# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1848

Volume XXXII
No. 4 April

*Title:* Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXII, No. 4 (April 1848)
*Date of first publication:* 1848
*Author:* George R. Graham and Robert T. Conrad (editors)
*Date first posted:* Jan. 12, 2016
*Date last updated:* Jan. 12, 2016
Faded Page eBook #20160111

This ebook was produced by: Mardi Desjardins & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at http://www.pgdpcanada.net

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. April, 1848. No. 4.

Table of Contents

Jacob Jones
The Darling
Battle of Fort Moultrie
The Poet's Love
Mary Warner
To the Author of "The Raven."
Song of the Elves
The Fire of Drift-Wood
Song for a Sabbath Morning
City Life
The Cruise of the Gentile
Ilenovar
The Last of His Race
Decay and Rome
The Little Cap-Maker
No, Not Forgotten
Pauline Grey
The Sailor-Lover to His Mistress
The Portrait of Gen. Scott
O, Scorn Not Thy Brother
Ben Bolt
The Spirit of Song
A Parting
Review of New Books

Transcriber's Notes can be found at the end of this eBook.

**LE FOLLET**

Boulevart S$^{t}$. Martin, 61.

Chapeau de M$^{me}$. Baudry, r. Richelieu, 87—Plumes et fleurs de M$^{me}$. Tilman, r. Ménars, 2

Robes de M$^{me}$. Mercier, r. N$^{ve}$. des Petits Champs, 82—Lingeries de M$^{lle}$. Malteste, r. de la Paix, 20

Passementeries de Richnet Bayard r. S$^{t}$. Denis, 400—Mantelet Escharpe de Violard, r. de Choiseul, 2$^{bis}$.

Ombrelles de Semaréchal b$^{t}$. Montmartre, 17—Chausssures de Hoffmann, r. du Dauphin, 9.

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, April, 1848. NO. 4.

## JACOB JONES.

### OR THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET ALONG IN THE WORLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jacob Jones was clerk in a commission store at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He was just twenty-two, and had been receiving this salary for two years. Jacob had no one to care for but himself; but, somehow or other, it happened that he did not lay up any money, but, instead, usually had from fifty to one hundred dollars standing against him on the books of his tailors.

"How much money have you laid by, Jacob?" said one day the merchant who employed him. This question came upon Jacob rather suddenly; and coming from the source that it did, was not an agreeable one—for the merchant was a very careful and economical man.

"I havn't laid by any thing yet," replied Jacob, with a slight air of embarrassment.

"You havn't!" said the merchant, in surprise. "Why what have you done with your money?"

"I've spent it, somehow or other."

"It must have been somehow or other, I should think, or somehow else," returned the employer, half seriously, and half playfully. "But really, Jacob, you are a very thoughtless young man to waste your money."

"I don't think I *waste* my money," said Jacob.

"What, then, have you done with it?" asked the merchant.

"It costs me the whole amount of my salary to live."

The merchant shook his head.

"Then you live extravagantly for a young man of your age and condition. How much do you pay for boarding?"

"Four dollars a week."

"Too much by from fifty cents to a dollar. But, even paying that sum, four more dollars per week ought to meet fully all your other expenses, and leave you what would amount to nearly one hundred dollars per annum to lay by. I saved nearly two hundred dollars a year on a salary no larger than you receive."

"I should like very much to know how you did it. I can't save a cent; in fact, I hardly ever have ten dollars in my pocket."

"Where does your money go, Jacob? In what way do you spend a hundred dollars a year more than is necessary?"

"They are spent, I know; and that is pretty much all I can tell about it," replied Jacob.

"You can certainly tell by your private account book."

"I don't keep any private account, sir."

"You don't?" in surprise.

"No, sir. What's the use? My salary is five hundred dollars a year, and wouldn't be any more nor less if I kept an account of every half cent of it."

"Humph!"

The merchant said no more. His mind was made up about his clerk. The fact that he spent five hundred dollars a year, and kept no private account, was enough for him.

"He'll never be any good to himself nor anybody else. Spend his whole salary—humph! Keep no private account—humph!"

This was the opinion held of Jacob Jones by his employer from that day. The reason why he had inquired as to how much money he had saved, was this. He had a nephew, a poor young man, who, like Jacob, was a clerk, and showed a good deal of ability for business. His salary was rather more than what Jacob received, and, like Jacob, he spent it all; but not on himself. He supported, mainly, his mother and a younger brother and sister. A good chance for a small, but safe beginning, was seen by the uncle, which would require only about a thousand dollars as an investment. In his opinion it would be just the thing for Jacob and the nephew. Supposing that Jacob had four or five hundred dollars laid by, it was his intention, if he approved of the thing, to furnish his nephew with a like sum, in order to join him and enter into business. But the acknowledgment of Jacob that he had not saved a dollar, and that he kept no private account, settled the matter in the merchant's mind, as far as he was concerned.

About a month afterward, Jacob met his employer's nephew, who said,

"I am going into business."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Open a commission store."

"Ah! Can you get any good consignments?"

"I am to have the agency for a new mill, which has just commenced operations, beside consignments of goods from several small concerns at the East."

"You will have to make advances."

"To no great extent. My uncle has secured the agency of the new mill here without any advance being required, and eight hundred or a thousand dollars will be as much as I shall need to secure as many goods as I can sell from the other establishments of which I speak."

"But where will the eight hundred or a thousand come from?"

"My uncle has placed a thousand dollars at my disposal. Indeed, the whole thing is the result of his recommendation."

"Your uncle! You are a lucky dog. I wish I had a rich uncle. But there is no such good fortune for me."

This was the conclusion of Jacob Jones, who made himself quite unhappy for some weeks, brooding over the matter. He never once dreamed of the real cause of his not having had an

equal share in his young friend's good fortune. He had not the most distant idea that his employer felt nearly as much regard for him as for his nephew, and would have promoted his interests as quickly, if he had felt justified in doing so.

"It's my luck, I suppose," was the final conclusion of his mind; "and it's no use to cry about it. Any how, it isn't every man with a rich uncle, and a thousand dollars advanced, who succeeds in business, nor every man who starts without capital that is unsuccessful. I understand as much about business as the old man's nephew, any day; and can get consignments as well as he can."

Three or four months after this, Jacob notified the merchant that he was going to start for himself, and asked his interest as far as he could give it, without interfering with his own business. His employer did not speak very encouragingly about the matter, which offended Jacob.

"He's afraid I'll injure his nephew," he said to himself. "But he needn't be uneasy—the world is wide enough for us all, the old hunks!"

Jacob borrowed a couple of hundred dollars, took a store at five hundred dollars a year rent, and employed a clerk and porter. He then sent his circulars to a number of manufactories at the East, announcing the fact of his having opened a new commission house, and soliciting consignments. His next move was, to leave his boarding-house, where he had been paying four dollars a week, and take lodgings at a hotel at seven dollars a week.

Notwithstanding Jacob went regularly to the post office twice every day, few letters came to hand, and but few of them contained bills of lading and invoices. The result of the first year's business was an income from commission on sales of seven hundred dollars. Against this were the items of one thousand dollars for personal expenses, five hundred dollars for store-rent, seven hundred dollars for clerk and porter, and for petty and contingent expenses, two hundred dollars; leaving the uncomfortable deficit of seventeen hundred dollars, which stood against him in the form of bills payable for sales effected, and small notes of accommodation borrowed from his friends.

The result of the first year's business of his old employer's nephew was very different. The gross profits were three thousand dollars, and the expenses as follows: personal expense, seven hundred dollars—just what the young man's salary had previously been, and out of which he supported his mother and her family—store-rent, three hundred dollars; porter, two hundred and fifty, petty expenses one hundred dollars—in all, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, leaving a net profit of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. It will be seen that he did not go to the expense of a clerk during the first year. He preferred working a little harder, and keeping his own books, by which an important saving was effected.

At the end of the second year, notwithstanding Jacob Jones' business more than doubled itself, he was compelled to wind up, and found himself twenty-five hundred dollars worse than nothing. Several of his unpaid bills to eastern houses were placed in suit, and as he lived in a state where imprisonment for debt still existed, he was compelled to go through the forms required by the insolvent laws, to keep clear of durance vile.

At the very period when he was driven under by adverse gales, his young friend, who had gone into business about the same time, found himself under the necessity of employing a clerk. He offered Jones a salary of four hundred dollars, the most he believed himself yet justified in paying. This was accepted, and Jacob found himself once more standing upon *terra firma*, although the portion upon which his feet rested was very small, still it was *terra firma*—and that was something.

The real causes of his ill success never for a moment occurred to the mind of Jacob. He considered himself an "unlucky dog."

"Every thing that some people touch turns to money," he would sometimes say. "But I wasn't born under a lucky star."

Instead of rigidly bringing down his expenses, as he ought to have done, to four hundred dollars, if he had had to live in a garret and cook his own food, Jacob went back to his old boarding-house, and paid four dollars a week. All his other expenses required at least eight dollars more to meet them. He was perfectly aware that he was living beyond his income—the exact excess he did not stop to ascertain—but he expected an increase of salary before long, as a matter of course, either in his present situation or in a new one. But no increase took place for two years, and then he was between three and four hundred dollars in debt to tailors, boot-makers, his landlady, and to sundry friends, to whom he applied for small sums of money in cases of emergency.

One day about this time, two men were conversing together quite earnestly, as they walked leisurely along one of the principal streets of the city where Jacob resided. One was past the prime of life, and the other about twenty-two. They were father and son, and the subject of conversation related to the wish of the latter to enter into business. The father did not think the young man was possessed of sufficient knowledge of business, or experience, and was, therefore, desirous of associating some one with him who could make up these deficiencies. If he could find just the person that pleased him, he was ready to advance capital and credit to an amount somewhere within the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. For some months he had been thinking of Jacob, who was a first-rate salesman, had a good address, and was believed by him to possess business habits eminently conducive to success. The fact that he had once failed, was something of a drawback in his mind, but he had asked Jacob the reason of his ill-success, which was so plausibly explained, that he considered the young man as simply unfortunate in not having capital, and nothing else.

"I think Mr. Jones just the right man for you," the father said, as they walked along.

"I don't know of any one with whom I had rather form a business connection. He is a man of good address, business habits, and, as far as I know, good principles."

"Suppose you mention the subject to him this afternoon."

This was agreed to. The two men then entered the shop of a fashionable tailor, for the purpose of ordering some clothes. While there, a man, having the appearance of a collector, came in, and drew the tailor aside. Their conversation was brief but earnest, and concluded by the tailor's saying, so loud that he could be heard by all who were standing near,

"It's no use to waste your time with him any longer. Just hand over the account to Simpson, and let him take care of it."

The collector turned away, and the tailor came back to his customers.

"It is too bad," he said, "the way some of these young fellows do serve us. I have now several thousand dollars on my books against clerks who receive salaries large enough to support them handsomely, and I can't collect a dollar of it. There is Jacob Jones, whose account I have just ordered to be placed in the hands of a lawyer, he owes me nearly two hundred dollars, and I can't get a cent out of him. I call him little better than a scamp."

The father and son exchanged glances of significance, but said nothing. The fate of Jacob Jones was sealed.

"If that is the case," said the father, as they stepped into the street, "the less we have to do with him the better."

To this the son assented. Another more prudent young man was selected, whose fortune was made.

When Jacob received lawyer Simpson's note, threatening a suit if the tailor's bill were not paid, he was greatly disturbed.

"Am I not the most unfortunate man in the world?" he said to himself, by way of consolation. "After having paid him so much money, to be served like this. It is too bad. But this is the way of the world. Let a poor devil once get a little under the weather, and every one must have a kick at him."

In this dilemma poor Jacob had to call upon the tailor and beg him for further time. This was humiliating, especially as the tailor was considerably out of humor, and disposed to be hard with him. A threat to apply for the benefit of the insolvent law again, if a suit was pressed to an issue, finally induced the tailor to waive legal proceedings for the present, and Jacob had the immediate terrors of the law taken from before his eyes.

This event set Jacob to thinking and calculating, what he had never before deemed necessary in his private affairs. The result did not make him feel any happier. To his astonishment he ascertained that he owed more than the whole of his next year's salary would pay, while that was not in itself sufficient to meet his current expenses.

For some weeks after this discovery of the real state of his affairs, Jacob was very unhappy. He applied for an increase of salary, and obtained the addition of one hundred dollars per annum. This was something, which was about all that could be said. If he could live on four hundred dollars a year, which he had never yet been able to do, the addition to his salary would not pay his tailor's bill within two years; and what was he to do with boot-maker, landlady, and others?

It happened about this time that a clerk in the bank where his old employer was a director, died. His salary had been one thousand dollars. For the vacant place Jacob made immediate application, and was so fortunate as to secure it.

Under other circumstances, Jacob would have refused a salary of fifteen hundred dollars in a bank against five hundred in a counting-room, and for the reason that a bank, or office clerk, has little or no hope beyond his salary all his life, while a counting-house clerk, if he have any aptness for trade, stands a fair chance of getting into business sooner or later, and making his fortune as a merchant. But a debt of four hundred dollars hanging over his head, was an argument in favor of a clerkship in the bank, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, not to be resisted.

"I'll keep it until I get even with the world again," he consoled himself by saying, "and then I'll go back into a counting-room. I've an ambition above being a bank clerk all my life."

Painful experience had made Jacob a little wiser. For the first time in his life he commenced keeping an account of his personal expenses. This acted as a salutary check upon his bad habit of spending money for every little thing that happened to strike his fancy, and enabled him to clear off his whole debt within the first year. Unwisely, however, he had, during this time, promised to pay some old debts, from which the law had released him. The persons holding these claims, finding him in the receipt of a higher salary, made an appeal to his honor, which, like an honest, but not a prudent man, he responded to by a promise of payment as soon as it was in his power. But little time elapsed after these promises were made, before he found himself in the hands of constables and magistrates, and was only saved from imprisonment by getting friends to go his bail for six and nine months. In order to secure them, he had to give an order in advance for his salary. To get these burdens off of his shoulders, it took twelve months

longer, and then he was nearly thirty years of age.

"Thirty years old!" he said, to himself on his thirtieth birth-day. "Can it be possible? Long before this I ought to have been doing a flourishing business, and here I am, nothing but a bank clerk, with the prospect of never rising a step higher as long as I live. I don't know how it is that some people get along so well in the world. I am sure I am as industrious, and can do business as well as any man; but here I am still at the point from which I started twenty years ago. I can't understand it. I'm afraid there's more in luck than I'm willing to believe."

From this time Jacob set himself to work to obtain a situation in some store or counting-room, and finally, after looking about for nearly a year, was fortunate enough to obtain a good place, as book-keeper and salesman, with a wholesale grocer and commission merchant. Seven hundred dollars was to be his salary. His friends called him a fool for giving up an easy place at one thousand a year, for a hard one at seven hundred. But the act was a much wiser one than many others of his life.

Instead of saving money during the third year of his receipt of one thousand dollars, he spent the whole of his salary, without paying off a single old debt. His private account-keeping had continued through a year and a half. After that it was abandoned. Had it been continued, it might have saved him three or four hundred dollars, which were now all gone, and nothing to show for them. Poor Jacob! experience did not make him much wiser.

Two years passed, and at least half a dozen young men here and there around our friend Jacob, went into business, either as partners in some old houses, or under the auspices of relatives or interested friends. But there appeared no opening for him. He did not know, that many times during that period, he had been the subject of conversation between parties, one or both of which were looking out for a man of thorough business qualifications against which capital would be placed; nor the fact, that either his first failure, his improvidence, or something else personal to himself, had caused him to be set aside for some other one not near so capable.

He was lamenting his ill-luck one day, when a young man with whom he was very well acquainted, and who was clerk in a neighboring store, called in and said that he wanted to have some talk with him about a matter of interest to both.

"First of all, Mr. Jones," said the young man, after they were alone, "how much capital could you raise by a strong effort?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Jacob, not in a very cheerful tone. "I never was lucky in having friends ready to assist me."

"Well! perhaps there will be no need of that. You have had a good salary for four or five years—how much have you saved? Enough, probably, to answer every purpose—that is, if you are willing to join me in taking advantage of one of the best openings for business that has offered for a long time. I have a thousand dollars in the savings bank. You have as much, or more, I presume?"

"I am sorry to say I have not," was poor Jacob's reply, in a desponding voice. "I was unfortunate in business some years ago, and my old debts have drained away from me every dollar I could earn."

"Indeed! that is very unfortunate. I was in hopes you could furnish a thousand dollars."

"I might borrow it, perhaps, if the chance is a very good one."

"Well, if you could do that, it would be as well, I suppose," returned the young man. "But you must see about it immediately. If you cannot join me at once, I must find some one who will, for the chance is too good to be lost."

Jacob got a full statement of the business proposed, its nature and prospects, and then laid

the matter before the three merchants with whom he had at different times lived in the capacity of clerk, and begged them to advance him the required capital. The subject was taken up by them and seriously considered. They all liked Jacob, and felt willing to promote his interests, but had little or no confidence in his ultimate success, on account of his want of economy in personal matters. It was very justly remarked by one of them, that this want of economy, and the injudicious use of money in personal matters, would go with him in business, and mar all his prospects. Still, as they had great confidence in the other man, they agreed to advance, jointly, the sum needed.

In the meantime, the young man who had made the proposition to Jacob, when he learned that he had once failed in business, was still in debt, and liable to have claims pushed against him, (this he inferred from Jacob's having stretched the truth, by saying that his old debts drained away from him every dollar, when the fact was he was freed from them by the provisions of the insolvent law of the state,) came to the conclusion that a business connection with him was a thing to be avoided rather than sought after. He accordingly turned his thoughts in another quarter, and when Jones called to inform him that he had raised the capital needed, he was coolly told that it was too late, he having an hour before closed a partnership arrangement with another person, under the belief that Jones could not advance the money required.

This was a bitter disappointment, and soured the mind of Jacob against his fellow man, and against the fates also, which he alledged were all combined against him. His own share in the matter was a thing undreamed of. He believed himself far better qualified for business than the one who had been preferred before him, and he had the thousand dollars to advance. It must be his luck that was against him, nothing else; he could come to no other conclusion. Other people could get along in the world, but he couldn't. That was the great mystery of his life.

For two years Jacob had been waiting to get married. He had not wished to take this step before entering into business, and having a fair prospect before him. But years were creeping on him apace, and the fair object of his affections seemed weary of delay.

"It is no use to wait any longer," he said, after this dashing of his cup to the earth. "Luck is against me. I shall never be any thing but a poor devil of a clerk. If Clara is willing to share my humble lot, we might as well be married first as last."

Clara was not unwilling, and Jacob Jones entered into the estate connubial, and took upon him the cares of a family, with a salary of seven hundred dollars a year to sustain the new relation. Instead of taking cheap boarding, or renting a couple of rooms, and commencing housekeeping in a small way, Jacob saw but one course before him, and that was to rent a genteel house, go in debt for genteel furniture, and keep two servants. Two years was the longest that he could bear up under this state of things, when he was sold out by the sheriff, and forced "to go through the mill again," as taking the benefit of the insolvent law was facetiously called.

"Poor fellow! he has a hard time of it. I wonder why it is that he gets along so badly. He is an industrious man, and regular in his habits. It is strange. But some men seem born to ill-luck."

So said some of his pitying friends. Others understood the matter better.

Ten years have passed, and Jacob is still a clerk, but not in a store. Hopeless of getting into business, he applied for a vacancy that occurred in an insurance company, and received the appointment, which he still holds, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. After being sold out three times by the sheriff, and having the deep mortification of seeing her husband brought down to the humiliating necessity of applying as often for the benefit of the insolvent law, Mrs.

Jones took affairs, by consent of her husband, into her own hands, and managed them with such prudence and economy that, notwithstanding they have five children, the expenses, all told, are not over eight hundred dollars a year, and half of the surplus, four hundred dollars, is appropriated to the liquidation of debts contracted since their marriage, and the other half deposited in the savings' bank, as a fund for the education of their children in the higher branches, when they reach a more advanced age.

To this day it is a matter of wonder to Jacob Jones why he could never get along in the world like some people; and he has come to the settled conviction that it is his "luck."

# THE DARLING.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

When first we saw her face, so dimpled o'er
With smiles of sweetest charm, we said within
Our inmost heart, that ne'er on earth before
Had so much passing beauty ever been:
So full of sweetest grace, so fair to see—
This treasure bright our babe in infancy.

Like blush of roses was the tint of health
O'erspread her lovely cheeks; and they might vie
In beauty with the fairest flower—nor wealth,
Though told in countless millions, e'er could buy
The radiance of this gem, than aught more bright
Which lies in hidden mine, or saw the light.

The dawn of life was fair; so was its morn;
For with each day new beauties met our view,
And well we deemed that she, the dear first-born,
Might early fade, like flowers that earth bestrew
With all their cherished beauty, leaving naught
But faded leaves where once their forms were sought.

She smiled upon us, and her spirit fled
To taste the pleasures of that fairer land,
Where angels ever dwell—she is not dead;
But there with them her beauteous form doth stand,
Arrayed in flowing light, before the throne
Of Him whose name is Love—the Holy One.

She was our choicest bud, our precious flower;
But now she blooms in that celestial place,
Where naught can spoil the pleasure of an hour,
Nor from its beauty one bright line efface—
Where all is one perpetual scene of bliss,
Unmixed with sin; all perfect happiness.

The darling then is safe, secure from ill;
    Why should we mourn that she hath left this earth,
When in that brighter land she bloometh still,
    A flower more perfect, of celestial birth?
Let us submit, and own His righteous care
Who doeth well; striving to meet her there.

# BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.[1]

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston, South Carolina rose in commotion. The provincial Congress, which had adjourned, immediately re-assembled. Two regiments of foot and one of horse were ordered to be raised; measures were taken to procure powder; and every preparation made for the war which was now seen to be inevitable. A danger of a vital character speedily threatened the colony. This was its invasion by the British; a project which had long been entertained by the royal generals. To provide in time for defeating it, Congress had dispatched General Lee to the South. It was not until the beginning of the summer of 1776, however, that the enemy's armament set sail from New York, consisting of a large fleet of transports with a competent land force, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, and attended by a squadron of nine men-of-war, led by Sir Peter Parker. On the arrival of this expedition off the coast, all was terror and confusion among the South Carolinians. Energetic measures were, however, adopted to repel the attack.

To defend their capital the inhabitants constructed on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of their harbor, and about four miles from the city, a rude fort of palmetto logs, the command of which was given to Col. Moultrie. Never, perhaps, was a more inartificial defence relied on in so great an emergency. The form of the fort was square, with a bastion at each angle; it was built of logs based on each other in parallel rows, at a distance of sixteen feet. Other logs were bound together at frequent intervals with timber dove-tailed and bolted into them. The spaces between were filled up with sand. The merlons were faced with palmetto logs. All the industry of the Carolinians, however, was insufficient to complete the fort in time; and when the British fleet entered the harbor, the defences were little more than a single front facing the water. The whole force of Col. Moultrie was four hundred and thirty-five, rank and file; his armament consisted of nine French twenty-sixes, fourteen English eighteens, nine twelve and seven nine pounders. Finding the fort could be easily enfiladed, Gen. Lee advised abandoning it; but the governor refused, telling Moultrie to keep his post, until he himself ordered the retreat. Moultrie, on his part, required no urging to adopt this more heroic course. A spectator happening to say, that in half an hour the enemy would knock the fort to pieces. "Then," replied Moultrie, undauntedly, "we will lie behind the ruins, and prevent their men from landing." Lee with many fears left the island, and repairing to his camp on the main land, prepared to cover the retreat of the garrison, which he considered inevitable.

There was, perhaps, more of bravado than of sound military policy in attacking this fort at all, since the English fleet might easily have run the gauntlet of it, as was done a few years later. But Fort Moultrie was destined to be to the navy what Bunker Hill had been to the army. It was in consequence of excess of scorn for his enemy, that Sir Peter Parker, disdaining to leave such a place in his rear, resolved on its total demolition. He had no doubt but that, in an hour at the utmost, he could make the unpracticed Carolinians glad to sue for peace on any terms. Accordingly on the 28th of June, 1776, he entered the harbor, in all the parade of his proud ships, nine in number, and drawing up abreast the fort, let go his anchors with springs upon his cables, and began a furious cannonade. Meanwhile terror reigned in Charleston. As the sound

of the first gun went booming over the waters toward the town, the trembling inhabitants who had been crowding the wharves and lining the house-tops since early morning, turned pale with ominous forebodings. Nor were the feelings of the defenders of the fort less anxious. Looking off, over the low island intervening between them and the city, they could see the gleaming walls of their distant homes; and their imaginations conjured up the picture of those dear habitations given to the flames, as another Charlestown had been, a twelve-month before, and the still dearer wives that inhabited them, cast houseless upon the world. As they turned from this spectacle, and watched the haughty approach of the enemy, at every motion betraying confidence of success, their eyes kindled with indignant feelings, and they silently swore to make good the words of their leader, by perishing, if need were, under the ruins of the fort.

One by one the British men-of-war gallantly approached the stations assigned them, Sir Peter Parker, in the Bristol, leading the van. The Experiment, another fifty gun ship, came close after, and both dropped their anchors in succession directly abreast the fort. The other frigates followed, and ranged themselves as supports. The remaining vessels were still working up to their stations, when the first gun was fired, and instantly the battle begun. The quantity of powder on the island being small, five thousand pounds in all, there was an absolute necessity that there should be no waste. Accordingly, the field-officers pointed the pieces in person, and the words "look to the commodore—look to the two-deckers!" passed along the line. The conflict soon grew terrific. The balls whistled above the heads of the defenders, and bombs fell thick and fast within the fort; yet, in the excitement of the moment, the men seemed totally unconscious of danger. Occasionally a shot from one of their cannon, striking the hull of the flag-ship, would send the splinters flying into the air; and then a loud huzza would burst from those who worked the guns; but, except in instances like this, the patriots fought in stern and solemn silence. Once, when it was seen that the three men-of-war working up to join the conflict, had become entangled among the shoals, and would not probably be enabled to join in the fight, a general and prolonged cheer went down the line, and taken up a second and third time, rose, like an exulting strain, over all the uproar of the strife.

The incessant cannonade soon darkened the prospect, the smoke lying packed along the surface of the water; while a thousand fiery tongues, as from some hundred-headed monster, shot out incessantly, and licking the air a moment, were gone forever. Occasionally this thick, cloudy veil concealed all but the spars of the enemy from sight, and then the tall masts seemed rising, by some potent spell, out of nothing; occasionally the terrific explosions would rend and tear asunder the curtain, and, for an instant, the black hulls would loom out threateningly, and then disappear. The roar of three hundred guns shook the island and fort unremittingly: the water that washed the sand-beach, gasped with a quick ebb and flow, under the concussions. Higher and higher, the sun mounted to the zenith, yet still the battle continued. The heat was excessive; but casting aside their coats, the men breathed themselves a minute, and returned to the fight. The city was now hidden from view, by low banks of smoke, which extending right and left along the water, bounded the horizon on two sides. Yet the defenders of the fort still thought of the thousands anxiously watching them from Charleston, or of the wives and mothers, trembling at every explosion for the lives of those they loved. One of their number soon fell mortally wounded. Gasping and in agony, he was carried by. "Do not give up," he had still strength to say; "you are fighting for liberty and country." Who that heard these words could think of surrender?

Noon came and went, yet still the awful struggle continued. Suddenly a shot struck the

flag-staff, and the banner, which had waved in that lurid atmosphere all day, fell on the beach outside the fort. For a moment there was a pause, as if at a presage of disaster. Then a grenadier, the brave and immortal Serjeant Jasper, sprang upon the parapet, leaped down to the beach, and passing along nearly the whole front of the fort, exposed to the full fire of the enemy, deliberately cut off the bunting from the shattered mast, called for a sponge staff to be thrown to him, and tying the flag to this, clambered up the ramparts and replaced the banner, amid the cheers of his companions. Far away, in the city, there had been those who saw, through their telescopes, the fall of that flag; and, as the news went around, a chill of horror froze every heart, for it was thought the place had surrendered. But soon a slight staff was seen uplifted at one of the angles: it bore, clinging to it, something like bunting: the breeze struck it, the bundle unrolled, it was the flag of America! Hope danced again through every heart. Some burst into tears; some laughed hysterically; some gave way to outcries and huzzas of delight. As the hours wore on, however, new causes for apprehension arose. The fire of the fort was perceived to slacken. Could it be that its brave defenders, after such a glorious struggle, had at last given in? Again hope yielded to doubt, almost to despair; the feeling was the more terrible from the late exhilaration. Already, in fancy, the enemy was seen approaching the city. Wives began trembling for their husbands, who had rendered themselves conspicuous on the patriotic side: mothers clasped their infants, whose sires, they thought, had perished in the fight, and, in silent agony, prayed God to protect the fatherless. Thus passed an hour of the wildest anxiety and alarm. At last intelligence was brought that the fire had slackened only for want of powder; that a supply had since been secured; and that the cannonade would soon be resumed. In a short time these predictions were verified, and the air again shook with distant concussions. Thus the afternoon passed. Sunset approached, yet the fight raged. Slowly the great luminary of day sank in the west, and twilight, cold and calm, threw its shadows across the waters; yet still the fight raged. The stars came out, twinkling sharp and clear, in that half tropical sky: yet still the fight raged. The hum of the day had now subsided, and the cicada was heard trilling its note on the night-air: all was quiet and serene in the city: yet still the fight raged. The dull, heavy reports of the distant artillery boomed louder across the water, and the dark curtain of smoke that nearly concealed the ships and fort, grew luminous with incessant flashes. The fight still raged. At last the frequency of the discharges perceptibly lessened, and gradually, toward ten o'clock, ceased altogether. The ships of the enemy were now seen moving from their position, and making their way slowly, as if crippled and weary, out of the harbor: and, at that sight, most of the population, losing their anxiety, returned to their dwellings; though crowds still lined some of the wharves, waiting for authentic messengers from the fight, and peering into the gathering gloom, to detect the approach of the first boat.

The loss of the enemy had been excessive. The flag-ship, the Bristol, had forty-four men killed, and thirty wounded: the Experiment, another fifty gun ship, fifty-seven killed, and thirty wounded. All the ships were much cut up: the two-deckers terribly so; and one of the frigates, the Acteon, running aground, was burnt. The last shot fired from the fort entered the cabin of Sir Peter Parker's ship, cut down two young officers who were drinking there, and passing forward, killed three sailors on the main-deck, then passed out and buried itself in the sea. The loss on the American side was inconsiderable: twelve killed, and about twenty-five wounded. During the battle, the earnest zeal of the men was occasionally relieved by moments of merriment. A coat, having been thrown on the top of one of the merlons, was caught by a shot, and lodged in a tree, at which sight a general peal of laughter was heard. Moultrie sat coolly smoking his pipe during the conflict, occasionally taking it from his mouth to issue an order.

Once, while the battle was in progress, General Lee came off to the island, but, finding every thing so prosperous, soon returned to his camp. The supply of powder which was obtained during the battle, and which enabled the patriots to resume the fight, was procured, part from a schooner in the harbor, part from the city. Unbounded enthusiasm, on the side of the inhabitants, hailed the gallant defenders of the fort after the victory: Moultrie received the thanks of Congress, was elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, and was honored by having the post he had defended called after his name. A stand of colors was presented, by Mrs. Elliott, to the men of his regiment, with the belief, she said, "that they would stand by them, as long as they could wave in the air of liberty." It was in guarding these colors, and perhaps in the recollection of her words, that the brave Serjeant Jasper lost his life, subsequently, at the siege of Savannah.

---

[1] From a work now in press, and shortly to be published, entitled "*The Military Heroes of the United States. By C. J. Peterson. 2 vols. 8vo. 500 pp.*"

# THE POET'S LOVE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

[THE POET COMMUNETH WITH HIS SOUL.]

"Thou hast a heart," my spirit said;
"Seek out a kindred one, and wed:
So passes grief, comes joy instead."

"True, Soul, I have," I quick replied;
"But in this weary world and wide
That other hath my search defied."

"Poet, thou hast an eye to see;
Thou knowest all things as they be;
The spheres are open books to thee.

"Thou art a missioned creature, sent
To preach of beauty—teach content:
In life's Sahara pitch thy tent!

"It is not good to be alone—
Not fit for any living one—
There's nothing single save the sun.

"Beasts, fishes, birds—yea, atoms mate,
Acknowledging an ordered fate:
What dost thou in a single state?"

"O, Soul!" I bitterly replied,
For I was full of haughty pride,
"Would in my birth that I had died!

"I feel what thou hast said is truth;
But I am past the bloom of youth,
And Beauty's eye has lost its ruth.

"I languish for some gentle heart
To throb with mine, devoid of art,
Perfect and pure in every part—

“Some innocent heart whose pulse’s tone
Should beat in echo of mine own,
Where I might reign and reign alone.”

“All this, and more, thy love might win,”
My spirit urged, “poor Child of Sin,
That sickenest in this rude world’s din.

“Love is a way-side plant: go forth
And pluck—love has no thorns for worth—
The blossom from its place of birth.

“Perchance, on thee may Beauty’s queen,
And Fortune’s, look, with smiling mien—
With eyes, whose lids hold love between.”

“Spirit, I am of little worth,”
Said I—“an erring child of earth:
Yet fain would own a happy hearth.

“Mere beauty, though it drowns my soul
With sunshine, may not be my goal;
And love despises gold’s control.

“Better the riches of the mind—
A spirit toward the spheres inclined—
A heart that veers not with the wind.

“She might be beautiful, and gold
Might clasp her in its ruddy fold—
Have lands and tenements to hold:

“She might be poor—it were the same
If lofty, or of lowly name,
If famous, or unknown to fame:

“But she must feel the brotherhood
I feel for man—the love of good;—
Life is at best an interlude,

“And we must act our parts so here,
That, when we reach a loftier sphere,
Our memories shall not shed a tear.

“With such a one, if fair or brown—
Gracing a cottage, or a throne—
Soul, I could live and love unknown!

“Yes, gazing upward in her eye,
Scan what was passing in its sky,
And swoon, and dream, and, dreaming, die.”

“There is none such,” my spirit sighed.
“Seek glory: woo her for thy bride.
And perish, and be deified!”

“Why, Soul,” I said, “the thought of fame,
Of winning an exalted name,
Might woo me, but my heart would blame

“The coldness that compelled me forth.
No: somewhere on this lower earth
The angel that I seek has birth.

“If not, I will so worship here
Her type, that I shall joy, not *fear*—
To meet her in her holier sphere.”

# MARY WARNER.

## OR THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. L. B. COWDERY.

"What a happy girl is Mary Warner," said an elderly lady, as a bright laughing girl turned into another room.

"And so exceedingly lively and cheerful, for one of her years," rejoined another.

"Years! How old is she?"

"About twenty-four," said a third, who had hitherto been silent, "and yet no one, to see her, would think it."

So thought the world, who in their most scrutinizing glance could detect no indication of care or gloom, in this, the object of their observations, who was one of those bright, intelligent beings, ever ready for conversation, and whose sallies of wit, never failed to excite the attention of those around her. "Little did they know of my aching heart," said Mary, that evening, to one in whom she had confided much of her former history; for years had passed since she had left the grave of her mother, and her native home, on "New England's rocky shore," to wander forth with her father to the western wilds. "Little did they know of the bitterness of soul I felt while making merriment for them."

"How can you so control your feelings, while endeavoring to conceal them, with such an excess of gayety?" eagerly inquired Ella.

"Ah! that is the work of time and necessity. Time has schooled my heart to hide behind the covering I might think best to wear. Were my history known, my name would be the theme of every tongue, the derision of the stoical, the pity of the simple, and exposed to the ridicule of a heartless and unfeeling world. The head must dictate and govern my actions, all else submitting. Yet nothing can equal the wretchedness of trying to conceal with smiles the bitter struggles of a wounded spirit, whose every hope hath perished. Eye may not pierce through the laughing cover, or ear catch the breathing of a sigh. Even sympathy seems like those cold blasts of a November night, seeking the hidden recess only to chill its peace forever."

"But do you not," said Ella, "enjoy something of that mirth which you inspire in others?"

"Sometimes the excitement is sufficient to make me forget, for a moment, the past, but then it is followed by such a depression that the feeble clay well nigh sinks beneath it. Misery pays her tribute to all my revelry."

"Then never will I again wish for Mary Warner's light and joyous air," said Ella, her cheek flushed with agitation, for being one of those sober ones, whose words were ever the thoughts of her heart, she had often wished for Mary's power to charm.

Weeks and months had rolled away, until they had numbered years. The friends had parted. Ella's calm face still cheered the domestic fireside, and Mary was gliding in crowded halls, the gayest of the gay. No voice more musical than hers, or tones more sprightly; she moved as a creature of enchantment, her image fastening upon the minds and memories of all. But Ella was not forgotten or neglected; they often corresponded. Mary's letters told but too truly how much those scenes were enjoyed by her. In answer to an invitation to come and spend the summer in the retirement of Ella's home, she says, "Even in this giddy place my heart is full to

bursting; should I allow myself more time for meditation it would surely break, and pour forth its lava streams on the thirsty dust of human pride. In the dark, cheerless hour of midnight, my burning, throbbing brain still keeps its restless beating, scarce bestowing the poor refreshment of a feverish dream to strengthen the earthly tenement. My health is failing; there will soon be nothing left for me but the drifts of thought and memory, which gather around a weary past and blighted future."

It was in vain that Ella tried to place on parchment words of soothing and consolation—to draw her thoughts from lingering around the ruined wreck of her affections, and direct them to the "hope set before" her, of obtaining through the merits of the Savior a home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Every letter she received came burthened with its own weight of wo.

The summer passed—its roses bloomed and died. Another autumn came and whistled by; but ere the winter's snow had melted, there were anxious thoughts concerning Mary Warner. Never before had so long a time elapsed without a letter from her to Ella. The first crocuses of spring had just begun to smile when a letter came, written by a stranger's hand! It told of Mary's being sick even unto death, and begged of Ella, as she loved her friend, to come and remain with her while yet life's taper burned. It was a fearful summons thus to break the suspending spell. That evening saw Ella sitting in the cabin of one of those large steamers which ply the western waters, anxiously wending her way to a retired yet pleasant village near the Ohio, for Mary's sadly declining health could no more mingle in the excitement of the city, and she had retreated to this lonely place to lay down her shattered frame in peace. The night of the second day brought Ella to the place of destination. She entered the house where Mary was, almost unconscious of the manner in which she introduced herself as Mary Warner's friend. That was enough; an elderly lady clasped her hand and bade her welcome. "Oh!" said she, "'tis a strange sight to be in her sick room. Poor thing! she is nearly gone, and still so lively; and, too, this morning when I went in, I know she had been weeping."

"Did she ever mention me?" said Ella.

"Last night she said if you would come, that she could die contented."

"Then lead me to her quickly."

They silently bent their steps to the sick chamber, and coming to the door, both made an involuntary pause.

"She is sleeping," said the old lady, softly; but Ella was too much struck to make reply. She was thinking of the dreadful changes which had come over that frail being since last they met. Worn down to a skeleton, her lips compressed, as if in agony, her dark hair thrown back upon her shoulders, while her cheeks were pale as the marble so soon to be raised in her memory, which, with the glimmering of the lights, served to make it a too dismal scene. Staggering forward to a chair, she sat down quickly, but in the agitation there was a slight noise—it awakened the sleeper; a moment passed—they were in each others arms. When the first wild burst of joy had passed away, Mary spoke.

"Sit down here, Ella—I want to be alone with you; I feared that I might die before you came;" a convulsive shuddering passing over her, as she spoke of death. "I want to give you my history. 'Tis a dark picture, and yet it has all been mine."

"But are you not too weak and agitated?" asked the warm-hearted friend.

"Oh, no! that sweet, quiet sleep has so refreshed me, that I feel almost like another being—and I shall be very brief. But to my story. You recollect my having often told you that I never set my heart on an earthly object but I was doomed to bear a bitter disappointment. That wary,

stubborn rock, encircled by the whirl of youthful and enthusiastic feeling, which, in life's earlier years, drew within its circled waves my frail bark of love and hope, then cast it forth—a wreck forever.

"In the village in which I was raised, lived one who shared with me the sports of childhood; and as we grew older, partook of the recreations and amusements of the young together. There was a strange similarity in our tastes and dispositions; and we consequently spent much of our time in each others society. There were those who sometimes smiled to see a young and sunny-haired youth so constantly with the sensitive, shrinking Mary Warner; but then they knew we were playmates from childhood, and thought no more. Mother was dead, and I was under the guidance of my remaining parent, an only child—an idolized and favored one; and in my sixteenth year, claimed as the bride of Samuel Wayland. Parental judgment frowned, and called it folly. What could I do? Our faith had long been plighted, but filial respect demanded that should be laid aside; yet what was I to find in the future, that would ever repay for the love so vainly wasted. It was all a blank. I nerved my heart for our last meeting—but the strings were fibrous, and they broke.

"'I shall go to the West, and then you must forget me,' said I, when we came to part.

"'Never, Mary, will you, can you be forgotten!'

"We parted there, forever. He is still living, a lone wanderer on the earth; we have never had any communications; but there is a unity of feeling, a oneness of spirit, that at times make me feel as if we were scarcely separated. I enjoy a pleasure in thinking of his memory, a confidence that would trust him any where in this wide world; and I now believe that wherever he is, his heart is still true to me. As for me, I have hurried through life like a 'storm-stricken bird,' no rest from the busy scenes in which I mingled. Since then, there have been proposals in which honor, wealth, and distinction were connected; and once I had well nigh sold myself for interest, and to please my father. We were promised, and I was congratulated on my happy prospects; but, alas! alas, for me; the more memory reverted to the past, my feelings revolted from the present. I sometimes used to stand where I could see him pass in the street, and exclaim 'oh, heaven! can I marry that man! can I stand before God's altar, and promise to love and honor him, when I abhor his presence.' Time was hasting; one night I went down into the study; father was sitting there.

"'Well, Mary,' said he, 'I suppose you will leave us soon.'

"That was enough for my pent-up feelings to break forth. 'I suppose so,' said I, 'but, oh! father, I would rather see my grave open to-morrow, than to think of uniting my destiny with that man. My very soul detests him.'

"'Mary, sit down now, and write a letter to Mr. M——, that you cannot keep your promise, and the reason why. Far would it be from me to place in the hands of my only daughter, the cup of misery unmixed. My judgment and your feelings differ.'

"It was late that night when I sealed the fated letter for M——; but I retired and slept easy, there was a burden removed which had well-nigh crushed me. What I have experienced since, words may never tell; the young have deemed me impenetrable to the natural susceptibilities of our natures, while the old have called me trifling. But, Ella, depend upon it, a heart once truly given, can never be bestowed again. I have erred in trying to conceal my history in the manner I have. Instead of placing my dependance on the goodness of the Most High, and seeking for that balm which heals the wounded spirit, and acquiring a calmness of mind which would render me in a measure happy, I plunged into the vortex of worldly pleasure. But it is all over now; they say I have the consumption, and pity me, to think one so joyous should have to die.

To-day has been spent mostly in meditation; and I have tried to pray that my Savior would give me grace for a dying hour; and, Ella, will you kneel at my bedside and pray as you used to, when a young, trembling girl?"

"Yes, I will pray for you again," said Ella; "but take this cordial to revive your exhausted frame."

As the friend raised the refreshing draught, she marked such a change in Mary's countenance, that her heart quailed at the thought of the terrible vigil she was keeping, in the silence of night, alone. She kneeled by the sick, and offered up her prayer with an energy unknown to her before, such a one as a heart strong in faith, and nerved by love and fear alone could dictate; a pleading, borne on high by the angel of might, for the strengthening of the immortal soul in prison-clay before her. There was a sigh and a groan; she rose hastily and bent over the couch—there was a gasping for breath, and all was still. Ella's desolate shriek of anguish first told the tale, that Mary was dead.

Thus passed again to the Giver, a mind entrusted with high powers, and uncontrolled affections, who, in the waywardness of youth, cast unreservedly at the shrine of idolatrous love, her all of earthly hopes, then wandered forth with naught but their ashes, in the treasured urn of past remembrance, seeking to cover that with the mantle of the world's glittering folly.

# TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN."

BY MISS HARRIET B. WINSLOW.

Leave us not so dark uncertain! lift again the fallen curtain!
Let us once again the mysteries of that haunted room explore—
Hear once more that friend infernal—that grim visiter nocturnal!
Earnestly we long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore:
Oh, then, tell us something more!

Doth his shade thy floor still darken? dost thou still, despairing, hearken
To that deep sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?
In the same place is he sitting? Does he give no sign of quitting?
Is he conscious or unwitting when he answers "Nevermore?"
Tell me truly, I implore!

Knows he not the littlenesses of our nature—its distresses?
Knows he never need of slumber, fainting forces to restore?
Stoops he not to eating—drinking? Is he never caught in winking
When his demon eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's core?
Tell me this, if nothing more!

Is he, after all, so evil? Is it fair to call him "devil?"
Did he not give friendly answer when thy speech friend's meaning bore?
When thy sad tones were revealing all the loneness o'er thee stealing,
Did he not, with fellow-feeling, vow to leave thee nevermore?
Keeps he not that oath he swore?

He, too, may be inly praying—vainly, earnestly essaying
To forget some matchless mate, beloved yet lost for evermore.
He hath donned a suit of mourning, and, all earthly comfort scorning,
Broods alone from night till morning. By thy memories Lenore,
Oh, renounce him nevermore.

Though he be a sable brother, treat him kindly as another!
Ah, perhaps the world has scorned him for that luckless hue he wore,
No such narrow prejudices can *he* know whom Love possesses—
Whom one spark of Freedom blesses. Do not spurn him from thy door
Lest Love enter nevermore!

Not a bird of evil presage, happily he brings some message
From that much-mourned matchless maiden—from that loved and lost Lenore.
In a pilgrim's garb disguisèd, angels are but seldom prizèd:
Of this fact at length advisèd, were it strange if he forswore
The false world for evermore?

Oh, thou ill-starred midnight ranger! dark, forlorn, mysterious stranger!
Wildered wanderer from the eternal lightning on Time's stormy shore!
Tell us of that world of wonder—of that famed unfading "Yonder!"
Rend—oh rend the veil asunder! Let our doubts and fears be o'er!
Doth he answer—"Nevermore?"

# SONG OF THE ELVES.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

When the moon is high o'er the ruined tower,
When the night-bird sings in her lonely bower,
When beetle and cricket and bat are awake,
And the will-o'-the-wisp is at play in the brake,
Oh then do we gather, all frolic and glee,
We gay little elfins, beneath the old tree!
And brightly we hover on silvery wing,
And dip our small cups in the whispering spring,
While the night-wind lifts lightly our shining hair,
And music and fragrance are on the air!
Oh who is so merry, so happy as we,
We gay little elfins, beneath the old tree?

# THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night
Descending filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
  As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
  The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
  We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
  And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,
  The ocean, roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
  All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
  Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long lost ventures of the heart,
  That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
  They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
  The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Not far away we saw the port,—
  The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
  The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night
  Descending filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
  Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
  Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
  And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
  When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
  And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
    That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
    Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
    Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
    A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
    As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
    The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
    We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
    And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,
    The ocean, roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
    All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
    Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long lost ventures of the heart,
    That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
    They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
    The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

# SONG FOR A SABBATH MORNING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Arise ye nations, with rejoicing rise,
And tell your gladness to the listening skies;
Come out forgetful of the week's turmoil,
From halls of mirth and iron gates of toil;
Come forth, come forth, and let your joy increase
Till one loud pæan hails the day of peace.
Sing trembling age, ye youths and maidens sing;
Ring ye sweet chimes, from every belfry ring;
Pour the grand anthem till it soars and swells
And heaven seems full of great celestial bells!
Behold the Morn from orient chambers glide,
With shining footsteps, like a radiant bride;
The gladdened brooks proclaim her on the hills
And every grove with choral welcome thrills.
Rise ye sweet maidens, strew her path with flowers,
With sacred lilies from your virgin bowers;
Go youths and meet her with your olive boughs,
Go age and greet her with your holiest vows;—
See where she comes, her hands upon her breast
The sainted Sabbath comes, smiling the world to rest.

# CITY LIFE.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

Forgive me, Lord, that I so long have dwelt
In noisome cities, whence Thy sacred works
Are ever banished from my sight; where lurks
Each baleful passion man has ever felt.
Here human skill is shown in shutting out
All sight and thought of things that God hath made;
Lest He should share the constant homage paid
To Mammon, in the hearts of men devout.
O, it was fit that he[2] upon whose head
Weighed his own brother's blood, and God's dread curse,
Should build a city, when he trembling fled
Far from his Maker's face. And which was worse,
The murder—or departing far from Thee?
Great God! impute not either sin to me!

[2] Cain.—Genesis iv. 17.

# THE CRUISE OF THE GENTILE.

BY FRANK BYRNE.

(*Concluded from page 147.*)

## CHAPTER V.

*In which there is a Storm, a Wreck, and a Mutiny.*

When I came on deck the next morning, I found that the mate's prediction had proved true. A norther, as it is called in the Gulf, was blowing great guns, and the ship, heading westward, was rolling in the trough of the tremendous sea almost yard-arm under, with only close-reefed top-sails and storm foretopmast-staysail set. We wallowed along in this manner all day, for we were lying our course, and the skipper was in a hurry to bring our protracted voyage to an end. We made much more leeway than we reckoned, however, for just at sunset the high mountains of Cuba were to be seen faintly looming up on the southern horizon.

"Brace up, there," ordered Captain Smith, when this fact was announced. "Luff, my man, luff, and keep her as near it as you may."

The old ship came up on the wind, presenting her front most gallantly to the angry waves, which came on as high as the fore-yard, threatening to engulf her in the watery abyss. We took in all our top-sails but the main, and with that, a reefed fore-sail and foretopmast-staysail set, the old ship shook her feathers, and prepared herself for an all-night job of clawing off an iron-bound lee-shore.

The hatches were battened down, the fore-scuttle and companion closed, and all the crew collected aft on deck and lashed themselves to some substantial object, to save themselves from being washed over-board by the immense seas which constantly broke over our bows, and deluged our decks. The night closed down darker than pitch, and the wind increased in violence. I have scarcely ever seen so dismal a night. Except when at intervals a blinding flash of lightning illumined the whole heavens and the broad expanse of raging ocean, we could distinguish nothing at a yard's distance, save the glimmer of the phosphorescent binacle light, and the gleam which flashed from the culmination of the huge seas ahead of us, resembling an extended cloud of dull fire suspended in the air, and blown toward us, till, with a noise like thunder, as it dashed against the bows, it vanished, and another misty fire was to be seen as if rising out of some dark gulf. At midnight it blew a hurricane; the wind cut off the tops of the waves, and the air was full of spray and salt, driving like sleet or snow before the wintry storm. I had ensconced myself under the lee of the bulwarks, among a knot of select weather-beaten tars, and notwithstanding the danger we were in, I could not help being somewhat amused at their conversation.

"Jack," said Teddy, an Irish sailor, to the ship's oracle, old Jack Reeves, "do you think the sticks will howld?"

"If they don't," growled Jack, "you'll be in h—l before morning."

"Och, Jasus!" was the only reply to this consolatory remark—and there was an uneasy nestling throughout the whole circle.

"Well, Frank," said old Jack to me, after a most terrific gust, during which every man held his breath to listen whether there might not be a snapping of the spars, "well, Frank, what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think I never saw it blow so hard before," I replied. "'Tisn't a very comfortable berth, this of ours, with a lee-shore not thirty miles off, and a hurricane blowing."

"No danger at all, Frank, if them spars only stay by us—and I guess they will. They're good sticks, and Mr. Brewster is too good a boatswain not to have 'em well supported. The old Gentile is a dreadful critter for eatin' to windward in any weather that God ever sent; but I hope you don't call this blowin' hard, do you? Why, I've seen it blow so that two men, one on each side of the skipper, couldn't keep his hair on his head, and they had to get the cabin-boy to tail on to the cue behind, and take a turn round a belaying-pin."

"An' that nothin' to a time I had in a brig off Hatteras," observed Teddy, who had somewhat recovered his composure; "we had to cut away both masts, you persave, and to scud under a scupper nail driv into the deck, wid a man ready to drive it further as the wind freshened."

"Wasn't that the time, Teddy," asked another, "When that big sea washed off the buttons on your jacket?"

"Faix, you may well say that; and a nigger we had on board turned white by reason of the scare he was in."

"Wal, now," interposed Ichabod Green, "Teddy, that's a lie; it's agin all reason."

"Pooh! you green-horn!" said Jack Reeves, "that's nothing to a yarn I can spin. You see that when I was quite a boy, I was in a Dutch man-o'-war for a year and thirteen months; and one day in the Indian Ocean, it came on to blow like blazes. It blowed for three days and nights, and the skipper called a council of officers to know what to do. So, when they'd smoked up all their baccy, they concluded to shorten sail, and the bo'sn came down to rouse out the crew. He ondertook to whistle, but it made such an onnateral screech, that the chaplain thought old Davy had come aboard; and he told the skipper he guessed he'd take his trick at prayin'. 'Why,' says the skipper, 'we've got on well enough without, ever since we left the Hague, hadn't we better omit it now?' ''Taint possible,' says the parson. Now you all know you can't larn seamanship to a parson or passenger—and the bloody fool knelt down with his face to wind'ard. 'Hillo!' says the skipper, 'you'd better fill away, and come round afore the wind, hadn't you?' 'Mynheer captain,' says the parson, 'you're a dreadful good seaman, but you don't know no more about religious matters than a horse.' 'That's true,' answered the skipper; 'so suit yourself, and let fly as soon as you feel the spirit move, bekase that main-sail wants reefin' awfully.' Well, the parson shuts his eyes, takes the pipe out of his mouth, and gets under-weigh; but, onluckily, the first word of the prayer was a Dutch one, as long as the maintop-bowline, and as crooked as a monkey's tail, and the wind ketchen in the kinks of it, rams it straight back into his throat, and kills him as dead as a herrin'. 'Blixem!' says the skipper, 'there'll be brandy enough for the voyage now.'"

"Sail, ho-o-o!" shouted a dozen voices, as a vivid flash of lightning showed us the form of a small schooner riding upon the crest of a wave, not two cables length ahead.

"Hard-a-lee!" shouted the skipper. "My God! make her luff, or we shall be into them."

Slowly the ship obeyed her helm, and came up on the wind, trembling to her keel, as the canvas, relieved from the strain, fluttered and thrashed against the mast with immense violence, and a noise more deafening than thunder, while the great seas dashed against the bows, now in full front toward them, with the force and shock of huge rocks projected from a catapult, and the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging as if the spirits of the deep were rejoicing

over our dreadful situation.

Again the fiery flash shot suddenly athwart the sky.

Good God! the schooner, her deck and lower rigging black with human beings, lay broadside to, scarcely ten rods from before our bows. A cry of horror mingled with the rattling thunder and the howl of the storm. I felt my blood curdle in my veins, and an oppression like the nightmare obstructed my voice.

The schooner sunk in the trough, and, as the lightning paled, disappeared from sight. The next moment our huge ship, with a headlong pitch, was precipitated upon her. One crash of riven timbers, and a yell of despairing agony, and all was over; the ship fell off from the wind, and we were again driving madly forward into the almost palpable darkness, tearing through the mountain seas.

"Rig the pumps and try them," cried Captain Smith, in a hoarse voice, "we may have started a plank by the shock."

To the great joy of all, the ship was found to make no more water than usual. All hands soon settled down quietly again, wondering what the run-down schooner could have been, and pitying her unfortunate crew, when a faint shout from the forecastle was heard in a lull of the storm.

"Lord save us! what can that be?" exclaimed a dozen of the crew in a breath.

"*In nomine Pathris*—" began Teddy, crossing himself in a fright.

"Silence there!" cried the skipper; "Mr. Stewart, can it be one of the schooner's crew, who has saved himself by the bowsprit rigging?"

"Plaze yer honor," said Teddy, "it's more likely it's one of their ghosts."

"Silence, I tell you! who gave you liberty to tell your opinion. Mr. Brewster, hail 'em, whoever they be."

"Folk'stle, ahoy!" sung out the second mate; "who's there?"

"Help! help! for God's sake!" faintly answered the mysterious voice.

"Go forward, there, two hands," ordered the captain; "'tis one of the schooner's crew."

After a moment's hesitation, the second mate and Jack Reeves started on this mission of mercy, and were soon followed by nearly all the crew. Upon reaching the forecastle we found the body of a man lying across the heel of the bowsprit, jammed against the windlass pawl. The insensible form was lifted from its resting place, and, by the captain's order, finally deposited in the cabin on the transom. The skipper, steward, and myself, remained below to try and resuscitate the apparently lifeless body. The means we used were effectual; and the wrecked seaman opened his eyes, and finally sat up.

"I must go on deck now," said the captain. "Stay below, Frank, and help the steward undress him, and put him into a berth."

Our benevolent darky had by this time concocted a glass of brandy grog, very stiff, but, alas! not hot, which I handed to the object of our care, who, after drinking it, seemed much better; and we then proceeded to help him strip. I noticed that his clothes were very coarse, and parti-colored; there were also marks of fetters on his ancles, and his back was scarred by the lash. I conjectured from these circumstances that our new shipmate was not of the most immaculate purity of character, and after I had got him into a berth, between two warm woollen blankets, I made free to ask him a few questions, not only about himself, but also about his vessel. I could get no reply but in Spanish, as I took his lingo to be, though, from his hailing for help in English, I knew that he must understand that language. When I went upon deck I reported myself to the officers, who concluded to defer any examination until morning. The gale

began to abate about midnight, and at nine o'clock in the morning it had so far subsided that the cabin mess, leaving Mr. Brewster in charge of the deck, went below to get breakfast.

"The swell is tremendous," said the skipper, as we were endeavoring to get seated around the table. "I think I never saw a much heavier sea in any part of the world. Look out, there!"

But the caution was given too late; the ship had risen on an enormous wave as the skipper had spoken, and when she plunged, the steward pitched headlong over the cabin table, closely followed by the third mate, who had grasped his camp-stool for support, and still clung pertinaciously to it. The ship righted, leaving Langley's corpus extended at full length among a wreck of broken crockery.

"Well, Mr. Langley," said the skipper, "I hope you enjoy your breakfast."

"Bill," added the mate, as Langley gathered himself up, "as you've got through your breakfast so expeditiously, hadn't you better go on deck and let Mr. Brewster come down?"

"Beg your pardon, sir; but don't you see I'm laid on the table—there can be no action about me at present."

"Well, sit down and try to preserve your gravity. I hope to see no more such flights of nonsense at this table."

"Steward," asked the skipper, after we had nearly finished our meal, "how is your patient this morning?"

"It's enough to make any body out of patience, sar, to fall ober de cabin table. So tan't werry first rate."

"No, so I perceive; but I mean, how's the man who came on board us last night?"

"Oh, dat's him—excuse me, sar. Well, sar, he's quite smart dis mornin'."

"Fetch him out here, I wish to ask him some questions; give him a shirt and trowsers of mine, and fetch him out."

The steward soon made his appearance again, in company with the stranger, who, now dressed clean, looked to be a stout, powerful man, apparently about thirty-five; but his long, tangled, black hair and whiskers so concealed his features, that their expression could not be discerned. He bowed as he entered the cabin, and in good English thanked the captain for his care.

"Sit down upon the stool yonder," said the skipper, "and tell us the name and nation of your vessel, and by what miracle you escaped; and afterward you shall have some breakfast."

"The name of the vessel, señor, was the San Diego, the *guarda-costa* upon this station. I was on deck when your ship was first seen, and I climbed half way up the main shrouds to look out for you, by the captain's order. When you struck us, I found myself entangled in your jib-boom rigging, and held on, though much bruised, and half-drowned by the seas which ducked me every minute, until I succeeded in laying in upon your forecastle. I had had time to notice your rig, and knew you to be an American."

"How many were your crew?" asked the mate.

The sailor started, and for a moment eyed the querist closely. "Oh! señor, only about fifty souls in all."

"Good God!" cried the captain, "fifty lives lost—fifty souls sent into eternity with scarcely a moment's warning!"

"Don't regret it, captain," said the sailor, bitterly, "many of them were only convicts; the government will be much obliged to you."

"Were you a convict?" asked the mate.

"I was, señor, as my dress and appearance would have told you, even if I had been

disposed to lie. I was drafted from the Matanzas chain-gang to the guarda-costa some six month ago."

"The Matanzas chain-gang!" cried the mate, eagerly, "pray, my good fellow, do you know a convict by the name of Pedro Garcia?"

The man rose to his feet—"Why, señor, do you?" he inquired.

"I do, indeed," answered Mr. Stewart, impatiently; "but tell me—answer my question, sir."

The convict brushed back his long hair. "I was once called Don Pedro Garcia," said he; "tell me," he added, as all four of us rose involuntarily at this startling announcement, "with whom do I speak?"

"Good God!" cried the mate, making one jump for the convict felon, and throwing his arms around him, "I'm Ben Stewart, alive and well."

Very unluckily, at this moment the ship gave a violent lurch, and the two fell, and, locked in each others embrace, rolled over to leeward; the skipper, who was unguarded in his astonishment, followed Langley's former wake over the table, which, yielding to the impulse, fetched away, capsized, and with the captain, also rolled away to leeward; the steward, as in duty bound, ran to his superior's help.

At this juncture, Brewster, hearing the unusual row, poked his head through the skylight slide, and demanded—"What's the matter? Mutiny! by G—d!" he shouted, catching sight of the prostrate forms of his fellow officers, struggling, as he thought, in the respective grasps of the rescued convict and the steward. Off went the scuttle, and down came the valiant Brewster square in the midst of the crockery, followed by three or four of his watch, stumbling over the bodies of the overthrown quartette. Langley and myself climbed into a berth and looked on.

"It's the steward," shouted the mischievous third mate, whose love of fun could not be controled by fear of consequences; "he tried to stab the captain with the carving-knife."

The scene now became exciting; the cry of mutiny was heard all over the vessel; and the skipper and mate hearing it, very naturally concluding that the mutineers were those who had so unceremoniously invaded the cabin, turned furiously upon them, and called loudly for assistance to us in the berth; but we were enjoying the fun too much to even speak and explain.

"Are ye kilt, cap'n?" asked Teddy, who had pushed his way to his beloved commander.

"No, you d——d mutinous scoundrel!" replied the enraged skipper, planting a tremendous blow between the eyes of the anxious interrogator; "take that!" and the Irishman rolled upon deck. In the meantime, Mr. Brewster, who had taken an especial spite against the convict, grabbed him by the throat. Pedro returned the compliment by a blow in the stomach, and Stewart aided the defeat of his colleague by taking him by the shoulders and dragging him off. Transported beyond reason by the pain of the blow he had received, and what he supposed to be the black ingratitude of Mr. Stewart, Brewster gave a scream of rage and clinched in with the mate with all his force.

It was fast getting to be past a joke.

"Come, Langley," said I, "let's put a stop to this—somebody will be killed."

"Sure enough! but how are we going to do it? Oh! here are the mate's pistols; draw the charges, Frank, and you take one and I the other, and we'll soon proclaim peace."

"They're not loaded," said I, after trying them with the ramrod.

"All right, then—follow me."

We jumped down from our roost, leveled our pistols at the crowd, and threatened to fire if hostilities should not instantly cease on both sides.

"Langley, hand me those pistols," cried the frenzied skipper, who was the more angry

because nobody would fight with him.

"Please, sir, I can't; I daren't trust myself without 'em. Disperse, ye rebels! lay down your arms and disperse—die, base and perjured villain," shouted Langley, holding the muzzle of his pistol to Brewster's ear, while I, by poking my shooting-iron in everybody's face, obtained partial order. After a deal of difficulty the mutiny was explained; and the crestfallen Brewster withdrew his forces, followed by the mate, who conciliated his irate colleague, and gave him an inkling as to the real name and character of the rescued convict.

After the steward had cleared away the wreck of the breakfast things, a conclave of the cabin-mess was called, to which the black steward was *ex officio* and *ex necessitate* admitted; and it was determined, after much debate, that the voyage should be continued, and that during our stay in Matanzas my cousin Pedro should remain hidden on board. The next mooted point was whether to conceal the matter from the crew, and decided in the negative; so the men were called aft, and the truth briefly stated to them. One and all swore to be faithful and discreet—and so they proved. With one or two exceptions our crew were Yankees, and of a far higher grade than the crews of merchantmen generally.

During these proceedings the gale had rapidly abated, and at noon we found ourselves rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, the sun shining brightly over our heads, and not a breath of air stirring. The skipper, mate, and Cousin Pedro were closeted together in the cabin during the afternoon, while the second and third mates, and ship's cousin, compared notes sitting under the awning on the booby-hatch. I enlightened Brewster more fully as to Mr. Stewart's former adventures in Cuba; and we finally concluded that our running down the Spanish guarda-costa was the most lucky thing in the world.

"Half my plan is now accomplished to hand," said I; "we must now get my Cousin Clara out of the nunnery."

"You hadn't better try that, Frank," interposed Mr. Brewster, "because, for two reasons; in the first place, them Catholics are poor benighted heathen, and she wouldn't get out if she could—for she is a veiled nun; and the next place you'd get your neck into a certain machine called a *garrote*, or else make your cousin's place good in the chain-gang."

"Nevertheless, I shall try; and if she only is willing to run away, there can some plan be contrived, I know."

"And my part shall be to run old Alvarez through the body, if the devil hasn't taken him already," added Mr. William Langley.

"Boys will be boys, that's a fact, call 'em what you're a mind to," observed Mr. Brewster, very sapiently stroking his big red whiskers.

The calm continued, and by evening the swell had in a great degree gone down. In the first dog-watch, my Cousin Pedro, sitting upon the companion, gave us an account of his long imprisonment. He had, as the reader already knows, been sentenced for the murder of the Count ——, and had toiled and slaved in the streets of Matanzas, till drafted, with many others, on board of the guarda-costa. He knew of Clara's fate, and had been undeceived by my father in the belief of Mr. Stewart's death.

Langley and I stood the middle watch again that night. An easterly breeze, gentle, but steady, blew most of the night; and when we went below, and eight bells struck, the moon was silvering the lofty peak of the Pan of Matanzas, which lay far away on our larboard bow.

——

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Gentile arrives at Matanzas.*

I was waked in the morning by Mr. Stewart, who shook me by the shoulders, crying, "Come, Frank, turn out; it's seven bells, so rouse and bite; breakfast is almost ready, and a glorious prospect from deck."

I turned out incontinently at this summons, slipped on my trowsers, ran up the companion-way, dipped my head in a bucket of water, by way of performing my morning ablutions, and then made my way aft again to join the circle on the quarter-deck. The watch had just finished washing down the decks, and were engaged in laying up the rigging on the belaying-pins; the boys were stowing away the detested holy-stone under the chocks of the long-boat; the watch below were performing their brief morning ablutions upon the forecastle; the steward was bringing aft the cabin breakfast, sadly incommoded by the mischievous Rover, who, wet as a sponge, capered about the deck, shaking himself against everybody who came in his way, and now seemed fully determined to dive between the lower spars of the unfortunate darkey; the officers were standing by my side, breathing the cool morning air, looking out upon the beautiful scene around us, and getting an appetite for breakfast.

The ship lay about a league from the land, almost abreast the entrance of Matanzas bay; the land wind blew gently, bearing to us the delicious perfumes of orange and coffee-blossoms, and crowds of vessels were coming from the bay, taking advantage of it to gain an offing before the setting in of the sea-breeze. Half a mile from us a brig lay motionless upon the water, her yards swarming with men loosing the sails, which in a moment fell together with a precision that would have plainly told a sailor that the brig was a man-of-war, even without taking notice of the delicate white ribbon painted upon her side, pierced by a half-dozen ports, from which protruded as many saucy-looking guns, their red tompions contrasting prettily with the aforesaid white line and the black sides of the vessel. A flag hung negligently down from her gaff end, and, as a puff of wind stronger than the rest blew out its crimson folds, we saw emblazoned thereon the cross of St. George and merry England. The brig was the British cruiser on this station. To the northward stretched the broad blue expanse of the sea we had so recently sailed on, looking to be as quiet and peaceful as if there were no such things as hurricanes and angry waves, and dotted here and there by the glistening sails of inward bound vessels. Far away to the westward a long black wreath of smoke, following in the wake of a small speck on the water, announced the approach of the Havana steam packet; and close in, hugging the shore, glided a solitary American barque, apparently bound to Havana to finish her freight, her white sails gleaming in the sun. The land seemed strangely beautiful to our sea-going eyes; and we were never tired with gazing at the tall, graceful palms, sheltering with their grateful shade white villas, situate in the midst of fertile fields of sugar-cane, and surrounded by little hamlets of white-washed slave huts. The overhanging haze of the distant city could be seen rising beyond the intervening hills, and the back-ground of the picture was formed by a range of blue conical peaks, amidst which towered in majesty the flat summit of the celebrated Pan of Matanzas.

"And I am once more in the West Indies!" murmured Mr. Stewart, half unconsciously. "How much has happened since my eyes first looked upon this landscape!"

"True enough!" added Pedro, sighing.

"Breakfas' gettin' cold, Cap'n Smiff," cried the steward, petulently, poking his head up the

companion.

"Ay, ay," returned the skipper; "come, gentlemen, don't get into the dumps this fine morning; you ought to be rejoiced that you have found each other. Let's go below and take breakfast, and after that, Don Pedro, we must stow you in the run until after the officers have boarded us."

Breakfast being dispatched, all hands went busily to work preparing the ship for port. Our bends had been blacked in the two days of fair weather we had had off the Bahamas; and as our ship was a large, handsome, packet-built craft of seven hundred tons, we reckoned upon cutting a great swell among the brigs, barques, and small ships usually engaged in the sugar-freighting business. The brass of the capstan, wheel and ladder stanchions, were brightly polished by the steward and boys; fair leaders, Scotchmen and chaffing-gear taken off; ensign, signal and burgee-halyards rove; the accommodation-ladder got over the side; the anchor got ready, and the chain roused up from the locker. At ten o'clock we took the sea breeze and a pilot, passed Point Yerikos, and cracked gallantly up the bay with ensign, numbers, and private signal flying. Another point was turned, and the beautiful city came in view at the distance of a league, more than half the intervening space of water covered by ships of every nation, size, and rig, lying at anchor, from the huge British line-of-battle ship down to the graceful native felucca with latteen sails.

"Pilot," said Captain Smith, "if you will give us a first-rate berth, as near to the town as a ship of our size can load, I'll give you five dollars beside your fee."

"You shall have de ver fine berth, señor el capitaine. I will anchor you under de castle yonder; ver deep water, tree, four fathoms, and only one mile and more from the end of the mole."

The skipper exchanged glances with his mate.

"Their old berth," whispered Langley, sticking his elbow into my side.

We rapidly approached the castle, and the busy fleet at its foot; sail after sail was clewed up —the pilot's orders grew frequent and loud—the jib came fluttering down the stay—the anchor plunged into the water—the chain rattled swiftly through the hawsehole—we swung round with the tide, broadside to the fort, and "The voyage of the ship Gentile, Captain James Smith, commander, from Valetta toward Matanzas," as inscribed in the mate's log-book, was at an end.

The pilot was dismissed—our sails furled—the royal and topgallant-yards sent down—the lower and topsail-yards squared with nautical and mathematical precision—our fair-weather lofty poles, surmounted by gilt balls, sent up—awnings were spread completely over the deck —our crack accommodation-stairs got over the side—the swinging-boom rigged out—the boats lowered and fastened thereto—the decks swept clean, and the rigging laid up—and, by the time the custom-house boat boarded us, we were in complete harbor-trim, ship-shape and Bristol fashion; and the Spanish officers complimented the fine appearance of the vessel until the worthy skipper was greatly pleased.

An account was given of the running down of the San Diego, and of the miraculous escape of one of her crew, who, the skipper said, died the next day of his bruises. A name for this unfortunate man had been furnished by Pedro; and in our excess of caution, this was given to the officers as the name rendered by the survivor. The officers looked grave for a moment, but finally said that it was the act of God, and inevitable; and that as the crew had been principally convicts, it was not so much matter; and after drinking two or three bottles of wine, and taking bonds of the captain for the good behavior of our darkies, they departed.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Third Mate and Ship's Cousin go ashore on liberty.*

Many shipmasters and owners will remember how very dull were freights for Europe, at Cuba, in the spring and summer of 1839; and Captain Smith had been in Matanzas but a day or two when he became convinced of the unwelcome truth. We lay day after day sweltering in the sun, until nearly a week had passed, and there was as yet no freight engaged. As our orders were to lay four weeks waiting, unless we should be loaded and ready to sail before that time had elapsed, Langley and I determined that, as I had plenty of money, we would beg a week's liberty of the skipper in this time of idleness, and take a cruise ashore; and we had secretly resolved that in some manner, not yet discovered, we would effect the escape of my Cousin Clara—Langley also, in full intention to take the life of Don Carlos Alvarez, should he run athwart his hawse. Mr. Stowe had been on board during the first day or two after our arrival, and had given us both pressing invitations to spend a week at his house, and to renew our acquaintance with the girls. So the Saturday night after our arrival, Langley and I preferred our petition to the skipper at the supper-table.

"Why, boys," said our good-natured captain, "if I thought you wouldn't get into some confounded scrape, I'd as lief spare you awhile as not; we've nothing to do aboard ship, so—"

"Beg your pardon, Captain Smith," interrupted Mr. Brewster, who had been on bad terms with my friend William for a day or two; "I beg your pardon, sir, but there can be plenty of work to do. It's a slick time to refit the rigging."

"Why, Mr. Brewster," said the captain, "our rigging was thoroughly refitted at Valetta."

"Yes, sir, I know that, sir," persisted Brewster, "but we had a rough trip from there, sir; that last blow we had gin' our standin' riggin' a devil of a strainin', sir."

"Oh! well, Mr. Brewster," replied the skipper, "it'll take but a day or two to set up our shrouds, and I'm afraid we shall have plenty of time for that."

"Very well, Captain Smith," resumed the second mate, "it is nothing to me, sir. I'd as lief they'd be ashore all the time, sir, but before you give Mr. Langley leave, I'd just wish to enter a complaint against him, sir. I shouldn't thought of saying nothin' about it, only to see him coming and asking for liberty so bloody bold, just as if he reckoned he desarved it, makes me feel a leetle riley, sir. He was guilty of using disrespectable language to his superior officer, to me, sir, and upon the quarter-deck, too, sir, d——n him. You see, that night afore last, in his anchor-watch, it was rather warm in my state-room, so I went between decks to walk and cool off a little, and I heard Bill sitting on the booby-hatch and a spoutin' poetry to his-self. Well, I just walks up the ladder, pokes my head through the slide and hails him; but instead of answering me in a proper manner, what does he do but jumps off the hatch and square off in this manner, as if he was agoin' to claw me in the face, and he sings out—'Are you a goose or a gobbler, d——n you?' I didn't want to pick a fuss before the rest of the watch, or by the holy Paul I'd a taught him the difference between his officer and a barn-yard fowl in a series of one lesson—blast his etarnal picter!"

"Mr. Langley," said the skipper, "what have you to say for yourself? Such language upon the quarter-deck to your superior officer is very impertinent."

"If you'll allow me," replied the accused, "I think I can give a version of the story which will sound a little different. You see, the second mate wears a night-cap, to keep the cockroaches or

bugs out of his ears—"

"That's a lie," roared Brewster. "I wears it because I've got a catarrh, which I ketched by doing my duty in all weathers, long afore you ever dipped your fingers in pitch, you lazy son of a gun."

"Silence!" cried Captain Smith, suppressing a laugh. "Mr. Langley, never mind the night-cap, but go on with your story."

"Well," resumed the third mate, "he does wear one, any how, and night before last I sat on the hatch, as he says, reading Shakspeare in the moonlight, and when the second mate's night-capped head rose through the slide, he looked so very spectral that I couldn't forbear hailing him with—'Art thou a ghost or goblin damned?' which he persists in rendering his own fashion. I'm sure I didn't intend to liken him to a barn-yard fowl of any kind; I should rather have gone into the stable in search of comparisons."

To the great chagrin and astonishment of Mr. Brewster, all hands of us burst into a roar of laughter; but Langley, by the skipper's advice, finally begged pardon, and peace and amity were restored. Brewster withdrew his objections, and the skipper granted us a week's liberty.

The next day, after dinner, the yawl was brought to the side and manned, and my chum and I prepared for our departure.

"Remember," quoth my cousin Pedro, as I bade him good-bye, in the mate's state-room, where, from extreme caution, he generally lay *perdu*, "remember to see Clara; tell her who you are, and bring us word from her."

"Yes," added the mate, "tell her of Pedro's escape, but do not undeceive her as to the belief of my death—that's too late now. God bless the dear girl!" and the voice of the usually stout-hearted seaman trembled as he spoke.

"Good-bye, Frank; good-bye, Bill," said Mr. Brewster, as we came on deck again, and shaking hands with us; "kiss all the girls for me, and bring off some good cigars the first time you come on board. These d——d bumboatmen don't have the best quality."

"Keep out of all manner of scrapes." added the captain, by way of climax. "However, I shall see you or hear of you every day, either at the house or counting-room."

"Ay, ay; yes, sir; oh! certainly; of course, sir; good-bye, shipmates; good-bye, sir;" shouted we, right and left, in reply to the divers charges, injunctions and parting salutations, as the boat pushed off.

"Now let fall, my men, give way," continued Bill. "By lightning! Frank, *pre*haps we wont have a spree!"

The ship's cousin replied only by an expressive pantomime.

Two Bowery clerks, driving a fast trotting-horse up the Third Avenue, may, in a measure, realize the feeling of intense pleasure which we experienced at this time.

Away we went in crack style, till, as we neared the mole, Langley gave the order "unrow;" six oar-blades instantly glittered in the sun, the bow-man seized his boat-hook, and our stout crew forced our way through the jam of ship and shore-boats to the landing stairs, saluted by a volley of oaths and interjections, selected with no great care from the vocabularies of almost every European and African language.

There is no place in the world which will seem, at first sight, more strange and foreign to a home-bred New Englander than the mole at Matanzas. It attracted even our eyes, which had last looked upon the picturesque groups in the streets and upon the quay of Valetta. Sunday is a holiday in Cuba, and a motley crowd had assembled under the cover of the immense shed which is built on the mole. Upon a pile of sugar-boxes near us were seated a group of Dutch

sailors, gravely smoking, and sagely keeping silent, in striking contrast with a knot of Frenchmen, who were all talking at once and gesticulating like madmen. Here stalked a grave Austrian from Trieste, and yonder a laughing, lively Greek promenaded arm-in-arm with a Maltese. Hamburghers and Danes, Swedes and Russians, John Bulls by scores, Paddies without number, Neapolitans, Sicilians and Mexicans, all were there, each with fellows and some one to talk to. A group of emigrants, just landed from the Canary Islands, were keeping watch over their goods, and were looking with great interest and many earnest remarks upon this first appearance of their new home. Not far from them a collection of newly imported African negroes, naked, save a strip of cloth about their loins, were rivaling in volubility and extravagance of gesture even the Frenchmen. Native islanders, from the mountains, in picturesque, brigand-like dresses, with long knives stuck jauntily in their girdles, gazed with stupid wonder at the crowd of foreigners. Soldiers from the barracks, with most ferocious looking whiskers and mustaches, very humbly offered for sale little bunches of paper cigaritos. Black fruit women, whose whole dress consisted of a single petticoat of most laconic Fanny Ellslerish brevity, invited the passer by, in terms of the most affectionate endearment, to purchase their oranges, melons, and bananas. Young Spanish bloods, with shirt-bosoms bellying out like a maintop-sail in a gale, stalked along with great consequence, quizzing the strangers. Children, even of ten years of age, and of both sexes and all colors, naked as Job when he came into the world, excited the attention of no one but greenhorns like myself. Down East molasses drogher skippers, who, notwithstanding the climate, clothed themselves in their go-ashore long-napped black beaver hats, stiff, coarse broadcloth coats, thick, high bombazine stocks and cowhide boots, landed from their two-oared unpainted yawls, and ascended the stairs with the air of an admiral of the blue. Uniforms of Spanish, American, French and English navy officers were thickly scattered amidst the crowd, and here and there, making for itself a clear channel wherever it went, rolled the stalwart form of the Yankee tar.

"This is a regular-built tower of Babel," said Langley, at last, "but come, let's work out of 'em."

After some difficulty we gained the street, and our first move was to a *pulperia*, where I treated our boat's crew, and bought as many bananas, oranges and cigars as they could take down to the boat, to send to my shipmates aboard. The second was to charter a volante, in which we got under weigh for Mr. Stowe's house, which was situated about a half a mile from the mole, in a retired street running parallel with the Cabanas river, surrounded by a large garden, at the foot of which was a summer-house, overhanging the river, to which led a flight of steps. Upon our arrival we alighted from our vehicle, paid our driver and rang the gate-bell. A gray-headed negro gave us admission and conducted us to the house, where we were met by our host.

"Ah! my dear boys," he cried, "I am delighted to see you, and so will be Mrs. Stowe and the girls. They associate with the natives but very little, and old friends like you will be a godsend."

Half an hour afterward Langley and I were as much at home as could be, laughing and chatting with Mary and Ellen Stowe. Mary was a tall, handsome brunette of eighteen, and my chum had always preferred her to her sister, but my predilections were in favor of the gentle Ellen. While we were children the elders often predicted that when we grew up there would be a wedding some day, but her father had carried her with him when he moved from Boston to the West Indies, and there seemed an end to our intimacy. She was two years younger than I, and consequently, at the time I saw her in Matanzas, about sixteen. I wish I could describe her—perhaps I may be able to give you some idea of her. She was of the middle height, and bade fair

to be exquisitely formed; her face was intellectual, a tolerably high forehead, straight nose, a small mouth with pretty rosy lips, white, even teeth, small and thorough bred hands and feet, and her eyes, which I have purposely left to the last, are, notwithstanding Mr. Stewart's encomiastic account of the dark orbs of the Creole girls, I think, the most beautiful in the world; they are large, dark-blue and loving, and when she looks up at you, even if you are the most wicked man in the world, it will calm your thoughts and make you still and quiet. Dear reader, imagine Ellen very beautiful, and take my word for it that your fancy will not deceive you. Ellen and I resumed our former friendship almost immediately, and after dinner we walked into the garden to talk over auld lang syne.

"Do you remember, Ellen," said I, "how we both cried when I bade you good-bye?"

"Did *I*?" asked Ellen, mischievously.

"Yes, you little sinner, much more than I did, because I was fourteen and had the dignity of manhood to support."

"Well," said Ellen, "I think I do remember something about it."

"Is it possible! and does your memory serve you still farther; you said that if I would ever come to see you, you would never refuse to kiss me again."

"Why, Frank Byrne, what a fertile invention you have got."

"Not so," I replied, "only an excellent memory, come, now, own the truth, didn't you promise me so?"

"But, Frank, I was a little girl then, and my contracts were not valid you know; however, if —"

"If what?" demanded I, perceiving that she blushed and hesitated.

"Why, if *you* wish to kiss *me*, I don't know that I should object a great deal."

Of course I did no such thing.

"Why, Ellen," I said in a few moments, "you've grown very prudish; where did you learn to be?"

"Oh! I don't know," she replied, "unless it was among the nuns."

"The nuns!" I repeated, my thought taking a new turn.

"Ay, the nuns, my lad, the nuns," cried Ellen, laughing immoderately at my abstracted look.

"At what convent?" I asked.

"The Ursuline. I went to school there immediately after our arrival, and, Frank, only think! my particular preceptress, Sister Agatha, father says is your own cousin. She understood English so much better than any of the rest that I was put under her immediate care."

I was peculiarly interested in this piece of information, as the reader may suppose. I questioned Ellen closely, and finally told her the story of the loves and misfortunes of Mr. Stewart and Clara. The tears stood in the beautiful eyes of my auditor as I finished. "Langley and I have a plan for her escape," I added.

"Oh! Frank, she would not escape; she has taken the veil; she will not break her vow."

"Yes she will, when she hears that her brother is free and Stewart is alive."

"Well," said Ellen, "I know what I would do in her place, but what is your plan? In case she is willing to escape how do you propose to manage?"

"That's the difficulty; don't the nuns ever come out of the convent?"

"Never alone; always by twos. Sister Agatha is a great saint, and has a deal of liberty, but she is always in company."

"Well, well," said I, "we shall have to scale the walls then."

"Pooh! you are as romantic as William."

"Well, Miss Wisdom, wont you suggest something?"

"Certainly. Frank," replied Ellen. "Sister Agatha always took quite a liking for me, because I was her scholar I suppose, and an American, and she and the Superior, who is a very good-natured person, came immediately to see me, when I was sick last summer, and afterward called very often. Now, if papa is willing, when your ship is ready to sail I'll fall sick again and send for Sister Agatha, who will be sure to come with some one else, but she can slip out through the court after awhile, and down the garden-walk here to the river, and go into your boat, which shall be waiting, and then you can take her off to the ship."

"That is a capital plan, dear Ellen," said I, "but there is one grand objection to it."

"What is that, Frank?"

"You would get into trouble by it."

"Oh, no! I think not; but yonder comes papa with mother, and William is saying fine things to Mary, behind them."

"Ah, Frank!" cried Mr. Stowe, as we made our appearance, "we were looking for you. I did not know but that you had run away with Ellen."

"No," said I, "not yet; but we were contriving the best plan to run away with a nun."

"Hush! you fool!" whispered Langley, pinching my arm.

"Go to thunder!" was the reply, "I know what I'm about." I then related to Mr. Stowe the story the reader well knows, and which I found Mr. Stowe knew very well also, and finally disclosed Ellen's very excellent plan for the deliverance of my cousin.

"If," said Mr. Stowe, in reply, when I had finished, "if you can get sister Agatha's consent to elope at the proper time, Ellen may fall sick if she pleases. I may be suspected in having a hand in the matter; but if the affair is properly managed, they can do no more than suspect, and that I care nothing about, as I'm going to move back to Boston in the spring. But the grand difficulty you will find to be in persuading Sister Agatha to break her vow."

"Let me alone for that," replied I, "if I can only have an interview with her."

"That is easily done," said Mary Stowe, "the nuns are allowed to see their friends at the grate."

"And I will go with you to the convent to-morrow, and engage the superior's attention while you talk with your cousin," added her father.

In the evening Langley and I held a council of war, wherein it was decided, *nem. con.*, that our plot was in a fair way to be accomplished.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Visit at the Convent.*

The next day Mr. Stowe and myself set out for the convent in that gentleman's carriage. Upon our arriving there we were shown into a spacious parlor, at one end of which was a larger grated window, opening into a smaller room. In a few moments the Lady Superior entered. She was a tall, handsome woman, and surprised my Protestant prejudices by receiving us very cordially, and immediately engaging with Mr. Stowe in a very lively, animated conversation in Spanish. Suddenly she turned toward me,

"My good friend, Señor Stowe, says that you wish to see Sister Agatha, who was your cousin."

"Yes, señora."

"Well, the señor and myself are going to the school-room, and I will send her to you; but you must not make love to your cousin—she is very pretty, and you Americans have very sad morals;" and so saying, the lively superior led the way to the school-room, followed by Mr. Stowe.

After they had retired I went up to the grate, and waited several minutes, until at last a door of the inner room opened, and a nun entered. Her face bore the traces of deep melancholy; but notwithstanding that, and the unbecoming dress which half concealed her form, I thought I had never seen a woman so lovely, so completely beautiful. I stood in mute wonder and admiration.

"Did you wish to see me, señor?" asked the nun, in a low, soft voice.

"I did, madam," I replied. "If you are Clara Garcia, allow me to introduce myself as your cousin, Frank Byrne."

"*Madre di Dios!*" cried the nun, her face lighting up with a smile of astonished delight, "can it be possible! How did you come here?"

"In one of my father's ships," I replied. "I am a seaman on board of her."

"What, the Cabot?" asked Sister Agatha, suddenly, with a color in her cheeks.

"No, a new ship—the Gentile."

The nun made many inquiries about my father and mother, and her cousins in Boston; and we chatted away quite merrily for some minutes.

"You seem to take an interest in the world, after all," said I, striving to lead the conversation so that I might introduce the matter which was my business.

"Not much, generally," sighed Sister Agatha. "I sometimes think of past times with regret, but I am for the most part very happy."

This was a stumper. I determined to see if all this composure was real.

"Can any one hear us?" I whispered.

"No," answered the nun, opening her great eyes.

"Well, then, I've a great deal to tell you. Let me ask you, in the first place, if you know where your brother Pedro is."

I was frightened at the expression which my cousin's face assumed. "Yes!" she said, in a hoarse voice, "he is in the *Guarda-Costa*. My God! Frank! I saw him a year ago in the streets, toiling as a scavenger."

I saw that there was yet deep feeling under the cold, melancholy exterior. I had but little time to work, and hastened to proceed.

"Cousin Clara," I resumed, "you are mistaken; your brother has escaped from confinement, and is now on board my ship, the Gentile."

"Thank God!" cried the nun, clasping her hands, "now am I willing to die."

"And further," said I, immediately continuing my revelations, "can you repress your feelings?"

"What more can you have to tell me?" whispered Sister Agatha. "Go on, I am not so nearly stone as I thought myself; but I can hear without any dangerous outbreak of emotion whatever you have to say."

"Well," I resumed, "you were mistaken about Mr. Stewart's death—"

I had been too abrupt. The nun turned deadly pale, and clung to the bars of the grate for support; but the emotion was momentary. "Go on," said she, in a hoarse whisper.

"Can you bear it?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes, no matter what it may be."

"Command yourself, then; Mr. Stewart is not only alive, but well; he loves you yet most ardently, but without hope; he is now on board of the Gentile, he and Pedro—not three miles from you."

While thus by piecemeal I doled out my information, I watched the effect on my auditor. There was no more fainting. Her lips parted, and displayed her white teeth firmly set against each other, and her little hands grasped the bars of the grate convulsively.

Quickly and concisely I stated my plan for her escape; but still she maintained the same attitude; she did not even seem to hear me.

"Clara, do you consent?" I cried, in despair, for I heard the steps of the Superior and Mr. Stowe.

Suddenly she extended her hand through the grate and grasped mine. "I do," she said, "if I'm damned for it."

"Right, then; you shall be warned in time. Go now, for your features are any thing but calm."

The nun vanished as the Superior entered.

"I have been taking advantage of your confidence, señora," said I; "I have been trying to persuade my cousin that she is discontented and unhappy, but without success."

"Ah! no fear of that, señor," cried the lady, with a smile, while Mr. Stowe stood aghast; "girls who have been disappointed in love make good nuns."

"Then you will dare to trust me to see her again. I promised that I would call once more before I sail, with your permission."

"*Si, Señor*, whenever you please."

After partaking of some very fine fruit and wine, we took our leave with many thanks.

"Well, Frank, how you startled me," said Mr. Stowe, as we drove off. "You told the truth, I suppose; but the truth is not to be told at all times."

"Oh!" said I, "I only told half the truth—"

"Is it possible that Sister Agatha consents to escape?"

"She has promised to do so," I replied.

Mr. Stowe expressed so much surprise that I found that he had had no faith in my success—but the good gentleman was now overjoyed. "Capital, Frank!" said he, "you would make a splendid diplomatist. Now what do you say to going directly aboard ship and telling your tidings to the officers and Pedro? We will take a boat at the mole and get aboard in time for dinner."

"Agreed; how happy we shall make Mr. Stewart and Don Pedro."

Mr. Stowe prophesied correctly. The officers of the Gentile were at dinner in the cabin when we suddenly burst upon them. I need not say that all hands were no less surprised than delighted at the intelligence we had to communicate. I thought my hands would be wrung off, so severely were they shaken.

After dinner Mr. Stowe and myself returned on shore, and in a family conclave there also stated the result of our visit to the convent.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

*Yellow Fever and Love-making.*

The succeeding three days passed most happily with me. I grew more and more in love with

Ellen. We visited all the places of note in the neighborhood of the town, and were even projecting an excursion to Havana in the steamboat, when an event occurred that came very near sending me on a much longer voyage. One afternoon, while waiting for Captain Smith with Langley at the United States Café, I was suddenly taken with a distracting pain through my temples, though just previously I had felt as well as ever in my life. The agony increased, and Langley, to whom I complained, began to be frightened, when luckily Captain Smith arrived, who, upon looking at me, and hearing Langley's account of the matter, immediately called a volante, put me aboard, and drove to Mr. Stowe's house. During the ride I grew worse and worse every moment; the jolting of the carriage almost killed me, and by the time we had arrived at our destination I was nearly crazy. I just remember of being lifted out of the volante, and of seeing the pale, anxious face of Ellen somewhere—and I knew no more of the matter until some sixty hours afterward, one fine morning, when I all at once opened my eyes, and found myself flat on my back, weak as a cat, and my head done up in plaintain-leaves and wet towels. I heard low conversation and the rattle of dice, and casting my eyes toward the verandah, from whence the noise proceeded, I perceived Langley and Mary Stowe very composedly engaged in a game of backgammon. Ellen sat by the jalousie, just within the room, looking very pale, and with a book in her hand, which I judged by the appearance to be a prayer-book. I felt very weak, but perfectly happy, and not being disposed to talk, lay entirely still, enjoying the delicious languor which I felt, and the cool breeze which entered freely from the blinded windows, and listened to the conversation of my friends.

"Come, come, Ellen," said Mary, looking up from the board, "don't look so wobegone—'tis your throw, William—Frank is doing well enough now. The doctor says that when he wakes he will be entirely out of danger, and free from pain. Psha! Will, you take me up. I don't see, my dear, why you should take so much more interest than any one else—is it not ridiculous, William?"

"Perfectly so," replied Langley—"double sixes, by the Lord!—two of 'em, three, four. Now Frank is my shipmate, and, in the main, a tolerable decent fellow; but he isn't worth shedding so many tears about."

"Why, William!" exclaimed Ellen, "you know that you cried like a baby yourself night before last, when he was so very sick."

"Ahem! so I did; but I was so vexed to see our pleasant party to Havana was broken up. Frank was very ill-natured to fall sick just at that time—I'll flog him for it when he gets well."

"You can't do it, Bill Langley," cried I, as loudly as possible, for the first time taking a part in the conversation.

The trio started to their feet at this unexpected display of my colloquial powers; down went backgammon-board, men, dice, prayer-book, and all upon the floor.

"Hillo! Frank!" cried Langley, ranging alongside the bed, "how do you find yourself by this time, my little dear?"

"Perfectly well, only very weak."

"Does your head ache now, Frank?" asked Mary, laying her soft hand upon my forehead.

"Not a bit, only I've got most confounded sore hair."

"Eh! my lad, they talked of leaving you no hair at all," cried Bill, "they thought one spell of shaving your head. Egad! you'd have looked like a bald eagle!"

"Why, what has been the matter with me?" I asked.

"Matter with you! why, man, you have had the yellowest kind of a fever. Touch and go, it was; but you're worth ten dead men this morning."

Ellen during this conversation had left the room, and now returned with her father and the physician, who had called with Captain Smith. I was pronounced in a fair way of speedy recovery. Everybody was very glad, but I noticed that Ellen said nothing; indeed, instead of being overjoyed like my good skipper or Langley, she had to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Frank," said Langley, when I was finally left alone with that worthy gentleman, "how little Nell did pipe her eye the other night, when we were all so fearful you were going to slip your wind; and just between you and I and the main-mast, I'm walking into her sister's young affections just as the monkey went up the back-stay, hand over hand. *Pre*haps she aint a darling. I've been writing a piece of poetry about her, don't you want to hear it?"

"Oh! be off with your nonsense—I wish to go to sleep."

"Well, go to sleep, and be—cured, you unfeeling wretch;" and Mr. Langley, in a huff, walked out on the verandah, and began to smoke.

Under the kind care of my good friends I grew rapidly better, and at the end of a week was entirely well; but still I enjoyed the society of Ellen so much, that whenever the skipper called upon me, I feigned myself too weak to go to my duty, and pleaded that Langley might stay ashore to take care of me. Captain Smith, though not deceived by this artifice, granted us liberty from day to day; and Bill and I were the two happiest fellows in the world. But there is an end to every thing. One day while sitting in the back verandah with Ellen, her father and mother, in rushed the skipper, in great glee, rubbing his hands.

"Good morning, all hands!" cried he. "How are you, Frank?"

"Oh! I'm not quite so well this morning," I replied, telling a bouncer.

"Well, sir, I've got some news that'll do you as much good as the whole stock in trade of an apothecary taken at one dose. Let's see, to-day is Wednesday, and Friday evening, if good weather for our little plans to work, we shall sail for Boston."

"For Boston!" cried everybody.

"Yes, for Boston! You see, Stowe, Mr. Byrne has heard how dull freights are here, and I have just got a letter from him by Gidding's, of the Duxbury, just arrived, in which he says—or I'll read that part—hum—let's see—oh—'if you have not already engaged a freight, you will immediately sail for Boston. I have an excellent opportunity to charter the Gentile for a China voyage; and I suppose you had as lief go to India again as to Russia.' Bless me if I hadn't! So, my dear fellow, if any of those higgling shippers apply to you, tell 'em to go to the devil with their ha'penny freights. Come, ride down street with me; Gidding's has some letters for you. Good morning, Miss Ellen! Morning, Frank! get well mighty fast, for we must use you a little, you know; and see Langley, and tell him to go aboard immediately after dinner."

"Ay, ay, sir. Come, Ellen, let's walk into the garden and find William and Mary."

We were very soon in the garden, sauntering along a little alley shaded by orange trees.

"It seems to me," said Ellen, half pouting, "that you are mightily pleased about sailing next Friday, instead of staying in Matanzas a week longer."

"Why, yes," I replied, "I must say that I am glad to go home, after an absence of eighteen months."

"I wish I was going to dear old Boston," added Ellen, sighing.

"You are to go this fall, you know."

"Maybe so; but then, Frank, you will not be there, will you?"

"Why, no," I replied, "not if I go with the ship to India; but what difference will that make?"

Ellen made no answer, and I began to feel rather queer, and marvelously inclined to make love. I had always liked Ellen very much, and lately better than ever, but, being a novice in such

matters, I was in doubt whether my predilection was really *bona fide* love or not; it didn't seem like the love I had read about in novels; and yet I felt very miserable at the idea of Ellen's loving anybody else. I was in a desperate quandary.

"Well," said Ellen, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, "pray what can be the subject of your thoughts?"

I am frank by nature as well as by name; and so, turning to my fair inquisitor, I said, "you know, Ellen, that I am very young yet."

"Yes, Frank."

"And that people at my age very often do not know their own minds."

"Yes, Frank."

"Well, Ellen, I think *now* that I love you very dearly; and if I were five years older, and felt as I now do, and you were willing, I would marry you right away; but I am young, and may be deceived, and so may deceive you. Now, Ellen, if I should ask you if you loved me, would you tell me?"

"Yes, Frank," said Ellen, very faintly.

"And do you?" I asked; and, like Brutus, paused for a reply.

"Yes, Frank, I like you very much."

"Is that all? *Like*, is a very cold word. Do you love me?"

"Yes, Frank," whispered Ellen, leaning her forehead against my shoulder. "I *think* I do; *you* wouldn't say any more than that."

"That is all I wish you to say, my dear little girl," I replied, kissing her white neck and shoulders; "now then, listen. I shall return from India in about two years time, if then we are both of the same mind as now, we will begin to talk about the wedding-day. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, dear Frank."

"Thank you, dearest; now look up one minute."

The reader, if he pleases, may supply in this place a few interjectional kisses from his imagination.

With my arm around Ellen's slender waist, we walked down the shady alleys of the garden in search of Langley and Mary, but for a while were unsuccessful; at last I caught a sight of Mary's white dress in a distant arbor. We approached the bower unperceived by its occupants, and were upon the point of entering, but we luckily discovered in time that we should be altogether *de trop*. Langley was on his knees before the coquettish Mary, making love in his most grandiloquent style.

"Most adorable creature," quoth my romantic shipmate, thumping his right side, "you lacerate my heart by your obdurate cruelty!"

"Get up off your knees, you foolish boy," answered the mischievous girl; "you will certainly stain the knees of your white trowsers."

"Oh! divine goddess! hear me!" persisted my chum, magnanimously disregarding the welfare of his unwhisperables in the present crisis.

"You idolatrous sailor remember the first commandment."

"The devil fly away with the first commandment!" cried poor Langley, sorely vexed. "Most lovely of human beings," he continued with a deep groan, which he intended to be a pathetic sigh, "my heart is on fire."

"May be you've got the fever, William," suggested Mary; "are you in *much* pain?"

"Yes, great pain," said Bill, with another heart-rending groan.

"Well, then, rise, I insist—Lord! if anybody should catch us in this predicament!"

"Hadn't we better go away?" whispered Ellen, blushing for her sister's sake.

"No, no," I replied, "let's stay and see the fun."

"Not till I persuade you to relent," replied Langley to Mary's oft-repeated request.

"Yes you will. Get up off your knees immediately, or I vow I'll box your ears."

"Strike!" cried Langley, with a theatrical air and tone, at the same time unbuttoning his vest, "strike! and wound the heart which beats for you alone!"

*Slap*—came Mary's delicate hand across the cheek of her disconsolate lover, with a force which brought an involuntary "ouch!" from his lips. "Get up, I say!" *Whack—slap*—came two more blows, first on one side of his head and then on the other.

"By G—d! madam!" sputtered Langley, rising in a rage, "I wish you were a man for half a minute."

"Why," said Mary, "in that case you couldn't make love to me with any sort of propriety. Hold, hold, Willy, dear! don't go off angry; sit down here, I insist; nay, now, I'll box your ears again if you don't obey me; there, you'll feel perfectly cool in a moment. For shame! Bill, to get angry at a love-tap from a lady!"

"Love-tap, indeed," muttered Langley, rubbing his cheek. "See where your confounded ring scratched my face."

"Did it? Oh! I'm so sorry!" said Mary. "Hold here, while I kiss the place to make it well; there now, don't it feel much better? See! I've got my lips all blood, haven't I? Shall I wipe it off with my handkerchief, or—"

Langley took the hint and kissed the rich ripe lips of his lovely companion, red with nothing but her own warm blood.

"By Jupiter!" cried my shipmate, "Mary, you are the strangest girl I ever saw. One minute I think you love me, the next that you care nothing at all for me; one minute the most teasing little devil, and the next the dearest creature in all the world."

"What am I now?" asked Mary.

"You are the most angelic, adorable—"

"Take care, sir," cried Mary, shaking her finger; "don't have a relapse, or you'll catch it again."

"Well, what shall I say then?" demanded poor Bill, in despair; "you are as hard to please as the skipper of a mud-scow."

"Talk sensibly if you wish, but don't indulge in such lofty flights, unless you have a mind to soar out of hearing. Now, then, Will, what were you about to say?"

"This," said my shipmate, taking the hand of his charming companion, and speaking like a frank, manly fellow, as he really was, "this, dear Mary, that I love you heartily and truly, and have loved you ever since we were children. At present I am a poor seaman, but I hope in a few years to rise in my profession, till I am able to support a wife in the style to which you have been accustomed, if then you will give me your hand I shall be more happy than I can express. Now, don't tease me any longer, but tell me if I have any chance."

Mary's coquettish air was gone. While Langley had been speaking her face became suffused with a charming blush, which extended even to her heaving bosom, and when he finished she raised her eyes, bright and tearful, to his. "William," said she, "you have spoken candidly, without doubt, and deserve a candid answer. If when you become the mate of a ship you are willing to be burthened with me for a wife, dear Will, you can doubtless have me by asking papa."

"Come, Ellen," said I, "let's go now."

---

## CHAPTER X.

*The Gentile loses her fore-topsail.*

The hours flew like lightning until Friday arrived. I went to the convent in the morning, and in an interview with Sister Agatha informed her that in the evening she would probably be called to the sick bed of Ellen. Mr. Stowe bade us good-bye and sailed in the Havana steamboat at noon, that his presence at the catastrophe might not seem suspicious. At sunset I bade farewell to dear little Ellen, who was indeed as pale as death, and in an hour afterward was on board the ship, where I found every thing in readiness for a hasty departure, the top-sails, jib and spanker were loosed, the anchor at the bows, and its place supplied by a small kedge, attached to the ship by a hawser, easily cut in case of need; the awnings were struck, and the decks covered with rigging and sails. The boat's crew who were to go on the expedition of the evening had already been selected, and were in high spirits at the probable danger, romance and novelty of the affair.

"By thunder! Frank," said Jack Reeves, shaking my hand furiously when I appeared on the forecastle, "you're a trump and no mistake."

"Arrah! now, Masther Frank, how yaller it is ye're lookin'; but it's you that's the boy to get the weather gage of Yaller Jack, let alone the nuns; wont we have a thumping time this night?"

"Why, Teddy, are you going with us? You are the last man I should have thought to enlist in an expedition of this kind!"

"Ay, ay, Masther Frank, its rather agen my conscience, to be sure; but it's the skipper's orders, and I alwus goes by that maxum, ''bey orders if you break owners.'"

"Then the skipper has ordered you to go—"

"Of coorse; in the first place he says that he'll send no man into danger widout tellin' him of it, the jewel, and then he just stated the case, and sez he, 'which of yees will go, b'ys?' an' wid that uz all stipt for'ard. 'What,' sez the owld man, sez he, 'Teddy, I thought you was a Catholic!' 'Faix! an' I am that, yer honor,' sez I, makin' a big sign of the cross, 'long life to the Pope and the clargy!' 'It's a nun we're goin' to abductionize to-night,' sez he, 'I thought you understood that.' 'I know that, yer honor,' sez I, 'but if you will jist plaze to order me to go, I can't help meself, and so your own sowl will be damned, beggin' yer honor's pardon,' sez I, 'and not mine.' The officers all laughed, and the owld man, sez he, 'Teddy, you're quite ingenuous!' 'Thank yer honor,' sez I, 'but I'll cotton to Ichabod Green in that line, since he invinted the new spun-yarn mill.'"

Soon after sundown the land wind from the south set in smartly, and by eight o'clock we were not a little fearful lest our kedge might drag. The captain's gig was brought to the stairs, and the party chosen for the expedition took their places, the first mate and ship's cousin and six stout seamen, well armed. Stewart was very nervous and silent; the only remark he made after we left the ship was when we swept by the end of the mole.

It was just nine o'clock when we hauled into the shade of the summer-house and its vines at the foot of Mr. Stowe's garden. I was commissioned to go to the house while the rest staid by the boat. On the stairs of the back verandah I met Mary Stowe.

"Is it you, Frank?" she asked.

"Ay, ay; is Cousin Clara here?"

"Oh, yes! in Ellen's room, and the Superior is in the parlor with mother. Ellen has been terribly sick, but she was well enough to whisper just now, 'Give Frank my best love.'"

"Here, Mary," said I, "give her this kiss a thousand times."

"Oh, heavens! what a pretty one! But I must go and send Sister Agatha to you; we've got a hard part to act when her flight is discovered. I say, Frank, give Langley my love; don't wonder at it now, adieu! I'll see you in two years."

I waited impatiently for two minutes, which seemed two hours; at last I heard a light step on the stairs, and in a moment more held the runaway nun in my arms.

"Courage!" said I, "you are safe."

Throwing a cloak over her, we hastily ran down the orange-walk. I could not suppress a sigh as I passed the place where Ellen had told me that she thought she loved me. In a moment we reached the boat; Stewart stood upon the shore to receive us, caught the fainting form of Cousin Clara in his arms, and bore her apparently lifeless to the stern-sheets; the men shipped their oars, and I seized the rudder-lines, and gave the word of command.

"Push off—let fall—give way—and now pull for your lives."

The boat shot like lightning down the narrow river to its mouth, then across the broad bay, glittering in the first rays of the just risen moon. The band was playing as we rapidly shot past the barracks.

I sat near the lovers in the stern-sheets, and heard Stewart whisper, "Dearest, do you remember that old Castilian air?" The answer was inaudible, but from the long kiss that Stewart pressed upon the lips which replied to him, I judged that the reply was in the affirmative. At last the ship was reached, and the passengers of the boat were safely transferred to the broad, firm deck of the old Gentile.

The reader will excuse my describing the scene which ensued, for, as I have before said, and as the reader has probably assented, description is not my forte; beside, I am in a devil of a hurry to get the ship under weigh, or all will be lost.

The hawser was cut, and we wore round under our jib; the top-sails were hoisted and filled out before the breeze, and we began our voyage toward home. Sail after sail was set, and the noble old ship danced merrily and swiftly along, leaving the scene of my cousin's suffering far astern; and, alas! every moment adding to the distance between Ellen and me. The lights of the distant city, shining through the mazy rigging of the shipping before it, grew dimmer and more faint, and finally, entirely disappeared; the wide ocean was before us.

The next morning we were seventy miles from the nearest land of Cuba; and ten days afterward the marine lists of the Boston papers announced the arrival of the ship Gentile, Smith, from Matanzas.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

*In which the fullness of the Gentile's is accomplished.*

Great was the joy of my father and mother, and good little sisters, at the unexpected appearance of Cousins Pedro and Clara. The money of the former, it may be recollected, had been brought to Boston in the Cabot, and placed in my father's hands, and though Pedro could not be called a rich man, still the sum now paid him by his uncle was very handsome. This, by

advice, was invested in an India venture to send by the Gentile; and my Cousin Pedro, in consequence of this and my father's recommendation, was appointed supercargo of that ship by Mr. Selden, the merchant who had chartered her.

Captain Smith was removed to a new and larger vessel; and the Gentile's list of officers, when she cleared for Canton, stood thus, Benjamin Stewart, master; Pedro Garcia, supercargo; Micah Brewster, 1st officer; William Langley, 2nd do.; Frank Byrne, 3rd do. Jack Reeves was also in the forecastle, but Teddy staid by his old skipper.

It was a very pleasant day when we sailed from the end of Long Wharf; but we had got nearly under weigh before Captain Stewart came on board.

"That's always the way with these new married skippers," growled the pilot, as he gave orders to hoist the maintop-sail.

---

About a month ago, the senior partner of the firm of Byrne & Co. was heard to say, that he had in his employ three sea captains who had each one wooed his wife in broad daylight, in a garden of the city of Matanzas.

# ILENOVAR.

## FROM A STORY OF PALENQUE.

## A FRAGMENT.

---

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS,
AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE,"
"RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

---

Weary, but now no longer girt by foes,
He darkly stood beside that sullen wave,
Watching the sluggish waters, whose repose
Imaged the gloomy shadows in his heart;
Vultures, that, in the greed of appetite,
Still sating blind their passionate delight,
Lose all the wing for flight,
And, brooding deafly o'er the prey they tear,
Hear never the low voice that cries, "depart,
Lest with your surfeit you partake the snare!"
Thus fixed by brooding and rapacious thought,
Stood the dark chieftain by the gloomy stream,
When, suddenly, his ear
A far off murmur caught,
Low, deep, impending, as of trooping winds,
Up from his father's grave,
That ever still some fearful echoes gave,
Such as had lately warned him in his dream,
Of all that he had lost—of all he still might save!
Well knew he of the sacrilege that made
That sacred vault, where thrice two hundred kings
Were in their royal pomp and purple laid,
Refuge for meanest things;—
Well knew he of the horrid midnight rite,
And the foul orgies, and the treacherous spell,
By those dread magians nightly practiced there;
And who the destined victim of their art;—
But, as he feels the sacred amulet
That clips his neck and trembles at his breast—

As once did she who gave it—he hath set
His resolute spirit to its work, and well
His great soul answers to the threatning dread,
Those voices from the mansions of the dead!
Upon the earth, like stone,
He crouched in silence; and his keen ear, prone,
Kissed the cold ground in watchfulness, not fear!
But soon he rose in fright,
For, as the sounds grew near,
He feels the accents never were of earth:
They have a wilder birth
Than in the council of his enemies,
And he, the man, who, having but one life,
Hath risked a thousand in unequal strife,
Now, in the night and silence, sudden finds
A terror, at whose touch his manhood flies.
The blood grows cold and freezes in his veins,
His heart sinks, and upon his lips the breath
Curdles, as if in death!
Vainly he strives in flight,
His trembling knees deny—his strength is gone!
As one who, in the depth of the dark night,
Groping through chambered ruins, lays his hands
On cold and clammy bones, and glutinous brains,
The murdered man's remains—
Thus rooted to the dread spot stood the chief,
When, from the tomb of ages, came the sound,
As of a strong man's grief;
His heart denied its blood—his brain spun round—
He sank upon the ground!

'Twas but an instant to the dust he clung;
The murmurs grew about him like a cloud—
He breathed an atmosphere of spirit-voices,
Most sighing sad, but with a sound between,
As of one born to hope that still rejoices,
In a sweet foreign tongue,
That seemed exulting, starting from its shroud,
To a new rapture for the first time seen!
This better voice, as with a crowning spell,
On the chief's spirit fell;
Up starting from the earth, he cried aloud:
"Ah! thou art there, and well!
I thank thee, thou sweet life, that unto me
Art life no longer—thou hast brought me life,
Such as shall make thy murderers dread the strife.

But for thy ear a gentler speech be mine,
And I will wait until the terrible hour
Hath past, and I may wholly then be thine!
Now am I sworn unto a wilder power,
But none so clear, or precious, sweetest flower,
That ever, when Palenque possessed her tower
And white-robed priesthood, wert of all thy race
Most queenly, and the soul of truth and grace;—
Blossom of beauty, that I could not keep,
And know not to resign—
I would, but cannot weep!
These are not tears, my father, but hot blood
That fills the warrior's eyes;
For every drop that falls, a mighty flood
Our foemen's hearts shall yield us, when the dawn
Begins of that last day
Whose red light ushers in the fatal fray,
Such as shall bring us back old victories,
Or of the empire, evermore withdrawn.
Shall make a realm of silence and of gloom,
Where all may read the doom,
But none shall dream the horrid history!
I do not weep—I do not shrink—I cry
For the fierce strife and vengeance! Taught by thee,
No other thought I see!
My hope is strong within, my limbs are free.
My arms would strike the foe—my feet would fly,
Where now he rides triumphant in his sway—
And though within my soul a sorrow deep
Makes thought a horror haunting memory,
I do not, will not weep!"

Then swore he—and he called the tree whose growth
Of past and solemn centuries made it wear
An ancient, god-like air,
To register his deep and passionate oath.
Hate to the last he swore—a wild revenge,
Such as no chance can change,
Vowed he before those during witnesses,
Rocks, waters and old trees.
And, in that midnight hour,
No sound from nature broke,
No sound save that he spoke,
No sound from spirits hushed and listening nigh!
His was an oath of power—
A prince's pledge for vengeance to his race—

To twice two hundred years of royalty—
That still the unbroken sceptre should have sway,
While yet one subject warrior might obey,
Or one great soul avenge a realm's disgrace!
It was the pledge of vengeance, for long years,
Borne by his trampled people as a dower
Of bitterness and tears;—
Homes rifled, hopes defeated, feelings torn
By a fierce conqueror's scorn;
The national gods o'erthrown—treasure and blood,
Once boundless as the flood,
That 'neath his fixed and unforgiving eye
Crept onward silently;
Scattered and squandered wantonly, by bands,
Leaguered in shame, the scum of foreign lands,
Sent forth to lengthen out their infamy,
With the wild banquet of a pampered mood.

Even as he swore, his eye
Grew kindled with a fierce and flaming blight,
Red-lowering like the sky,
When, heralding the tempest in his might,
The muttering clouds march forth and form on high.
With sable banners and grim majesty.
Beneath his frowning brow a shaft of fire,
That told the lurking ire,
Shot ever forth, outflashing through the gloom
It could not well illume,
Making the swarthy cheeks on which it fell
Seem trenched with scarrèd lines of hate and hell.
Then heaved his breast with all the deep delight
The warrior finds in promise of the fight,
Who seeks for vengeance in his victory.
For, in the sudden silence in the air,
He knew how gracious was the audience there:
He heard the wings unfolding at the close,
And the soft voice that cheered him once before
Now into utterance rose:
One whispered word,
One parting tone,
And then a fragrant flight of wings was heard
And she was gone, was gone—
Yet was he not alone! not all alone!

Thus, having sworn—the old and witnessing tree
Bent down, and in his branches registered
Each dark and passionate word;

And on the rocks, trenched in their shapeless sides,
The terrible oath abides;
And the dark waters, muttering to their waves,
Bore to their secret mansions and dim caves
    The low of death they heard.
Thus were the dead appeased—the listening dead—
    For, as the warrior paused, a cold breath came,
    Wrapping with ice his frame,
A cold hand pressing on his heart and head;
    Entranced and motionless,
Upon the earth he lies,
    While a dread picture of the land's distress
Rose up before his eyes.
First came old Hilluah's shadow, with the ring
    About his brow, the sceptre in his hand,
    Ensigns of glorious and supreme command,
Proofs of the conqueror, honored in the king.
"Ilenovar! Ilenovar!" he cried:
Vainly the chief replied;—
He strove to rise for homage, but in vain—
The deathlike spell was on him like a chain,
And his clogged tongue, that still he strove to teach,
Denied all answering speech!
The monarch bade him mark
The clotted blood that, dark,
Distained his royal bosom, and that found
Its way, still issuing, from a mortal wound,
    Ghastly and gaping wide, upon his throat!
The shadow passed—another took his place,
Of the same royal race;
The noble Yumuri, the only son
Of the old monarch, heir to his high throne,
Cut off by cunning in his youthful pride;
There was the murderer's gash, and the red tide
Still pouring from his side;
    And round his neck the mark of bloody hands,
That strangled the brave sufferer while he strove
    Against their clashing brands.
Not with unmoistened eyes did the chief note
    His noble cousin, precious to his love,
Brother of one more precious to his thought,
    With whom and her, three happy hearts in one,
He grew together in their joys and fears—
And not till sundered knew the taste of tears;
    Salt, bitter tears, but shed by one alone,
Him the survivor, the avenger—he

Who vainly shades his eyes that still must see!
Long troops came after of his slaughtered race,
Each in his habit, even as he died:
The big sweat trickled down the warrior's face,
Yet could he move no limb, in that deep trance,
Nor turn away his glance!

They melt again to cloud—at last they fade;
He breathes, that sad spectator,—they are gone;
He sighs with sweet relief; but lo! anon,
A deeper spell enfolds him, as a maid,
Graceful as evening light, and with an eye
Intelligent with beauty, like the sky,
And wooing as the shade,
Bends o'er him silently!
With one sweet hand she lifts the streaming hair,
That o'er her shoulders droops so gracefully,
While with the other she directs his gaze,
All desperate with amaze,
Yet with a strange delight, through all his fear!
What sees he there?
Buried within her bosom doth his eye
The deadly steel descry;
The blood stream clotted round it—the sweet life
Shed by the cruel knife!—
The keen blade guided to the pure white breast,
By its own kindred hand, declares the rest!
Smiling upon the deed, she smiles on him,
And in that smile the lovely shape grows dim.

His trance is gone—his heart
Hath no more fear! in one wild start
He bursts the spell that bound him, with a cry
That rings in the far sky;
He does not fear to rouse his enemy!
The hollow rocks reply;
He shouts, and wildly, with a desperate voice,
As if he did rejoice
That death had done his worst;
And in his very desperation blessed,
He felt that life could never more be cursed;
And from its gross remains he still might wrest
A something, not a joy, but needful to his breast!
His hope is in the thought that he shall gain
Sweet vengeance for the slain—
For her, the sole, the one
More dear to him than daylight or the sun,

That perished to be pure! No more! no more!
Hath that stern mourner language! But the vow,
Late breathed before those spectre witnesses,
His secret spirit mutters o'er and o'er,
As 't were the very life of him and his—
Dear to his memory, needful to him now!
A moment and his right hand grasped his brow—
Then, bending to the waters, his canoe,
Like some etherial thing that mocks the view,
Glides silent from the shore.

# THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

'Twas to a dark and solitary glen,
Amid New England's scenery wild and bold,
A lonely spot scarce visited by men,
Where high the frowning hills their summits hold,
And stand, the storm-beat battlements of old—
Returned at evening from the fruitless chase,
Weary and sad, and pierced with autumn's cold
And laid him mournful in his rocky place,
The grief-worn warrior chief—last of his once proud race.

He wrapt his mantle round his manly form,
And sighed as on his cavern floor he lay;
His bosom heaved with passion's varying storm,
While he to melancholy thoughts gave way,
And mused on deeds of many a by-gone day.
Scenes of the past before his vision rose—
The fearless clans o'er whom he once held sway,
The bloody battle-field and vanquished foes,
His wide extended rule, which few had dared oppose.

He sees again his glad and peaceful home,
His warlike sons and cherished daughters dear;
Together o'er his hunting-grounds they roam,
Together they their honored sire revere;
But trickles down his cheek the burning tear,
As fades the spectral vision from his eye:
Low at his shrine he bows with listening ear,
And up to the Great Spirit sends a cry,
To bear him to his rest, and bid his sorrows die.

Tired of the lonely world he longs to go
And join his kindred and the warrior band,
Where fruits for him in rich luxuriance grow,
Nor comes the pale-face to that spirit-land:
Ere he departs for aye, he fain would stand
Again upon his favorite rock and gaze
O'er the wide realm where once he held command,
Where oft he hunted in his younger days,
Where, in the joyful dance, he sang victorious lays.

Up the bold height with trembling step he passed,
And gained the fearful eminence he sought;
As on surrounding scenes his eye was cast,
His troubled spirit racked with frenzied thought,
And urged by ruin on his empire brought,
He uttered curses on the pale-faced throng,
With whom in vain his scattered warriors fought
And on the sighing breeze that swept along,
He poured the fiery words that filled his vengeful song:

Fair home of the red man! my lingering gaze
On thy ruin now rests, like the sun's fading rays;
'Tis the last that I give—like the dim orb of day,
My life shall go down, and my spirit away.

Loved home of the red man! I leave thee with pain,
The place where my kindred, my brothers were slain;
The graves of my fathers, whose wigwams were here;
The land where I hunted the swift-bounding deer.

No longer these hills and these valleys I roam,
No more are these mountains and forests my home,
No more, on the face of the beautiful tide,
Shall the red man's canoe in tranquillity glide.

The pale-face hath conquered—we faded away,
Like mist on the hills in the sun's burning ray,
Like the leaves of the forest our warriors have perished;
Our homes have been sacked by the stranger we cherished.

May the Great Spirit come in his terrible might,
And pour on the white man his mildew and blight
May his fruits be destroyed by the tempest and hail,
And the fire-bolts of heaven his dwellings assail.

May the beasts of the mountain his children devour,
And the pestilence seize him with death-dealing power;
May his warriors all perish and he in his gloom,
Like the hosts of the red men, be swept to the tomb.

Scarce had the wild notes of the chieftain's song
Died mournful on the evening breeze away,
Ere down the precipice he plunged along
Mid ragged cliffs that in his passage lay:
All torn and mangled by the fearful fray,
Naught save the echo of his fall arose.
The winds that still around that summit play,
The sporting rill that far beneath it flows,
Chant, where the Indian fell, their requiem o'er his woes.

# DECAY AND ROME.

Methinks I see, within yon wasted hall,
O'erhung with tapestry of ivy green,
The grim old king Decay, who rules the scene,
Throned on a crumbling column by the wall,
Beneath a ruined arch of ancient fame,
Mocking the desolation round about,
Blotting with his effacing fingers out
The inscription, razing off its hero's name—
And lo! the ancient mistress of the globe,
With claspèd hands, a statue of despair,
Sits abject at his feet, in fetters bound—
A thousand rents in her imperial robe,
Swordless and sceptreless, her golden hair
Dishevelled in the dust, for ages gathering round! R. H. S.

# THE LITTLE CAP-MAKER.

## OR LOVE'S MASQUERADE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

## PART I.

Fair Ursula sits alone in an apartment which seems fitted up for the reception of some goddess. She is not weeping, but her dark eyes are humid with tears. An air of melancholy rests on her young face, like a shadow on a rose-leaf, while her little hands are folded despairingly on her lap. The hem of her snowy robe sweeps the rich surface of the carpet, from out which one dainty little foot, in its fairy slipper of black satin, peeps forth, wantonly crushing the beautiful bouquet which has fallen from the hands of the unhappy fair one.

Every thing in this inviting apartment is arranged with the most exquisite taste and elegance. On tables of unique pattern are scattered the most costly gems of art and *vertu*—choice paintings adorn the walls—flowers, rare and beautiful, lift their heads proudly above the works of art which surround them, and in splendid Chinese cages, birds of gorgeous plumage have learned to caress the rosy lips of their young mistress, or perch triumphantly on her snowy finger. Here are books, too, and music—a harp—a piano—while through a half open door leading from a little recess over which a *multaflora* is taught to twine its graceful tendrils, a glimpse may be caught of rosy silken hangings shading the couch where the queen of this little realm nightly sinks to her innocent slumbers.

Eighteen summers have scarce kissed the brow of the fair maid, and already the canker worm of sorrow is preying upon her heart-strings. Poor thing, so young and yet so sad! What can have caused this sadness! Perhaps she loves one whose heart throbs not with answering kindness—perhaps loves one faithless to her beauty, or loves where cruel fate has interposed the barrier of a parent's frown!

No—her heart is as free and unfettered as the wind.

Ah! then perhaps her bosom friend, the chosen companion of her girlhood has proved unkind—some delightful project of pleasure perhaps frustrated, or, I dare say she has found herself eclipsed at Madame Raynor's *soirée* by some more brilliant belle—no, no, none of these surmises are true, plausible as they appear! Then what is it? Perhaps—but you will never guess, and you will laugh incredulously when I tell you that poor, poor dear darling Ursula weeps because—because—

*She is an heiress!*

That is it—yes, weeps because she is the uncontrolled mistress of one hundred thousand dollars in houses, lands and gold, bright gold!

Poor little dear—looking upon fortune as a serious misfortune, and even envying those whose daily toil can alone bring them the necessaries of life; for, have they friends—they are true friends—there is no selfishness in the bond which unites them—while she, unhappy child that she is, owes to her rank and riches her thousand friends and the crowd of satellites worshiping before her! What a foolish notion to enter her little head! True, it is foolish. Lovers, too, in plenty sigh at her feet, and in the soft moonlight the air is tremulous with sighs and

music, as from beneath her window steals the soft serenade. But Ursula curls her lip disdainfully, and orders her maid to shut out the sweet sounds. Ever that hateful gold comes between her and her lovers, and then she wishes her lot was humble, that she might be loved for herself alone!

Do you wish a portrait of the unhappy little heiress? Behold her then:

A perfect little sylph, resting on the tiniest of feet, with hands so charming that you would feel an almost irresistible desire to fold them caressingly within your own—the rich complexion of a brunette with the bloom of Hebe on her cheek—her hair like burnished jet—eyes large, lustrous and black—but (alas that there should be a *but*!) poor Ursula had an unfortunate cast in her left eye—in others words she squinted—yes, absolutely squinted!

Dear, dear what a pity!

Yet stop, don't judge the little heiress too hastily, for after all it was not a bad squint—indeed, if you knew her, you would say it was really a becoming squint, such a roguish, knowing look did it give her! Nevertheless, it was a squint, and poor Ursula, notwithstanding the bewitching form and features her mirror threw back, fancied this a deformity which cast aside all her graces. And here again the *gold* jaundiced her imagination and whispered, "were it not for *me* what a horrible squint you would have in the straight forward eyes of the world!"

When her parents died Ursula Lovel was but an infant, yet as tender and affectionate as parents had been the good uncle and aunt to whose love and guardianship she was bequeathed. They had no children, and gladly took the little orphan to their bosoms with pity and love—and Ursula required all their watchful care, for she was ever a feeble child, giving no indications of that sprightly beauty and perfect health she now exhibited. Then indeed the squint was truly a deformity, for her thin, sallow countenance only made it far more conspicuous.

People should be more guarded what they say before children. One good old lady by a careless remark instilled into the mind of little Ursula a jealousy and distrust, which, but for the good sense maturer years brought to bear against such early impressions, would have rendered her unhappy for life. Propped up by pillows, she sat at a small table amusing herself by building little card houses, and then seeing them tumble down with all the kings and queens of her little city, when she heard her name mentioned in accents of pity by an old lady who had come to pay her aunt a morning visit.

"She is very plain—is not she? What a great misfortune that her father should have left her so much money! Poor thing, it will only prove a curse to her, for if she lives she will doubtless become the prey of some fortune-hunter."

Now what was meant by "fortune-hunter"—whether some giant or horrid ogress—the little girl could not tell, but that it was some dreadful thing waiting to devour her because she had money, haunted her mind continually. She was a child of fine capacity, and at school generally ranked the highest in her class—how many times her envious mates would say: "Well, well, it is a fine thing to be rich—it is your money, Miss Lovel, makes you so much favored—our teachers are both deaf and blind to your foibles!" What wonder, then, poor Ursula began to distrust herself, and to impugn the kindness of her teachers and friends, who really loved her for her sweet disposition, and were proud of her scholarship.

But don't think that she has been hugging such unhappy thoughts to her bosom ever since, because you have just found her lamenting that she is an heiress!

You shall hear. As childhood passed, health bloomed on her cheek, and shed its invigorating influence over the mind, and it was only when something occurred to arouse the

suspicion of early childhood that she indulged in such feelings. She was intelligent and accomplished. Sang like a bird, painted to nature, and danced like a fairy. But there was something more than all this which contributed to her happiness—it was the power of doing good—a power which she possessed, and, through the judgment of her aunt, practiced. This excellent woman had taught her that money was not given her to be all lavished on self—that it was her duty, and ought to be her delight, to loose her purse-strings to the cries of the poor, and to scatter its glittering contents through the homes of the needy. And this did Ursula do—and was rewarded by the blessing of those she had relieved, and the happy consciousness of having mitigated the sorrows of her fellow mortals.

But now this particular evening when you have seen little Ursula drooping under the weight of gold which Fortune it appears has so thanklessly showered upon her, she has met with an adventure which brings before her with all its tenacity the impression so early engendered. And now, as she sits there so sad and sorrowful, she is sighing to be loved for herself alone, and wishes her lot had been humble, that she might trust to professions, and not be forever reminded of that wealth which she fears will always mask the sincerity of those around her.

Silly little girl! She would even exchange all the elegancies and luxuries of life to feed on love and roses!

This unlucky evening she had shone as the most brilliant belle in the crowded assemblage of the fair and fashionable whom Madam Raynor had gathered into her splendid rooms. Tired at length with the gay scene around her, she had strolled off alone into the conservatory, and leaning against a pillar watched from a distance the giddy whirl of the waltz—the waving of feathers, the flashing of jewels, and the flitting of airy forms through those magnificent apartments. A few moments before she left the crowd, she had observed a stranger of very dashing air attentively regarding her, and then joining a friend of hers appeared to request an introduction. But young Allan was just about to join the dance, and ere it was finished Ursula had stolen away.

While engaged as before described, she observed the same gentleman leaning on the arm of Allan strolling toward the conservatory. Concealed by the shadow of a large orange-tree, they passed her unobserved—they then paused in their walk, when Ursula suddenly heard her own name mentioned, and then the following conversation unavoidably fell on her ear:

"Why she squints, Allan!"

"Well, what of that—those that know her best never think of it."

"Pardon me, I consider it a very great defect, and slight as this blemish appears in Miss Lovel, her money could never blind me to the fact if I knew her ever so well."

"I do not mean to imply," answered Allan, "that being an heiress renders the blemish imperceptible—no, it is her truly amiable disposition, her goodness, and engaging manners which makes her so beautiful to her friends."

"O, a pattern woman!" cried the other, "worse yet!"

"What do you mean by a pattern woman?"

"Why, one of those shockingly amiable, running round into dark alleys, charity-dispensing beings—patting white-headed beggar boys, and kissing dirt-begrimed babies—who speak in soft, lisping tones of duty and benevolence—read the Bible to sick paupers, go to sewing meetings and work on flannel—and—"

"There, that will do, Fifield," interrupted Allan, "making some allowance, you have drawn Miss Lovel's character to the life. Shall I introduce you?"

"O certainly, a cool hundred thousand outweighs all my objections against pattern women —I could swallow a sermon every morning with the best grace in the world, and even were she as ugly as Hecate, I could worship at her feet, and wear the yoke for the sake of the golden trappings!"

The young men now passed on, leaving poor Ursula wounded to the quick by the heartless remarks of the fortune-hunter. She did not join the gay assembly again, but requesting a servant to call her carriage, immediately returned home. Now can you wonder at the cloud on her brow?

But see, even while we are looking at her, it is clearing away—like a sunbeam, out peeps a smile from each corner of her rosy mouth, and hark! you may almost hear her merry laugh as clapping her hands she exclaims—

"Yes, yes, I'll do it! What a capital idea—excellent, excellent!" Then rising and bounding lightly to the inner door she threw it wide, saying—

"Here, Hetty, I have something to tell you—come quick."

And at the summons a pretty young girl, seemingly about her own age, made her appearance from the chamber.

"There, Hetty, I am better now," said Ursula, "how silly I am to let the remarks of such a person have power to move me! But I have such a grand project to tell you—come, while you are plaiting my hair, and, in the words of that same amiable youth, taking off all these *trappings*, I will let you into my secret."

Hetty took the comb and thridded it through the long tresses of her young lady, which, released from the silver arrow so gracefully looping them on the top of her head, now fell around her nearly to the floor.

"Hetty," exclaimed Ursula, suddenly throwing back her head and looking archly at the girl, "Hetty, do you want to see your mother?"

"O, Miss Ursula," cried Hetty, the tears springing to her eyes, "indeed, indeed I do!"

"Very well, I promise you then that in less than a week you shall be in her arms."

"O, my dear Miss Ursula, do you really mean so?" said Hetty, bending over and kissing the glowing cheek of her mistress.

"Yes, I really mean so—but dear, dear, you have run that hair-pin almost into my brain—never mind—only be quiet now—there, sit down, and I will tell you all about it." There was a roguish expression on Ursula's face as she continued: "Yes, you shall go home, and what's more, Hetty, I am going with you, and mean to live with you all summer, perhaps longer."

"Why, Miss Ursula!"

"Yes I do. And now you must assist me—you must promise me not to reveal to any one, not even to your mother, that I am the rich lady with whom you live. Remember I am a poor girl —poor as yourself—a friend of yours come into the country for—for her health—ha, ha, ha, Hetty, look at me—you must contrive to make me look paler, or shall this be a *hectic*?"

"But, Miss Ursula—it will never do—you who have always had every thing so beautiful around you—you can never live in our humble way!"

"Try me, try me, Hetty—for I am determined to test my own individual merits, and see how far they may gain me the love and esteem of others when unsupported by the claims of wealth. Let me see, Hetty, I must have some employment aside from helping you to milk the cows and feed the pigs. Ah, I have it!" she cried, springing up and turning a pirouette—"listen—I will be a *milliner*! you know, aunt thinks I have a great knack at cap-making—O excellent idea—I will turn milliner for all the farmer's wives and daughters far and near." And catching up her

embroidered mouchoir she began folding it into a turban, and then placing it gracefully on her little head, she turned to the laughing girl: "See there now—is not it exquisite—why my caps and turbans will turn the heads of all the swains in the village. You shall have one first, Hetty—you shall set *your* cap, and heigh-ho for a husband!"

"But your uncle and aunt, Miss Ursula?"

"O, I shall tell them candidly my project. They will laugh at me, I know, and try, perhaps, to dissuade me; but, after all, they will let me do as I please."

*Twelve*! chimed a beautiful Cupid running off with Time, which, exquisitely wrought in gold and pearl, stood on the dressing-table.

In a few moments Hetty had drawn the rose-colored curtains around the couch of her young mistress, and left her to dreams as rosy.

———

## PART II.

And now will you follow me to another scene—an apartment more spacious, and even more elegant, than the one we have just left, save that it savors more of the "sterner sex." For instance, we may see a brace of pistols, superbly mounted, crossed over the mantel-piece—a flute upon the table—a rifle leaning against the wall, and, I declare, fishing-tackle thrown carelessly down, all among those delicate knackeries so beautifully arranged on yonder marble slab—just like the men!

Reclining upon a sofa of crimson satin, wrought with gold thread, wrapped in an elegant dressing-robe, with his feet thrust into embroidered slippers, is a young man of very pleasing exterior, whom we should judge to be about five-and-twenty. The long, slender fingers of one hand are half buried in the rich mass of dark-brown hair which waves over his temples, the other, hanging over the back of the sofa, seems to partake of the disturbance of its master, for it beats and thrums the silken covering most unmercifully. See how he knits his fine brow, and now waves his arm menacingly in the air—what can be the matter!

Ah! you will laugh again when I tell you here is another discontented heir of wealth.

There! now he suddenly starts up as if distracted. "*Yelp*, *yelp*!" Ah! poor Fido! although your master seems evidently out of humor, he would not have kicked your beautiful spotted coat had he seen you! There, he caresses you—so fold back your long ears, and wag your tail complacently, while we hear what this impatient youth has to say, as he strides so rapidly hither and thither.

"Well, no doubt wealth is a very fine thing, if the world would let one enjoy it peaceably; but to be thus forever dined, and teaed, and courted, and flattered, and smiled at, and bowed at, and winked at, when, if it were not for my fortune, I very much doubt whether one of these, my exceeding good friends, would give me a dinner to save me from starvation. Why I had rather be the veriest boor that holds a plough, or a cobbler at his last, than to be, as Shakspeare says, 'the thing I am.' I am heartily sick of it, and could almost turn my back upon the world, and lead a hermit's life. To be always a mark for managing mothers, with great grown-up daughters; aimed at, like a target, by scores of black, grey, and blue eyes; to be forever forced to waltz with this one, and sing with another—and, ere I know it, find myself entrapped into a close *tête-à-tête* with a third. I wish I *was* married; then one-half at least of my troubles would be over—for I should shake off this swarm of female fortune-hunters! *Married*! ah! I wish I was! But where can I find one who will love me for myself alone, and not for the standing my wealth would give

her? *Married*! ah! how delightful to come home and find a dear little wife waiting with open arms to welcome me, and the rosiest and sweetest of lips coaxingly pressed to mine; all my cares forgotten, all my vexations subdued by her soothing caresses and tender words. And then how enchanting as she warbles like a linnet for my ear alone; how enchanting to lean her bewitching little head on my shoulder, and inhale the balmy fragrance of her breath. O! I wish I was married!"

And now, so enraptured does this reasonable youth seem with the picture he has sketched, that not having any thing else, you see, to hug, he throws his arms most lovingly around himself. There, now he frowns again, and—hark what more he has to say.

"In fact, I am not sure I have a real friend in the world, for, gild a fool or a monkey, and mark what a troop of flatterers fawn around and follow admiringly at his heels! And as for choosing a wife, why, were I toothless, one-eyed, or deaf as a post, the magic of gold would transform me into an Adonis!"

Now stopping before a full-length mirror, he appears to console himself for such suppositions, by very complacently regarding his truly elegant figure and classic countenance.

A tap at the door, and an arch face, already shaded by the night-coif, peeps in.

"What, not yet gone to bed, brother—why what are you studying, to be up so late?"

"Studying human nature, Helen—a book with great pretensions to excellence, but—"

"Hush, hush, Frank! not a word more," exclaimed Helen, placing her little hand over his mouth, "not a word more—you read with defective vision! I proclaim the book of human nature to be charming, every page teeming with interest, every line traced by the hand divine, a lesson for a lifetime. Ah! Frank, remove the film of distrust from your eyes, and read this book as it ought to be read, therein you will find truth, goodness, and beauty!"

"Would I could think as you do, Helen. I tell you candidly, I am sick of the world as I find it, and would gladly give all my wealth and expectations to be sure there was one heart that truly loved me—loved me for myself alone."

"A very pretty theory, indeed! Well, you must get married, Frank; I see no other way to cure you—then you will have a dear little book of your own to study—a choice edition of human nature, traced by the feather of Cupid."

"Ah! the very thing I was thinking of; but tell me, Helen, where can I find that same beautiful work?"

"Where you please, brother—there is no danger that you can sue in vain; there is sweet Anna De Kay, roguish little Laura C——, the pensive Sarah—"

"O! don't mention them—pray don't name any more of these city belles!"

"Well, Frank, human nature is most lovely in the simplicity of country life—you must seek some village maid to grace the name of Leland."

"Helen," says Frank, taking her hand, and looking into the large blue eyes sparkling so mirthfully, "Helen, I tell you if I could find an amiable girl, brought up in all the beautiful simplicity of the country, no matter how unskillful in the world's ways—one who, ignorant of my wealth and standing, would unite her fate to mine for better or for worse—then, Helen, I could fall at her feet, and worship her as the star of my life and love."

"Pray, remember, my sentimental brother, ere you squeeze my hand so devoutly, that I am not your artless country maid," exclaimed Helen, laughing; then, after a moment's pause, she cries, gayly, "ah! I have it, Frank; you must masquerade a little, that's all—win your bride under false colors, as a sailor would say."

"Helen, you witch, you darling sister," says Frank, kissing her, "I will do it—yes, to-morrow

I will set forth, like Cœlebs, in search of a wife! Now you must help me farther with your lively imagination; you must choose me a profession to masquerade under. I must, of course, for the attainment of my object, sport the character of a poor gentleman, struggling with honest poverty to gain a livelihood. Come, what shall I be—school-master—singing-master—drawing-master—or—"

"O, the last, by all means!" interrupted Helen. "You will have such a fine opportunity of developing the tastes of your fair scholars—ha! ha! ha! Frank, methinks I already see thee helping some blushing milk-maid, with her pail, or, perhaps, leaning against a rail-fence, sketching her, as with bare feet and scanty skirt, she trips through the morning dew to feed her feathery brood."

"Well, you may laugh as much as you please," replies Frank, nothing daunted, "I am firm in my determination."

"And when, most romantic Cœlebs, do you set forth?"

"To-morrow, or next day at furthest. We will talk this over again in the morning, it is too late now—so good night, dear Helen, and pleasant dreams!"

"Good night. Frank!" and gayly kissing her hand, Helen trips out of the room.

Frank Leland laid his head upon his pillow within the walls of a large brick mansion, where the hum of city life penetrated, even through the thick plate-glass and rich window-hangings. But a miracle; no sooner did soft sleep seal his eye-lids, than he found himself in Arcadian scenes—shepherdesses tripped gracefully before him with their flocks; beautiful maidens led him through flowery fields and shady groves; and the little birds *up* in the trees, and the little romantic fishes *down* in the brooks, all sang of love and happiness.

---

## PART III.

Sit down with me under this spreading tree, and let us view the charming scene which surrounds us. O, never mind the cows, this is their pasture-ground; and see, mid-leg the brook yonder, just released from plough, stands the patient ox. Ah! the ducks and geese seem to dispute his right. Observe how they shake their wings, as if in defiance, and dip their beautiful crests within the sparkling ripples; now, how proudly they plume their feathers, and float with head erect so gracefully down the silver stream. Do you see yonder old farm-house, so old that it seems bending under the weight of years? Look at its low, brown eaves, its little narrow windows, half-hidden by ivy and honey-suckle; see the old-fashioned double door, and the porch, with its well-worn seats. Do you see the swallows skimming around the chimney; and don't you hear the hum of the bees—there, under that old elm you may see their hives, filled, too, with luscious honey. There is the well, with its old sweep, and the "moss-covered bucket," too; and look at the corn-crib, and the old barn—and what a noisy set of fowls around it, cackling, clucking and crowing, as if they owned the soil; and how the pigs are scampering through the clover-field; ah! the little wretches, they have stolen a march, or rather a caper; at them, old Jowler, at them, my fine fellow, you will soon turn them back to their pen, obstinate as they are.

Do you not admire those venerable trees which seem to shelter the old house from the rude assaults of the tempest, and to keep out the glare of the sun-beams from its chambers. Through what a thicket of currant-bushes, and rose-bushes, and lilacs, and snow-balls, the path winds from the porch to the little gate—is it not a most charming spot? Now look over the brow of the

hill—there, you can see the spire of the village church; and if you will walk a few paces further to yonder green knoll, you will see a cluster of pretty dwellings, and comfortable farm-houses, scattered through the valley.

Hark! don't you hear a merry laugh? so merry and joyous that it can only proceed, I am sure, from a happy heart. Keep still—for here comes two laughing country-girls—no, as I live, one of them is—no, it can't be—yes, it is, the rich young heiress, Ursula Lovel! quick, draw behind the tree, and let us hear what she says.

"And so, Hetty, your mother thinks I am the most awkward child she ever saw, and wonders where I was brought up, not to know how to knead bread, and churn, and milk;" and again that merry laugh goes ringing through the air.

"Yes, Miss Ursula; and she wishes—I declare I can hardly keep from laughing—she wishes you would stick to your cap-making, and not attempt to bake again, for you burned up three loaves."

"Yes, and burned my fingers, too. Well, it is too bad; let me see, yesterday I let a pan of milk fall on the old cat, and fed the hens with beans, and old Jowler with meal and water; then, this morning I beat the eggs and put them into the bread, and the yeast into the pumpkin-pies. Too bad! too bad! Why at this rate, Hetty, I shall cost your good old parents a fortune!"

"Never mind, Miss Ursula, for mother says, and so does father, that you are the dearest, prettiest, and best girl they ever knew; and they already love you almost as well as they do me—only they feel sorry for you; and mother says if you could not make caps, she don't know what *would* become of you, you are so dreadful shiftless."

Ursula clapped her hands and fairly danced with mirth.

"After all, Hetty, your good mother is right. Let my fortune take wings, and with all my accomplishments to aid me, I feel I should be illy prepared for the reverse. Now if your mother would only have patience to instruct me a little—suffer me to spoil several batches of bread—(the pigs would like it, you know,)—burn up a few pounds of cake, and waste a quart or two of her rich cream, I declare, I think I should learn to be a nice little farmer's maid. What pleases you, Hetty—what are you smiling at?"

"Nothing, only farmer Smith's oldest son is coming to see you—*a courting*, Miss Ursula; and Esquire Tompkins told father he hoped to see you before long the mistress of his beautiful new house; for he did not think he should disgrace himself by marrying such a girl as you, even if you was only a milliner."

"Why the dear old soul! Come, my false impressions begin to wear away. I find I can be loved without the glitter of gold about me. Now let us go back to the house, for I have that cap to finish for Mrs. Jones; and mind, Hetty, you don't call me *Miss* Ursula again, in the presence of your mother; and don't look so distressed when she chides me—it is all for my good, you know."

Now, there they go into the old farm-house, and at the window you may see the demure face of Ursula, listening to the good dame, who, with snowy cap, and spectacles, seems to be giving her a lecture, while the hands of the little milliner are busily trimming a cap placed on the block before her.

Over the brow of the hill, and down into the gentle sloping meadow, a youth comes walking leisurely. He has a portfolio under his arm, and a slight walking-stick in his hand, while the cool linen blouse and large straw hat shading him from the sun, bespeak an air of comfort really quite refreshing this warm summer day.

What! don't you know him! Ah, yes—I see you recollect Frank Leland, our modern Cœlebs.

He seems struck by the appearance of the old farm-house; its repose is, no doubt, delightful to him; and now, choosing a favorable position within the shade of a fine old tree, opens his portfolio, and commences to sketch the charmingly rural scene. And, indeed, so intent is he upon his task that the sun has already sunk behind the trees, and gentle twilight steals on with her starry train ere he rests from his employment. Then the old farmer comes out on the porch to take his evening pipe; and the good dame sits by his side with her knitting, and the sweet voice of Ursula warbles a simple ballad to please the ears of the aged pair. The young man bares his brow to the delicious breath of evening, and carefully placing his sketch within the portfolio, saunters on toward the little gate. And now Ursula hushes her song, and the old man advances with friendly greeting,

"Walk in, stranger—walk in. I should think you might be the young man I heard tell of to-day in the village—a teacher of something—I forget the name."

"A teacher of drawing," said Leland, smiling, as he took a seat on the bench by the side of the old man.

"Drawing, *eh*! And what may that be, young sir—some new-fangled notion, I'll be bound."

"This may, perhaps, explain better than I can tell you," replied Leland, placing the sketch he had just taken in the hand of the old man.

"Why, wife—why, bless my soul! why, if I should not think this was our old house! Why, stranger, if ever I see any thing so like in my born days!"

"Goody gracious preserve me, if it an't, sure enough!" said the dame, putting on her spectacles, and eagerly looking over the old man's shoulder. "My stars and garters, Hetty, look here—for all the world just like it—did you ever!"

The more practiced eye of Ursula detected at once a master-hand in the sketch before her; and looking admiringly upon it, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "How beautiful!" while Hetty gazed with silent wonder upon the stranger who by the magic of his pencil thus portrayed the home of her childhood.

The contents of the portfolio were now spread out upon the grass, and our masquerading *millionaire* was greatly amused at the *naiveté* the old people displayed, and not a little flattered by the pleasure with which *one* at least of the young girls appeared to look over his collection.

"Am I mistaken," said he, at length, "in thinking I heard singing, as I came over the meadow?"

"Well, I reckon not," said the old lady, "come, 'Sula, child, go on with your song—maybe the young man would like to hear you; it was Old Robin Gray she was singing."

Ursula was at length prevailed on to repeat the ballad, which she did in a style so simple and unaffected, that, ere she had finished, the young artist had made up his mind, that listening to a sweet voice by moonlight, beneath a wide-spreading elm, with the stars peeping down between the dancing leaves, and the soft evening breeze fanning his temples, was far more delightful, than to recline in his soft-cushioned box at the Opera, listening even to the delicious notes of a Pico, with bright jewels, and still brighter eyes flashing around him, and his cheek kissed by the inconstant air wafted from the coquettish fan in the hands of smiling beauty. And, moreover, that the book of human nature, to be studied in the country, certainly opened very beautifully.

The evening passed off pleasantly. Leland confided to the old man his poverty, and desire to obtain scholars in his art sufficient to enable him to pay his board while in the village; that he had been employed by several gentlemen to sketch scenes from nature, and that having heard much of the beautiful views in the neighborhood, he had been induced to visit the village.

But the old man thought he had much better turn farmer, and offered to hire him for eight dollars a month, as he needed a hand in haying time. This offer, however, the young man could not accept, being, as he said, already engaged to complete the drawings. Then the old man told how his fathers had lived there before him, and how by hard labor he had been able to keep the old homestead his own; and that his daughter, Hetty, had been living with a great heiress, who was very fond of her, and who had given her leave to spend the summer at home; and how she had come, and brought a poor girl with her, who made caps, and such gim-cracks, and that (in a whisper) his old woman thought she had never had any bringing-up, poor thing!

When Leland returned to his lodgings, in the village, he thought over his evening adventure with great pleasure. The simplicity of the old people charmed him; Hetty he thought a modest, pretty girl; but it was the little cap-maker who somehow or other dwelt most forcibly in his mind.

"She is certainly quite handsome, notwithstanding she is a little, a very little, cross-eyed—it is a pity!" And Leland leaned out the window, and whistled 'Auld Robin Gray.' "How pathetically she warbled the line,

> But she looked in my face 'til my heart was like to break;"

and Leland threw off one slipper, and stopped to hum it over again. "Her voice only wants a little cultivation"—off goes the other slipper, and out goes the head into the moonlight, and in it comes again. "Well, I must teach her to draw—her own patterns, at any rate. Pleasant old couple; the idea of hiring *me* for eight dollars a month—capital!" and in a fit of laughter he threw himself upon the bed. "What a roguish pair of eyes, after all, the little cap-maker has!"

Again the dreams of our hero were all Arcadian, and every shepherdess was a little cross-eyed, and warbled "Auld Robin Gray."

In the bright moonlight, which, glancing through the flickering leaves, streams across the chamber-floor, filling it with her softened radiance, sits Ursula. But why so pensive; is it the influence of the hour, I wonder—has the gentle moon thus power to sadden her, or—

"Hetty, he has a very fine countenance."

There, you see her pensiveness has found a voice.

"Who, Miss Ursula?"

"Why, this young stranger. He has a fine figure, too; and his manners are certainly quite refined."

"Yes, and what pretty pictures he makes."

"True, Hetty, very pretty; he certainly has a genius for the art." A long silence. "What a pity he is poor."

"What's a pity, Miss Ursula?" cries Hetty, half asleep.

"O, nothing, nothing—go to sleep, Hetty."

But Ursula still sits in the moonlight, and thinks of the handsome young artist. Her generous little heart has already smoothed his path to eminence. Yes, she resolves if, upon acquaintance, he proves as worthy as he appears—and does she doubt it—not she—that neither money nor patronage shall be wanting to his success. Generous little cap-maker! And when at length she sought her couch, young Love, under the harmless guise of honest Benevolence, perched himself at her pillow.

———

## PART IV.

And now, every morning sees Leland taking his way to the farm-house; and the villagers, good people, have made up their minds that there must be some very pretty scenes in that neighborhood.

And so there are, very fine scenes; for, reclining under the shady trees, the young artist may be seen, with crayons in hand, the little cap-maker in his eye, as, seated on a little bench, she busily plies her needle, and sings for his entertainment, meanwhile, some rustic ballad. Sometimes, forgetting herself, she executes a brilliant *roulade*; and when Leland starts, astonished, and expresses his delight, she blushes deeply, and says she *once* went to the theatre.

And the old dame wonders what on earth they can find to talk about day after day, "a sittin' under trees," and tells Hetty to mind her work, and not take up any such silly ways. And the old man thinks a hale, hearty fellow like that, had better lend a hand to the plough, and not sit there spoiling so much white paper; and Hetty roguishly watches her young mistress, and smiles slily, and thinks there will be a wedding before long.

Ah! happy, satisfied Leland!

For he has won the heart of the charming little cap-maker. He, the poor, unpretending artist, he has won her away from the rich Esquire, who came rolling down in his carriage to woo her; and from the pale young doctor, who knelt tremblingly before her; and from the honest farmer, who swore he loved her better than his cattle. He, without fortune, without friends, has won her. She loves him, and through poverty and hardship will share his fate. And then, when bearing her off a happy bride, he thought how she would blush and tremble with surprise and sweet timidity when he should reveal his rank, and place her in that sphere she was born to grace—what rapturous visions danced through his brain!

And no less rapturous were the thoughts of Ursula. She was now beloved, truly loved for herself alone—she, a poor, friendless girl. No money had shed its enticements around her—there was nothing to gain but an innocent heart, and a portionless hand; and yet the gifted, but poor artist, who might, by the rank of genius, have aspired to the favor of any high-born lady; he has chosen her to share his fate and fortunes. How her heart throbs, when she thinks of the wealth her hand will confer upon him—of the pride with which she shall see him adorning that station for which he is so eminently qualified.

Ah! after all, what happiness to be an heiress!

Three months flew by, and brings us to the night before the wedding. The lovers are alone, and, for lovers, extremely taciturn—for their thoughts are doubtless far into the bright future, o'er which no cloud is floating. The countenance of Ursula beams with happiness, yet her manner is somewhat abstracted—she is evidently agitated. At length Leland speaks,

"Dearest Ursula, it seems to me that no wealth could contribute to our happiness; we have youth, health, strength, and loving hearts to bear us on our life-journey, as hand-in-hand we meet its pains and pleasures. Ah! I can already fancy our pleasant fireside. No one's caps will find so ready a sale as yours, dear Ursula; and my pencil, too, will be inspired to greater effort by your praise." And Leland turned aside to conceal the smile which played round his mouth at the deception he was practicing. "But what is the matter, Ursula—what agitates you thus; you surely do not repent your promise, beloved one!"

"O, no, no, dear Frank! but I have something to tell you, which, perhaps, may forfeit me your love."

"Good heavens, Ursula! what mean you! tears, too—speak, speak, what is it! is not your heart mine, or have you loved another more truly!"

"No! O, no! and yet, Frank, I am not what I seem—I have deceived you. You think me but a poor, friendless girl, dependent upon my needle for my maintenance, when, in fact, O, Frank, how shall I say it, I am—"

"Speak, dearest!"

"I am an heiress."

Frank sprang to his feet in amazement.

"You—you—dear, artless girl that you are—you an heiress! It can't be—it is impossible! and—what a pity!" he adds, aside, as one half his airy castle fell to the ground.

"Now, sit down, Frank, and when you have heard my story, and my motives for doing as I have done, you will, I trust, pardon the duplicity I have been guilty of toward you."

And before she had finished her recital Frank's plans were formed; so, falling at her feet, he poured out his acknowledgments for her condescension in honoring with her hand one so far beneath her, and had the satisfaction—cunning dog—of having a pair of white arms thrown around his neck, and a sweet kiss, from sweeter lips, pressed upon his brow, as the generous girl assured him that were her fortune ten thousand times doubled, she should consider all as dross compared with his love.

"Well, I am fairly caught," quoth Frank, in the privacy of his apartment, "for I swore I never would marry an heiress. That was a rash oath—let it pass. But what a pity dear Ursula has money. I wish to my soul her father had not left her a cent—why could not he have endowed a hospital. She is a dear, noble girl, willing to bestow it all upon one whom she believes struggling with poverty; never mind, I shall get the laugh on her yet."

At an early hour the following morning the venerable village pastor pronounced the nuptial benediction; and with the hearty good wishes of the old farmer and the dame, and followed by the loving eyes of Hetty, the new married pair bade farewell to the spot consecrated to so many happy hours.

A ride of a few miles brought them to the steamboat; and just as the rays of the setting sun gilded the spires and roofs of the city, the boat touched the wharf.

And now Frank's heart beat almost audibly, as he thought how rapidly the moment was approaching when, throwing off all disguise, he should lead his lovely bride to his own princely dwelling.

And Ursula, too, had never looked so beautiful—had never felt so proud and happy; proud to present her husband to her good uncle and aunt, who were waiting to welcome them; happy that her beloved Frank would no longer have to plod on life's dull round in poverty and loneliness.

It certainly was happiness to be an heiress.

"Ursula," said Frank, as the carriage rolled rapidly over the pavements, "will you do me a favor?"

"Most certainly, dear Frank—what is it?"

"My sister, poor girl," replied Leland, in some embarrassment, "resides on the route to *your* residence; will you alight there just for one moment, that I may have the happiness of bringing together the two dearest objects of my heart?"

"Order the carriage to stop when you please, Frank—I, too, am impatient to embrace your sister," replied the blushing Ursula.

The carriage soon turned into a fashionable street, even at that early hour brilliant with gas

lights. Elegant equipages rolled past; already lights streamed, and music sounded from many splendid dwellings. Soon the carriage drew up before one even more splendid—the steps were let down—the door thrown wide by a servant in livery, and, with mingled pride and tenderness irradiating his fine countenance, and meeting with a smile her perplexed and wondering glance, Frank led his fair bride into a spacious and beautiful apartment, taste and elegance pervading all its arrangements. A young girl sprang from the sofa, and came tripping to meet them.

"My sister Helen, dearest Ursula. Helen, embrace your sister, and welcome her to the home she is henceforth to grace."

Then leading the agitated girl to a seat, he threw himself on his knees before her, saying,

"Pardon, pardon, my dearest wife! I, too, had my secret. No poor artist sought your love—I, too, am the heir of wealth; I, too, sought to be loved for myself alone. Say that you forgive me, dear one."

Ursula could not speak, but wept her joy and happiness on his bosom.

Helen laughs merrily, yet slily wipes a tear from her eye, then kissing them both, she says,

"What think you now of the great book of human nature you went forth to study, you discontented ones? You favorites of fortune! ingrates that you have been—you foolish pair of lovers! Listen dear brother. As the rich Frank Leland you possessed the same attributes of goodness as did Frank Leland the poor artist; and you, dear sister, were no less lovely and amiable as the heiress of wealth, than as Ursula the little cap-maker. See you not, then, that true merit, whether it gilds the brow of the rich man or radiates around the poor man's path, will find its way to every pure and virtuous mind. Henceforth, you dear ones, look at human nature with more friendly eyes, and forget in the excellencies of the *many*, the errors of the *few*."

# NO, NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY EARLE S. GOODRICH.

> For Nature gives a common lot,
> To live, to love, to be forgot. CONE.

No, not forgotten; there are memories clinging
Round every breast that beats to hope and fear
In this drear world, until the death's knell, ringing,
Chimes with heart-moanings o'er the solemn bier;
Then come love's pilgrims to the sad shrine, bringing
The choicest offering of the heart—a tear.

No, not forgotten; else bowed down with anguish
Were the brave hearts that mingle in the strife.
Patriot and Christian in their toil would languish—
Truth lie down-trodden—Error, then, stalk rife
Over the body she at last could vanquish—
So fond remembrance ceased along with life.

No, not forgotten; else the faithful beating
Of heart to genial heart, that beat again,
Were turned to throbbings; and each pulse repeating
But the sad echoings of pain to pain.
And the blest rapture of the longed for meeting,
Then be unsought, or would be sought in vain.

No, not forgotten; for though fame may fail thee,
And love's fond beamings change to glance of scorn—
Though those once trusted now may harsh assail thee—
Thy friend of yesterday, thy foe this morn—
There is, who holds thee dear—do not bewail thee
If His blest Book of Life thy name adorn.

Sir W. C. Rofs J. B. Adams

**PAULINE GREY.**

The Only Daughter

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine

# PAULINE GREY.

## OR THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

## CHAPTER I.

"Give her what she wants," said Mr. Grey impatiently. "How can you let the child cry so?"

"But, my dear," expostulated his wife, "I am afraid it will hurt her."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Grey, "it hurts her more to scream so. Here, my princess royal," he continued, "take that, and keep quiet, do"—but Pauline's spirit was not to be so easily appeased as the impatient father imagined, for imperiously spurning with her tiny foot the proffered gift, she screamed more indignantly than when it had first been refused.

"Hey day, Pauline," said Mr. Grey angrily.

"My darling," interrupted Mrs. Grey, hastily addressing the child, "let mamma peel it and put some sugar on it. Come Pauline," she said, as she stooped to pick up the orange.

Pauline's cries subsided for a moment, as apparently taking the matter in consideration, or else, perhaps only holding her breath for a fresh burst, while the tears hung in heavy drops on her long black lashes, and her large eyes still sparkled with excitement.

"Let mamma peel it nicely," continued Mrs. Grey. "Come, and we'll go and get some sugar."

"Yes, yes, do," said Mr. Grey impatiently. "Now go, Pauline, with your mother;" to which the little lady consented, and, tears still upon her blooming cheeks, she withdrew with her mother, leaving Mr. Grey to the quiet possession of the parlor and tranquil enjoyment of his book.

And thus it was generally with Pauline. What she was refused at first, she was coaxed to take at last, and between the indulgence of her mother and the impatience of her father, she seldom or never failed to have what she wanted.

A passionate determination to have her own way marked her character perhaps rather more strongly than that of most spoiled children, for nature had endowed her with a strong will, which education had fostered, as it almost seemed, with sedulous care. For the fact was Mrs. Grey dreaded a contest with Pauline; she screamed so, and Mr. Grey got so angry, sometimes with her, and sometimes with the child, and altogether it was such a time, that she soon begun to think it was better not to thwart Pauline, which certainly was true; for every contest ended in a fresh victory on the part of Pauline, and the utter discomfiture of Mrs. Grey, and the vexation of Mr. Grey, who, more vexed at the contest than the defeat, usually said, "Pshaw! you don't know how to manage that child." Thus Pauline, an only child, beautiful, gifted and willful, idolized by both parents, soon ruled the household.

"I'll not go to that school any more," said Pauline indignantly, as she tossed her books down, the second day of her first school experience.

"Why not, my love?" asked her mother anxiously.

"I don't like that Miss Cutter," said Pauline, her large black eyes dilating as she spoke, and

flashing with excitement.

"You don't like Miss Cutter," repeated Mrs. Grey. "Why don't you like Miss Cutter, Pauline?"

"She put me on a high bench and said 'chut' to me," replied Pauline. "Nobody shall say 'chut' to me, and I wont go there again."

"You'll go there if your mother says so, Pauline," said her father. But Pauline knew better than that, and so did Mr. Grey for that matter; but Mrs. Grey said, "well, we'll see about it, Pauline. Now go and be dressed for dinner."

"I wont go again," said Pauline with determination, as she left the room.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Grey anxiously, as the child left the room, "that Pauline has taken a dislike to Miss Cutter. It was injudicious in her to commence her school discipline so rigorously at once."

"Just like those people," said Mr. Grey, testily; "they have no judgment—dressed in a little brief authority they make the most of it."

"Pauline is such a peculiar child," continued Mrs. Grey, (for all people think their children "peculiar," unless they have half a dozen of them, and then they know better). "Pauline is such a peculiar child that I dislike driving her against her feelings. I am very sorry for this," she added, looking much perplexed and embarrassed. "I don't know what to do."

Fortunately Pauline had a little cold the next day, or Mrs. Grey imagined she had, and so the question of school was dodged for a day or two, during which, however, Pauline continued firm in her determination of not returning.

By the time she had recovered past all possibility of thinking she was not quite as well as usual, Mrs. Grey had reasoned herself into thinking, and talked Mr. Grey into believing, that there was so much that was injurious in the present mode of school education, that upon the whole she would prefer keeping Pauline at home. A governess, under her own eye, would do her greater justice and bring her on faster; and, above all, she would escape the contamination of indiscriminate contact with children of whose tempers and characters Mrs. Grey knew nothing.

She need not have said half as much to convince Mr. Grey, for he was tired out with the subject, and ready to yield before she was one third through; but she was talking as much to satisfy herself that what she did was the result of mature reflection, and not to gratify, or rather pacify Pauline, as to convince Mr. Grey. Whether she was able to attain this point is somewhat doubtful, although the capacity people have for self deception is amazing. And to what perfection Mrs. Grey may have reached in the happy art, we are not able exactly to say.

But the governess was engaged, (a day governess, for neither Mr. Grey nor Pauline could have borne the constant presence of even so necessary an evil,) and under her tuition Pauline made rapid progress in her studies. Miss Burton soon finding that the moral education of her little pupil was quite beyond her reach, Mrs. Grey generally evading any disputed point between them, and gently waiving what authority should have settled, very wisely confined herself to the task Mrs. Grey set before her, which was to give Pauline as much instruction and as little contradiction as could be combined.

But spite of some drawbacks Pauline made wonderful progress. She was, in fact, a child of uncommon abilities, and every thing she applied herself to, she mastered almost at once. Her understanding rapidly developed, and springing into girlhood while others are yet looked upon almost as children, she was a daughter any parents might justly be proud of. She was singularly beautiful, too, and no eye could rest upon her girlish form and speaking face, her brilliant eye

and glowing cheek, other than with delight. That Mr. and Mrs. Grey watched her with looks of something hardly short of adoration, is scarce to be wondered at. She was so animated, so joyous, so radiant with youth, health and beauty. There seemed such affluence of all life's best gifts, which she scattered so lavishly around her, that the very air seemed to grow brighter from her presence, and no one who came within the sphere of her influence, could escape the spell of her joyous power.

To say that as her mind and person developed, she quite outgrew the faults of her childhood, would be rather hazardous. 'Tis true, she no longer stamped her little foot and burst into passionate tears, as when we first made her acquaintance, but she bent her pretty dark brows, and said, "I must," in a tone that Mrs. Grey knew meant, "I will."

But then who thought of disputing her wishes? Were they not the main-spring of the whole concern? What else did father or mother live for? Were not her wishes their wishes, her pleasures their pleasures? Was not she their idol—their all?

If she would only wrap up warmer, and put thicker shoes on those little feet, Mrs. Grey would have asked nothing more. But she was slight, and coughed sometimes, and then Mr. Grey said she should not have *allowed* Pauline to go out in those thin shoes, and charged her not to permit it another time—but never interfered himself—thus throwing all the responsibility, or rather impossibility, of making Pauline mind, upon his wife, who indeed always got all Pauline's scoldings; for though Mr. Grey might find fault when Pauline was absent, one bright smile and brilliant glance from Pauline present, was sure to dispel his displeasure.

So Pauline had now reached her seventeenth year, beautiful, gifted, high-spirited and generous-hearted. And if willful—why, even that seemed to give a *prononcé* shade to her character, that rather heightened the brilliancy of its tone.

"You are going to Cecelia Howard's wedding I suppose, Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Graham.

"Of course. She is a niece of my husband's, you know."

"Yes. And Pauline is to be bridemaid, I understand," continued the lady.

"Well—I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Grey, hesitatingly.

"But *I* do," said Pauline in her pretty willful way. "I told Cecelia that she might depend on me."

Mrs. Grey looked at her daughter without speaking, though she could not but smile at her animated face, while Mrs. Graham said, "Oh yes, why not, Mrs. Grey?"

"Pauline is rather young," continued Mrs. Grey, "for such things."

"True," replied the other, "if it were not in the connection. But family gayety is quite different."

"Of course," said Mrs. Grey, "if it were not for that, I should not think of it."

"Well, but I am going, mamma," said Pauline, "So you may make up your mind to that." And Mrs. Grey felt that she might as well at once. So after a little more talk about it, and Mr. Grey's saying, "Why, certainly, I see no objection to it—and as your cousin wishes it, Pauline—if your mother is willing, I am," it was settled.

How beautiful Pauline looked when she came down stairs and presented herself before her delighted father, dressed for the wedding. It was the first time he had ever seen her in full dress; her white neck and round arms uncovered, her rich dark hair looking darker and more satinny for the wreath of pale, soft, delicate roses that bound it—even the little foot seeming more fairy-like in the small white satin slipper that inclosed it. If her father was accustomed to think her peerless in the plain, high-necked merino dress in which he usually saw her, what did he think of her now, when full dressed, or rather undressed, as she stood before him, brilliant in the glow

of excitement, and fairer and fresher than even the flowers she wore?

He looked at her speechless, and when she said,

"Father, how do you like me?" could only kiss her fair forehead in silence.

There was a reception after the wedding, and the beauty of the young bridemaid excited no small degree of sensation; for Pauline, having been brought up at home, was little known by the young people of her own age, and so took society rather by surprise.

"Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Livingston, "the bride has named Thursday evening for me. You will do me the favor, therefore, I hope, of considering yourself and your daughter engaged for that evening."

"Not Pauline, my dear madam," said Mrs. Grey. "She does not go out this winter. She is so young that I hesitated much even letting her act as bridemaid this evening."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Livingston, much disappointed, "pray reverse your decision—surely for the bridal parties at least. I shall be so disappointed, for," with a smile, "I quite counted on the presence of your beautiful daughter for the brilliancy of my party;" and Pauline approaching just then, she said, "Pray, Miss Pauline, join your petitions to mine—I do so want you to come to my party for the bride."

"Why, mamma, of course," said Pauline. "The bridemaids must attend the bride to the parties given for her—Cecelia says so."

"But, my love," said her mother, "you know I told Cecelia when I consented to your being bridemaid, that you were not going out."

"Not generally—no; but just to the bridal parties, mamma. Oh, I must"—and there was the little ominous bend of the brows at the words "I must," when Mr. Grey coming up, her mother, glad in her turn to throw the responsibility on him, said,

"Well, ask your father; see what he says."

"What is it, Pauline?" said Mr. Grey, smiling assent before she had spoken.

"May I not, papa, attend the bridal parties with the rest of the bridemaids," she said, half pouting. "Cecelia says it will spoil the bridal cotillion if I am absent; and then—oh, papa, I must," she continued, in a tone of such earnest entreaty, entreaty that seemed to admit of no refusal, that he smiled as he said,

"Well, if you *must*, I suppose you must."

"Then I may, papa!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes dilating in their peculiar way when any thing particularly delighted or excited her. "Now, mamma!" turning triumphantly to her mother, "papa says I may. Yes, Mrs. Livingston, mamma *will* come, and I too—hey, mamma!" and Mrs. Grey smiled her assent—and she and Pauline were in for the rest of the wedding gayeties.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* Party followed party, and Mrs. Grey forgot to ask, or Pauline to care, whether they were bridal parties or not, for Pauline was fairly launched. And what a sensation she excited—so young—so brilliant—so beautiful. Mr. Grey, too, a man of handsome fortune, and Pauline an only daughter. There's a sort of charm in that, too, to young men's imaginations. It seems to make a girl more like a rare exotic, something of which there are few of the kind. And Pauline was a belle of the most decided stamp; and Mr. and Mrs. Grey's heads were more turned than was hers by the admiration she excited.

---

## CHAPTER II.

People may talk about young girls' heads being turned, but for my part, I think there are no

heads so easily turned as old ones. Vanity, when it is fresh, like wine, is not as strong and intoxicating as when it grows old.

Pauline enjoyed her triumphs like a girl, in all the effervescence of youthful spirits, thinking less of her beauty and more of her pleasure than her mother, who sat and followed her with her eyes, watching every movement, and absorbed almost to the exclusion of every other perception, in the surpassing loveliness of her daughter, and the admiration that flashed from every eye that turned upon her. And let not wise ones say that this was folly, and Mrs. Grey a weak woman for yielding to it, for it is human nature, which is too strong to be ruled by saws, be they ever so wise. The heart will spring to beauty, be it where it may, and no human being alive to poetry, can view God's fairest creation in its full perfection, and not feel a throb of pleasure. It is not wisdom, but an absence of ideality, of taste, of the highest of perceptions, the love of the beautiful, that can let any one look unmoved upon a young and beautiful woman. Who would not blush for themselves, and deny that they had walked through the halls of the Vatican without delight? And will the same person rave about the sculptured marble, and yet gaze coldly on the living, breathing model? No! and if it is high treason not to worship the one, it is false to human nature not to love the other; and the man, woman, or child, who affects to under-value beauty, only proclaims the want in their own mental constitution. To be without an eye for beauty, is as to be without an ear for music, to be wanting in the refinement of the higher and more delicate organization of our nature.

Mr. Grey was not a man who usually took much pleasure in society, but his grave face lighted up as with a glance of sunshine, when he caught a glimpse of his beautiful child, as the crowd opened from time to time on the dancers in the thronged rooms, where, night after night, he was now condemned to pass his evenings; and when he approached her to tell her that the carriage was waiting, and her mother had sent to summon her to her side, he could not restrain his smiles when the young men crowded round to remind Pauline, one of a waltz, another of a polka, and pleading with Mr. Grey for more engagements than she could have fulfilled if they had staid all night; and his paternal pride had its share of gratification in the homage that even his presence could scarcely restrain.

Among the group of idlers ever hovering round Pauline, was one who scarcely left her side, a Mr. Wentworth, a young man, and rather good looking. He seemed mightily taken with Pauline, and she smiled her brightest when she turned to him—but that she did when any one spoke to her—for she was in such a gale of spirits, she smiled on all who crossed her path.

"Who is that young gentleman dancing with your daughter, Mrs. Grey?" asked a lady.

"I don't know any thing about him but his name, which is Wentworth," replied Mrs. Grey. "Mrs. Henderson introduced him to me at her own house, and I introduced him to Pauline. That's all I know about him."

"Then I should say," replied the other, smiling, "that it was time you knew something more, for he has evidently lost his heart to your daughter."

"Oh, I don't know that," replied Mrs. Grey, smiling in her turn, but carelessly, as if it was not a matter of much consequence if Pauline did break a few hearts more or less.

"There's no doubt about his admiration," continued the lady; "so I warn you in time, Mrs. Grey."

Mrs. Grey only smiled again. She did not think the warning worth much. Mr. Wentworth might be in love with Pauline—she dared say he was—indeed, she had no doubt of it. But what then? She could not be responsible for all the young men who fell in love with Pauline. It was very natural; and, to tell the honest truth, it rather pleased Mrs. Grey to see it. Not that she had

the most distant idea that Pauline could ever feel any interest in any of the young men she with such quiet complacency thought hopelessly in love with her; but poor human nature is never weaker than on such subjects, and mothers look on amused, and may be, indignant with other mothers for allowing such things, till it comes to their turn, and then maternal vanity speaks louder than worldly wisdom, or any thing else; and so Mrs. Grey saw Mr. Wentworth's devotions with a quiet smile, and never thought it worth while to ask any questions about him. "He would not do," she saw that at a glance. As to what would, or who would, she had not yet made up her mind; but as Mr. Wentworth's pretensions did not seem of any decided stamp at all, she never thought there was any possibility of his being dangerous.

"I wonder Mrs. Grey allows that young Wentworth to be so attentive to her daughter," Mrs. Remson said. "He's a dissipated young man, they say."

"I am sorry to see that wild fellow, Wentworth, so much with that young beauty, Miss Grey," said another.

"Yes, I am surprised at her parents encouraging it," said a third, "for they must see it."

"What kind of a young man is he?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"One that I should be sorry to see attentive to a daughter of mine," replied a gentleman; but none of this reached Mrs. Grey's ears. No one told her Mr. Wentworth was wild or dissipated. He was too attentive, and they might get themselves in trouble, and be obliged to give authority, &c., for what they said—and what authority had they? a rumor—a vague report—an impression. Who knew, or ever knows, any thing more positive about a young man, except, indeed, young men—and they don't choose to tell.

And so the thing went on, and people talked, and wondered, and found fault, and everybody but Mr. and Mrs. Grey, whom it most concerned, knew a great deal; and they, though they had eyes, saw not; and ears had they, but heard not; and understandings, and heeded not—deaf and blind, as parents always are, until too late.

The thunderbolt fell at last, however. Mr. Wentworth, in form, asked Mr. Grey's consent to address Pauline, which Mr. Grey very decidedly refused, looking upon the young man as very presumptuous even to ask it; whereupon Mr. Wentworth informed the father that he was authorized by his daughter to address him on the subject, and her happiness being involved as well as his own, he trusted Mr. Grey would re-consider his proposal, and incline more favorably to his suit.

Amazement was Mr. Grey's only feeling on first hearing this announcement. He could scarcely believe his ears, much less take in the subject-matter in all its bearings.

Again, however, he refused his consent, and forbade Mr. Wentworth to think of his daughter.

He immediately communicated the conversation to his wife, who was not less surprised than himself, but who relieved him excessively by saying at once that there must be some misunderstanding on the young man's part, for Pauline, she knew, took no interest in him whatever. That is, Mrs. Grey took it for granted that Pauline must see him with her eyes, and did not hesitate to answer for the fact.

She went at once to Pauline's room, where she found her lying on the sofa, a book open in her hand, but evidently lost in a world of dreamy and pleasant revery. With very little circumlocution, for Mrs. Grey was too much excited to choose her words carefully, she repeated to Pauline her conversation with her father; whereupon Pauline rose, and sitting up, her color changing, but her eye clear and bright, said,

"Surely, mother, you knew it all."

"Knew what, Pauline?"

"That Mr. Wentworth was attached to me, and that I—I—"

"Surely, Pauline," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, hastily, "you are not interested in him."

"Yes," answered Pauline, roused by her mother's tone and manner to something of her old spirit, and looking at her fully and clearly, all diffidence having now vanished in the opposition she saw before her, "I am—I love him, love him with my whole soul."

"Pauline, my child, are you mad!" almost shrieked Mrs. Grey, shocked almost past the power of endurance by her daughter's tones and words.

"*I* am not mad, no mother," said Pauline, with an emphasis, as if she thought her mother might be. "And why do you speak thus to me? You introduced Mr. Wentworth yourself to me; you first invited him here—and why, mother, do you affect this surprise now?" and Pauline's color deepened, and her voice quivered as she thought, with a sense of her mother's inconsistency and injustice.

"*I* introduced him to you, Pauline! Yes, I believe I did—but what of that? Do you suppose —no, Pauline, you are a girl of too much sense to suppose that I must be willing you should marry every man I introduce or invite to the house."

"What are your objections to Mr. Wentworth?" asked Pauline, firmly.

"My objections, Pauline! My child, you drive me almost mad!" said Mrs. Grey, her daughter's manner forcing on her more and more the conviction of the earnestness of her present fancy—for Mrs. Grey could not think it more. "Why, Pauline, I have every objection to him. What pretensions has he that should entitle him to dream of you, Pauline? You, my child, with your talents and beauty, and acquirements, are not surely going to throw yourself away upon this young man, who is every way inferior to you."

"Mother," said Pauline, with energy, "you don't know him."

Mrs. Grey was silenced. She did not know him. There was that in his countenance, air, and manner, although what might be called rather a handsome young man, that is unmistakable to a practiced eye—traces of a common mind, a something that had satisfied Mrs. Grey "he would not do," when she had dismissed him from her mind. But what had she to say to Pauline now?

She talked of her disappointment—of her hopes—her expectations; but Pauline said she was not ambitious, and wanted none of these things.

Mrs. Grey was in despair. Pauline grew more and more resolute. Her eye flashed, and her color rose, and the brow was bent, as when she was a child. She and her mother talked long, and even warmly; and Mrs. Grey returned to her husband, leaving Pauline in a state of great excitement.

Mr. Grey was much disturbed by what his wife told him; but still, though agitated, he was not as distressed as she was. The thing must not and should not be—there he was firm—though he was pained, exceedingly pained, that Pauline should be unhappy about it.

He looked upon her grief as of course a temporary feeling, but still, even for her temporary sorrow he grieved exceedingly.

He wrote that evening to Mr. Wentworth, desiring him to discontinue his visits, as he could not sanction his attachment, nor consent to a continuance of his attentions.

The letter was dispatched, and both parents felt better for the step. They considered the thing as finally at an end; and though Pauline might rebel a little at not having been consulted; yet it was done, and they seemed to think it could not be undone.

Much they knew about the matter. A letter from the young lover to Pauline herself, blew all these wise conclusions to the four winds of heaven.

She protested—and with some show of reason—that her father and mother had no right to dismiss Mr. Wentworth in this summary way; that they had encouraged—certainly permitted his attentions; that her mother had introduced him herself—for she harped upon that string—and she poured forth such a torrent of words and tears at the same time, that Mr. Grey finally said,

"Well, Pauline, to satisfy you, I will make inquiries relative to Mr. Wentworth's character and standing, and should the report be favorable, and your attachment lasting, I do not know that we should have any right to refuse our consent, although it's not a match, my child, that we can like. But on the other hand, Pauline, should I find him unworthy of you, as I am inclined to believe he is, you, on your part, must submit to what is inevitable, for I never will give my consent to your marrying a man whose character is not irreproachable."

Partially appeased, Pauline retired to her room, where Mrs. Grey spent the rest of the day in trying to convince Pauline that even if Mr. Wentworth were respectable in point of character, he was not in mind, manner, or appearance, at all her equal. That, in fact, he was a very common sort of a person, which was the truth; but strange though the fact might be, and there was no more accounting for it than denying it, Pauline was desperately in love with this very same very common young man; and talk as Mrs. Grey would, she could not change her feelings, or make her see him with her eyes.

She could only wait the result of Mr. Grey's investigations; and most devoutly she hoped they might prove unfavorable. The idea of his being respectable enough for them to be forced to a consent, drove her almost wild. Was this, then, to be the end of all her visions for her beautiful Pauline!

She could only trust to his being a scamp as her only hope of escape.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

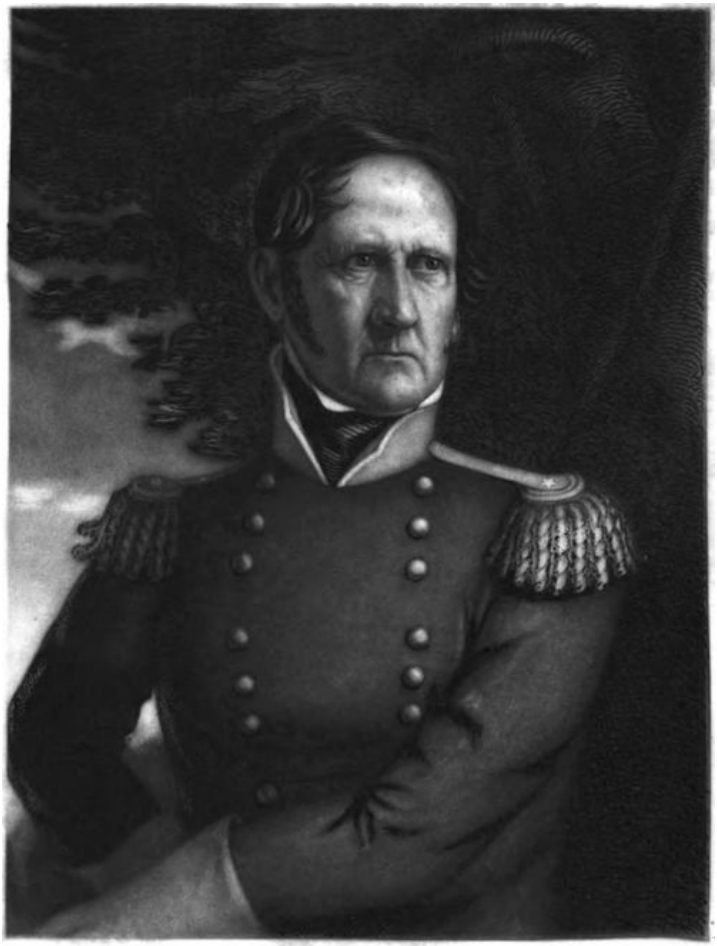
# THE SAILOR-LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY R. H. BACON.

When as our good ship courts the gale,
To swim once more the ocean,
The lessening land wakes in my heart
A sad but sweet emotion:
For, though I love the broad blue sea,
My heart's still true to thee, my love,
My heart's still true to thee!

And when, far out upon the main,
We plough the midnight billow,
I gaze upon the stars, that shine
And smile above thy pillow.
And though far out upon the sea,
My heart's still true to thee, my love,
My heart's still true to thee!

But when as homeward bound we speed,
The swift sea-bird outflying,
With throbbing heart I watch the land,
Its blue hills far descrying;
Impatient, now, to leave the sea,
And fold thee to my heart, my love!
My heart's still true to thee!



*ENGRAVED BY T. B. WELCH PHILA[A] FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY M. A. ROOT.*

**Very truly Yours**

**Winfield Scott**

# THE PORTRAIT OF GEN. SCOTT.

This plate is believed to be one of the most admirable and faithful specimens of portraiture ever presented, through the press, to the public. We know that it is derived from sources to be relied upon; and the reputation of the eminent artist who has executed it is evidence that, with such ample materials, his task could not have been illy performed.

The events connected with the present war have excited so high a degree of interest in the life and character of Gen. Scott, that the country has been flooded with biographies good, bad, and indifferent. It would not, therefore, be desirable that we should enter into a detailed account of the events of a public career long and eventful, and every result of which has been honorable to the country.

Gen. Scott was born in 1786, in Virginia. He was educated, for a time, at William and Mary College, and pursued the study of the law, until military propensities separated him from his profession. In 1808, Jefferson appointed him a captain in the army of the United States; in 1812 he received the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and took post on the Canada frontier. In October of that year he greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Queenstown Heights. His courage was manifested by the most extraordinary daring throughout the entire and unequal contest; but his small force was compelled to surrender with the honors of war. The whole affair reflected credit upon his diminutive force, and upon the young hero who led them. His imprisonment was not without dangers that afforded opportunities of displaying his lofty courage and chivalrous humanity.

Having been exchanged in May, 1813, he rejoined the army on the frontier as adjutant-general. He led the advanced guard, or forlorn hope, at the capture of Fort George, displaying extraordinary gallantry, and, though wounded, was the first to enter, and raise the American flag. His conduct upon this occasion elicited the highest praise. In July of the same year, Scott was promoted to the command of a double regiment. He was actively engaged in all the subsequent efforts of that and the following campaign, and in the intervals of service, was employed in instructing the officers in their duties, and in drilling the recruits. His eminent services secured him, in March, 1814, the rank of brigadier general—and he joined General Brown, then marching to the Niagara frontier. On the 3d of July, Scott leading the van, the Americans crossed the river, and captured Fort Erie. On the 4th he moved toward Chippewa, in advance of the army, driving the British before him. The 5th witnessed the severe and well-contested battle of Chippewa. This battle was fought within hearing of the roar of Niagara, silenced for a time, as was the earthquake at Cannæ, by the stormier passions of human conflict. It was a contest between divided brethren of the same gallant race; the advantages in the battle were all against our country; the glories in the result were all with her. Circumstances rendered, in the absence of Gen. Brown, Scott, the hero of the field; and profound has been and is the gratitude that rewards him.

The 25th of the same month witnessed the still more memorable conflict of Niagara. It is not our purpose to describe the battle; suffice it to say that it was a contest between warriors worthy of each other's steel. Each army, and the flower of the British veterans were present, struggled for many hours, and foremost in every daring was found Gen. Scott. We need not tell the American reader that we triumphed; but Scott, though upon the field throughout the fight, and then, as always, in advance, had two horses killed under him, was wounded in the side, and at length disabled by a musket-ball through the shoulder. After a doubtful and tedious illness

he recovered. He received from Congress, from the state legislatures, and from the people, the amplest evidences of gratitude and admiration.

After the close of the war, Gen. Scott visited Europe, by order of government, upon public business; and on his return took command of the seaboard. From this time till the Black Hawk War nothing of public interest occurred to demand his services. He embarked with a thousand troops to participate in that war, in July of 1832; but his operations were checked by the cholera. The pestilence smote his army, and he did not reach the field before the war was closed. During the prevalence of the pestilence he performed in his army every duty among the sick that could be expected from a brave, humane, and good man, winning, and worthy the title, of the warrior of humanity. He afterward acted prominently in effecting the pacification of the warring tribes of the North West, and received the official commendation of Secretary Cass.

Gen. Scott was ordered the same year to the Southern Department; and during the nullification excitement, is said to have acted, under his orders, with great energy and prudence. In 1836 he was ordered to Florida, to command the army engaged against the Creeks and Seminoles. He spared no effort, and manifested much of enterprise and energy; but circumstances, which no skill could have surmounted, rendered his exertions ineffectual. His failure was made the subject of inquiry by court martial, and he was by the court not merely acquitted, but applauded. In 1837, he was ordered to the northern frontier, to meet and avert the evil effects of the Canadian rebellion. It is admitted, that his efforts were vigorous, wise, and successful, and manifested great energy and prudence. In 1838, Gen. Scott was intrusted by the government with the removal to the West of the Cherokees. This duty was performed with great humanity and ability, and elicited strong expressions of gratitude from them, and of praise from the country.

From this duty, completed, he was called to the northern frontier. His course there was conciliatory and wise; and doubtless had some effect to prevent a conflict with Great Britain.

On the commencement of the Mexican war, circumstances prevented General Scott from assuming the immediate command of the invading force. He was subsequently ordered to the seat of the war; and after a series of operations, admitted to be the most brilliant in point of science known to modern warfare, he won what were supposed to be impregnable, the castle and the town of Vera Cruz. This triumph was announced on the 29th of March. The siege occupied fifteen days, and was attended with little loss on the side of the Americans. On the 17th of April, Scott, advancing upon Mexico, issued an order for the attack of Cerro Gordo—in which every event that was ordered and foreseen seems now to be prophecy; and on the next day he carried that Thermopylæ of Mexico. The battle was one of the most brilliant in the American annals. The orders of Scott, previously given, secure the glory of the triumph for himself and his army.

On the 19th, Jalapa was occupied, and on the 22d Perote. In these triumphs the army acquired great quantities of munitions. The city of Puebla was occupied on the 15th of May: Ten thousand prisoners, seven hundred cannon, ten thousand stand of arms, and thirty thousand shells and shot were, in the course of these operations, the fruits of American skill and valor. But even these achievements were thrown into the shade by the glorious triumphs in the vicinity of Mexico. The bloody contests at the intrenchments of Contreras, the fortifications of Cherubusco and the castle of Chapultepec, and finally the capture of Mexico, are of so recent occurrence, and so familiar in all their details to the public, that we do not deem it necessary to narrate them. Cut off for fifty days from all communications with Vera Cruz, the veteran Scott won, with his feeble and greatly diminished force, and against defenses deemed

impregnable, triumphs that have thrown immortal glory around the arms of his country.

Thus segregated, shut out from the hope of home as completely as were the soldiers of Cortez when he burned his ships, this little band advanced to dangers such as were never before encountered and overcome. Science guided and protected the daring invasion; and true American hearts, at every bristling danger, supported it, with an ardent courage and a calm fortitude scarcely equaled in the wars of nations. On the 15th of August, General Scott, by a masterly movement, turned the strong works of the Penon and Mexicalzingo, on which the enemy had labored and relied. On the 17th the spires of Mexico were in sight. The attack upon Contreras took place. It was one of the most brilliant achievements of the American arms. San Antonio was also carried; and San Pablo assailed, and, after a contest of two hours, won. In this battle the general added another to his former scars, being wounded in the leg. The terrible conflict of Cherubusco succeeded; and again American valor proved invincible. This placed our force at the gates of Mexico. The contest was one against four, the four having every advantage that military science and superiority of position could confer. Having overcome every enemy that dared to dispute his path, he spared the city of Mexico. The entire campaign is most honorable to the American character and to the reputation of him who led it. The impetuosity of his campaigns in the war of 1812 seemed mingled with and subdued by the results of a profound study of the science of war, in this contest. He dared boldly, and executed cautiously, courageously and successfully. Erring in nothing, and failing in nothing, he encountered dangers, and passed through scenes that belong to romance, but which his iron intellect rendered a substantial reality.

# O, SCORN NOT THY BROTHER.

BY E. CURTISS HINE.

O, scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be,
He's bound to another
And bright world with thee.
Should sorrow assail him,
Give heed to his sighs,
Should strength ever fail him,
O, help him to rise!

The pathway we're roaming,
Mid flow'rets may lie,
But soon will life's gloaming,
Come dark'ning our sky.
Then seek not to smother
Kind feelings in thee,
And scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be!

Go, cheer those who languish
Their dead hopes among.
In whose hearts stern anguish
The harp hath unstrung!
They'll soon in another
Bright land roam with thee,
So scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be!

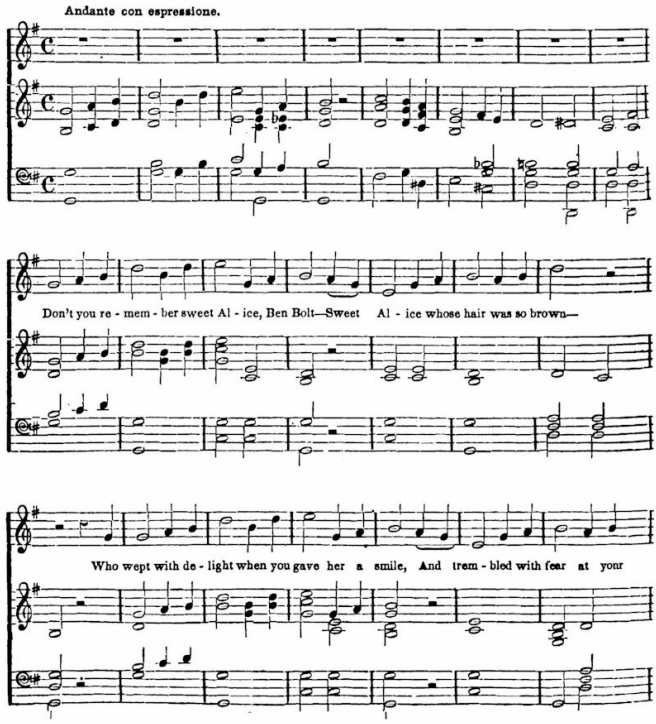
# BEN BOLT.

## THE WORDS AND MELODY BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

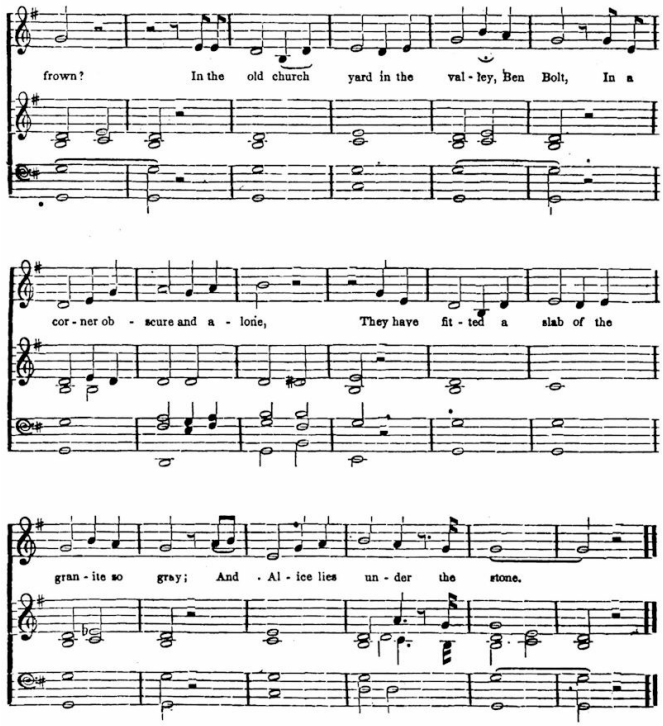
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, AND CORDIALLY DEDICATED TO

CHARLES BENJAMIN BOLT, ESQ.






Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown—
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?




In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray;
And Alice lies under the stone.

II.

Under the Hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

III.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

IV.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were school-mates then,
There are only you and I.

V.

There is change in the things that I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth—
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

# THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Eternal Fame! thy great rewards,
  Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master-bards
  Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
  Hath shone for ages, gilding bright
Her rocky cliffs, and ancient towers,
And cheering this new world of ours
  With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
  By that immortal race—
Who walked with Nature, as with God,
  And saw her, face to face—
No living truth by them unsung—
No thought that hath not found a tongue
  In some strong lyre of olden time;
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give a world the thrill
  Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
  In Music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
  An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
  Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream, through glen and glade,
Because 'tis not the thunder made
  By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field
  In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
  Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the way-side flowers conceal

Those modest charms that sometimes steal
    Upon the weary traveler's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odors sweet,
    And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent Soul of Song—
    That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
    And hide its thousand thorns:
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
    Has blessed the humble poet's name,
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
    That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the water-fall
    To one by deserts bound—
Making the air all musical
    With cool, inviting sound—
Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
    Is fevered in the sordid strife
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on, in caravan,
    Across the sands of Life.

Yet, not for these alone he sings;
    The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings
    And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came
    Nor whither goes his warbled song;
As Joy itself delights in joy—
His soul finds life in its employ,
    And grows by utterance strong.

# A PARTING.

## (AN EXTRACT.)

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

And now, farewell—and if the warm tear start
Unbidden to your eye, oh! do not blush
To own it, for it speaks the gen'rous heart,
Full to o'erflowing with the fervent gush
Of its sweet waters. Hark! I hear the rush
Of many feet, and dark-browed Mem'ry brings
Her tales of by-gone pleasure but to crush
The reed already bending—now, there sings
The syren voice of Hope—her of the rainbow wings.

Ah! well-a-day! Ceased is the witching strain—
Fled are they all—and back the senses turn
To this dark hour of anguish and of pain—
Of rending heart-chords—agony too stern
For words to picture it—of thoughts that burn
And wither up the heart. I need not tell
What now I feel, or if my bosom yearn
With love for you at parting—there's a spell
To conjure up despair in that wild word—Farewell

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Historical and Select Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, (Marie Rose Tacher de la Pagerie,) First Wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. By M'lle. M. A. Le Normand, Authoress "Des Souvenirs Prophetiques," &c. Translated from the French by Jacob M. Howard, Esq. Philada.: Carey & Hart.*

The larger portion of this work is made up of the account given by Josephine herself of the events of her life; and that part contributed by M'lle. Le Normand, completes a biography of the gifted, the fortunate and unfortunate queen of Napoleon. The Memoirs of Josephine sparkle with French sprightliness, and abound with French sentiment. Her style is eminently graceful, and the turn of thought such as we would expect from the most accomplished and fascinating woman of her times. The narrative is neither very copious nor very regular; but all that is told is of the deepest interest. It abounds in domestic anecdotes of the great usurper, and reports conversations between him and his wife, in which, by the way, her speeches rival, in prolixity, those given us by Livy. Many of her views of Bonaparte and herself are novel and striking, and calculated, if relied upon, to change opinions now generally entertained as truths. In relation to herself, her tone is one of almost unvarying self-eulogium; and the amiable and excellent qualities which she is known to have possessed need no better chronicler. She was of the opinion that her abilities and services, which were eminent and various, secured Napoleon's advancement at every step of his rapid career from obscurity to the imperial throne; and that the loss of her influence and counsels was the necessary harbinger of his downfall.

For the movements that secured him the First Consulship, she claims almost exclusive credit. That she was an artful politician, and used, with great effect, the graces of mind, manner, and person, with which she was singularly endowed, to promote the interests of her husband, is certain; but it may be doubted whether his mighty genius ever leaned for support upon the political skill and counsel of a woman—even though that woman were Josephine. She, like her wonderful husband, seems to have cherished a superstitious reliance upon destiny—a weakness singularly inconsistent with their general character. The story of the early prediction that she would become a queen is given with an amusing simplicity and earnestness. The prophecy is as follows:

"You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill, will not live long. A young Creole, whom you love, does not cease to think of you; you will never marry him, and will make vain attempts to save his life; but his end will be unhappy. Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe and wear a sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and after many great troubles, which are to befall the kingdom of the *Franks*, he will perish tragically, and leave you a widow with two helpless children. Your second husband will be of an olive complexion, of European birth; without fortune, yet he will become famous; he will fill the world with his glory, and will subject a great many nations to his power. You will then become an *eminent woman*, and possess a supreme dignity; but many people will forget your kindnesses. After having astonished the world, *you will die miserable*. The country in which what I foretell must happen, forms a part of *Celtic Gaul*; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit it, (*but not forever*,) a prodigy will appear in the air;—this

will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny."

Any fortune-teller might tell, and no doubt, if she thought it would flatter, would tell, a beautiful young girl that her destiny was to be a queen; but there is in this prediction a minuteness of detail, that cannot be accounted for on the ground of accidental coincidence. It is a brief history of her life. Unless we are prepared to believe that an ignorant old mulatto woman was gifted by divine Providence with supernatural power, constituted a second Witch of Endor, and able by "examining the ball of Josephine's left thumb with great attention," to discover the minute particulars of her future life, we must discredit the absurdity. A prediction believed sometimes effects its own fulfillment; and Josephine, whose ambition seems to have been most ardent, may have been inspired with romantic hopes by the foolish promise of an ignorant impostor, that she would rise to great eminence, and have been stimulated to greater exertions to realize those hopes. This may have urged her to intimacy with the corrupt and immoral Directory, with whom a beautiful and accomplished woman could not fail to be a favorite; may have secured her marriage to a very young and ardent man, who all believed must rise to eminence; and may have even induced her to excite her husband to the policy which secured a crown. But to believe that a prediction, giving all the leading events of the lives of several different persons, and those persons actors in scenes so wonderful, would be a folly equally weak and blasphemous. The same superstition is frequently betrayed in these volumes; and we have as many dreams and portents as ever disturbed the sleeping and waking hours of the wife of the first Napoleon, Caliphurnia.

The pages of these memoirs afford us the harshest and most repulsive views of Napoleon's character that we have yet seen. His affectionate consort was undoubtedly discerning, and used her keenness of perception with proper diligence to discover all her husband's faults. We have never shared in the excessive and extraordinary admiration with which the character of this man-hater and earth-spoiler is regarded in this land of liberty; but it seems to us that the portraiture before us would be deemed unjust coming from his foes, and is at least singular when traced by the hand of the affectionate and gentle Josephine. The praise awarded him is cold, formal and stinted; but the censure is interjected among her details with a freedom that we could not have anticipated. That she should have resented his heartless repudiation of the companion of all his struggles and fortunes, is natural, and perhaps just; but that she should have revenged the wrong, if indeed that be the motive, by depreciating him seems out of character with the Josephine of our imaginations. She describes him as vain, cruel, often weak, and at times abjectly cowardly. She dwells with great fullness upon his crimes, and passes rapidly and coldly over the many great and good things he achieved for France. In some instances positive misrepresentations are resorted to, calculated to blacken his character. Thus, in relation to the disaster at the bridge on the Elster, she says:

"I likewise learned that my husband has passed the only bridge by which he could make good his retreat; but in order to prevent pursuit by the foreign army, he had ordered it to be blown up at the very moment it was covered with thousands of Frenchmen, who were endeavoring to fly. By means of this *murderous manœuvre* he abandoned a part of his army on the bank of the stream."

Now this is a most inhuman calumny, and one that sounds strangely coming from a French woman, and that woman the wife of the unfortunate Napoleon. Bonaparte's strongest and ablest decryer, Alison, admits that the destruction of the bridge was an accident, resulting from the mistake of a corporal, who supposed the retreating French upon the bridge were the pursuing allies, and fired the train. It is seldom that we expect to find extraordinary instances of

conjugal affection upon thrones; and we are strongly disposed to believe that the love of Josephine for her husband has been exaggerated. According to her own account, she had many previous draughts made upon her capital stock of love; and she describes her marriage with Napoleon as one induced by the representations of Barras and Mad. Tallien of the advantages to be derived from it. She thus characterizes her feelings toward Bonaparte just before marriage. "I discovered in him a tone of assurance and exaggerated pretension, which injured him greatly in my estimation. The more I studied his character, the more I discovered the oddities for which I was at a loss to account; and at length he inspired me with so much aversion that I ceased to frequent the house of Mad. Chat*** Ren***, where he spent his evenings." Notwithstanding the excessive affection professed, a large portion of the period of their connection seems to have been embroiled and troubled. Yet there can be no doubt that she devoted herself assiduously and faithfully to the promotion and protection of the greatness which she shared; and, at the close of her career, though she caressed his conquerors, she died uttering the warmest expressions of affection for him, even in the presence of his foe. The death-scene, as described by M'lle. Le Normand, is truly touching. Her last tears fell upon the portrait of Napoleon.

The whole story is full of romance, and will be read with great interest. The translator has performed his task with eminent ability; and the volumes are printed in a style highly creditable to the publishers.

---

*Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, Member of the American Mission to Burmah. By "Fanny Forester." New York: L. Colby & Co.*

It cannot be necessary for us to recommend to the readers of Graham's Magazine any work from the pen of the fascinating "Fanny Forester." Her literary history is associated in their minds with the most agreeable recollections of a female writer, among the sweetest, the most brilliant, the most charming of the many whom our country has produced. They will remember her, too, in that most eventful scene and surprising change of her life, in which the popular authoress was suddenly, and voluntarily, transformed into the humble missionary; sacrificing, from a sense of Christian duty, all the pride and allurements of literary distinction, along with friends, home, the safety and happiness of civilized society, that she might take up the cross, and carry it, an offering of salvation, to the benighted Heathen of Asia, even in the depths of their own far and pestilential climates.

The missionary appears again as an authoress; but it is in the lowly attitude of a biographer commemorating the virtues of a departed sister and predecessor in the same field of Christian devotion—the devoted and sainted woman whose places "Fanny Forester" herself now occupies as a wife and missionary, performing the same duties, exposed to the same trials and sufferings, in the same distant and perilous regions of Asia. The subject and the writer are thus united—we might say identified—as parts of the same attractive theme, and co-actors in the same sacred drama. Under such circumstances, the Memoir of Mrs. Judson could not be otherwise than profoundly interesting; and it will prove so, not only to all those who admire the authoress, but to all who love the cause to which she has dedicated her talents, her life, her fame. It is, indeed, a beautiful, a deeply engaging, an affecting volume, uniting a kind of romantic character, derived from the scenes and perils it describes, with the deeper interest of a

record of the evangelization of the heathen. It is peculiarly adapted, too, to the reading of people of the world, whose hearts have not yet been warmed, or whose minds have not been instructed, on the subject of Christian missions. They cannot take it up without reading it; they cannot read it without rising better informed, and with better dispositions than before, in regard to the great cause which boasts—or has boasted—such servants as Mrs. Judson and "Fanny Forester."

---

*The History of a Penitent. A Guide for the Inquiring, in a Commentary on the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. By George W. Bethune, D.D., Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. Henry Perkins, 142 Chestnut Street.*

This work, which is beautifully dedicated to Dr. Alexander, is written with much of the characteristic force and fervor of its author, and with more than his ordinary research and elaboration. He informs us that his purpose has been to help the inquiring soul and young Christian with counsel taken immediately from the unerring word: he has therefore studied conformity to scripture, rather than novelty of thought, and plainness more than grace of style. Yet there is in this volume much of the author's usual boldness of originality and peculiar felicity of expression. Our readers have been made acquainted with the high merits of Dr. Bethune as a poet, by his contributions to "Graham;" but highly as we appreciate his verse, there is a directness, an originality, an old-fashioned power in his prose which we prefer, and which we think place him in the first class of American writers. On subjects like that treated in the volume before us, his whole heart and mind seem to be poured into his pages; and in their perusal we doubt whether most to admire the divine or the rhetorician.

---

*Keble's Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton. 148 Chestnut Street.*

This beautiful volume is printed from the thirty-first London edition. Its merits are so well and universally known and appreciated that to review it would, to our readers, be tedious as a twice told tale. Suffice it to say, that its object is to bring the thoughts and feelings of worshipers into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. The poetry of this volume is often even worthy the exalted subjects of which it treats, and is never unworthy them. Its extraordinary popularity is the best evidence of its merit; for poetry is never generally and permanently popular without real merit.

**Transcriber's Notes:**

Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals available for preparation of the ebook.

Page 193, spent five five hundred dollars ==> spent five hundred dollars
Page 196, the judicious use of money ==> the injudicious use of money
Page 200, I am of litle worth ==> I am of little worth
Page 217, of the Gentiles is accomplished ==> of the Gentile's is accomplished
Page 219, to the threatning dread ==> to the threat'ning dread
Page 220, before his vison rose ==> before his vision rose
Page 223, you are platting my hair ==> you are plaiting my hair
Page 229, they know better. "Pauline ==> they know better). "Pauline
Page 231, was fairly lanched. ==> was fairly launched.
Page 240, *Keble's Chistian Year* ==> *Keble's Christian Year*

[The end of *Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXII, No. 4 (April 1848)* edited by George R. Graham and Robert T. Conrad]