, on account of the great goodness he saw in her.'

As they were passing through a country filled with the soldiery of the enemy, they were obliged to travel by night and rest by day. When asked by some of her attendants if she felt sure of accomplishing what she promised, 'Fear nothing,' said she, 'all this is commanded me.' The deliverance of her king and country seemed to occupy her whole soul, and her devout feelings and trust in her Divine Guide, seemed to raise her above every fear. At one time they feigned a hostile attack, for the purpose of ascertaining her feelings. When she saw what she supposed to be hostile horsemen approaching, 'Fear not,' said she, 'they will do you no injury.'

In regard to her deportment during the journey, De Metz and his companions testified, that her first action in the morning was to say her prayers and make the sign of the cross, that she showed great desire to attend religious worship in church, that she never used any indecorous language, that they never observed the smallest thing that was blamable, that she seemed so much like a saint that they could not help feeling that she was sent by Heaven, and that at last they felt themselves inflamed by the same devout spirit that seemed to animate her.

At length she arrived at a village about sixteen miles from Chinon, the residence of the king. Here she rested, and sent forward a letter to the king, telling him that 'she had travelled many leagues to come and help him, and that she had good things for him,' and then asked permission to enter the city where he was.

At noon on the eleventh day of her journey she arrived at Chinon. At this time, according to her own and the testimony of her parents and others, she was about eighteen. She was of middling size, and well proportioned, and her neck and form were deemed beautiful. Her dark hair fell gracefully about her neck as far as to her shoulders. Her

countenance was amiable and pleasing, she had a sweet voice, and expressed herself in an insinuating manner and with great propriety and discretion. She rode with great ease and gracefulness, and handled a lance as readily as a knight.

The time when she arrived at Chinon was the darkest moment in the history of the French kingdom. The king was almost in despair. A lady of his household, the wife of his receiver-general, has left this record: 'In the districts obeying the king, the misfortune and want of money were lamentable. The king himself had not four crowns in the house. Both he and his friends no longer had any hope, and were meditating a flight. Every thing was desperate, and none expected relief.'

At this juncture Joan arrived, and demanded admission to the royal presence. It was earnestly discussed in the royal council whether the king should receive her. It was finally decided that certain of the prelates should first examine her. When they came to her to propose their queries, she told them that she must speak to the sovereign himself. An order was then sent from the king, that she must disclose the object of her mission. She returned for answer, 'that she came from the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct him to Rheims to be crowned.'

The council were still divided in opinion—some thought no attention should be paid to her, others thought the king ought to see her. Charles decided that she should be examined again, and in the mean time sent to her native village to learn particulars of her past character and life. During the intervening time, she was lodged in a castle, and a boy of fifteen was appointed as her page. This youth made deposition that during this time he often saw

her humbly kneeling, and addressing fervent prayers to God, and that she often wept as she prayed.

On receiving ample testimonials of the purity of her character from her native village, the king, though still against the advice of some of his council, consented to give her audience.

The hour appointed was in the evening. The scene was brilliant and imposing enough to daunt the mind of a humble cottager, had it not been elevated and inspired by high enthusiasm and devout confidence in Heaven. The room blazed with light from fifty torches. Three hundred knights, nobles, and courtiers, superbly dressed, were assembled, awaiting her entrance. The king, more plainly dressed than many others, stepped aside, to observe whether she would make proof of inspiration by recognising him. There are many ways of accounting for the fact of her instantaneous detection of the right person, without any supposition of miraculous agency. She doubtless had heard his person minutely described; she might have observed something peculiar in his look and manner, or in the looks directed toward him. It is evident she apprehended some attempt of this kind, for she entreated her conductors not to deceive her, but to lead her to the king. Knowing that much depended on her ready recognition of the king, her friends might have given her some signal to point him out.

However this may be, she entered the brilliant assembly with quiet and modest self-possession, immediately selected the king from the crowd, and advancing toward him knelt at his feet, exclaiming, 'Gentle king, God grant you a good life!'—'I am not the king,' said he, 'there is the king,' pointing to another.—'By my God, most gentle prince, you are he and no other! Most noble lord, I come, and am sent by God to bring aid to you and your kingdom.'

The king then asked her who she was. 'Gentle Dauphin,' she replied, 'my name is Joan the Maiden, and the King of Heaven announces to you by me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned at Rheims. You shall be the lieutenant of the Lord of Heaven, who is King of France.' The king was much affected, took her aside, and conversed with her a long time with manifest satisfaction. After this she was re-examined, more strictly than before, by several prelates and others. She persevered in the same account of her celestial visitants, and of their daily revelations to her.

Charles then sent her to Poictiers, where his parliament was assembled, that they might advise him whether to accept her services. Father Sequins and the Archbishop of Tours have both left an account of this examination by the parliament. It is stated that it occupied more than two hours, that every one had his turn, and that she gave them answers that astonished them. When one inquired what moved her to this undertaking, she replied, that 'watching her flocks one day in the field, a voice appeared to her, saying, that God greatly pitied France, (L'Isle de France,) and that she must visit it,—that she began to weep, and then the voice told her to go to Vancouleurs, where she would find a captain who would safely conduct her to the king.'

Another then told her that if the Deity wished to have France delivered, he did not need men-at-arms. To this she promptly replied, 'Men-at-arms fight, and God gives the victory.' Several then called for a miracle in proof of her divine authority. She replied with great dignity, 'I came not to Poictiers to work miracles; but conduct me to Orleans, and I will show you for what I am sent. The miracle given me to do is to raise the siege of Orleans. Give me men-at-arms, as few or as many as you please,

and I will go there and do it.' While at Poictiers, she was visited by persons of all ranks and conditions. Many who came with a belief that her promises were based on the vagaries of lunacy, departed declaring, and some with tears, that she was a creature sent by God.

The parliament finally concluded, that as they found nothing in her but what was becoming a good Christian, that as her answers were as prudent as if she were inspired, that, considering her exemplary and pious life, and the emergencies of the king and kingdom, her services should be accepted, and she should be sent to relieve Orleans. There were many circumstances that combined to lead to this result. The excited state of the public mind, which had given increasing credence to her mission—the hope and animation which this belief seemed to inspire—the desperate state of the king's party—the necessity for something new to awaken hope—the superstition of the age—the want of all other means, and the certainty that nothing worse could come from embracing this offer —these were considerations that led the wisest of his statesmen to advise Charles to forward the project of the maiden. And it is probable that after this course was decided on, every method was taken to magnify her claims, and to increase the mysterious and supernatural appearance of all she said and did.

The maiden's heart was filled with joy and thankfulness at this success. She immediately made preparations for her enterprise, and the king, court, and people vied with each other in attention to her wishes and commands. By her direction a suit of armour was fitted for her person of pure white, over which she wore a tunic of white, richly ornamented. The design of her standard, which she selected herself, was a white ground, ornamented with the fleur de lis, while the Saviour of the world was repre-

sented on his throne, the earth in his hands, and two angels bowing before him. The inscription was, 'Jesu, Maria.' She then sent to the church of St. Catharine, her patron saint, who, as she claimed, daily visited her, for a sword, which was accordingly delivered.

The day of her departure for Orleans arrived. She was encased in complete armour, seated on a beautiful white steed, which she managed with great ease and gracefulness. The sword of St. Catharine was girt to her side, and she carried her standard in her hand. Seven thousand men followed in her train, headed by two military chiefs of distinguished fame. The king gave her authority to command all his forces, and ordered that nothing should be done without her approbation. She ordered all licentious appendages to be sent from the army, directed the soldiers all to confess themselves, had the *Veni Creator* chaunted, and in this novel and imposing manner, set forth on her great enterprise. She sent before her a herald, bearing a written summons to the English chiefs, commanding them, in the name of God, to deliver up to her the keys of all the cities and fortresses they had taken—ordered them to go home, and declared if they disobeyed that they should be slain or driven out of France.

Her amazing success, and her calm, heroic, and dignified bearing, seemed to electrify the whole country. Thousands flocked to her standard. The citizens of Orleans heard of the wonderful story, and were excited to redoubled efforts, while succours from the country around succeeded in forcing an entrance into that city.

It was now that Joan first began to assume the office of a military commander. In order to understand the case, it is needful to have a clear idea of the position both of the French and English. Orleans is situated on the north bank of the Loire, and Blois, whence the army led by the

maiden started, was farther down the river, on the opposite bank. Orleans was nearly surrounded by fortresses and military stations occupied by the besieging army. The object of the besiegers was to prevent all entrance into the city, and thus reduce it by famine. The city was under the military command of Dunois, one of the most distinguished warriors of the age. The army of Joan was conducted by two other celebrated military chiefs, St. Severe and De Rayr, and afterwards the celebrated La Hire joined it. It appears that though nominally under the direction of the maiden, they still exercised their own judgment in adopting or refusing her proposed measures. The maiden was placed under the special care of D'Aulon, a brave and experienced knight, who attended her wherever she moved.

When the army started for Orleans, Joan gave the advice of courage and common sense rather than of military science, directing them to cross the river at Blois, and move along on that side of the river on which Orleans stood. But the largest portion of the English army, and their strongest fortress, lay in that direction, and Dunois, who communicated from the besieged city with the army of Joan by water, deemed the measure proposed by her as rash and extravagant. The leaders, therefore, contrived to deceive her, and while she supposed her commands were obeyed, the army was in fact marching on the south of the Loire. On the third day the army and the vessels containing supplies for Orleans, arrived within sight of the city. Here it was found that the current of the river and a strong wind united, would make it impossible for Dunois to send boats from the city to receive the supplies, and return against both wind and tide, while the vessels loaded with the provisions could ascend no farther on account of the shallowness of the water. Nor could the French

cross the river there in defiance of the whole English army. Nothing remained but for them to return back to Blois and obey the directions at first given by the maiden, who upbraided them for disobeying the commands of Heaven; for she steadily maintained that in all her measures she was directed by the miraculous voices.

Although it was the occurrence of a strong opposing wind which rendered the plan of Dunois unsuccessful, yet this event inspired new confidence in her followers in regard to her claims of supernatural guidance.

When she had returned to Blois, she was persuaded to enter a boat with La Hire, the military chief, and attempt to gain an entrance into the city. They proceeded up the river six miles above the city, and when evening arrived disembarked, and, covertly approaching the city, a gate was opened, and she was safely ushered in.

It was a pleasant evening, an hour after sunset. She entered the city riding a white horse, a richly embroidered tunic over her armour, and a blue silk hat, edged with gold, on her head. Her white banner was borne waving before her, while the citizens by thousands poured forth to meet her, with flaming torches and shouts of exultation. She met their congratulations with inspiriting words of hope and encouragement. She first went to the principal church, where she offered up her thanks and devotions, and was conducted thence to the house of one of the chief citizens, where a splendid entertainment was provided. She declined all delicacies, confining herself to simple bread, dipped in wine, and early retired to rest.

She did not appear at all elated by the admiration and homage accorded; her whole soul seemed so absorbed in the patriotic and heroic enterprise before her, that there was no place for inferior passions. All her words and

actions were marked with simplicity, dignity, and devotional feeling.

The next day she was summoned to the military council, but her proposal to attack the enemy before the reinforcement she had headed should arrive, was opposed as too hazardous. But she sent out heralds to the enemy with menaces and defiance, and in the evening went out on the city walls to the point adjacent to the principal fort of the enemy, called the Tournelles, and so near that her voice could be heard, where she summoned the commander, Glasdale, by the authority of Heaven, to raise the siege or surrender. Glasdale abused her coarsely, and she replied in indignant tones, that his army should be compelled to retreat, but that he should not live to behold it.

Her wonderful pretensions and singular career, in that superstitious age, produced great effects on the minds of her adversaries, and it is only thus that we can account for the manner in which the convoy of provisions and the reinforcing army were allowed to pass unmolested into the city.

Dunois, the French commander of Orleans, went out of the city gates with some of his bravest troops to meet the advancing army and supplies. In the mean time Joan and a body of military attendants, placed herself between them and the enemy, and such was the effect of her appearance, her activity, her voice and manner, that the very bravest of the English seemed intimidated. Dreading the influence of some infernal witchcraft, they kept within their lines, only venting their fear and anger in words of coarse abuse.

The French army meantime proceeded with slow and solemn march toward the city, preceded by the white banner of the maiden, the priests of Blois leading the

van, chaunting sacred music. Not an enemy came forth to attack what was feared either as the agents of heaven or the emissaries of hell. All the forces and supplies arrived safely into the city. Thus Joan, by the simple influence of her singular and mysterious pretensions, secured the entire relief and reinforcement of the city, and without shedding a drop of blood.

That same night, after all the troops and the citizens had retired to rest, and Joan herself had fallen into her wonted slumber, D'Aulon, her military attendant, was awakened by a wild and piercing cry from the maiden. He hastened to inquire for the cause, and in his legal deposition gives this account of her. 'My advisers,' said she, 'direct me to attack the English. The blood of my countrymen is flowing—they need my help—bring me my horse and my arms!'

D'Aulon immediately armed her and himself, and speedily they heard a great clamour in the city. She gained the street, and seizing her banner, mounted her horse, and rode off with such energy and speed that his hoofs struck fire. It soon appeared that, without consulting their leaders, a portion of the garrison had planned a sudden sally in the night, and that in attempting it they were now driven back by the enemy into the city. Joan encountered the flying soldiery as they were rushing in. Here, for the first time, she saw the bloody results of battle, as a wounded and dying soldier was borne by her. She shrunk back, saying, 'I cannot see a Frenchman's blood without feeling my hair rise up.' She rushed onward among the retreating soldiers, cheering and encouraging them with her appearance and voice. They immediately rallied around her, and returned to the charge. Dunois speedily brought her reinforcements, and a fierce combat of three hours succeeded. In the midst of

it she displayed the coolness, the courage, the dexterity of an experienced warrior, excited as she was by the fires of devotion and enthusiasm. Talbot, one of the English leaders, brought up a fresh supply of English troops from another fort. Upon this the great bell of the city tolled an alarm, and six hundred of the citizens armed and rushed out to the conflict. At last the enemy retreated, and their fortress was taken and razed to the ground.

After the battle Joan passed over the field, lamenting over the dead, that they had departed without confession and the rites of religion appointed for the dying. She also commanded that the lives of all the prisoners should be spared. This result of her first martial encounter, gave new eclat to her name, and greatly increased the confidence and hope of her followers.

The next day being Ascension, she forbade all military action. But a council was held in which it was decided to attack another fort that commanded the passage of the Loire. To ease her mind at this prospect of more bloodshed, she caused a message to be tied to an arrow and shot into the enemy's camp. She saw them read it, and then heard them heap opprobrious epithets on herself. At these insults she burst into tears, and appealed to Heaven to establish her purity and innocence.

The next day, according to their previous determination, they proceeded from the city to attack the English fort. But they found it deserted and its forces removed to strengthen a more important and adjacent position. Fearing some stratagem, and doubting their ability to take the stronger entrenchment, they decided to retire back to the city. But the maiden strongly protested against it. La Hire, one of the bravest French leaders, joined her, and they resolved to attack the stronger fort. The soldiers would not forsake the white banner of the maiden. A

furious battle ensued, and to the surprise, even of the French themselves, the fort was taken.

Elated by this success, the maiden and her followers proceeded to the attack of the Tournelles, the strongest and main entrenchment of the enemy. But so rash and hazardous was this attempt deemed by Dunois and the other chiefs, that they sent a knight to inform Joan that they had decided to attempt nothing farther, but to wait for more aid from the king.

She was at last persuaded to return to the city, but after taking some refreshment she exclaimed, 'You have held your council, but the will of the Lord shall be accomplished, while that of men shall perish.' Afterwards she told her priest to rise earlier than common the next morning, for she had great efforts to make; and as if foreseeing the danger of what she meditated, she said that 'she should be wounded in the coming conflict.'

Meantime the English forsook all the other points, and concentrated their forces on the Tournelles. In the morning Joan rose from troubled sleep, armed, and went out to head any of the troops whom she could induce to follow her.

She found the city gate closed against her, and orders given by the military chiefs to stop her. But the soldiers and populace so furiously espoused her cause, that it was vain to oppose her course, and at sunrise she and her followers rushed through the gate. Finding the conflict inevitable, the chiefs and knights all felt themselves obliged to follow her. A tremendous conflict ensued. The maiden performed wonders, sometimes leading, sometimes rallying, sometimes exhorting with cheering words. 'Have good hope,' she would cry, 'the English will soon give way—all will be well.' Finding them faltering, she seized a ladder and placed it against a bulwark. At that moment she was pierced with an arrow and fell.

She was borne off, disarmed, and laid upon the grass. Her courage for a moment gave way, and the heroine and enthusiast melted into the woman. But it was only for a moment. She plucked out the arrow, and told those around that her heavenly protectress had come to console her. Some soldiers came to her and offered to cure her wound by some charms and enchantments. She refused, saying, 'I had rather die than do any thing against the Divine will. I must die some day, I care not when, or how, yet if any one can cure me without sin, I wish to be relieved.' She begged the crowd to retire, and confessed as if she was expecting death.

The news of her wound disheartened the French; the trumpets sounded a retreat, and the troops withdrew from the enemy's bulwarks. Joan heard this with anguish. She entreated Dunois to halt—'You shall soon enter it—do not doubt. When you see my banner floating on the walls, then resume your arms, and it shall be yours—but now rest awhile and refresh yourselves.' While they did so, her own strength seemed to return.

Meantime, D'Aulon, her military attendant, began a movement which renewed the fight. Believing the army would not forsake the white banner of the maiden, which they regarded with such superstitious enthusiasm, he ordered it to be taken and borne toward the enemy. The maiden, seeing this beloved object moving off, started up, crying, 'My banner! my banner!' and seizing it, she bore it onward herself towards the fosse. The French chivalry flew to her succour, and instantly the conflict was raging through all the host.

Meantime the English seemed struck with panic at her approach. Glasdale, the English leader, seemed startled as she came on towards him crying, 'Surrender! surrender to the King of Heaven!' At that moment D'Aulon ordered

a cannon to be fired at the bridge on which Glasdale and his attending warriors stood. It was shivered to pieces, and Glasdale and his troop sunk in the mud and water below, to rise no more. Joan could not restrain her tears at their miserable end. But this catastrophe ended the conflict, and the Tournelles was resigned to her.

Joan returned in triumph to the city. She was met with the most triumphant and exulting acclamations. The bells pealed—the people shouted—*Te Deums* were sung in all the churches. Her glory seemed complete, for to her and to her alone, the enterprise and its success could be attributed. But she modestly withdrew from public view, took some simple refreshment, had her wound dressed, and retired to rest.

The next day Joan ordered an altar to be raised in the sight of the enemy. Here she came forth with her followers, and fell prostrate in thanksgiving, while two masses were chaunted. The English looked on in silence, and then immediately raised the siege and marched away.

It was with much difficulty that the maiden could carry the measures which she next proposed. By the military leaders it was thought safest to begin farther operations by reconquering Normandy. But the maiden insisted that Charles should proceed immediately to Rheims to be crowned, although this city lay in the centre of the enemy's power. Her enthusiasm and perseverance, united to a popularity with the soldiers and people, amounting almost to idolatry, finally secured the consent of the king to follow her directions. The following extract from an oration delivered about this time by the most distinguished doctor of the Paris university shows the estimation in which she was held by the most intelligent minds. He says: 'She seeks neither honours nor worldly men. She abhors seditions, hatreds, and vanities. She lives in the spirit of

mildness and prayer, in sanctity and justice. She employs no means of success which the church forbids, no surprise, no deceits; and she has no hope of pecuniary advantage. She is sound in her belief, and exposes her body to wounds without any extraordinary precaution to secure it. She has not been employed till all proper inquiries and examinations have been made. The warriors obey her willingly, and expose themselves, under her orders, to all the dangers of war, yet all following the rules of prudence and the military art.'

Guy, the Seigneur de Laval, thus describes her appearance: 'She treated my brother and me very handsomely. She was entirely armed except her head, and she had a lance in her hand. She ordered me some wine, and said she would soon give me some to drink in Paris. There was something divine in her actions, and in seeing and hearing her. She went to-day, after hearing vespers, to Roromantin, the marshal and a great number of armed men with her. I saw her trying to mount a large black horse. She was in white armour, except her head, with a little battle-axe in her hand. The steed was restive, and would not let her get on him. She called for a cross from the church near her, and then she mounted, and in a feminine voice bade the priests go in procession. She returned handling her little battle-axe, with a pretty page displaying her white standard. Her brother was with her, armed also in white.'

The Duke of Alençon took the command of the army which was raised to accomplish her wishes, and the flower of the French chivalry attended her. The first attack was made on Jargeau. The Duke of Alençon says, in his deposition respecting her, that she directed the artillery with a correctness of eye and judgment that produced great effects, and after several skirmishes a general assault

was determined on. At the sound of the trumpet to prepare, she put on her helmet, and bade the duke to follow her. He replied, that it was not yet time. 'It is time,' said she, 'when it pleases God. It is time to act when he wishes us to act;' and seeing him hesitate, she added with a smile, 'Ah, gentle duke, are you afraid? Did I not promise your wife to bring you back sound and safe?' She immediately advanced to the breach, the chiefs and army followed, a severe conflict ensued, and the result was victory to the maiden, and Jargeau capitulated.

Soon after this she fought her first regularly pitched field engagement. The army was arranged according to her directions, and as she led on to the first attack, 'Strike hardily,' said she to the chiefs, 'it will not be long before they give way.' Her confidence inspired her followers with the same, while superstitious fears daunted the English courage. They looked upon her as the agent of Satan, and as her advancing banner approached them, they turned in dismay and fled, while the commanders, Talbot and Lord Scales, forsaken by their troops, were taken prisoners.

Animated by this success, thousands flocked to her standard, and immediate arrangements were made to advance to Rheims. Charles joined the victorious army, and on the 29th of May set out on the expedition which was to seat him on the throne of his ancestors. The maiden, the flower of the French chivalry, the chief of his nobles, and an army of twelve thousand men attended him. The first place which offered resistance was Troyes, and so strongly was it fortified and so unfurnished were they with the means for conducting a siege that it was seriously deliberated whether they should retreat. The maiden urged forward the siege, and promised that if they would undertake it, that in three days she would plant her banner on

its walls. She then took her standard, and mounting her horse, rode through the army and made arrangements for an immediate attack. The next morning, as the trumpets sounded for commencing the assault, panic spread through the city, and very soon the cry of capitulation was heard. The magistrates delivered up the keys, opened their gates, and the king and the maiden took possession. The next fortified place submitted without even a show of opposition, and here Joan found herself in the vicinity of her native hamlet. Her neighbours and friends flocked to see her, and when some of them asked her if she were not afraid of meeting death in so many battles, she replied, with what seemed a presentiment of her fate, 'I fear only treason.'

As they approached Rheims, Charles said to the maiden, that they had neither cannons nor machines to take it. 'Mistrust not!' said she; 'advance boldly—fear nothing—act but the man, and you will obtain your kingdom. The inhabitants will even come out to offer you submission.'

The foresight of this probable result was correct. At his approach the citizens came forth and invited their sovereign to enter the city of his forefathers, and assume his crown. On the eighteenth day of the enterprise, the maiden saw her prophecies and promises all fulfilled.

Amid his warriors, knights, and nobles, and with all the pomp and circumstance of such occasions, the crown was placed on the head of the youthful sovereign, and the maiden threw herself at his feet with tears of thankfulness and rapture, and words of praise and adoration to her Almighty Benefactor. After the coronation, Charles presented her with letters of nobility, and directed her to wear its splendid robes.

Her manners after this continued to be modest and unassuming, humane, and compassionate, and she never

betrayed any undue exaltation at the success of her efforts or the honours they secured. But from this period her fortune seemed to change. Twice she was successful in military enterprises, though with great hazards and efforts, and twice she was defeated. Her spirits also, seemed to fail, and her mind was constantly foreboding evil. She seemed to be waiting some sad catastrophe with calm and melancholy resignation.

In less than a year after the coronation of Charles, she was taken prisoner by the English. The following is her own account of her capture:

'I entered Compeigne at a secret hour of the morning, without my enemies knowing of it, and the same evening I made the sally in which I was taken. *My voices*, at Easter, had told me I should be taken before midsummer. They repeated this almost every day. I begged that I might die soon without long being in prison. I asked to know the time of my being captive, but they would not tell me. If I had known it I would not have gone there. In the sally I passed over the bridge and bulwark, and twice drove back the Luxemburg troops to their quarters, and the third time half-way. The English then intercepted my party. They fled and I withdrew into the fields, and was taken near the bulwarks. I was on horseback. I asked nothing of my king but good arms, good horses, and money to pay my household.'

On the news of her capture, the Parisians who supported the English claims made bonfires and sung *Te Deums*, while dismay, for a time, startled her followers. But it was surmised, and with considerable evidence of truth, that her fame and popularity had become offensive, and that the debt of gratitude owed to her was felt to be inconvenient—that she was an object of envy and jealousy, and

that many who were eclipsed by her fame rejoiced at her fall, and even aided, by treacherous desertion, in her capture.

The story of her captivity and death, presents one of the most mournful pictures of the effects of bigotry and superstition in stifling the generous impulses of our nature, that history ever displayed. She was young and innocent, and interesting in person and manners. She had never committed a crime, but had exhibited a generous heroism, bravery, and patriotism which are unsurpassed, while she was strictly a prisoner of war, and entitled to all the privileges that the customs of war award. And yet the charge of heresy and witchcraft, pertinaciously circulated and believed by her enemies, made her to be regarded as an outcast from human nature, and unworthy of pity, sympathy, or humanity.

At first she was imprisoned in the donjon of a tower for four months. Negotiations were then made that she might be delivered up to the Inquisition, and rumours reaching her of this her probable fate, she attempted to free herself by a desperate leap from the tower where she was confined. She was taken up senseless, but was afterwards recovered. She was then taken to the great tower of Bonn, imprisoned and chained, with circumstances of great cruelty, being fastened with chains around her neck, arms, and feet, until the time for her trial arrived.

She was fifteen times brought before her judges, but her answers showed clearly that she had been guilty of no crime but patriotism and enthusiasm, with a sincere belief in the reality of her mental hallucinations. She was threatened with the torture, but she calmly braved it. 'If pain should draw from me false confessions, it will be your violence that will force it from me.' It was not inflicted.

Great efforts were made to induce her to confess the crimes of which she was accused, but she exclaimed, 'No; all that I have done, and all that I do, I have done well, and I am doing well so to act.' They promised her liberty if she would confess herself guilty. For a moment she was agitated by the desire to escape so terrible a death as was threatened, and seemed to waver, but soon she steadily replied, 'You will have a great deal of trouble to seduce me.' On farther urgency and promises she agreed to sign an *abjuration*, (which she did not seem to regard as any acknowledgment of guilt,) provided the church and clergy advised it. 'Sign now,' said Evard, a doctor of theology, 'or you will finish your life in the flames.' She then told him with great simplicity, that 'she had rather sign than be burnt.' The English secretary then put in her hand a pen, and she then said that she could neither read nor write. They then required her to repeat the form of abjuration which they read to her, and make a mark in place of her name. She repeated the abjuration, and smiled as she made the mark.

But it served no purpose in saving her from her doom. The exasperated English soldiery demanded her death, to break the charm which they supposed she had formed against them, and her mock trial being ended, she was condemned to be burnt. On hearing her sentence she cried most piteously, wrung her hands, and tore her hair, exclaiming, 'Am I to be treated so horribly and cruelly? Must my body, which has always been wholly pure, be consumed to ashes? I would rather be beheaded seven times than burnt. Oh, I appeal to God the Great Judge, for all the wrongs they have done to me.'

But after her first paroxysm of grief and despair, she appeared to feel great resignation and pious hope. Seeing

a monk who had pitied and befriended her, 'Ah, Monk Peter,' said she, 'where shall I be to-day?' 'My daughter,' he replied, 'have you not good hope in the Lord?' 'Yes,' she returned, 'if God help me, I shall be in Paradise.'

When the hour of her execution arrived, she was taken, clothed in female attire, to the market-place of Rouen, guarded by eight hundred men. Her lamentations, tears, and prayers, moved the pity of the thronging multitude, and many shed tears of compassion for her.

The formalities and the sermon that preceded her execution, she heard patiently, and when they were over, she fell on her knees and poured forth such simple, pathetic, and fervent prayers, that even her enemies were moved to tears. But no one interfered in her behalf. She then entreated that she might have a cross given to her. A rudely constructed one was handed to her, but she petitioned that she might have one from the neighbouring church, to look upon in her agony. It was brought to her, when she long and fervently embraced it. When they bore her to the stake she made loud and piteous lamentations, invoking the help of her Saviour, and moaning 'Oh, Rouen! Rouen! will you be my last abode!' Many spectators, overcome with pity and sorrow, left the scene.

During the whole period of her sufferings, she refused to deny her revelations. She reiterated again and again, her convictions that she had done every thing by the orders of God. The name of her Saviour, pronounced in tones of agony, was the last word she was heard to utter.

So perished this amiable, heroic, and wonderful woman at the early age of twenty, having in her short career attained the summit of earthly renown and glory, and sunk from it to the bitterest and most cruel death. No deliverer of any nation ever achieved a greater enterprise amid

greater obstacles,—none ever acted with greater purity and disinterestedness,—none was ever rewarded with so cruel a return.

The scene of her death removed the prejudice and false ideas from many minds. The secretary of the English king returned from it sad and mourning, saying, 'We are lost—a holy person has been burnt!' One of her judges declared that the whole proceeding against her was unjust, many present at her trial and death were very indignant, and it is stated that the common opinion, even among the party opposed to her was, that she had been unjustly condemned. Her aged father, who had been present at the coronation of the king, and beheld the honours and admiration accorded to his child, could not survive her dreadful end. He soon after died of grief.

The whole matter of her trial and death were so severely condemned at the time, that great pains were taken to blacken her character, and this, together with honest shame, are probably the reasons why her memory has received so little justice from English historians.

All the incidents narrated in this article are to be found in the documents contained in the work of M. D'Charmettes, which chiefly consist of the depositions of her family friends, her neighbours, Baudrincourt, the lord of her village, Jean de Metz, and the other persons who escorted her to the king, Dunois, the commander of Orleans, D'Aulon, her military attendant, the Duke D'Alençon, and many others, of all ages, sexes, and ranks, who were in close communion with her at all periods of her career.

STANZAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

Charming and bright—though winter gloom
Pervade my dim and lonely room,
The glow from thy enchanting eyes
All that I lack of light supplies.

Melodious one—though silence dwell
With shadow in my hermit cell,
I hear thee speak and ask no tone
Of music sweeter than thine own.

To me more dear than morning sun,
And moon and star when day is done;
I sit content while thou art near,
Nor sigh for any lovelier sphere.

From harmony of lutes and birds
I'd turn to hear thy gentle words;
No song from Heaven could sound to me
Like one fond whisper breathed by thee!

New York, January, 1841.

TO-MORROW.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

'To-morrow!—would the hours were fled
That grudge its halo to my head!
To-morrow, and my name in gold
Shall light my country's banner-fold.
Already thoughts upon me rush
The mightiest rival's strength to crush;
Already on me words of flame,—
Oh, for the day!—my first of fame!'

The morrow dawns,—and what hath won
Ambition's proud and gifted son?
Alas! a maniac's shatter'd mind
Within a palsied frame enshrined!

'To-morrow! haste, my day of joy!
Bring to my widow'd heart my boy!
Oh, what are now the toil and fears
With which I train'd his ripening years!
To-morrow he shall seek my side,
To watch and soothe me, and to guide
My course o'er Age's rocking wave,
And cherish flowers upon my grave!'

The morrow brings a tale, that well
Might end in that lone mother's knell;—
Her hope within a dungeon's gloom,
Guilt-stain'd, abides a felon's doom!

'To-morrow!—let me wait its beams,—
Dark to my hopes were brightest dreams!
My bird, my dove,—so peerless!—sought
Through many a summer hour, is caught,
And, by to-morrow's light, will rest
Upon my love,—a thornless nest;
For joy like mine no fairy's hand
E'er wove a bower in Fairy-land!'

The morrow comes, but ere a chime
Has struck to mark its dawning-time,
The demon Fire his wings has tried,
And lo! in ashes sleeps the bride!

'To-morrow!—are my trials o'er?—
To-morrow shall he touch the shore?
Oh, raise me up!—each feeble limb
Has life anew at word from him!
No more the loaf and embers hoard,—
His hand shall heap our hearth and board;
Hunger and cold, and pain and sorrow
Shall fly your father's steps to-morrow!'

The morrow comes, and, wo the day!
It turns those quicken'd hopes to clay;
The heavens are dark, the storms let free,
The sailor lies beneath the sea!

Baltimore.

ANGEL HELP.*

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

'Twas the dreary close of a winter's day,
And the wind was bleak and high;
The snow around on the landscape lay,
And hung on the arms of the alders gray,
That shook to the clouded sky.

Not a single star was seen to peep
Through the night-gloom deep and dark,
And nought was heard but the tempest's sweep,
Or the roar of the brawling torrent's leap,
Or afar the watch-dog's bark.

* Charles Lamb has somewhere a short poem with the above title, to which is appended the following note: 'Suggested by a drawing in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq., in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint; who, having spun past midnight, to maintain a bedrid mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.' It forms the subject of the following ballad.

In the midst of a bleak and barren moor
  A desolate cottage stood;
There dwelt a dame who was old and poor,
And she scarce could the trivial means procure,
  To obtain her daily food.

For her back was bow'd with the load of years,
  And her limbs were pinch'd with pain;
This world was to her a vale of tears,
For she needed all that the bosom cheers,
  And enlivens the beating brain.

From month to month, and from year to year,
  From her bed she never rose;
When winter was round, so gloomy and drear,
And when the flowers and birds appear,
  There still she bore her woes.

But she patiently bore them, without complaint,
  And she look'd to Heaven for aid;
With the strength of a martyr, and mind of a saint.
She felt that she never should falter or faint,
  While for succour she steadfastly pray'd.

So her heart was strong, as she laid on her bed,
  And her thoughts were clear and light,
And gentle and soft were the words she said
To one who came near her to pillow her head,
  And wish her a kind 'good night!'

I said that she lack'd all means to cheer
  Her sad and lonely state—
I was wrong—she had one, a daughter dear,
Who with love and devotion was ever near
  In that home so desolate.

Sweet Angela, beautiful, fair, and young,
  She deserved a happier doom;
For ne'er were such graces of person flung
Round so loving a heart, and so winning a tongue,
  As enliven'd that lonely room.

She made it her duty, nay more, her delight,
  To watch by her poor mother's side;
There she labour'd unceasing from morning till night,
To gain for that parent the pittance that might
  Give some joy to her life's ebbing tide.

While others to pleasure were giving their hours,
  In that dreary home was she
Contentedly wasting the season of flowers,
Unweariedly tasking her youth's slender powers,
  In the strength of her piety.

'Twas the dreary reign of a winter's night,
  And loud was the wind's turmoil,
When Angela sat by her poor rushlight,
And turn'd her wheel with its rapid flight,
  To finish her daily toil.

And she spun and spun, and the wheel went round,
  And still she spun and spun;
The storm-spirit swept o'er the frozen ground,
And yell'd at the lattice with mournful sound,
  And still was her task undone.

She spun and spun, and the wheel flew on,
  But yet there was much to do:
'This work I must end ere the morning's dawn,
And away to the market I must begone,
  For the sake, my dear mother, of you.'

So said the maid, and she spun and spun,
  And the wheel went briskly still;
For delicate hands can swiftly run,
And finish with might what with might was begun,
  When urged by a right good will.

But nature is frail, and the strongest frame,
  When task'd too hard, gives o'er;
So sleep, like a mist, o'er the maiden came,
And the force of her labour began to tame,
  And the whirling wheel went slower.

But still she spun, and the wheel went round,
  And she spun, and spun, and spun;
But it went its course with a heavier bound,
And gave a more sluggish and fainter sound,
  Like the boom of a distant gun.

She spun—but the wheel went slower and slower,
  And almost began to creep;
And then—and then it could scarce turn o'er,
Till at last—at last—it revolved no more—
  And Angela—sunk—to sleep.
* * * * * *
'Twas morning's dawn when the maid awoke,
  At the call of the thrifty sun;
She heard the clear and sonorous stroke,
That told on the distant village clock
  The hour of market begun.

And then she thought of her last night's sleep,
  And her labour uncompleted,
And she sat her down, resolved to weep
That such languor should o'er her faculties creep,
  And show all her hopes defeated.

But, again, she deem'd it scarcely wise,
  If in grief the time were expended;
So she rose, and dried her tearful eyes,
Resolved to labour, and gain the prize
  Before the market ended.

She turn'd to her wheel—but what was her wonder
  To see the scene before her;
She stood as if stunn'd by a bolt of thunder,
Or as though the earth had riven asunder,
  And shower'd its ashes o'er her.

Her work was done! There, skein by skein,
  And hank by hank it lay,
Arranged and assorted with artisan's pain,—
The coarse and the fine, the colour'd and plain,—
  All ready for market day!

And to market it went, skein and hank, and there
  It sold full soon and well—
'Twas the best they had known, did the dames declare;
But by whom it was spun, or how, or where,
  No creature on earth could tell.

But some say that that night o'er the desolate moor,
  While the storm in its turbulence swept,
The angels that watch o'er the good and the pure
Kiss'd the maiden who dwelt in that domicile poor,
  And completed her task while she slept.

THE RAFFLE.

BY JOHN FROST, A. M.

It was on the eve of thanksgiving day in the year 182– that two students of the senior class in Harvard College were sitting quietly in their study, No. 29 Holworthy Hall, awaiting the arrival of a friend from a neighbouring country town, who was to take them to his father's hospitable mansion to spend the approaching holidays. The minds of the young men were full of pleasant anticipations. A heavy fall of snow on the previous day had given promise of many delightful sleigh-rides; and the neighbourhood of their friend's residence was famous for dancing parties, huskings, quiltings, and other rustic junketings, at which the pleasure-loving students of old Harvard were always welcome guests.

'If there is any thing,' said Tom Norris, one of the young gentlemen, 'if there is any thing in this world for which I have a decided propensity, it is for studying human nature; and there is no place like the country for doing it to the best advantage.'

'Just so,' replied his chum, Alfred Murray, 'no place like the country for reading character. But we must remember, that while we are intent upon making our observations, the country people are no less intent upon making theirs; and it behoves us to be especially careful what displays of character we ourselves make when we

W. S. Mount. Alex. Lawson.

THE RAFFLE.

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are on an excursion like that which is to occupy us for the ensuing month.'

'Oh!' rejoined Tom, 'you would spoil every thing with your caution and reflection. You are always weighing circumstances, and looking forward to consequences. That is not the way to study human nature with advantage. Your grave face and reserved air puts every one on his guard, and you see the whole world in masquerade. Now my way is to plunge at once *in medias res*—to take an active part in every thing that is going forward, to sympathize with every feeling of the moment, to make myself to all intents and purposes one of the people as long as I mix with them. As a necessary consequence, this frankness and unreserve draws out those with whom I associate during the vacation; and when I return to my books I bring home abundant materials for the study and reflection which would have been entirely out of time and out of place too, while I was on my excursion.'

'Very well,' said Alfred, 'every one to his fancy. We will each study according to his own fashion; and we shall see what will be the result.'

The jingling of bells under the college windows, now apprised them of the arrival of their country friend, Giles Markley, who speedily made his appearance in the room, in full sleigh-riding costume, being arrayed in a drab-coloured surtout with broad ivory buttons, and a white hat with a hemispherical crown and rim turned up all round.

'Come, boys,' he cried joyously, as he entered the room, 'are you all ready? There is not a minute to lose. 'Tis a glorious evening; the moon shines bright; the sleighing is capital. I never saw the runners slip along so smoothly; and my bays will do us twelve miles an hour with the greatest ease imaginable.'

'Ah! there you are, Giles,' cried Tom, 'wide awake, as

usual. We have been expecting you just three seconds and a half. You are always up to time. How are all at home?'

'All alive and hearty.'

'The young ladies, in particular?' said Alfred.

'In excellent spirits. There will be lively dancing to-morrow evening, I guess.'

'So I reckon,' said Tom. 'I bespoke the hand of the fair Roxalana for the first dance, just a year ago. I hope she has not forgotten it.'

'Trust her memory for that,' replied Giles, 'it is just about the last thing she would be likely to forget. But come, let us be off. We can do our talking upon the road.'

'Here, Ben Skinner!' shouted Tom, 'bestir yourself, my good fellow; fetch my boots, and stow away the trunks in Mr. Markley's sleigh.'

One of the study doors now opened, and a 'coloured gentleman' whose business it was to wait upon the students, made his appearance, and having speedily completed their arrangements for starting, the young men jumped into the ample sleigh, enveloped themselves in buffalo-robes, and were soon jingling away across Cambridge common with the rapidity of an arrow just launched from the bow.

On the West Cambridge road, a few miles from the colleges, there is, or at least there used to be, in our time, a right hospitable tavern, kept by one Deacon Meechum, famous for the mulled wine which it supplied to the genteel sleigh-riding parties from Boston, and not less celebrated for the flip with which its sober landlord was accustomed to tickle the palates of his less dainty customers from the country. Indeed, if report said true, the grave deacon could upon any given evening furnish forth a first-rate

supper for a select party of college students, and maintain a discreet silence when questioned by the college authorities respecting the whereabouts of the said students upon the said evening, and the night thereunto succeeding. All this, by the way, is mere hearsay, and we vouch not for its truth. The tavern, however, was a very good one; and to its bar-room we now propose to transfer, for a short space, the scene of our story.

It was a spacious room, furnished after the usual fashion of country bar-rooms in New England with plain furniture, among the most conspicuous articles of which was a huge high-backed bench, called a settle, which flanked one side of the ample fireplace, where a roaring wood fire blazed and sparkled its cheering welcome to all comers. On one side of the room was a large square box, placed against the wall, and serving the various purposes of a chest for overcoats, boots, and horse-blankets; a seat for 'the public in general;' and a bed at night for the ostler.

One portion of the appointments of this room would have puzzled a Southerner to determine its use. It consisted in an array of pokers, of various length and size, all thrust into the bed of live coals on the hearth, and heated red hot. These were in readiness for instant use, whenever a sleigh-load of customers should suddenly make their appearance at the door, and demand a supply of the favourite beverage denominated flip, which, if the impression left upon our memory, from having been once poisoned with it, be correct, consisted in a compound of spirit, small beer, and sugar, mixed in a large mug, into which, when the landlord, with all due ceremony and mystery, had measured and stirred the ingredients, he incontinently thrust the hot poker, thereby causing a foaming, hissing, and sputtering, very delectable to the sturdy farmers from the hill country, but the sure harbinger of headache and nausea to the

luckless student who might have the hardihood to imbibe such a villanous potation.

The persons who occupied the bar-room, on the evening to which we have referred, were the landlord, who was busy behind the bar arranging his decanters, tumblers, and mugs; a country neighbour, one Jotham Jarvis, who was chaffering with the landlord about the purchase of a horse; and a certain Mr. Gad Slocum, a regular bar-room lounger, who having stretched out his lazy length upon the settle, was basking in the cheering warmth diffused by the blazing wood fire, meditating on the means by which he should win a half welcome at some neighbour's luxurious thanksgiving dinner on the morrow.

While the parties were thus engaged, there entered a sturdy-looking farmer, a middle-aged, weather-beaten man, bearing in his hand a goose, which he forthwith deposited upon the nearest table.

'Deacon,' said he, approaching the landlord with a grim smile, and speaking in a long slender whine, 'Deacon, I do wish you would buy this here goose. It is the last of half a dozen which I brought down to sell this arternoon. I have traded away all the rest on um, and I want to be jogging home. What will you give for it now? You shall have it for 'most any price, 'cause I'm in a hurry to get home.'

'Why, Mr. Muzzle,' replied the landlord, 'I don't want that are goose. I've got a sight of poultry in the house, and I expect there is a thaw coming on. It ain't worth nothing to me.'

'What will you take for it, Muzzle?' inquired the bargain-loving Jotham.

'What will you give, Mr. Jarvis?' said Muzzle.

'Set a price,' said Jotham.

'Make an offer,' said Muzzle.

'What do you think it's worth?' said Jotham.

'Set a vally on it for yourself,' said Muzzle.

'I'm afraid you'll take me up,' said Jotham.

'Oh! you're both so tarnal sharp,' interposed Gad Slocum, in a drawling tone, 'that you'll never trade, no how you can fix it. You'd better put it up for a raffle, Mr. Muzzle.'

'Well,' replied Muzzle, 'I don't care if I do. Suppose now that we make five shares at a quarter of a dollar apiece.'

'But the goose isn't worth half the money, Mr. Muzzle,' said Jotham.

'I think it's as well worth it as one dollar is worth another,' said Muzzle.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the sound of bells at the door; and a moment after the students and their friend Markley entered the bar-room.

'Come, deacon,' said Norris, the moment they came in, 'give us a mug of your flip. Make it in your very best style.'

'I think it had better be mulled wine, Norris,' said Alfred.

'No, no,' replied Tom, 'we are on a country frolic now, and let us have country fare.'

'That's right,' said Markley, 'I second the motion; and see that you make it sweet and strong, with a plenty of all the ingredients, and a terribly hot poker.'

The beverage was soon ready; and while the young gentlemen were blowing off the foam, and burning their lips in attempting to taste it, the original occupants of the bar-room resumed the subject of the raffle.

Norris, observing what was going forward, suggested to his companions to join in the sport. Alfred received the proposition with high disdain, and when Markley supported

Norris's proposition, declared his determination to have nothing to do with it. Norris, however, resolved to bring him into the measure; and by representing to him the necessity of their having some sort of amusement during the half hour while the horses were eating their oats; the propriety of their availing themselves of so capital an opportunity to study human nature; and the fun they would have in presenting the goose, which he made no doubt of winning, to the fair Roxalana, on their arrival at their friend's country-house; he at last succeeded in inducing him to take a chance with the rest. The whole thing was then easily arranged. Jotham, by dint of hard chaffering, had succeeded in beating down Muzzle's price for chances from twenty-five to twenty cents; and each of the company took one. But here a new difficulty arose. The landlord, worthy Deacon Meechum, had conscientious scruples about permitting such doings in his house.

'Raffling, Mr. Muzzle,' said that excellent functionary, raising his voice with a shrill nasal twang, 'raffling in my house! Well, I never! Why, it's downright gambling! What would the minister say, or one of the selectmen of the town, if either of them should happen to come in while you are having such goings on?'

'Why, they would say,' replied Tom, 'that it was a very innocent amusement.'

'Ay,' chimed in Markley, 'and excellent sport, too.'

'Sartainly,' said Jotham, 'and, moreover, it gives Mr. Muzzle an excellent market, and cash down for his goose.'

'Besides,' added Slocum, 'the winner, of course, will treat; and there will be another mug or two of flip wanted.'

This last argument seemed to pose the worthy deacon not a little; and Jotham, who knew precisely the sort of casuistry to apply to such a case of conscience, at last

persuaded the deacon, to whom the public scandal of the proceeding was its most offensive feature, to allow them the use of a small room, a sort of private sanctum of his own, behind the bar-room, where they could conduct the interesting and important business of the raffle without fear of interruption from the stern puritanism of the village police.

To this room, accordingly, the whole party adjourned. It had no furniture but an empty barrel, which had been used for holding corn. This was placed in the middle of the apartment, and covered with a board; and upon it the goose was solemnly laid out while the tickets were prepared.

The group, while the business of drawing was proceeding, would have furnished an excellent subject for the humorous pencil of Mount. The keen, money-loving look of Jotham, as he shook the hat and guessed at the chances; the stolid sordidness of old Muzzle, gloating with satisfaction upon the actual possession of the five pistareens, which he still held in his closed hand, while he affected to be a disinterested spectator of the game; young Markley's frolic eagerness, as he actually held on to the goose's leg, in anticipation of his own or his friends' good luck; Norris's gay laugh, as he witnessed the solemnity with which his graver companion, Alfred, held up his blank, just drawn; and the easy, nonchalant air with which Slocum, with his hands thrust in the pockets of his Boston wrapper, regarded the livelier actors in the farce—all made up a scene where a painter might have studied human nature after the fashion of Tom Norris himself.

Each shake of the hat and each thrusting in of a hand was followed by the production of a blank, and the explosion of a roar of laughter from all but the saturnine Muzzle; until it came at last to the turn of Slocum, who, apparently to the

disappointment of every one, including himself, fairly won the goose. Good fortune to him was such a rarity, that he hardly knew how to give it a welcome. He, however, very deliberately took up the goose, and followed the rest of the company into the bar-room; and while the students and Markley were drinking a second mug of flip, he began to bargain with the landlord for the sale of his prize.

'What will you give for it, deacon?'

'Half a dollar,' replied Meechum.

'Say three quarters, deacon, and you shall have it.'

'Very well,' replied the landlord; and taking the goose, he hung it up behind the bar. Slocum held out his hand to receive the money: but the landlord, instead of giving him the cash, quietly remarked that he would pass it to his credit on account of the old score.

At this moment, Muzzle, who was leaving the room, turned round, and bowing with great formality towards the bar, said in a very emphatic tone, 'Good bye.'

'Ah! are you going, Mr. Muzzle?' said the landlord. 'Well, if you must go, good evening to you.'

'Oh,' said Muzzle, 'it was not you I was bidding good bye to. It was the old gander. He has been in my family now these twenty years, come next April; and I could not have the heart to leave him without saying good bye,' and the facetious Mr. Muzzle thereupon incontinently took his departure, leaving all the company but the landlord in a perfect roar of laughter at this winding up of the frolic.

If the space allotted to me would permit, I would follow our young friends to the residence of Markley, and describe the thanksgiving revels, the sleigh-rides, the junketings, and other merry doings, which lasted through the long winter vacations; and this should constitute the middle of this veracious history, which, according to the requisition

of Dionysius of Halicarnassus was originally designed to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. But I am constrained to dispense with the second portion, and come at once to the conclusion.

The incident which took place at the inn, was often referred to by Norris and Murray, during the remainder of their residence at Cambridge, and always with directly opposite opinions: Norris maintaining that the whole affair was an excellent joke, and well worth the time and money it had cost; and Murray insisting that it was a mighty foolish piece of business, altogether unworthy the dignity and importance which should always attach to students in a venerable seat of learning; and he used to descant very gravely on the folly of uncertain speculations, which, he said, he had learned to eschew from that time forth, and he felicitated himself not a little on having learned the folly of such speculations at the cost of only twenty cents.

To all this Norris replied, that he had acquired a taste for speculation by his enjoyment of that very scene; and that his recollection of the interest he had taken in each shake of the hat, would undoubtedly lead him at some future time to try something of the sort on a larger scale. In short, he was determined that should not be the last goose for which he would raffle. Many a remark made in jest becomes a prophecy in earnest.

Both the young men studied law, inherited fortunes, married, and settled down quietly for life, in a certain great city of the south. Murray's maxim was, 'Safe bind, safe find,' and Norris's was, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' For many years they both went on prosperously enough; but at last it was their destiny to witness the gradual developement of one of those periodical epidemics which regularly visit our happy and enlightened country, when all classes of people become infected with an inor-

dinate desire to become suddenly rich. One day, during the height of the disease, our friends dined together, at the country-seat of Murray.

While they were quietly sipping their wine, after dinner, the conversation, as it sometimes happens on such occasions in our country, took a turn towards business and money matters.

'That was a grand speculation of Jones's last week,' said Norris; 'I understand he cleared sixty thousand dollars on the Pearl Street property in about ten days' time.'

'So I am told,' replied Murray, 'but I dare say he will lose it all before the year is out. "Light come, light go," you know.'

'Not he. He is a shrewd fellow, that Jones. He has invested it all in first-rate stocks. No mistake about him.'

'Pray, now, what do you call first-rate stocks?'

'Why I believe he bought Vicksburg, if I recollect rightly. That is first chop, you know.'

'Vicksburg is a great way off,' dryly remarked Murray. 'I would rather lay out my money in land or houses here in town, if it were possible to buy at a decent price. But the prices of all kinds of property seem to me to be most inordinately high in proportion to any reasonable calculation upon its productiveness. At present I neither buy nor sell.'

'That is just your way, now. For my part I am content to follow the fashions. I have sold all my city property except my house; and I mean to go in for some of the Brooklyn lots. Great chance for speculation there, Murray.'

'Go in! why, Norris, you astonish me. You speak of going into a speculation that may ruin you, with as much nonchalance as if you were talking of going into Delmonico's to take an ice-cream. Is it possible that you too are seized with this rage for speculation!'

'There you go again, Murray! What an old square-toes you are. I have considered the matter well. I know that the property I am about to purchase will advance in price, so that I shall be able to realize a hundred thousand dollars on the operation.'

'Suppose it should fail! Suppose the whole of this great bubble of speculation with which the country is now dazzled should suddenly burst, where will you be then?'

'It will not burst before I sell out, and realize my profits.'

'That is a problem. We shall see what the solution will prove. I would not risk twenty cents on such a venture.'

'That is just the price of our old raffle tickets,' replied Norris, laughing gaily.

'Just so, and you are raffling for a goose.'

'Which I will win.'

'Peradventure you may lose.'

And so the friends parted. In three days Norris made his grand purchase; in three weeks the terrible commercial reverses of 1837 commenced; the bubble did indeed burst, and at the end of that short period of time, poor Norris, in common with a few thousand of his fellow-citizens, found that he had engaged in one raffle too many.

'MURDER WILL OUT.'

A GENUINE GHOST STORY OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'DAMSEL OF DARIEN,' ETC.

I.

THE world has become monstrous matter-of-fact in latter days. We can no longer get a ghost story, either for love or money. The materialists have it all their own way; and even the little urchin, eight years old, instead of deferring with decent reverence to the opinions of his grandmamma, now stands up stoutly for his own. He believes in every 'ology' but pneumatology. 'Faust' and the 'Old Woman of Berkeley' move his derision only, and he would laugh incredulously, if he dared, at the Witch of Endor. The whole armoury of modern reasoning is on his side; and, however he may admit at seasons that belief can scarcely be counted a matter of will, he yet puts his veto on all sorts of credulity. That cold-blooded demon called Science has taken the place of all the other demons. He has certainly cast out innumerable devils, however he may still spare the principal. Whether we are the better for his intervention is another question. There is reason to apprehend that in disturbing our human faith in shadows, we have lost some of those wholesome moral restraints

which might have kept many of us virtuous, where the laws could not. The effect, however, is much the more seriously evil in all that concerns the romantic. Our story-tellers are so resolute to deal in the real, the actual only, that they venture on no subjects the details of which are not equally vulgar and susceptible of proof. With this end in view, indeed, they too commonly choose their subjects from convicted felons, in order that they may avail themselves of the evidence which led to their conviction; and, to prove more conclusively their devotion and adherence to nature and the truth, they depict the former not only in her condition of nakedness, but long before she has found out the springs of running water. It is to be feared that some of the coarseness of modern taste arises from the too great lack of that veneration which belonged to, and elevated to dignity, even the errors of preceding ages. A love of the marvellous belongs, it appears to me, to all those who love and cultivate either of the fine arts. I very much doubt whether the poet, the painter, the sculptor, or the romancer ever yet lived, who had not some strong bias—a leaning, at least,—to a belief in the wonders of the invisible world. Certainly, the higher orders of poets and painters, those who create and invent, must have a strong taint of the superstitious in their compositions. But this is digressive, and leads us from our purpose.

It is so long since we have been suffered to see or hear of a ghost, that a visitation at this time may have the effect of novelty, and I propose to narrate a story which I heard more than once in my boyhood, from the lips of an aged relative, who succeeded, at the time, in making me believe every word of it; perhaps, for the simple reason that she convinced me she believed every word of it herself. My grandmother was an old lady who had been a resident of the seat of most frequent war in Carolina during the Revo-

lution. She had fortunately survived the numberless atrocities which she was yet compelled to witness; and, a keen observer, with a strong memory, she had in store a thousand legends of that stirring period, which served to beguile me from sleep many and many a long winter night. The story which I propose to tell was one of these; and when I say that she not only devoutly believed it herself, but that it was believed by sundry of her contemporaries, who were privy themselves to such of the circumstances as could be known to third parties, the gravity with which I repeat the legend will not be considered very astonishing.

The revolutionary war had but a little while been concluded. The British had left the country; but peace did not imply repose. The community was still in that state of ferment which was natural enough to passions, not yet at rest, which had been brought into exercise and action during the protracted seven years' struggle through which the nation had just passed. The state was overrun by idlers, adventurers, profligates, and criminals. Disbanded soldiers, half starved and reckless, occupied the highways, —outlaws, emerging from their hiding-places, skulked about the settlements with an equal sentiment of hate and fear in their hearts,—patriots were clamouring for justice upon the tories, and sometimes anticipating its course by judgments of their own; while the tories, those against whom the proofs were too strong for denial or evasion, buckled on their armour once more for a renewal of the struggle. Such being the condition of the country, it may easily be supposed that life and property lacked many of their necessary securities. Men generally travelled with weapons, which were displayed on the smallest provocation; and few who could provide themselves with an escort ventured to travel any distance without one.

There was about this time, said my grandmother, and

while such was the condition of the country, a family of the name of Grayling, that lived somewhere upon the skirts of 'Ninety-Six' district. Old Grayling, the head of the family, was dead. He was killed in Buford's massacre. His wife was a fine lady, not so old, who had an only son named James, and a little girl, only five years old, named Lucy. James was but fourteen when his father was killed, and that event made a man of him. He went out with his rifle in company with Joel Sparkman, who was his mother's brother, and joined himself to Pickens's Brigade. Here he made as good a soldier as the best. He had no sort of fear. He was always the first to go forward; and his rifle was always good for his enemy's button at a long hundred yards. He was in several fights both with the British and tories; and just before the war was ended he had a famous brush with the Cherokees, when Pickens took their country from them. But though he had no fear, and never knew when to stop killing while the fight was going on, he was the most bashful of boys that I ever knew; and so kind-hearted that it was almost difficult to believe all we heard of his fierce doings when he was in battle. But they were nevertheless quite true for all his bashfulness.

Well, when the war was over, Joel Sparkman, who lived with his sister, Grayling, persuaded her that it would be better to move down into the low country. I don't know what reason he had for it, or what they proposed to do there. They had very little property; but Sparkman was a knowing man, who could turn his hand to a hundred things; and as he was a bachelor, and loved his sister and her children just as if they had been his own, it was natural that she should go with him wherever he wished. James, too, who was restless by nature, and whom the taste he had of the wars had made more so,—he was full of it;

and so, one sunny Monday morning in April, their wagon started for the city. The wagon was only a small one with two horses, scarcely larger than those that are employed to carry chickens and fruit to the city from the Wassamaws and thereabouts. It was driven by a negro fellow named Clytus, and carried Mrs. Grayling and Lucy. James and his uncle loved the saddle too well to shut themselves up in such a vehicle; and both of them were mounted on fine horses, which they had won from the enemy. The saddle that James rode on,—and he was very proud of it,—was one that he had taken at the battle of Cowpens from one of Tarleton's own dragoons, after he had tumbled the owner. The roads at that season were excessively bad, for the rains of March had been frequent and heavy, the track was very much cut up, and the red clay gullies of the hills of 'Ninety-Six' were so washed that it required all shoulders, twenty times a day, to get the wagon-wheels out of the bog. This made them travel very slowly, —perhaps not more than fifteen miles a day; and another cause for slow travelling was, the necessity of great caution, and a constant look-out for enemies both up and down the road. James and his uncle took it by turns to ride ahead, precisely as they did when scouting in war, but one of them always kept along with the wagon. They had gone on in this way for two days, and saw nothing to trouble or alarm them. There were few persons on the high-road, and these seemed to the full as shy of them as they probably were of strangers. But just as they were about to camp the evening of the second day, while they were splitting light-wood, and getting out the kettles and the frying-pan, a person rode up and joined them without much ceremony. He was a short, thickset man, somewhere between forty and fifty; had on very coarse and common garments, though he rode a fine black horse of

remarkable strength and vigour. He was very civil of speech, though he had but little to say, and that little showed him to be a person without much education and no refinement. He begged permission to make one of the encampment, and his manner was very respectful and even humble; but there was something dark and sullen in his face—his eyes, which were of a light gray colour, were very restless, and his nose turned up sharply, and was very red. His forehead was excessively broad, and his eyebrows thick and shaggy—white hairs being freely mingled with the dark, both in them and upon his head. Mrs. Grayling did not like this man's looks, and whispered her dislike to her son; but James, who felt himself equal to any man, said, promptly—

'What of that, mother! we can't turn the stranger off and say "no;" and if he means any mischief, there's two of us, you know.'

The man had no weapons—none, at least, which were then visible; and deported himself in so humble a manner that the prejudice which the party had formed against him when he first appeared,—if it was not dissipated while he remained,—at least failed to gain any increase. He was very quiet, did not venture an unnecessary word, and seldom permitted his eyes to rest upon those of any of the party, the females not excepted. This, perhaps, was the only circumstance that, in the mind of Mrs. Grayling, tended to confirm the hostile impression which his coming had originally occasioned. In a little while the temporary encampment was put in a state equally social and warlike. The wagon was wheeled a little way into the woods, and off the road; the horses fastened behind it in such a manner that any attempt to steal them would be difficult of success, even were the watch neglectful, which was yet to be maintained upon them. Extra guns, concealed in the

straw at the bottom of the wagon, were kept well loaded. In the foreground, and between the wagon and the highway, a fire was soon blazing with a wild but cheerful gleam; and the worthy dame, Mrs. Grayling, assisted by the little girl, Lucy, lost no time in setting on the frying-pan, and cutting into slices the haunch of bacon, which they had provided at leaving home. James Grayling patrolled the woods, meanwhile, for a mile or two round the encampment, while his uncle, Joel Sparkman, foot to foot with the stranger, seemed—if the absence of all care constitutes the supreme of human felicity—to realize the most perfect conception of mortal happiness. But Joel was very far from being the careless person that he seemed. Like an old soldier, he simply hung out false colours, and concealed his real timidity by an extra show of confidence and courage. He did not relish the stranger from the first, any more than his sister; and having subjected him to a searching examination, such as was considered, in those days of peril and suspicion, by no means inconsistent with becoming courtesy, he came rapidly to the conclusion that he was no better than he should be.

'You are a Scotchman, stranger,' said Joel, suddenly drawing up his feet, and bending forward to the other with an eye like that of a hawk stooping over a covey of partridges. It was a wonder that he had not made the discovery before. The broad dialect of the stranger was not to be subdued; but Joel made slow stages and short progress in his mental journeyings. The answer was given with evident hesitation, but it was affirmative.

'Well, now, it's mighty strange that you should ha' fou't with us and not agin us,' responded Joel Sparkman. 'There was a precious few of the Scotch, and none that I knows on,—saving yourself, prehaps,—that didn't go dead agin us, and for the tories, through thick and thin.

That "Cross Creek settlement" was a mighty ugly thorn in the sides of us whigs. It turned out a raal bad stock of varmints. I hope,—I reckon, stranger,—you ain't from that part.'

'No,' said the other; 'oh no! I'm from over the other quarter. I'm from the Duncan settlement above.'

'I've hearn tell of that other settlement, but I never know'd as any of the men fou't with us. What gineral did you fight under? What Carolina gineral?'

'I was at Gum Swamp when General Gates was defeated;' was the still hesitating reply of the other.

'Well, I thank God, *I* warn't there, though I reckon things wouldn't ha' turned out quite so bad, if there had been a leetle sprinkling of Sumter's, or Pickens's, or Marion's men, among them two-legged critters that run that day. They did tell that some of the regiments went off without ever once emptying their rifles. Now, stranger, I hope you warn't among them fellows.'

'I was not,' said the other with something more of promptness.

'I don't blame a chap for dodging a bullet if he can, or being too quick for a bagnet, because, I'm thinking, a live man is always a better man than a dead one, or he can become so; but to run without taking a single crack at the inimy, is downright cowardice. There's no two ways about it, stranger.'

This opinion, delivered with considerable emphasis, met with the ready assent of the Scotchman, but Joel Sparkman was not to be diverted, even by his own eloquence, from the object of his inquiry.

'But you ain't said,' he continued, 'who was your Carolina gineral. Gates was from Virginny, and he stayed a mighty short time when he come. You didn't run far at

Camden, I reckon, and you joined the army ag'in, and come in with Greene? Was that the how?'

To this the stranger assented, though with evident disinclination.

'Then, mou'tbe, we sometimes went into the same scratch together? I was at Cowpens and Ninety-Six, and seen sarvice at other odds and eends, where there was more fighting than fun. I reckon you must have been at "Ninety-Six,"—prehaps at Cowpens, too, if you went with Morgan?'

The unwillingness of the stranger to respond to these questions appeared to increase. He admitted, however, that he had been at 'Ninety-Six,' though, as Sparkman afterwards remembered, in this case, as in that of the defeat of Gates at Gum Swamp, he had not said on which side he had fought. Joel, as he discovered the reluctance of his guest to answer his questions, and perceived his growing doggedness, forbore to annoy him, but mentally resolved to keep a sharper look-out than ever upon his actions. His examination concluded with an inquiry, which in the plain-dealing regions of the south and southwest is not unfrequently put first.

'And what may be your name, stranger?'

'Macnab,' was the ready response, 'Sandy Macnab.'

'Well, Mr. Macnab, I see that my sister's got supper ready for us; so we mou't as well fall to upon the hoecake and bacon.' Sparkman rose while speaking, and led the way to the spot near the wagon where Mrs. Grayling had spread the feast. 'We're pretty nigh on to the main road, here, but I reckon there's no great danger now. Besides, Jim Grayling keeps watch for us, and he's got two as good eyes in his head as any scout in the country, and a rifle that, after you once know how it shoots, 'twould do your

heart good to hear its crack, if so be that twa'n't your heart that he drawed sight on. He's a perdigious fine shot, and as ready to shoot and fight as if he had a nateral calling that way.'

'Shall we wait for him before we eat?' demanded Macnab, anxiously.

'By no sort o' reason, stranger,' answered Sparkman. 'He'll watch for us while we're eating, and after that I'll change shoes with him. So fall to, and don't mind what's a coming.'

Sparkman had just broken the hoecake, when a distant whistle was heard.

'Ha! That's the lad now!' he exclaimed, rising to his feet. 'He's on trail. He's got a sight of an inimy's fire, I reckon. Twon't be onreasonable, friend Macnab, to get our we'pons in readiness;' and so speaking, Sparkman bid his sister get into the wagon, where little Lucy had already placed herself, while he threw open the pan of his rifle, and turned the priming over with his finger. Macnab, meanwhile, had taken from his holsters, which he had before been sitting upon, a pair of horseman's pistols, richly mounted with figures in silver. These were large and long, and had evidently seen service. Unlike his companion, his proceedings occasioned no comment. What he did seemed a matter of habit, of which he himself was scarcely conscious. Having looked at his priming, he laid the instruments beside him without a word, and resumed the bit of hoecake which he had just before received from Sparkman. Meanwhile, the signal whistle, supposed to come from James Grayling, was repeated. Silence ensued then for a brief space, which Sparkman employed in perambulating the grounds immediately contiguous. At length, just as he had returned to the fire, the sound of a horse's

feet was heard, and a sharp quick halloo from Grayling informed his uncle that all was right. The youth made his appearance a moment after, accompanied by a stranger on horseback; a tall, fine-looking young man, with a keen flashing eye, and a voice whose lively clear tones, as he was heard approaching, sounded cheerily like those of a trumpet after victory. James Grayling kept along on foot beside the new-comer; and his hearty laugh, and free, glib, garrulous tones, betrayed to his uncle, long ere he drew nigh enough to declare the fact, that he had met unexpectedly, with a friend, or, at least, an old acquaintance.

'Why, who have you got there, James?' was the demand of Sparkman, as he dropped the butt of his rifle upon the ground.

'Why, who do you think, uncle? Who but Major Spencer—our own major?'

'You don't say so!—what!—well!—Li'nel Spencer, for sartin! Lord bless you, major, who'd ha' thought to see you in these parts; and jest mounted too, for all natur, as if the war was to be fou't over ag'in. Well, I'm raal glad to see you. I am, that's sartin!'

'And I'm very glad to see you, Sparkman,' said the other, as he alighted from his steed, and yielded his hand to the cordial grasp of the other.

'Well, I knows that, major, without you saying it. But you've jest come in the right time. The bacon's a frying, and here's the bread;—let's down upon our haunches, in right good airnest, camp fashion, and make the most of what God gives us in the way of blessings. I reckon you don't mean to ride any further to-night, major?'

'No,' said the person addressed, 'not if you'll let me lay my heels at your fire. But who's in your wagon? My old friend, Mrs. Grayling, I suppose?'

'That's a true word, major,' said the lady herself, making her way out of the vehicle with good-humoured agility, and coming forward with extended hand.

'Really, Mrs. Grayling, I'm very glad to see you.' And the stranger, with the blandness of a gentleman and the hearty warmth of an old neighbour, expressed his satisfaction at once more finding himself in the company of an old acquaintance. Their greetings once over, Major Spencer readily joined the group about the fire, while James Grayling—though with some reluctance—disappeared to resume his toils of the scout while the supper proceeded.

'And who have you here?' demanded Spencer, as his eye rested on the dark, hard features of the Scotchman. Sparkman told him all that he himself had learned of the name and character of the stranger, in a brief whisper, and in a moment after formally introduced the parties in this fashion—

'Mr. Macnab, Major Spencer. Mr. Macnab says he's true blue, major, and fou't at Camden, when General Gates run so hard to "bring the d—d militia's back." He also fou't at Ninety-Six and Cowpens—so I reckon we had as good as count him one of us.'

Major Spencer scrutinized the Scotchman keenly—a scrutiny which the latter seemed very ill to relish. He put a few questions to him on the subject of the war, and some of the actions in which he allowed himself to have been concerned; but his evident reluctance to unfold himself—a reluctance so unnatural to the brave soldier who has gone through his toils honourably—had the natural effect of discouraging the young officer, whose sense of delicacy had not been materially impaired amid the rude jostlings of military life. But, though he forbore to propose any other questions to Macnab, his eyes continued to survey the features of his sullen countenance with curiosity

and a strangely increasing interest. This he subsequently explained to Sparkman when, at the close of supper, James Grayling came in, and the former assumed the duties of the scout.

'I have seen that Scotchman's face somewhere, Sparkman, and I'm convinced at some interesting moment; but where, when, or how, I cannot call to mind. The sight of it is even associated in my mind with something painful and unpleasant; where could I have seen him?'

'I don't somehow like his looks myself,' said Sparkman, 'and I mislists he's been rether more of a tory than a whig; but that's nothing to the purpose now; and he's at our fire, and we've broken hoecake together; so we cannot rake up the old ashes to make a dust with.'

'No, surely not,' was the reply of Spencer. 'Even though we knew him to be a tory, that cause of former quarrel should occasion none now. But it should produce watchfulness and caution. I'm glad to see that you have not forgot your old business of scouting in the swamp.'

'Kin I forget it, major?' demanded Sparkman, in tones which, though whispered, were full of emphasis, as he laid his ear to the earth to listen.

'James has finished supper, major—that's his whistle to tell me so; and I'll jest step back to make it cl'ar to him how we're to keep up the watch to-night.'

'Count me in your arrangements, Sparkman, as I am one of you for the night,' said the major.

'By no sort of means,' was the reply. 'The night must be shared between James and myself. Ef so be you wants to keep company with one or t'other of us, why that's another thing, and, of course, you can do as you please.'

'We'll have no quarrel on the subject, Joel,' said the officer, good-naturedly, as they returned to the camp together.

II.

The arrangements of the party were soon made. Spencer renewed his offer at the fire to take his part in the watch; and the Scotchman, Macnab, volunteered his services also; but the offer of the latter was another reason why that of the former should be declined. Sparkman was resolute to have every thing his own way; and while James Grayling went out upon his lonely rounds, he busied himself in cutting bushes and making a sort of tent for the use of his late commander. Mrs. Grayling and Lucy slept in the wagon. The Scotchman stretched himself with little effort before the fire; while Joel Sparkman, wrapping himself up in his cloak, crouched under the wagon body, with his back resting partly against one of the wheels. From time to time he rose and thrust additional brands into the fire, looked up at the night, and round upon the little encampment, then sunk back to his perch and stole a few moments, at intervals, of uneasy sleep. The first two hours of the watch were over, and James Grayling was relieved. The youth, however, felt in no mood for sleep, and taking his seat by the fire, he drew from his pocket a little volume of Easy Reading Lessons, and by the fitful flame of the resinous light-wood, he prepared, in this rude manner, to make up for the precious time which his youth had lost of its legitimate employments, in the stirring events of the preceding seven years consumed in war. He was surprised at this employment by his late commander, who, himself sleepless, now emerged from the bushes and joined Grayling at the fire. The youth had been rather a favourite with Spencer. They had both been reared in the same neighbourhood, and the first military achievements of James had taken place under the eye, and had met the approbation of his officer.

The difference of their ages was just such as to permit of the warm attachment of the youth without diminishing any of the reverence which should be felt by the inferior. Grayling was not more than seventeen, and Spencer was perhaps thirty-four—the very prime of manhood. They sat by the fire and talked of old times and told old stories with the hearty glee and good-nature of the young. Their mutual inquiries led to the revelation of their several objects in pursuing the present journey. Those of James Grayling were scarcely, indeed, to be considered his own. They were plans and purposes of his uncle, and it does not concern this narrative that we should know more of their nature than has already been revealed. But, whatever they were, they were as freely unfolded to his hearer as if they had been brothers, and Spencer was quite as frank in his revelations as his companion. He, too, was on his way to Charleston, from whence he was to take passage for England.

'I am rather in a hurry to reach town,' he said, 'as I learn that the Falmouth packet is preparing to sail for England in a few days, and I must go in her.'

'For England, major!' exclaimed the youth with unaffected astonishment.

'Yes, James, for England. But why?—what astonishes you?'

'Why, lord!' exclaimed the simple youth, 'if they only knew there, as I do, what a cutting and slashing you did use to make among their red coats, I reckon they'd hang you to the first hickory.'

'Oh, no! scarcely,' said the other, with a smile.

'But I reckon you'll change your name, major?' continued the youth.

'No,' responded Spencer, 'if I did that, I should lose the object of my voyage. You must know, James, that an old

relative has left me a good deal of money in England, and I can only get it by proving that I am Lionel Spencer; so you see I must carry my own name, whatever may be the risk.'

'Well, major, you know best; but I do think if they could only have a guess of what you did among their sodgers at Hobkirk's, and Cowpens, and Eutaw, and a dozen other places, they'd find some means of hanging you up, peace or no peace. But I don't see what occasion you have to be going cl'ar away to England for money, when you've got a sight of your own already.'

'Not so much as you think for,' replied the major, giving an involuntary and uneasy glance at the Scotchman, who was seemingly sound asleep on the opposite side of the fire. 'There is, you know, but little money in the country at any time, and I must get what I want for my expenses when I reach Charleston. I have just enough to carry me there.'

'Well, now, major, that's mighty strange. I always thought that you was about the best off of any man in our parts; but if you're strained so close, I'm thinking, major,—if so be you wouldn't think me too presumptuous,—you'd better let me lend you a guinea or so that I've got to spare, and you can pay me back when you get the English money.'

And the youth fumbled in his bosom for a little cotton wallet, which, with its limited contents, was displayed in another instant to the eyes of the officer.

'No, no, James,' said the other, putting back the generous tribute; 'I have quite enough to carry me to Charleston, and when there I can easily get a supply from the merchants. But I thank you, my good fellow, for your offer. You *are* a good fellow, James, and I will remember you.'

It is needless to pursue their conversation farther. The

night passed away without any alarms, and at dawn of the next day the whole party were engaged in making preparations for a start. Mrs. Grayling was soon busy in getting breakfast in readiness. Major Spencer consented to remain with them until it was over; but the Scotchman, after returning thanks very civilly for his accommodation of the night, at once resumed his journey. His course seemed, like their own, to lie below; but he neither declared his route nor betrayed the least desire to know that of Spencer. The latter had no disposition to renew those inquiries from which the stranger seemed to shrink the night before, and he accordingly suffered him to depart with a quiet farewell, and the utterance of a good-natured wish, in which all the parties joined, that he might have a pleasant journey. When he was fairly out of sight, Spencer said to Sparkman,

'Had I liked that fellow's looks, nay, had I not positively disliked them, I should have gone with him. As it is, I will remain and share your breakfast.'

The repast being over, all parties set forward; but Spencer, after keeping along with them for a mile, took his leave also. The slow wagon-pace at which the family travelled, did not suit the high-spirited cavalier; and it was necessary, as he assured them, that he should reach the city in two nights more. They parted with many regrets, as truly felt as they were warmly expressed; and James Grayling never felt the tedium of wagon travelling to be so severe as throughout the whole of that day when he separated from his favourite captain. But he was too stout-hearted a lad to make any complaint; and his dissatisfaction only showed itself in his unwonted silence, and an over-anxiety, which his steed seemed to feel in common with himself, to go too rapidly ahead. Thus the day passed, and the wayfarers at its close had made a progress

of some twenty miles from sun to sun. The same precautions marked their encampment this night as the last, and they rose in better spirits with the next morning, the dawn of which was very bright and pleasant, and encouraging. A similar journey of twenty miles brought them to the place of bivouac as the sun went down; and they prepared as usual for their securities and supper. They found themselves on the edge of a very dense forest of pines and scrubby oaks, a portion of which was swallowed up in a deep bay—so called in the dialect of the country—a swamp-bottom, the growth of which consisted of mingled cypresses and bay-trees, with tupola, gum, and dense thickets of low stunted shrubbery, cane grass, and dwarf willows, which filled up every interval between the trees, and to the eye most effectually barred out every human intruder. This bay was chosen as the background for the camping party. Their wagon was wheeled into an area on a gently rising ground in front, under a pleasant shade of oaks and hickories, with a lonely pine rising loftily in occasional spots among them. Here the horses were taken out, and James Grayling prepared to kindle up a fire; but, looking for his axe, it was unaccountably missing, and after a fruitless search of half an hour, the party came to the conclusion that it had been left on the spot where they had slept last night. This was a disaster, and while they meditated in what manner to repair it, a negro boy appeared in sight, passing along the road at their feet, and driving before him a small herd of cattle. From him they learned that they were only a mile or two from a farmstead, where an axe might be borrowed; and James, leaping on his horse, rode forwards in the hope to obtain one. He found no difficulty in his quest; and, having obtained it from the farmer, who was also a tavern-keeper, he casually asked

if Major Spencer had not stayed with him the night before. He was somewhat surprised when told that he had not.

'There was one man stayed with me last night,' said the farmer, 'but he didn't call himself a major, and didn't much look like one.'

'He rode a fine sorrel horse,—tall, bright colour, with white fore foot, didn't he?' asked James.

'No, that he didn't! He rode a powerful black, coal black, and not a bit of white about him.'

'That was the Scotchman! But I wonder the major didn't stop with you. He must have rode on. Isn't there another house near you, below?'

'Not one. There's ne'er a house either above or below for a matter of fifteen miles. I'm the only man in all that distance that's living on this road; and I don't think your friend could have gone below, as I should have seen him pass. I've been all day out there in that field before your eyes, clearing up the brush.'

III.

Somewhat wondering that the major should have turned aside from the track, though without attaching to it any importance at that particular moment, James Grayling took up the borrowed axe and hurried back to the encampment, where the toil of cutting an extra supply of light-wood to meet the exigencies of the ensuing night, sufficiently exercised his mind as well as his body, to prevent him from meditating upon the seeming strangeness of the circumstance. But when he sat down to his supper over the fire that he had kindled, his fancies crowded thickly upon him, and he felt a confused doubt and suspicion that something

was to happen, he knew not what. His conjectures and apprehensions were without form, though not altogether void; and he felt a strange sickness and a sinking at the heart which was very unusual with him. He had, in short, that lowness of spirits, that cloudy apprehensiveness of soul which takes the form of presentiment, and makes us look out for danger even when the skies are without a cloud, and the breeze is laden, equally and only, with balm and music. His moodiness found no sympathy among his companions. Joel Sparkman was in the best of humours, and his mother was so cheery and happy, that when the thoughtful boy went off into the woods to watch, he could hear her at moments breaking out into little catches of a country ditty, which the gloomy events of the late war had not yet obliterated from her memory.

'It's very strange!' soliloquized the youth, as he wandered along the edges of the dense bay or swamp-bottom, which we have passingly referred to,—'it's very strange what troubles me so! I feel almost frightened, and yet I know I'm not to be frightened easily, and I don't see any thing in the woods to frighten me. It's strange the major didn't come along this road! Maybe he took another higher up that leads by a different settlement. I wish I had asked the man at the house if there's such another road. I reckon there must be, however, for where could the major have gone?'

The unphilosophical mind of James Grayling did not, in his farther meditations, carry him much beyond this starting point; and with its continual recurrence in soliloquy, he proceeded to traverse the margin of the bay, until he came to its junction with, and termination at, the high-road. The youth turned into this, and, involuntarily departing from it a moment after, soon found himself on the opposite side of the bay thicket. He wandered on and on,

as he himself described it, without any power to restrain himself. He knew not how far he went; but, instead of maintaining his watch for two hours only, he was gone more than four; and, at length, a sense of weariness which overpowered him all of a sudden, caused him to seat himself at the foot of a tree, and snatch a few moments of rest. He denied that he slept in this time. He insisted to the last moment of his life that sleep never visited his eyelids that night,—that he was conscious of fatigue and exhaustion, but not drowsiness,—and that his fatigue was so numbing as to be painful, and effectually kept him from any sleep. While he sat thus beneath the tree, with a body weak and nerveless, but a mind excited, he knew not how or why, to the most acute degree of expectation and attention, he heard his name called by the well-known voice of his friend, Major Spencer. The voice called him three times,—'James Grayling!—James!—James Grayling!' before he could muster strength enough to answer. It was not courage he wanted,—of that he was positive, for he felt sure, as he said, that something had gone wrong, and he was never more ready to fight in his life than at that moment, could he have commanded the physical capacity; but his throat seemed dry to suffocation,—his lips effectually sealed up as if with wax, and when he did answer, the sounds seemed as fine and soft as the whisper of some child just born.

'Oh! major, is it you?'

Such, he thinks, were the very words he made use of in reply; and the answer that he received was instantaneous, though the voice came from some little distance in the bay, and his own voice he himself did not hear. He only knows what he meant to say. The answer was to this effect.

'It is, James!—It is your own friend, Lionel Spencer,

that speaks to you; do not be alarmed when you see me! I have been shockingly murdered!'

James asserts that he tried to tell him that he would not be frightened, but that his own voice was still a whisper, which he himself could scarcely hear. A moment after he had spoken he heard something like a sudden breeze that rustled through the bay bushes at his feet, and his eyes were closed without his effort, and, indeed, in spite of himself. When he opened them, he saw Major Spencer, standing at the edge of the bay, about twenty steps from him. Though he stood in the shade of the thicket, and there was no light in the heavens save that of the stars, he was yet enabled to distinguish perfectly, and with great ease, every lineament of his friend's face. He looked very pale, and his garments were covered with blood; and James said, that he strove very much to rise from the place where he sat and approach him;—'for, in truth,' said the lad, 'so far from feeling any fear, I felt nothing but fury in my heart; but I could not move a limb. My feet were fastened to the ground; my hands to my sides; and I could only bend forward, and gasp. I felt as if I should have died with vexation that I could not rise; but a power which I could not resist, made me motionless, and almost speechless. I could only say, "Murdered!"—and that one word, I believe I must have repeated a dozen times.

'"Yes, murdered!—murdered by the Scotchman who slept with us at your fire night before last. James, I look to you to have the murderer brought to justice! James!—do you hear me, James?"

'These,' said James, 'I think were the very words, or near about the very words, that I heard; and I tried to ask the major to tell me how it was, and how I could do what he required; but I didn't hear myself speak, though

it would appear that he did, for almost immediately after I had tried to speak what I wished to say, he answered me just as if I had said it. He told me that the Scotchman had waylaid, killed, and hidden him in that very bay; that his murderer had gone on to Charleston; and that if I made haste to town, I would find him in the Falmouth packet, which was then lying in the harbour and ready to sail for England. He farther said that every thing depended on my making haste,—that I must reach town by to-morrow night if I wanted to be in season, and go right on board the vessel and charge the criminal with the deed. "Do not be afraid," said he, when he had finished; "be afraid of nothing, James, for God will help and strengthen you to the end." When I had heard all I burst out into a flood of tears, and then I felt strong. I felt that I could talk, or fight, or do almost any thing; and I jumped up to my feet, and was just about to run down to where the major stood; but with the first step which I made forward, he was gone. I stopped and looked all around me, but I could see nothing; and the bay was just as black as midnight. But I went down to it, and tried to press in where I thought the major had been standing; but I couldn't get far, the brush and bay bushes were so close and thick. I was now bold and strong enough, and I called out, loud enough to be heard half a mile. I didn't exactly know what I called for, or what I wanted to learn, or I have forgotten. But I heard nothing more. Then I remembered the camp, and began to fear that something might have happened to mother and uncle, for I now felt, what I had not thought of before, that I had gone too far round the bay to be of much assistance, or, indeed, to be in time for any, had they been suddenly attacked. Besides, I could not think how long I had been gone; but it now seemed very late. The stars were shining their brightest,

and the thin white clouds of morning were beginning to rise and run towards the west. Well, I bethought me of my course,—for I was a little bewildered and doubtful where I was; but after a little thinking, I took the back track, and soon got a glimpse of the camp-fire, which was nearly burnt down; and by this I reckoned I was gone considerably longer than my two hours. When I got back into the camp, I looked under the wagon, and found uncle in a sweet sleep, and though my heart was full almost to bursting with what I had heard, and the cruel sight that I had seen, yet I wouldn't waken him; and I beat about and mended the fire, and watched, and waited, until near daylight, when mother called to me out of the wagon, and asked who it was. This wakened my uncle, and then I up and told all that had happened, for if it had been to save my life, I couldn't have kept it in much longer. But though mother said it was very strange, Uncle Sparkman considered that I had been only dreaming; but he couldn't persuade me of it; and when I told him I intended to be off at daylight, just as the major had told me to do, and ride my best all the way to Charleston, he laughed, and said I was a fool. But I felt that I was no fool, and I was solemn certain that I hadn't been dreaming; and though both mother and he tried their hardest to make me put off going, yet I made up my mind to it, and they had to give up. For, wouldn't I have been a pretty sort of a friend to the major, if, after what he told me, I could have stayed behind, and gone on only at wagon-pace to look after the murderer! I don't think if I had done so that I should ever have been able to look a white man in the face again. Soon as the peep of day, I was on horseback. Mother was mighty sad, and begged me not to go, but Uncle Sparkman was mighty sulky, and kept calling me fool upon fool, until I was almost angry enough to forget

that we were of blood kin. But all his talking did not stop me, and I reckon I was five miles on my way before he had his team in traces for a start. I rode as briskly as I could to get on without hurting my nag. I had a smart ride of more than forty miles before me, and the road was very heavy. But it was a good two hours from sunset when I got into town, and the first question I asked of the people I met was, to show me where the ships were kept. When I got to the wharf, they showed me the Falmouth packet, where she lay in the stream, ready to sail as soon as the wind should favour.'

IV.

James Grayling, with the same eager impatience which he has been suffered to describe in his own language, had already hired a boat to go on board the British packet, when he remembered that he had neglected all those means, legal and otherwise, by which alone his purpose might be properly effected. He did not know much about legal process, but he had common sense enough, the moment that he began to reflect on the subject, to know that some such process was necessary. This conviction produced another difficulty; he knew not in which quarter to turn for counsel and assistance; but here the boatman, who saw his bewilderment, and knew by his dialect and dress that he was a back countryman, came to his relief, and from him he got directions where to find the merchants with whom his uncle, Sparkman, had done business in former years. To them he went, and without circumlocution, told the whole story of his ghostly visitation. Even as a dream, which these gentlemen at once conjectured it to be, the story of James Grayling was equally clear and

curious; and his intense warmth and the entire absorption which the subject had effected of his mind and soul, was such that they judged it not improper, at least, to carry out the search of the vessel which he contemplated. It would certainly, they thought, be a curious coincidence —believing James to be a veracious youth—if the Scotchman should be found on board. But another test of his narrative was proposed by one of the firm. It so happened that the business agents of Major Spencer, who was well known in Charleston, kept their office but a few rods distant from their own; and to them all the parties at once proceeded. But here the story of James was encountered by a circumstance that made somewhat against it. These gentlemen produced a letter from Major Spencer, intimating the utter impossibility of his coming to town for the space of a month, and expressing his regret that he should be unable to avail himself of the opportunity of the foreign vessel, of whose arrival in Charleston, and proposed time of departure, they had themselves advised him. They read the letter aloud to James and their brother merchants, and with difficulty suppressed their smiles at the gravity with which the former related and insisted upon the particulars of his vision.

'He has changed his mind,' returned the impetuous youth; 'he was on his way down, I tell you,—a hundred miles on his way,—when he camped with us. I know him well, I tell you, and talked with him myself half the night.'

'At least,' remarked the gentlemen who had gone with James, 'it can do no harm to look into the business. We can procure a warrant for searching the vessel after this man, Macnab; and should he be found on board the packet, it will be a sufficient circumstance to justify the magis-

trates in detaining him, until we can ascertain where Major Spencer really is.'

The measure was accordingly adopted, and it was nearly sunset before the warrant was procured, and the proper officer in readiness. The impatience of a spirit so eager and so devoted as James Grayling, under these delays, may be imagined; and when in the boat, and on his way to the packet where the criminal was to be sought, his blood became so excited that it was with much ado he could be kept in his seat. His quick, eager action continually disturbed the trim of the boat, and one of his mercantile friends, who had accompanied him, with that interest in the affair which curiosity alone inspired, was under constant apprehension lest he would plunge overboard in his impatient desire to shorten the space which lay between. The same impatience enabled the youth, though never on shipboard before, to grasp the rope which had been flung at their approach, and to mount her sides with catlike agility. Without waiting to declare himself or his purpose, he ran from one side of the deck to the other, greedily staring, to the surprise of officers, passengers, and seamen, in the faces of all of them, and surveying them with an almost offensive scrutiny. He turned away from the search with disappointment. There was no face like that of the suspected man among them. By this time his friend, the merchant, with the sheriff's officer, had entered the vessel, and were in conference with the captain. Grayling drew nigh in time to hear the latter affirm that there was no man of the name of Macnab, as stated in the warrant, among his passengers or crew.

'He is—he must be!' exclaimed the impetuous youth. 'The major never lied in his life, and couldn't lie after he was dead. Macnab is here—he is a Scotchman—'

The captain interrupted him—

'We have, young gentleman, several Scotchmen on board, and one of them is named Macleod—'

'Let me see him—which is he?' demanded the youth.

By this time, the passengers and a goodly portion of the crew were collected about the little party. The captain turned his eyes upon the group, and asked,

'Where is Mr. Macleod?'

'He's gone below—he's sick!' replied one of the passengers.

'That's he! That must be the man!' exclaimed the youth. 'I'll lay my life that's no other than Macnab. He's only taken a false name.'

It was now remembered by one of the passengers, and remarked, that Macleod had expressed himself as unwell, but a few moments before, and had gone below even while the boat was rapidly approaching the vessel. At this statement the captain led the way into the cabin, closely followed by James Grayling and the rest.

'Mr. Macleod,' he said, with a voice somewhat elevated, as he approached the birth of that person, 'you are wanted on deck for a few moments.'

'I am really too unwell, captain,' replied a feeble voice from behind the curtain of the birth.

'It will be necessary,' was the reply of the captain. 'There is a warrant from the authorities of the town, to look after a fugitive from justice.'

Macleod had already begun a second speech declaring his feebleness, when the fearless youth, Grayling, bounded before the captain, and tore away, with a single grasp of his hand, the frail curtain which concealed the suspected man from their sight.

'It is he!' was the instant exclamation of the youth, as

he beheld him. 'It is he—Macnab, the Scotchman—the man that murdered Major Spencer!'

Macnab,—for it was he,—was deadly pale. He trembled like an aspen. His eyes were dilated with more than mortal apprehension, and his lips were perfectly livid. Still, he found strength to speak, and to deny the accusation. He knew nothing of the youth before him;—nothing of Major Spencer—his name was Macleod, and he had never called himself by any other. He denied, but with great incoherence, every thing which was urged against him.

'You must get up, Mr. Macleod,' said the captain; 'the circumstances are very much against you. You must go with the officer!'

'Will you give me up to my enemies?' demanded the culprit. 'You are a countryman—a Briton. I have fought for the king, our master, against these rebels, and for this they seek my life. Do not deliver me into their bloody hands!'

'Liar!' exclaimed James Grayling—'Didn't you tell us at our own camp-fire that you were with us? that you were at Gates's defeat, and Ninety-Six?'

'But I didn't tell you,' said the Scotchman with a grin, 'which side I was on!'

'Ha! remember that!' said the sheriff's officer. 'He denied, just a moment ago, that he knew this young man at all; now, he confesses that he did see and camp with him.'

The Scotchman was aghast at the strong point which, in his inadvertence, he had made against himself; and his efforts to excuse himself, stammering and contradictory, were such as served only to involve him more deeply in the meshes of his difficulty. Still he continued his urgent

appeals to the captain of the vessel, and his fellow-passengers, as citizens of the same country, subjects to the same monarch, to protect him from those who equally hated and would destroy them all. In order to move their national prejudices in his behalf, he boasted of the immense injury which he had done, as a tory, to the rebel cause; and still insisted that the murder was only a pretext of the youth before him, by which to gain possession of his person, and wreak upon him the revenge which his own fierce performances during the war had naturally enough provoked. One or two of the passengers, indeed, joined with him in entreating the captain to set the accusers adrift and make sail at once; but the stout Englishman who was in command, rejected instantly the unworthy counsel. Besides, he was better aware of the dangers which would follow any such rash proceeding. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, had been already refitted and prepared for an enemy; and he was lying, at that moment, under the formidable range of grinning teeth, which would have opened upon him at the first movement from the jaws of Castle Pinckney.

'No! gentlemen,' said he, 'you mistake your man. God forbid that I should give shelter to a murderer, though he were from my own parish.'

'But I am no murderer,' said the Scotchman.

'You look cursedly like one, however,' was the reply of the captain. 'Sheriff, take your prisoner.'

The base creature threw himself at the feet of the Englishman, and clung, with piteous entreaties, to his knees. The latter shook him off, and turned away in disgust.

'Steward,' he cried, 'bring up this man's luggage.'

He was obeyed. The luggage was brought up from the cabin and delivered to the sheriff's officer, by whom it was

examined in the presence of all, and an inventory made of its contents. It consisted of a small new trunk, which, it afterwards appeared, he had bought in Charleston, soon after his arrival. This contained a few changes of raiment, twenty-six guineas in money, a gold watch, not in repair, and the two pistols which he had shown while at Joel Sparkman's camp-fire; but with this difference, that the stock of one was broken off short just above the grasp, and the butt was entirely gone. It was not found among his chattels. A careful examination of the articles in his trunk did not result in any thing calculated to strengthen the charge of his criminality; but there was not a single person present who did not feel as morally certain of his guilt as if the jury had already declared the fact. That night he slept—if he slept at all—in the common jail of the city.

V.

His accuser, the warm-hearted and resolute James Grayling, did not sleep. The excitement, arising from mingling and contradictory emotions,—sorrow for his brave young commander's fate, and the natural exultation of a generous spirit at the consciousness of having performed, with signal success, an arduous and painful task, combined to drive all pleasant slumbers from his eyes; and with the dawn he was again up and stirring, with his mind still full of the awful business in which he had been engaged. We do not care to pursue his course in the ordinary walks of the city, nor account for his employments during the few days which ensued, until, in consequence of a legal examination into the circumstances which anticipated the regular work of the sessions, the extreme excitement of the young accuser had been renewed. Macnab or Macleod,—and it is

possible that both names were fictitious,—as soon as he recovered from his first terrors, sought the aid of an attorney—one of those acute, small, chopping lawyers, to be found in almost every community, who are willing to serve with equal zeal the sinner and the saint, provided that they can pay with equal liberality. The prisoner was brought before the court under *habeas corpus*, and several grounds submitted by his counsel with the view to obtaining his discharge. It became necessary to ascertain, among the first duties of the state, whether Major Spencer, the alleged victim, was really dead. Until it could be established that a man should be imprisoned, tried, and punished for a crime, it was first necessary to show that a crime had been committed, and the attorney made himself exceedingly merry with the ghost story of young Grayling. In those days, however, the ancient superstition was not so feeble as she has subsequently become. The venerable judge was one of those good men who had a decent respect for the faith and opinions of his ancestors; and though he certainly would not have consented to the hanging of Macleod under the sort of testimony which had been adduced, he yet saw enough, in all the circumstances, to justify his present detention. In the mean time, efforts were to be made to ascertain the whereabouts of Major Spencer; though were he even missing,—so the counsel for Macleod contended,—his death could be by no means assumed in consequence. To this the judge shook his head doubtfully. ''Fore God!' said he, 'I would not have you to be too sure of that.' He was an Irishman, and proceeded after the fashion of his country. The reader will therefore *bear* with his *bull*. 'A man may properly be hung for murdering another, though the murdered man be not dead; ay, before God, even though he be actually un-

hurt and uninjured, while the murderer is swinging by the neck for the bloody deed !'

The judge,—who it must be understood was a real existence, and who had no small reputation in his day in the south,—proceeded to establish the correctness of his opinions by authorities and argument, with all of which, doubtlessly, the bar were exceedingly delighted; but, to provide them in this place would only be to interfere with our own progress. James Grayling, however, was not satisfied to wait the slow processes which were suggested for coming at the truth. Even the wisdom of the judge was lost upon him, possibly, for the simple reason that he did not comprehend it. But the ridicule of the culprit's lawyer stung him to the quick, and he muttered to himself, more than once, a determination 'to lick the sauce out of that impudent chap's leather.' But this was not his only resolve. There was one which he proceeded to put into instant execution, and that was to seek the body of his murdered friend in the spot where he fancied it might be found—namely, the dark and dismal bay where the spectre had made his appearance to his eyes.

The suggestion was approved—though he did not need this to prompt his resolution—by his mother and uncle, Sparkman. The latter determined to be his companion, and he was farther accompanied by the sheriff's officer who had arrested the suspected felon. Before daylight, on the morning after the examination before the judge had taken place, anl when Macleol had been remanded to prison, James Grayling started on his journey. His fiery zeal received additional force at every added moment of delay, and his eager spurring brought him at an early hour after noon, to the neighbourhood of the spot through which his search was to be made. When his companions and himself

drew nigh, they were all at a loss in which direction first to proceed. The bay was one of those massed forests, whose wall of thorns, vines, and close tenacious shrubs, seemed to defy invasion. To the eye of the townsman it was so forbidding that he pronounced it absolutely impenetrable. But James was not to be baffled. He led them round it, taking the very course which he had pursued the night when the revelation was made him; he showed them the very tree at whose foot he had sunk when the supernatural torpor—as he himself esteemed it—began to fall upon him; he then pointed out the spot, some twenty steps distant, at which the spectre made his appearance. To this spot they then proceeded in a body, and essayed an entrance, but were so discouraged by the difficulties at the outset that all, James not excepted, concluded that neither the murderer nor his victim could possibly have found entrance there.

But, lo! a marvel! Such it seemed at the first blush to all the party. While they stood confounded and indecisive, undetermined in which way to move, a sudden flight of wings was heard, even from the centre of the bay at a little distance above the spot where they had striven for entrance. They looked up, and beheld about fifty buzzards—those notorious domestic vultures of the south—ascending from the interior of the bay, and perching along upon the branches of the loftier trees by which it was overhung. Even were the character of these birds less known, the particular business in which they had just then been engaged, was betrayed by huge gobbets of flesh which some of them had borne aloft in their flight, and still continued to rend with beak and bill, as they tottered upon the branches where they stood. A piercing scream issued from the lips of James Grayling as he beheld this sight, and strove to scare the offensive birds from their repast.

'The poor major! the poor major!' was the involuntary and agonized exclamation of the youth. 'Did I ever think he would have come to this!'

The search, thus guided and encouraged, was pressed with renewed diligence and spirit; and, at length, an opening was found through which it was evident that a body of considerable size had but recently gone. The branches were broken from the small shrub trees, and the undergrowth trodden into the earth. They followed this path, and as is the case commonly with waste tracts of this description, the density of the growth diminished sensibly at every step they took, till they reached a little pond, which, though circumscribed in area, and full of cypresses, yet proved to be singularly deep. Indeed, it was an alligator hole, where, in all probability, a numerous tribe of these reptiles had their dwelling. Here, on the edge of the pond, they discovered the object which had drawn the keen-sighted vultures to their feast, in the body of a horse, which James Grayling at once identified as that of Major Spencer. The carcass of the animal was already very much torn and lacerated. The eyes were plucked out and the animal completely disembowelled. Yet, on examination, it was not difficult to discover the manner of his death. This had been effected by fire-arms. Two bullets had passed through his skull, just above the eyes, either of which must have been fatal. The murderer had led the horse to the spot, and committed the cruel deed where his body was found. The search was now continued for that of the owner, but for some time it proved ineffectual. At length the keen eyes of James Grayling detected, amidst a heap of moss and green sedge that rested beside an overthrown tree, whose branches jutted into the pond, a whitish, but discoloured object, that did not seem native to the place. Bestriding the fallen tree, he was enabled to reach this

object, which, with a burst of grief, he announced to the distant party was the hand and arm of his unfortunate friend, the wristband of the shirt being the conspicuous object which had first caught his eye. Grasping this, he drew the corse, which had been thrust beneath the branches of the tree, to the surface; and, with the assistance of his uncle, it was finally brought to the dry land. Here it underwent a careful examination. The head was very much disfigured; the skull was fractured in several places by repeated blows of some hard instrument, inflicted chiefly from behind. A closer inspection revealed a bullet-hole in the abdomen, the first wound, in all probability, which the unfortunate gentleman received, and by which he was, perhaps, tumbled from his horse. The blows on the head would seem to have been unnecessary, unless the murderer —whose proceedings seemed to have been singularly deliberate,—was resolved upon making 'assurance doubly sure.' But, as if the watchful Providence had meant that nothing should be left doubtful which might tend to the complete conviction of the criminal, the constable stumbled upon the butt of the broken pistol which had been found in Macleod's trunk. This he picked up on the edge of the pond in which the corse had been discovered, and while James Grayling and his uncle, Sparkman, were engaged in drawing it from the water. The place where the fragment was discovered at once denoted the pistol as the instrument by which the final blows were inflicted. ''Fore God,' said the judge to the criminal, as these proofs were submitted on the trial, 'you may be a very innocent man after all, as, by my faith, I do think there have been many murderers before you; but you ought, nevertheless, to be hung as an example to all other persons who suffer such strong proofs of guilt to follow their innocent misdoings. Gentlemen of the jury, if this person, Macleod or Macnab,

didn't murder Major Spencer, either you or I did; and you must now decide which of us it is! I say, gentlemen of the jury, either you, or I, or the prisoner at the bar, murdered this man; and if you have any doubts which of us it was, it is but justice and mercy that you should give the prisoner the benefit of your doubts; and so find your verdict. But, before God, should you find him not guilty, Mr. Attorney there can scarcely do any thing wiser than to put us all upon trial for the deed.'

The jury, it may be scarcely necessary to add, perhaps under certain becoming fears of an alternative such as his honour had suggested, brought in a verdict of 'Guilty,' without leaving the panel; and Macnab, *alias* Macleod, was hung at White Point, Charleston, somewhere about the year 178–.

'And here,' said my grandmother, devoutly, 'you behold a proof of God's watchfulness to see that murder should not be hidden, and that the murderer should not escape. You see that he sent the spirit of the murdered man—since by no other mode could the truth have been revealed,—to declare the crime, and to discover the criminal. But for that ghost, Macnab would have got off to Scotland, and probably have been living to this very day on the money that he took from the person of the poor major.'

As the old lady finished the ghost story, which, by the way, she had been tempted to relate for the fiftieth time in order to combat my father's ridicule of such superstitions, the latter took up the thread of the narrative.

'Now, my son,' said he, 'as you have heard all that your grandmother has to say on this subject, I will proceed to show you what you have to believe, and what not. It is true that Macnab murdered Spencer in the manner related; that James Grayling made the discovery and prosecuted the pursuit; found the body and brought the felon to justice;

that Macnab suffered death, and confessed the crime; alleging that he was moved to do so, as well because of the money that he suspected Spencer to have in his possession, as because of the hate which he felt for a man who had been particularly bold and active in cutting up a party of Scotch loyalists to which he belonged, on the borders of North Carolina. But the appearance of the spectre was nothing more than the work of a quick imagination, added to a shrewd and correct judgment. James Grayling saw no ghost, in fact, but such as was in his own mind; and though the instance was one of a most remarkable character, one of singular combination, and well depending circumstances, still, I think it is to be accounted for by natural and very simple laws.'

The old lady was indignant.

'And how could he see the ghost just on the edge of the same bay where the murder had been committed, and where the body of the murdered man even then was lying?'

My father did not directly answer the demand, but proceeded thus:

'James Grayling, as we know, mother, was a very ardent, impetuous, sagacious man. He had the sanguine, the race-horse temperament. He was generous, always prompt and ready, and one who never went backward. What he did he did quickly, boldly, and thoroughly! He never shrank from trouble of any kind; nay, he rejoiced in the constant encounter with difficulty and trial; and his was the temper which commands and enthrals mankind. He felt deeply and intensely whatever occupied his mind, and when he parted from his friend he brooded over little else than their past communion and the great distance by which they were to be separated. The dull travelling wagon-gait at which he himself was compelled to go, was a source of annoyance to him; and he became sullen, all the day, after the depar-

ture of his friend. When, on the evening of the next day, he came to the house where it was natural to expect that Major Spencer would have slept the night before, and he learned the fact that no one stopped there but the Scotchman, Macnab, we see that he was struck with the circumstance. He mutters it over to himself, "Strange, where the major could have gone!" His mind then naturally reverts to the character of the Scotchman; to the opinions and suspicions which had been already expressed of him by his uncle, and felt by himself. They had all previously come to the full conviction that Macnab was, and had always been a tory, in spite of his protestations. His mind next, and very naturally, reverted to the insecurity of the highways; the general dangers of travelling at that period; the frequency of crime, and the number of desperate men who were every where to be met with. The very employment in which he was then engaged, in scouting the woods for the protection of the camp, was calculated to bring such reflections to his mind. If these precautions were considered necessary for the safety of persons so poor, so wanting in those possessions which might prompt cupidity to crime, how much more necessary were precautions in the case of a wealthy gentleman like Major Spencer! He then remembered the conversation with the major at the camp-fire, when they fancied that the Scotchman was sleeping. How natural to think then, that he was all the while awake; and, if awake, he must have heard him speak of the wealth of his companion. True, the major, with more prudence than himself, denied that he had any money about him, more than would bear his expenses to the city; but such an assurance was natural enough to the lips of a traveller who knew the dangers of the country. That the man, Macnab, was not a person to be trusted, was the equal impression of Joel Sparkman and his nephew

from the first. The probabilities were strong that he would rob and perhaps murder, if he might hope to do so with impunity; and as the youth made the circuit of the bay in the darkness and solemn stillness of the night, its gloomy depths and mournful shadows, naturally gave rise to such reflections as would be equally active in the mind of a youth and of one somewhat familiar with the arts and usages of strife. He would see that the spot was just the one in which a practised partisan would delight to set an ambush for an unwary foe. There ran the public road, with a little sweep, around two-thirds of the extent of its dense and impenetrable thickets. The ambush could lie concealed, and at ten steps command the bosom of its victim. Here, then, you perceive that the mind of James Grayling, stimulated by an active and sagacious judgment, had by gradual and reasonable stages come to these conclusions: that Major Spencer was an object to tempt a robber; that the country was full of them; that Macnab was one of them; that this was the very spot in which a deed of blood could be most easily committed, and most easily secured; and, one important fact, that gave strength and coherence to the whole, that Major Spencer had not reached a well-known point of destination, while Macnab had.

'With these thoughts, thus closely linked together, the youth forgets the limits of his watch and his circuit. This fact, alone, proves how active his imagination had become. It leads him forward, brooding more and more on the subject, until, in the very exhaustion of his body, he sinks down beneath a tree. He sinks down and falls asleep; and with his sleep, what before was plausible conjecture, becomes fact, and the creative properties of his imagination gives form and vitality to all his fancies. These forms are bold, broad, and deeply coloured, in due proportion with the

degree of force which they receive from probability. Here, he sees the image of his friend; but you will remark—and this should almost conclusively satisfy any mind that all that he sees is the work of his imagination,—that, though Spencer tells him that he is murdered, and by Macnab, he does not tell him how, in what manner, or with what weapons. Though he sees him pale and ghostlike, he does not see, nor can he say, where his wounds are! He sees his pale features distinctly, and his garments are bloody. Now, had he seen the spectre in the true appearances of death, as he was subsequently found, he would not have been able to discern his features, which were battered, according to his own account, almost out of all shape of humanity, and covered with mud; while his clothes would have streamed with mud and water, rather than with blood.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the old lady, my grandmother, 'it's hard to make you believe any thing that you don't see; you are like Saint Thomas in the Scriptures; but how do you propose to account for his knowing that the Scotchman was on board the Falmouth packet? Answer to that!'

'That is not a more difficult matter than any of the rest. You forget that in the dialogue which took place between James and Major Spencer at the camp, the latter told him that he was about to take passage for Europe in the Falmouth packet, which then lay in Charleston harbour, and was about to sail. Macnab heard all that.'

'True enough, and likely enough,' returned the old lady; 'but though you show that it was Major Spencer's intention to go to Europe in the Falmouth packet, that will not show that it was also the intention of the murderer.'

'Yet what more probable, and how natural for James Grayling to imagine such a thing! In the first place he knew that Macnab was a Briton; he felt convinced that he was a tory; and the inference was immediate that

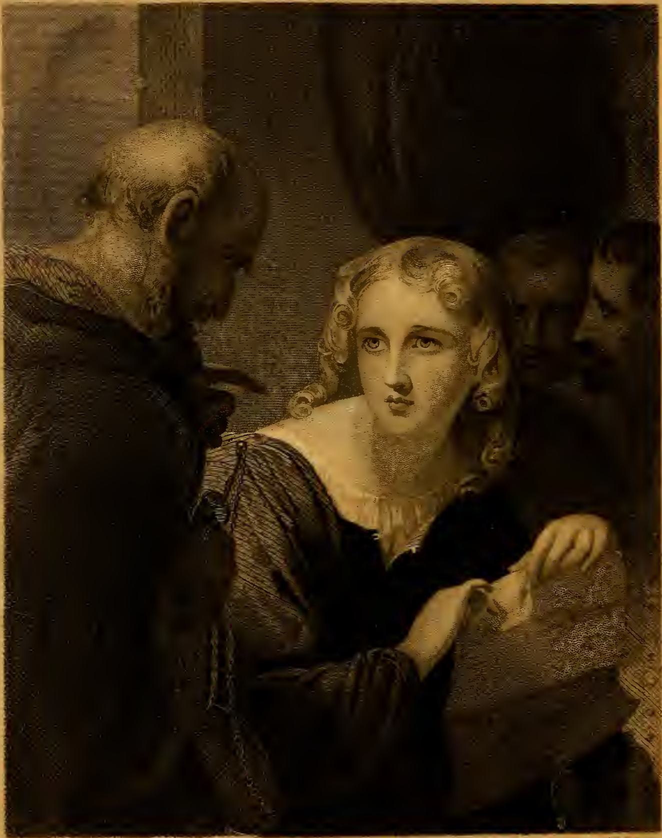
such a person would scarcely have remained long in a country where such characters laboured under so much odium, disfranchisement, and constant danger from popular tumults. The fact that Macnab was compelled to disguise his true sentiments, and affect those of the people against whom he fought so vindictively, shows what was his sense of the danger which he incurred. Now, it is not unlikely that Macnab was quite as well aware that the Falmouth packet was in Charleston, and about to sail, as Major Spencer. No doubt he was pursuing the same journey, with the same object, and had he not murdered Spencer, they would, very likely, have been fellow-passengers together to Europe. But, whether he knew the fact before or not, he probably heard it stated by Spencer while he seemed to be sleeping; and, even supposing that he did not then know, it was enough that he found this to be the fact on reaching the city. It was an afterthought to fly to Europe with his ill-gotten spoils; and whatever may have appeared a politic course to the criminal, would be a probable conjecture in the mind of him by whom he was suspected. The whole story is one of strong probabilities which happened to be verified; and, if proving any thing, proves only which we know, that James Grayling was a man of remarkably sagacious judgment, and quick, daring imagination. This quality of imagination, by the way, when possessed very strongly in connexion with shrewd common sense and well-balanced general faculties, makes that particular kind of intellect which, because of its promptness and powers of creation and combination, we call genius. It is genius only which can make ghosts, and James Grayling was a genius. He never, my son, saw any other ghosts than those of his own making!'

I heard my father with great patience to the end, though he seemed very tedious. He had taken a great deal of

pains to destroy one of my greatest sources of pleasure. I need not add that I continued to believe in the ghost, and, with my grandmother, to reject the philosophy. It was more easy to believe the one than to comprehend the other. When the discussion was over, I had still one question which, however, neither of the parties were able to resolve:

'But, grandma, did James Grayling ever whip the saucy lawyer as he promised?'

It has always seemed to me that the story—for this is a genuine legend of Carolina—ended with singular abruptness, when it left this important question without an answer. It might somewhat impair the moral character of James Grayling, could we fancy that he failed to keep so solemn a promise!



PORTIA.

BY W. J. WALTER, ESQ.

Sweet is the joy that brightens in the eye
Of the rapt poet, when the fancies high
That flash'd in glorious visions on his soul,
Are clothed in words, and group'd in one consistent whole;
Sweet is the sculptor's rapture, in the hour
That sees the triumph of his plastic power;
When the last touch of his Promethean art,
Bids into life the breathing marble start;
Sweet to the mother's heart the thrill of joy,
When the soft breathing of her first-born boy
Comes to her ear, soothes all her anxious breast,
And bids each throb of anguish sink to rest;
Sweet to the lover's ear the gentle voice
Of her, whose virtues fix'd his early choice,
When first, responding to his vows of love,
Her faltering accents all his suit approve:—
But not so sweet, as when in Portia's breast
The proud and generous feeling stands confess'd,
Triumphant o'er the malice of the Jew,
Whose iron-bound soul no touch of pity knew.
Oh! in such moments how the soul expands
Beyond the limits of her mortal bands,

And realizes, that, in very sooth,
In the bright image of the God of truth,
Of love, and justice, she was greatly made:
And spite of all that may her rank degrade,
And link her to the dust, while here below;
Still will her native force the ill outgrow;
Still will she spurn alliance with dull earth,
And reassert the glories of her birth.
When from the paths of justice man has ranged,
When friend is from the bosom friend estranged
By sordid interest; when dark wiles are conn'd,
And acts unjust are fenced by deed and bond,
Till unsuspecting honesty, betray'd,
Finds, when too late, how lightly oaths are made,
O for some Portia then, the good, the fond,
Such deed to cancel, and to tear the bond!
Bond first and holiest is the nuptial tie,
Knitting two souls in sacred harmony;
Yet, by device of law, how oft in scorn
Of justice, is the solemn compact torn,
And in its place, in solemn mockery plann'd,
Another bond is framed by knavery's hand;
While many a gentle heart is doom'd to bleed
And weep in silence o'er the heartless deed.
Yet, wrong'd one, hope; tears bright as thine may win
The perjured wanderer from the paths of sin;
When reason's power is vain, when precepts fail,
The eloquence of goodness may prevail.
Be patient still, nor let thy heart despond—
Some Portia, sent by Heaven, may tear the bond

THE DOOM OF MONIAC.*

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

THERE rang a voice o'er the warrior's clay,
  Outstretch'd on the field of death;
And I caught the chaunt which it seem'd to say
  'Mid the pause of the battle's breath:

* Among the many brave spirits whose remains lie buried in the sanguinary glades of Florida, few have fallen more lamented than the heroic Moniac. He was by birth a Creek, and by profession a soldier. Combining the valour of his tribe with the scientific skill attained by an education at the United States Military Academy, his success in the field, in almost every instance, was triumphant.

Although the breaking out of the Creek war in the spring of 1836, seemed calculated to estrange the affections of this young warrior from his whilom companions in arms, yet his friendship for them and for the whites in general, remained constant to the last. Indeed, such was the trust reposed in his intrepidity and good faith, that more than once he was tendered a commission in the army of the United States.

Soon after the termination of the Creek campaign, Moniac, as a volunteer, together with other warriors of his nation, accompanied Colonel Lane to Florida in his ill-fated expedition against the refractory Seminoles. From this expedition the gallant Moniac never returned. He fell in an impetuous charge at the head of his feathered warriors in the autumn of 1836.

'Warrior! why sleep'st thou here?
  Unclose thy deep-seal'd eye!
The battle-shout is on the ear,
  And the death-shaft hurtles by.

'Unsheathe thy flashing brand,—
  Let the lightnings scan their sire!
Spread forth in might thy tawny hand,
  Let the valiant one retire!

'The tocsin thunders deep,
  And the charger paws the plain;
Up! rouse thee, dormant! from thy sleep,
  That the war-tide swell again.

''Tis for the twig to bow,
  When the storm-cloud sweeps the skies:
But a prouder, loftier thing wert thou!—
  Warrior! awake, arise!'

Then a gentle voice, with a softer tone,
  Swell'd where the warrior lay;
And I caught the words as, wild and lone,
  They chimed o'er the pulseless clay:

'Sleep, brother! from thy cheek
  Life's shadowy cloud hath past;
No longer there the storm shall wreak
His wrath—nor thou, a mortal weak,
  Cope with the pelting blast.

'Than thine, what choicer bed
  For a soldier's weary frame!
With the flowery earth beneath thy head,
The bright blue heavens above thee spread,
  And around thee hearts of flame!

'Rest! for the race is run;
  Rest! for the strife is o'er;
With crimson beams to-morrow's sun
May light the war-cloud's looming dun;
  But *thou* shalt toil no more.

'Thrice happy, *thus* to die;
  To share a household grave!
To slumber where thy fathers lie,
Where rang of yore their battle-cry
  By Withlacoochee's wave.

'More favour'd than thy band,
  Doom'd, by a fate unkind,
To wither on some foreign strand,
An alien from their own free land—
  Thou shalt remain behind.

'Where moss and wild flowers creep,
  Along thy native hills,
Unmindful of the tocsin deep,
As sleep the brave, so thou should sleep,
  In the music of the rills.'

Fort Moniac, Florida.

THE APPEAL OF MARIA THERESA.*

BY MISS LUCY HOOPER.

Beautiful look'd the lady
  When she wore the iron crown,
Beautiful at the banquet-hall
  With her shining hair unbound;
And queenly at the Royal Mount,
  As, with a warrior's air,
She boldly waved the flashing sword,
  And rein'd her charger there.

* The ceremonies attending the coronation of Maria Theresa as Queen of Hungary were as follows: the iron crown of St. Stephen was placed upon her head, and his scimitar girded to her side. Thus attired, and mounted upon a superb charger, she rode to the Royal Mount, and, according to the antique custom, drew her sabre, and defied the four corners of the earth, 'in a manner that show she had no occasion for that weapon to conquer all who saw her.' Afterwards, in the banquet-hall, being incommoded by the heat of the iron crown, she lifted it from her head, and her hair, loosened from confinement, fell in luxuriant ringlets over her neck and shoulders, while the glow which heat and emotion had diffused over her complexion, added to her natural beauty, and the assembled nobles could scarce

But more beautiful the lady,
  With her calm and stately grace,
Glancing with firm and steadfast eye
  On knight and noble's face;
And, casting to the idle wind
  A woman's passing fear,
She turn'd to that assembled throng—
  'Nobles of Hungary, hear!

'As men do gaze in thickest night
  Upon a single star,
So shines to me your steadfast faith
  With promise from afar;
I place my trust upon your arms,
  On yours, the true and brave,
For Hungary's soil may never shield
  The coward or the slave!

'I call unto my rescue now
  God and St. Stephen's aid;
I gaze upon the swelling tide
  With spirit undismay'd.
Nobles and knights of Hungary,
  I pledge my queenly word
To guard for you each sacred right—
  Who draws for *me* his sword?

forbear shouting their applause. The lines above refer particularly to her address to the Diet of Hungary, when the Hungarian chiefs, roused to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm, drew their swords from their scabbards, and exclaimed, 'Our lives and our blood for your majesty! we will die for our *king*, Maria Theresa!' Overcome by sudden emotion she burst into tears, and the surrounding nobles became almost frantic with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs.

'Now, in my hour of darkest fear,
  On you my hope I cast;
Nobles and knights of Hungary,
  Will ye not bide the blast?
God shall defend my righteous cause,
  I call ye to the strife!
Who for his leader and his queen
  Will peril fame and life?'

And swords were from their scabbards flung,
  And spears were gleaming bright,
While loudly thrilling accents rung,
  'St. Stephen for the right!—
Lady! to thee our lives we pledge,
  The peril we defy;
Marie Therese shall be our queen,
  Marie, our battle-cry!'

Noble and knight, on bended knee,
  Came from the throng apart,
And bathed with tears her gentle hand
  Who bore so pure a heart;
And tears were in those shining eyes,
  Though flash'd her spirit high,
As louder swell'd the thrilling words,
  'For thee we live or die!'

Brooklyn, L. I.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.*

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

It was commencement morn! The city lay
Bathed in a flood of sunlight, warm and gay,
While, from their many homes, a countless throng
Pour'd, like a river-stream, in haste along
Each street and shaded avenue, that led
Unto that pillar'd shrine, where learning old
Sat on her throne, of richer ore than gold,
And from her growing stores, unwearied, shed
Mind's purest manna-food, on either hand,
To pilgrims met from all the wide-spread land.

* In the narrative of Messrs. Reed and Matheson's 'Visit to the American Churches,' in 1834, is mentioned a delicate and touching tribute to one just dead. The travellers attended a commencement at the college in Amherst, Massachusetts, on which occasion, it is customary for all the graduating students to deliver addresses. One of the graduates, whose name was on the list of those who were to participate in the exercises, just at this time sickened and died. No notice was taken of the event in the course of the service, but the pause which ensued, when the audience reached his name in the handbill, was followed by a low, touching, and solemn requiem. This beautiful incident suggested this poem.

All ranks had gather'd there ! youth and old age
Stood side by side, while homely garments press'd
In the dense circles, where, in splendour dress'd,
Like birds that flutter in a gilded cage,
Fashion's gay votaries form'd their magic rings,
Drinking full draughts from flattery's honied springs ;
While wealth and power, the low and high endow'd,
Met carelessly amid that varied crowd.

There was a sudden calm ! The voice of prayer
Melted to silence all that living host,
And every feature took a thoughtful air,
And many an idle jest and smile were lost,
When the aged man of God besought, in bland
And fervent accents, blessings on the cause
For which they met : then, after a brief pause,
With graceful gesture to the student band,
Pronounced a well-known name. 'Twas scarcely said
Ere a slight, graceful figure sprang upon
The yielding height. One moment's space he read
The kindly smile, which his known talents won
From that wide ocean-wave of life, and then
With lip unfaltering and a brow unblanch'd,
The young and buoyant speaker gaily launch'd
Into his sparkling theme. Grave, austere men
Confess'd his magic genius, as he threw
The arrows of keen wit in heedless waste
From his gay mind's full quiver, or with chaste
And polish'd humour yet prolong'd the true
And startling laugh, from hearts that fear'd to lose
One glittering diamond from the dazzling string,
Which, carelessly, he ever seem'd to fling
Around their captive senses ;—last, he wooes—
How needlessly !—their pardon for his stay,
And, 'mid a thunder-peal of loud applause,

Repeated ever, ere the last gave way,
Sank back among the crowd.—Another pause!
And, almost lifted by the brother-band,
Who press'd in sympathy on either hand,
A pale, fair youth—a very boy in years,
And delicate, as if his ivory cheek
Ne'er laid on aught save flower-leaves—rose to speak.
All pitied him; and many-whisper'd fears
Ran, like a touch electric, through the crowd,
As, slowly raising up his deep blue eye
With a beseeching glance, he meekly bow'd,
Like a young willow, when it courts the song
Of the sweet breezes. Then his cheek flush'd high
With strong emotion, and a lovely throng
Of images of beauty seem'd to float
At once into his mind, till, 'mid the deep
And perfect stillness, like a flute's clear note,
Each word stole on the air. The theme he chose
Was poetry's true worth; and as he told,
In measured verse, the bliss it could unfold,
The unearthly peace, the rapturous repose,
The magic touch with which it could allay
Existence' fever-pulse, and give unto
The soul's true destiny its proper sway,
His fragile form expanded, and his voice
Rose to a startling chord, while a rich glow
Mantled his every feature. But again
Those tones grew low to tenderness, and thought
Rose in a music-flood, as, not in vain,
He proved how love and poesy are fraught
With the same subtle essence. It was sweet
To list his holy fancies—and bright eyes
Grew filmy with soft dreams; while one fair girl,
Who late had given to him her heart's pure pearl,

Nor since the speaker rose once dared to meet
The glance of her companions, vainly tried
To check her bosom's throbs, but for relief
Yielded to a full gush of sudden grief.
  Another and another fill'd the place
With eloquent address, that varied as
A song of pleasant changes. Nature's face,
With all the matchless colouring that it has,
Proved a full theme to one; while Science' coil,
So ravell'd, yet unending, was outspread
By a calm mind, that e'en from boyhood read
Its many secrets, till they grew to be,
As some loved household lore, familiar toil.
But the low, eager question, 'Who is he?'
Was quick exchanged, when on the platform's height
(The schoolboy's dreaded pyramid of fame,)
A youth advanced, who well might put to shame
The sculptor's idol-model. With delight
Men mark'd his fine proportions, as with look
Of proud security, he met the gaze
Of that expectant multitude, and took
His stand as born for empire. Strange and deep,
Like Nature's pause ere the loud thunder-blaze,
Rose his cold cadences, while fiery thought
Lay, as a dreamer, hush'd to transient sleep,
On the full beetling forehead, until those,
Who, at the first, with quicker pulse had caught
His falcon glance, now gave their minds repose,
Nor deem'd him more than others. Why that start?
That sudden movement 'mid yon careless group?—
The eagle rises from his downward stoop!
The unexpected lava-stream floods out
From the volcano mind; and like the shout
That rallies yielding hosts in battle's mark,

His voice gave utterance to ambition's dreams
In wild and burning tones, and his gray eye
Gleam'd as some meteor, when it sweeps on high
With fierce and lurid light; till all around
Caught the infection, and now stood spell-bound,
In a prophetic dread, that some dark fate
Would cast its mantle o'er him; and at length,
When he had finish'd with an earthquake strength,
Each seem'd on each expectant still to wait
For the long plaudit.—Ah, what means this new
And thrilling hush? and wherefore, 'mongst yon band,
Doth every student clasp his brother's hand,
As for some mystic rite? Was the ear true,
Or could it be rapt fancy fill'd the hall
With those low, dirge-like moans, ethereal, sweet,
And dreamy, as the whisperings that we meet
'Mid banks of wind-reeds? Yet again they fall!
And like a veil far floating on the breeze,
Or as the murmuring of summer seas,
Those fitful notes in mournful chaunt ascend,
While words like these, in melting sadness blend:

Stars must fade away;
  Flowers but bloom to die;
Dwellers, 'mid the festal day,
  Own the night is nigh.

Beauty, like sunbeam
  O'er the water's face,
Passeth lightly as a dream,
  Leaving no sure trace.

Brother! then farewell!
  Since it must be so,
Mournfully, in death's dim cell,
  We will lay thee low.

Nearer, nearer, come
  Ye, whom he loved best;
Bear the silent sleeper home,
  With his God to rest.

Wo! for us, who here
  Yield to grief's strong spell;
Tears fall fast upon thy bier,—
  Brother—friend—farewell!

Farewell! farewell! farewell!—thus died away,
In melting sound, the melancholy strain,
As through the echoing aisle the youthful train
Reach'd the wide portal, where a coffin lay
Shadow'd beneath dark elm-trees. With sad mien,
A chosen few pass'd from the student-band,
And lifted it with care, then bore it on,
Through the dense crowds that throng'd on either hand,
In mute procession, to their churchyard green;
From whence, when the funereal rites were done,
Arose once more, in low and dreamy swell,
These touching accents, 'Brother! friend! farewell!'

Charleston, S. C.

THE FIELD OF WHEAT.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Field of wheat, so full and fair,
Showing thus thy shining hair,
Lightly waving either way
Where the gentle breezes play,
Looking like a sunny sea,
How I love to gaze at thee!
Pleasant art thou to the sight,
And to thought a rich delight;
Then thy name is music sweet,
Silken-sounding field of wheat!

Pointing upward to the sky,
Rising straight and aiming high,
Every stalk is seen to shoot
Like an arrow, from the root;
As a well-train'd company,
All in uniform agree,
From the footing to the ear—
All in order strict appear;
Marshall'd by a skilful hand,
All together bow, or stand
Still within the proper bound;
None o'ersteps the given ground,

With its tribute held to pay
At his nod whom they obey.
Each the gems that stud its crown,
Will in time for man lay down.
Thou with promise art replete,
Bearing precious sheaves of wheat!

How thy strength in weakness lies!
Not a robber bird that flies
Finds support whereby to put
On a stalk her lawless foot;
None her predatory beak
Plunges down thy stores to seek,
Where thy guard of silver spears
Keeps the fruit and decks the ears;
No vain insect that could do
Harm to thee, dares venture through
Armoury like thine, to win
From the sheath the grain within.

What a study do we find
Open'd here for eye and mind.
Who that sees thee as thou art
Can disown a grateful heart?
Here, upon this favour'd ground,
Faith is bless'd, and Hope is crown'd;
Charity may find the bread
Wide abroad her gifts to spread;
Wisdom, Power, and Goodness meet,
Beauteous, bounteous field of wheat!

Newburyport, Mass.

THE COTTAGE WHERE WE DWELL.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

Returning from a long walk this afternoon, our 'cottage-home' looked so charmingly picturesque and pleasant that I forthwith began to wreathe it into rhyme.

On the sunny, sunny bank
  Is the cottage where we dwell,
And we sip the sparkling water
  From the bucket in the well!

The ripple of our river,
  The warble of our bird,
Are the sweetest sounds that ever
  Round a cottage-home were heard!

And summer's smile is brightest
  In our blue and balmy air!
And the maiden's step is lightest
  On the 'bonnie banks' of Ware.

Yes! the cottage on the hill
  Is the cottage where we dwell,
And we wander at our will
  Through the woodlands in the dell.

We shall miss them every minute,
  When we leave them for the town,
For the court, *with one tree in it*,
  Where the tall brick buildings frown!

We shall miss the smiling ray,
  In the morning, on the hill;
We shall miss the winding way
  Through the meadow, by the rill!

We shall miss the colour'd leaves,
  Where the pleasant woods are bright,
Where the changeful autumn weaves
  His braids of tinted light.

We shall miss the spangled beach,
  Where we sought the rosiest shell,
And gaily in the sand,
  Traced the rhymes we loved so well.

And more, oh! more than all,
  We shall miss the blessed air
That frolics, in the fall,
  Round the 'bonnie banks' of Ware.

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