

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1849

Volume XXXIV
No. 6 June



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Title: Graham's Magazine Vol. 34 No. 6 June 1849

Date of first publication: 1849

Author: George Rex Graham

Date first posted: Dec. 1, 2016

Date last updated: Dec. 1, 2016

Faded Page eBook #20161201

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

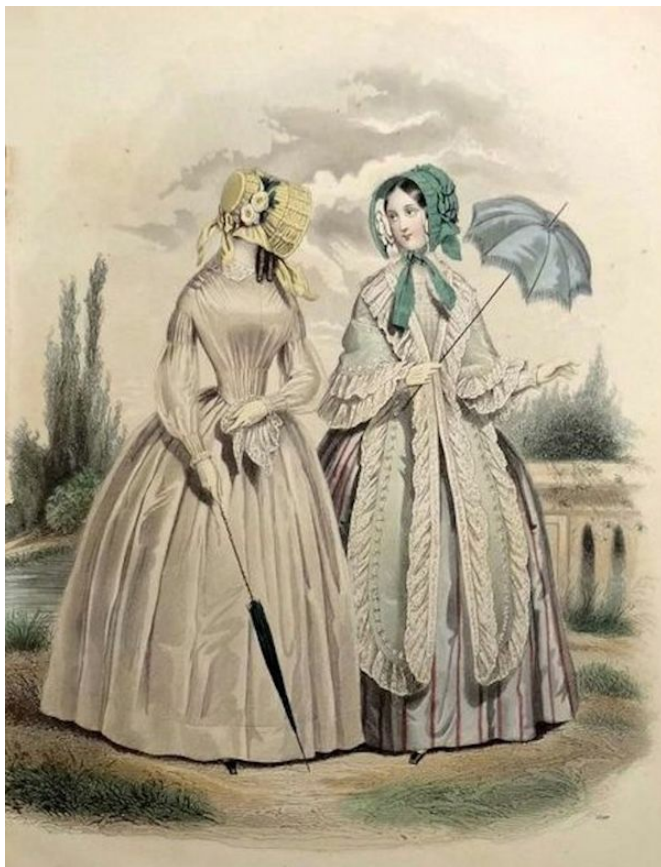
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LE FOLLET

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W. Drummond

Addison

THE STAR OF THE NIGHT.

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, June, 1849. No. 6.

THE PICTURE OF JUDGMENT;

OR THE GROTTA DEL TIFONÉ

A TALE OF THE ETRURIAN.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR of "GUY RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," &c.

Ma se conoscer la prima radice
Del nostri, amor, tu hai cotanto affetto,
Faro come colui che piange e dice.

DANTE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory. The Sepulchres of Etruria.

The "Grotta del Tifoné"—an Etruscan tomb opened by the Chevalier Manzi, in 1833—discovered some peculiarities at the time of its opening, which greatly mystified the cognoscenti of Italy. It was found, by certain Roman inscriptions upon two of the sarcophagi, that the inmates belonged to another people, and that the vaults of the noble Tarquinian family of Pomponius, had, for some unaccountable reasons, been opened for the admission of the stranger. No place was so sacred among the Etruscans as that of burial; and the tombs of the Lucumones of Tarquinia, were held particularly sacred to the immediate connections of the chief. Here he lay in state, and the scions and shoots of his blood and bosom were grouped around him, being literally, as the old Hebrew phraseology hath it, "gathered to their fathers." It was not often, and then only under peculiar circumstances, which rendered the exception to the rule proper, that the leaves of stone which closed the mausoleum were rolled aside for the admission of foreigners. The "Grotta del Tifoné," so called from the Etruscan Typhon, or Angel of Death, which appears conspicuously painted upon the square central pillar, was the last resting-place of the distinguished family of Pomponius. It is a chamber eighteen paces long, and sixteen broad, and is hewn out in the solid rock. The sarcophagi were numerous when first discovered. The ledges were full—every place was occupied, and a further excavation had been made for the reception of other tenants. These tombs were all carefully examined by the explorers with that intense feeling of curiosity which such a discovery was calculated to inspire. The apartment was in good preservation; the paintings bright and distinct, though fully

twenty-two centuries must have elapsed since the colors were first spread by the hands of the artist. And there were the inscriptions, just declaring enough to heighten and to deepen curiosity. A name, a fragment—and that in Latin. That a Roman should sleep in a tomb of the Etruscan, was itself a matter of some surprise; but that this strangeness should be still further distinguished by an inscription, an epitaph, in the language of the detested nation—as if the affront were to be rendered more offensive and more imposing—was calculated still further to provoke astonishment! Why should the hateful and always hostile Roman find repose among the patriarchs of Tarquinia?—the rude, obscure barbarian, in the mausoleum of a refined and ancient family? Why, upon an Etruscan tomb, should there be other than an Etruscan inscription? One of the strangers was a woman! Who was she, and for what was she thus distinguished? By what fatality came she to find repose among the awful manes of a people, between whom and her own, the hatred was so deep and inextinguishable—ending not even with the entire overthrow of the superior race? The sarcophagus of the other stranger was without an inscription. But he, too, was a Roman! His effigy, betraying all the characteristics of his people, lay at length above his tomb; a noble youth, with features of exquisite delicacy and beauty, yet distinguished by that falcon visage, which so well marked the imposing features of the great masters of the ancient world.

The wonder and delight of our visitors were hardly lessened, while their curiosity was stimulated to a still higher degree of intensity, as their researches led them to another discovery which followed the further examination of the “Grotta.” On the right of the entrance they happened upon one of these exquisite paintings, in which the genius of the Etruscan proves itself to have anticipated, though it may never have rivaled the ultimate excellence of the Greek. The piece describes a frequent subject of art—a procession of souls to judgment, under the charge of good and evil genii. The group is numerous. The grace, freedom, and expression of the several figures is beyond description fine; and, with two exceptions, the effect is exquisitely grateful to the spectator, as the progress seems to be one to eternal delights. Two of the souls, however, are not freed, but convict; not escaping, but doomed; not looking hope and bliss, but despair and utter misery. One of these is clearly the noble youth whose effigy, without inscription, appears upon the tomb. He is one of the Roman intruders. Behind him, following close, is the evil genius of the Etruscan—represented as a colossal negro—brutal in all his features, exulting fiendishly, in his expression of countenance, and with his claws firmly grasped in the shoulders of his victim. His brow is twined with serpents in the manner of a fillet, and his left hand carries the huge mallet with which the demon was expected to crush, or bruise and mangle, the prey which was assigned him. The other unhappy soul, in similar keeping, is that of a young woman, whose features declare her to be one of the loveliest of her sex. She is tall and majestic; her carriage haughty even in her wo, and her face equally distinguished by the highest physical beauty, elevated by a majesty and air of sway, which denoted a person accustomed to the habitual exercise of her own will. But, through all her beauty and majesty, there are the proofs of that agony of soul which passeth show and understanding. Two big drops of sorrow have fallen, and rest upon her cheeks, the only tokens which her large Juno-like eyes seem to have given of the suffering which she endures. They still preserve their fires undimmed and undaunted, and leave it rather to the brow, the lips, and the general features of the face to declare the keen, unutterable wo that swells within her soul, triumphant equally over pride and beauty. Nothing can exceed in force the touching expression of her agony unutterable, unless in the sympathizing imagination of him who seeks for the sources of the painter’s pencil into the very bosom of the artist. Immediately behind this beautiful and

suffering creature is seen, close following, as in the case of the Roman youth already described, the gloomy and brutal demon—the devil of Etruscan superstition—a negro somewhat less dark and deformed than the other, and seemingly of the other sex, with looks less terrible and offensive, but whose office is not less certain, and whose features are not less full of exultation and triumph. She does not actually grasp the shoulders of the victim, but she has her nevertheless beneath her clutches, and the serpent of her fillet, with extended head, seems momentarily ready to dart its venomous fangs into the white bosom that shrinks yet swells beneath its eye.

Long, indeed, did this terrible picture fix and fascinate the eyes of the spectators; and when at length they turned away, it was only to look back and to meditate upon the mysterious and significant scene which it described. In proceeding further, however, in their search through the “Grotta,” they happened upon another discovery. They were already aware that the features of this beautiful woman were Roman in their type. Indeed, there was no mistaking the inexpressible majesty of that countenance, which could belong to no other people. It was not to be confounded with the Etruscan, which, it must be remembered, was rather Grecian or Phœnician in its character, and indicated grace and beauty rather than strength, subtlety and skill, rather than majesty and command. But, that there might be no doubt of the origin of this lovely woman, examining more closely the effigy upon the sarcophagus first discovered—having removed the soil from the features, and brought a strong light to bear upon them—they were found to be those exactly of the victim thus terribly distinguished in the painting.

Here, then, was a coincidence involving a very curious mystery. About the facts there could be no mistake. Two strangers, of remarkable feature, find their burial, against all usage, in the tumulus of an ancient Etruscan family. Both are young, of different sexes, and both are Roman. Their features are carved above their dust, in immortal marble—we may almost call it so, which, after two thousand years, still preserves its trust—and, in an awful procession of souls to judgment, delineated by a hand of rare excellence, and with rare precision, we find the same persons, drawn to the life, and in the custody, as doomed victims, of the terrible fiend of Etruscan mythology. To this condition some terrible tale was evidently attached. Both of these pictures were portraits. For that matter, all were portraits in the numerous collection. With those two exceptions, the rest were of the same family, and their several fates, according to the resolve of the painter, were all felicitous. They walked erect, triumphant in hope and consciousness, elastic in their tread, and joyous in their features. Not so these two: the outcasts of the group—*with* but not *of* them—painfully contrasted by the artist—terribly so by the doom of the awful providence whose decree he had ventured thus freely to declare. The features of the man had the expression of one whom a just self-esteem moves to submit in dignity, and without complaint. The face of the woman, on the contrary, is full of anguish, though still distinguished by a degree of loftiness and character to which his offers no pretension. There were the portraits, and there the effigies, and beneath them, in their stone coffins, lay the fragments of their mouldering bones—the relic of two thousand years. What a scene had the artist chosen to transmit to posterity—from real life—and with what motive? By what terrible sense of justice, or by what strange obliquity of judgment and feeling, did the great Lucumo of the Pomponii, suffer the members of his family to be thus offensively perpetuated to all time, in the place of family sepulture? Could it have been the inspiration of revenge and hatred, by which this vivid and terrible representation was wrought; and what was the melancholy history of these two strangers—so young, so beautiful—thus doomed to the inexorable torments of the endless future, by the bold anticipatory awards of a successor, or a

contemporary? To these questions our explorers of the “Grotta del Tifoné” did not immediately find an answer. That they have done so since, the reader will ascribe to the keen anxiety with which they have groped through ancient chronicles in search of an event which, thus wondrously preserved by art for a period of more than twenty centuries, could not, as they well conjectured, be wholly obliterated from all other mortal records.

CHAPTER II.

The Etrurian Captive at Rome.

The time had passed when Etruria gave laws to the rest of Italy. Lars Porsenna was already in his grave, and his memory, rather than his genius and spirit, satisfied the Etruscan. The progeny of the She Wolf^[1] had risen into wondrous strength and power, and so far from shrinking within their walls at the approach of the vulture of Volserræ, they had succeeded in clipping her wings, and shortening, if not wholly arresting her flight. The city of the Seven Hills, looking with triumph from her eminences, began to claim all within her scope of vision as her own, and paralyzed at their audacity, their success, and their wonderful genius for all the arts of war, the neighboring cities began to tremble at the assertion of her claims. But the braver and less prudent spirits of young Etruria revolted at this assumption, and new wars followed, which were too fierce and bloody to continue long. It needs not that we should describe the varying fortunes of the parties. Enough for our purposes that, after one well-fought field, in which the Romans triumphed, they bore away, as a prisoner, with many others, Cœlius, the youthful Lucumo of the Pomponian family. This young man, not yet nineteen, was destined by nature rather for an artist, than a soldier. He possessed, in remarkable degree, that talent for painting and statuary, which was largely the possession of the Etrurians; and, though belonging to one of the noblest families in his native city, he did not think it dishonorable to exercise his talent with industry and devotion. In the invasion of his country by the fierce barbarians of Rome, he had thrown aside the pencil for the sword, in the use of which latter weapon he had shown himself not a whit less skillful and excellent, because of his preference for a less dangerous implement. His captivity was irksome, rather than painful and oppressive. He was treated with indulgence by his captors, and quartered for a season in the family of the fierce chief by whose superior prowess he had been overthrown. Here, if denied his freedom, and the use of the sword, he was not denied a resumption of those more agreeable exercises of art to which he had devoted himself before his captivity. He consoled himself in this condition by his favorite studies. He framed the vase into grace and beauty, adorned its sides with groups from poetry and history, and by his labors delighted the uninitiated eyes of all around him. The fierce warrior in whose custody he was looked on with a grim sort of satisfaction at the development of arts, for which his appreciative faculties were small; and it somewhat lessened our young Etruscan in his esteem, that he should take pleasure in such employments. At all events, the effects, however disparaging, were so far favorable that they tended to the increase of his indulgencies. His restraints were fewer, the old Roman not apprehending much danger of escape, or much of enterprise, from one whose tastes were so feminine; and the more gentle regards of the family, in which he was a guest perforce, contributed still more to sweeten and soften the asperities of captivity. As a Lucumo of the first rank in Etruria, he also claimed peculiar indulgences from a people, who, conscious of their own inferior origin, were not by

any means insensible to the merits of aristocracy. Our captive was accordingly treated with a deference which was as grateful to his condition as it was the proper tribute to his rank. The wife of the chief whose captive he was, herself a noble matron of Rome, was as little insensible to the rank of the Etrurian, as she was to the equal modesty and manliness of his deportment. Nor was she alone thus made aware of his claims and virtues. She had a son and daughter, the latter named Aurelia, a creature of the most imposing beauty, of a lofty spirit and carriage, and of a high and generous ambition. The brother, Lucius, was younger than herself; a lad of fifteen, but he, like his sister, became rapidly and warmly impressed with the grace of manner and goodness of heart which distinguished the young Etrurian. They both learned to love him; the youth, probably, with quite as unreckoning a warmth as his sister. Nor was the heart of Cœlius long untouched. He soon perceived the exquisite beauties of the Roman damsel, and, by the usual unfailing symptoms, revealed the truth as well to the family of the maiden as to herself. The mother discovered the secret with delight, was soon aware of the condition of her daughter's heart; and the relations of the several parties being thus understood, it was not long before they came to an explanation, which ended to their mutual satisfaction. Cœlius was soon released from his captivity, and, to the astonishment of all his family, returned home, bearing with him the beautiful creature by whom his affections had been so suddenly enslaved.

[1] Rome.

CHAPTER III.

The Brother and the Wife.

His return to Tarquinia was hailed with delight by every member of his family but one. This was a younger brother, whose position had been greatly improved by the absence and supposed death of Cœlius. He cursed in the bitterness of his heart the fate which had thus restored, as from the grave, the shadow which had darkened his own prospects; and though he concealed his mortification under the guise of a joy as lively as that of any other member of the household, he was torn with secret hate and the most fiendish jealousy. At first, however, as these feelings were quite aimless, he strove naturally to subdue them. There was no profitable object in their indulgence, and he was one of those, cunning beyond his years, who entertain no moods, and commit no crime, unless with the distinct hope of acquisition. It required but a little time, however, to ripen other feelings in his soul, by which the former were rather strengthened than diminished, and by which all his first, and, perhaps, feeble efforts to subdue them were rendered fruitless. In the first bitter mood in which he beheld the return of his brother, the deep disappointment which he felt, with the necessity of concealing his chagrin from every eye, prevented him from bestowing that attention upon the wife of Cœlius which her beauty, had his thoughts been free, must inevitably have commanded. With his return to composure, however, he soon made the discovery of her charms, and learned to love them with a passion scarcely less warm than that which was felt by her husband. Hence followed a double motive for hating the latter, and denouncing his better fortune. Aruns—the name of the younger brother—was, like Cœlius, a man of great talent and ingenuity; but his talent, informed rather by his passions than by his tastes, was addressed to much humbler objects. While the

one was creative and gentle in his character, the other was violent and destructive; while the one worshiped beauty for its own sake, the other regarded it only as subserving selfish purposes. Cœlius was frank and generous in his temper, Aruns reserved, suspicious and contracted. The one had no disguises, the other dwelt within them, even as a spider girdled by his web, and lying secret in the crevice at its bottom. Hitherto, his cunning had been chiefly exercised in concealing itself, in assuming the part of frankness, in appearing, so far as he might, the thing that he was not. It was now to be exercised for his more certain profit, in schemes hostile to the peace of others. To cloak these designs, he betrayed more than usual joy at the restoration of his brother. His, indeed, seemed the most elated spirit of the household, and the confiding and unsuspecting Cœlius at once took him to his heart, with all the warmth and sincerity of boyhood. It gave him pleasure to perceive that Aurelia, his wife, received him as a brother, and regarded with delight the appearance of affection that subsisted between them. The three soon became more and more united in their sympathies and objects, and the devotion of Aruns to the Roman wife of Cœlius was productive of a gratification to the latter, which he did not endeavor to conceal. It was grateful to him that his brother did not leave his wife to that solitude in her foreign home, which might sometimes have followed his own too intense devotion to the arts which he so passionately loved; and, without a fear that his faith might be misplaced, he left to Aruns the duty which no husband might prudently devolve upon any man, of ministering to those tastes and affections, the most delicate and sacred, which make of every family circle a temple in which the father, and the husband, and the master, should alone be the officiating priest.

Some time had passed in this manner, and at length it struck our Lucumo that there was less cordiality between his brother and his wife than had pleased him so much at first. Aurelia now no longer spoke of Aruns—his name never escaped her lips, unless when she was unavoidably forced to speak it in reply. His approaches to her were marked by a timidity not usual with him, and by a *hauteur* in her countenance which was shown to no other person. It was a proof of the superior love of Cœlius to his wife that he reproached her for this seeming dislike. She baffled his inquiry, met his reproaches with renewed shows of tenderness, and the fond, confiding husband resumed his labors on the beautiful, with perhaps too little regard to what was going on around him. Meanwhile, the expression in the face of Aurelia had been gradually deepening into gravity. Care was clouding her brow, and an air of anxiety manifested itself upon her cheek—a look of apprehension—as if some danger were impending—some great fear threatening in her heart. This continued for some time, when she became conscious that the eye of her husband began to be fixed inquiringly upon her, and with the look of one dissatisfied, if not doubtful—disturbed if not suspicious—and with certain sensibilities rendered acute and watchful, which had been equally confiding and affectionate before. These signs increased her disquiet, and deepened her anxiety. But she was silent. The glances of her husband were full of appeal, but she gave them no response. She could but retire from his presence, and sigh to herself in solitude. There was evidently a mystery in this conduct, and the daily increasing anxieties of the husband betrayed his doubts that it might prove a humiliating one at the solution. But he, too, was silent. His pride forbade that he should declare himself, when he could only speak of vague surmises, and perhaps degrading suspicions. He was silent, but not at ease. His pleasant labors of the studio were abandoned. Was it for relief from his own thoughts that he was now so frequently in company with Aruns, or did he hope to obtain from the latter, any clue to the mystery which disturbed his household? It was not in the art of Aurelia so to mould the expression of her countenance, as to hide from others the

anxiety which she felt in the increasing and secret communion of the brothers. She watched their departure with dread, and witnessed their return together with agitation. She saw, or fancied she saw, in the looks of the younger a malignant exultation, which even his habitual cunning did not suffer him entirely to conceal.

CHAPTER IV.

The Secret Picture.

At length the cloud seemed to clear away from the brow of her husband. He once more resumed his labors, and with an eagerness and an avidity which he had not betrayed before. His passion now amounted to intensity. He gave himself no respite from his labors. Late and early he was at his task—morning and night—without intermission, and with the enthusiasm of one who rejoices in the completion of a favorite and long-cherished study. Aurelia was not unhappy at this second change; to go back to his old engagements and tastes seemed to her to indicate a return to his former equanimity and waveless happiness. It was with some surprise, however, and not a little concern, that she was not now permitted to watch his progress. He wrought in secret—his studio was closed against her, as, indeed, it was against all persons. Hitherto it had not been so in her instance. She pleasantly reproached him for this seclusion, but he answered her—“fear not, you shall see all when it is done.” There was something in this reply to disquiet her, but she was in a state of mind easily to be disquieted. She was conscious also of a secret withheld from her husband—and her reproaches sunk back upon her heart, unuttered, from her lips. She could not, because of what she felt, declare to him what she thought; and she beheld his progress, from day to day, with an apprehension that increased momentarily, and made her appearance, in one respect, not unlike his own. She was now aware that he was the victim of a strange excitement, in which his present artist labors had a considerable share. He seemed to hurry to their prosecution with an eager impatience that looked like frenzy—and to return from his daily task with a frame exhausted, but with an eye that seemed to burn with the subtlest fires. His words were few, but there was a strange intelligence in his looks. His cheeks had grown very pale, his frame was thinned, his voice hollow, in the prosecution of these secret labors; and yet there was a something of exultation in his glance, which fully declared that, however exhausting to his frame might be the task he was pursuing, its results were yet looked to with a wild and eager satisfaction. At length the work was done. One day he stood before her in an attitude of utter exhaustion. “It is finished!” he exclaimed. “You shall see it to-morrow.”

“What is it?” she asked.

“Nay, to-morrow! to-morrow!”

He then retired to sleep, and rested several hours. She looked on him while he slept. He had never rested so profoundly since he had begun the labor from which he was now freed. The slumber of an infant had never been less disturbed, never been softer, sweeter, or purer. The beauty of Cœlius was that of the most peaceful purity. She bent over him as he slept, and kissed his forehead with looks of the truest devotion, while two big tears gathered in her large eyes, and slowly felt their way along her cheeks. She turned away lest the warm drops falling upon his face might awake him. She turned away, and in her own apartment gave free vent to the feelings which his pure and placid slumbers seemed rather to subdue than encourage. Why,

with such a husband—her first love—and with so many motives to happiness, was she not happy? Alas! who shall declare for the secret yearnings of the heart, and say, as idly as Canute to the sea, “thus far shalt thou go, and no farther—here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” Aurelia was a creature of fears and anxieties, and many a secret and sad presentiment. She was very far from happy—ill at ease—and—but why anticipate? We shall soon enough arrive at the issue of our melancholy narrative!

That night, while she slept—for grief and apprehension have their periods of exhaustion, which we misname repose—her husband rose from his couch, and with cautious footsteps departed from his dwelling. He was absent all the night, and returned only with the dawn. He re-entered his home with the same stealthy caution with which he had quitted it, and it might have been remarked that he dismissed his brother, with two other persons, at the threshold. They were all masked, and otherwise disguised with cloaks. Why this mystery? Where had they been—on what mission of mischief or of shame? To Cœlius such a necessity was new, and scarcely had he entered his dwelling than he cast aside his disguises with the air of one who loathes their uses. He was very pale and haggard, with a fixed but glistening expression of the eye, a brow of settled gloom, from which hope and faith, and every interest in life seemed utterly to be banished. A single groan escaped him when he stood alone, and then he raised himself erect, as if hitherto he had leaned upon the arms of others. He carried himself firmly and loftily, his lips compressed, his eye eagerly looking forward, and thus, after the interval of a few seconds, he passed to the chamber of his wife. And still she slept. He bent over her, earnestly and intently gazing upon those beauties which grief seemed only to sadden into superior sweetness. He looked upon her with those earnest eyes of love, the expression of which can never be misunderstood. Still he loved her, though between her heart and his a high, impassable barrier had been raised up by the machinations of a guilty spirit. Tenderness was the prevailing character of his glance until she spoke. Her sleep, though deep, was not wholly undisturbed. Fearful images crossed her fancy. She started and sobbed, and cried, “Save, O save and spare him—Flavius, my dear Flavius!”—and her breathing again became free, and her lips sunk once more into repose. But fearful was the change, from a saddened tenderness to agony and despair, which passed over the features of Cœlius as he listened to her cry. Suddenly, striking his clenched hands against his forehead, he shook them terribly at the sleeping woman, and rushed wildly out of the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

Progress to the Sepulchre.

It was noon of the same day—a warm and sunny noon, in which the birds and the breeze equally counseled pleasure and repose. The viands stood before our Cœlius and his wife, the choicest fruits of Italy, and cates which might not, in later days, have misbeseemed the favorite chambers of Lucullus. The goblet was lifted in the hands of both, and the heart of Aurelia felt almost as cheerful as the expression on her face. It was the reflection in the face of her husband. His brow was gloomy no longer. The tones of his voice were neither cold, nor angry, nor desponding. A change—she knew not why—had come over his spirit, and he smiled, nay, laughed out, in the very exultation of a new life. Aurelia conjectured nothing of this so sudden change. Enough that it was grateful to her soul. She was too happy in its influence to inquire

into its cause. What heart that is happy does inquire? She quaffed the goblet at his bidding—quaffed it to the dregs—and her eye gleamed delighted and delightfully upon his, even as in the first hours of their union. She had no apprehensions—dreaded nothing sinister—and did not perceive that ever, at the close of his laughter, there was a convulsive quiver—a sort of hysterical sobbing, that he seemed to try to subdue in vain. She noticed not this, nor the glittering, almost spectral brightness of his glance, as, laughing tumultuously, he still kept his gaze intently fixed upon her. She was blind to all things but the grateful signs of his returning happiness and attachment. Once more the goblet was lifted. “To Turmes (Mercury) the conductor,” cried the husband. The wife drank unwittingly—for still her companion smiled upon her, and spoke joyfully, and she was as little able as willing to perceive that any thing occult occurred in his expression.

“Have you drank?” he asked.

She smiled, and laid the empty goblet before him.

“Come, then, you shall now behold the picture. You will now be prepared to understand it.”

They rose together, but another change had overspread his features. The gayety had disappeared from his face. It was covered with a calm that was frightful. The eye still maintained all its eager intensity, but the lips were fixed in the icy mould of resolution. They declared a deep, inflexible purpose. There was a corresponding change in his manner and deportment. But a moment before he was all life, grace, gayety and great flexibility; he was now erect, majestic, and commanding in aspect, with a lordly dignity in his movement, that declared a sense of a high duty to be done. Aurelia was suddenly impressed with misgivings. The change was too sudden not to startle. Her doubts and apprehensions were not lessened when, instead of conducting her to the studio, where she expected to see the picture, he led the way through the vestibule and into the open court of the palace. They lingered but for a moment at the entrance, and she then beheld his brother Aruns approaching. To him she gave not a look.

“All is right,” said the latter.

“Enter!” was the reply of Cœlius; and as the brother disappeared within the vestibule, the two moved forward through the outer gate. They passed through a lovely wood, shady and hidden, through which, subdued by intervening leaves, gleamed only faintly the bright, clear sun of Italy. From under the huge chestnuts, on either hand, the majestic gods of Etruria extended their guiding and endowing hands. Tina, or Jupiter, Aplu, or Apollo, Erkle, Turmes, and the rest, all conducting them along the *via sacre*, which led from the palaces to the tombs of every proud Etruscan family. They entered the solemn grove which was dedicated to night and silence, and were about to ascend the gradual slopes by which the tumulus was approached. Then it was that the misgivings of Aurelia took a more serious form. She felt a vague but oppressive fear. She hesitated.

“My Cœlius,” she exclaimed, “whither do we go. Is not this the passage to the house of silence?”

“Do you not know it?” he demanded quickly, and fixing upon her a keen inquiring glance. “Come!” he continued, “it is there that I have fixed the picture!”

“Alas! my Cœlius, wherefore! It is upon this picture that you have been so deeply engaged. It has made you sad—it has left us both unhappy. Let us not go—let me not see it!” Her agitation was greatly increased. He saw it, and his face put on a look of desperate exultation.

“Ay, but thou must see it—thou shalt look upon it and behold my triumph, my greatest triumph in art, and perhaps my last. I shall never touch pencil more, and wilt thou refuse to look upon my last and noblest work. Fie! this were a wrong to me, and a great shame in thee, Aurelia.

Come! the toil of which thou think'st but coldly, has brought me peace rather than sadness. It has made of death a thing rather familiar than offensive. If it has deprived me of hopes, it has left me without terrors!"

"Deprived you of hopes, my Cœlius," said the wife, still lingering, and in mortal terror.

"Even so!"

"And, wherefore, O, my husband, wherefore?"

"Speak not, woman! See you not that we are within the shadow of the tomb?"

"Let us not approach—let us go hence!" she exclaimed entreatingly, with increasing agitation.

"Ay, shrink'st thou!" he answered; "well thou may'st. The fathers of the Pomponii, for two thousand years, are now floating around us on their sightless wings. They wonder that a Roman woman should draw nigh to the dwellings of our ancient Lucumones."

"A Roman woman!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "My Cœlius, wherefore this?"

"Art thou not?"

"I am thy wife."

"Art sure of that?"

"As the gods live and look upon us, I am thine, this hour and forever!"

"May the gods judge thee, woman," he responded slowly, as he paused at the gate of the mausoleum, and fixed his eyes intently upon her. Hers were raised to heaven, with her uplifted hands. She did not weep, and her grief was still mixed with a fearful agitation.

"Let us now return, my Cœlius!"

"What, wilt thou not behold the picture?"

"Not now—at another season. I could not look upon it now!"

"Alas! woman, but this cannot be. Thou must behold it now or never. Hope not to escape. Enter! I have a tale to tell thee, and a sight to show thee within, which thou canst not hear or see hereafter. Enter!" As he spoke, he applied the key to the stone leaf, and the door slowly revolved upon the massy pivots. She turned and would have fled, but he grasped her by the wrist, and moved toward the entrance. She carried her freed hand to her forehead—parted the hair from her eyes, and raised them pleadingly to heaven. Resistance she saw was vain. Her secret was discovered. She prepared to enter, but slowly. "Enter! Dost thou fear now," cried her husband, "when commanded? Hast thou not, thou, a Roman, ventured already to penetrate these awful walls, given to silence and the dead—and on what mission? Enter, as I bid thee!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Chamber of Death—The Catastrophe.

She obeyed him, shuddering and silent. He followed her, closed the entrance, and fastened it within. They were alone among the dead of a thousand years—alone, but not in darkness. The hand of preparation had been there, and cressets were burning upon the walls; their lights, reflected from the numerous shields of bronze within the apartment, shedding a strange and fantastic splendor upon the scene. The eyes of Aurelia rapidly explored the chamber as if in search of some expected object. Those of Cœlius watched them with an expression of scornful triumph, which did not escape her glance. She firmly met his gaze, almost inquiringly, while her hands were involuntarily and convulsively clasped together.

"Whom dost thou seek, Aurelia?"

"Thou know'st! thou know'st!—where is he? Tell me, my Cœlius, that he is safe, that thou hast sped him hence—that I may bless thee."

He smiled significantly as he replied, "He is safe—I have sped him hence!"

"Tinai, (Adonai,) my husband, keep thee in the hollow of his hand."

"How shameless! dost thou dare so much!"

"What mean'st thou, my Cœlius?"

"Sit thou there," he answered, "till I show thee my picture." He pointed her, as he spoke, to a new sarcophagus, upon which she placed herself submissively. Then, with a wand in his hand, he, himself seated upon another coffin of stone, pointed her to a curtain which covered one of the sides of the chamber. "Behind that curtain, Aurelia, is the last work of my hands; but before I unveil it to thine eyes, let me tell thee its melancholy history. It will not need many words for this. Much of it is known to thee already. How I found thee in Rome, when I was there a captive—how I loved thee, and how I believed in thy assurances of love; all these things thou know'st. We wedded, and I brought thee, a Roman woman, held a barbarian by my people, into the palace of one of the proudest families of all Etruria. Shall I tell thee that I loved thee still, that I love thee even now, when I have most reason to hate thee, when I know thy perjury, thy cold heart, thy hot lust, thy base, degrading passions!"

"Hold, my lord—say not these things to my grief and thy dishonor. They wrong me, not less than thy own name. These things, poured into thine ear by some secret enemy, are false!"

"Thou wilt not swear it."

"By all the gods of Rome—"

"And of what avail, and how binding the oath taken in the names of the barbarian deities of Rome."

"By the Etrurian—"

"Perjure not thyself, woman, but hear me."

"Go on, my lord, I will hear thee, though I suffer death with every word thou speak'st."

"It is well, Aurelia, that thou art prepared for this."

"Thy dagger, my Cœlius, were less painful than thy words and looks unkind."

"Never was I unkind until I found thee false."

"Never was I false, my lord, even when thou wast unkind."

"Woman! lie not; thou wert discovered with thy paramour, here, in this tomb; thou wert followed, day by day, and all thy secret practices betrayed. This thou ow'st to the better vigilance of my dear brother Aruns—he, more watchful of my honor than myself—"

"Ah! well I know from what hand came the cruel shaft; Cœlius, my Cœlius, thy brother is a wretch, doomed to infamy and black with crime. I have had no paramour. I might have had, and thou might'st have been dishonored, had I hearkened to thy brother's pleadings. I spurned him from my feet with loathing, and he requites me with hate. Oh! my husband, believe me, and place this man, whom thou too fondly callest thy brother, before thine eyes and mine!"

"Alas! Aurelia, this boldness becomes thee not. I myself traced thee to this tomb—these eyes but too frequently beheld thee with thy paramour."

"Cœlius, as I live, he was no paramour—but where is he, what hast thou done with him?"

"Sent him before thee to prepare thy coach in Hades!"

"Oh, brother!—but thou hast not! tell me, my lord, that thy hand is free from this bloody crime!"

"He sleeps beneath thee. It is upon his sarcophagus thou sittest."

She started with a piercing shriek from the coffin where she sat, knelt beside it, and strove to remove the heavy stone lid, which had been already securely fastened. While thus engaged the Lucumo drew aside with his hand the curtain which concealed the picture.

“Look,” said he, “woman, behold the fate which thou and thy paramour have received—behold the task which I had set me when first I had been shown thy perjuries. Look!”

She arose in silence from her knees, and turned her eyes upon the picture. As the curtain was slowly unrolled from before it, and she conceived the awful subject, and distinguished, under the care of the good and guardian genii, the shades of well-known members of the Pomponian family, her interest was greatly excited; but when following in the train and under the grasp of the Etrurian demon, she beheld the features of the young Roman who was doomed, she bounded forward with a cry of agony.

“My brother, my Flavius, my own, my only brother!” and sunk down with outstretched arms before the melancholy shade.

“Her brother!” exclaimed the husband. She heard the words and rose rapidly to her feet.

“Ay, Flavius, my brother, banished from Rome, and concealed here in thy house of silence, concealed even from thee, my husband, as I would not vex thee with the anxieties of an Etrurian noble, lest Rome should hear and punish the people, by whom her outlaw was protected. Thou know’st my crime. This paramour was the brother of my heart—child of the same sire and dame—a noble heart, a pure spirit, whose very virtues have been the cause of his disgrace at Rome. Slay me, if thou wilt, but tell me not, O, Cœlius, that thou hast put the hands of hate upon my brother!”

“Thy tale is false, woman—well-planned, but false. Know I not thy brother? Did I not know thy brother well in Rome? Went we not together oft? I tell thee, I should know him among a line of ten thousand Romans!”

“Alas! alas! my husband, if ever I had brother, then is this he. I tell thee nothing but the truth. Of a surety, when thou wert in Rome, my brother was known to thee, but the boy has now become a man. Seven years have wrought a change upon him of which thou hast not thought. Believe me, what I tell thee—the youth whom I sheltered in this vault, and to whom I brought food nightly, was, indeed, my brother—my Flavius, the only son of my mother, who sent him to me, with fond words of entreaty, when the consuls of the city bade him depart in banishment.”

“I cannot believe thee, woman. It were a mortal agony, far beyond what I feel in the conviction of thy guilt, were I to yield faith to thy story. It is thy paramour whom I have slain, and who sleeps in that tomb. His portrait and his judgment are before thee, and now—look on thine own!”

The picture, fully displayed, showed to the wretched woman her own person, in similar custody with him who was her supposed paramour. The terrible felicity of the execution struck her to the soul. It was a picture to live as a work of art, and to this she was not insensible. She clasped her hands before it, and exclaimed,

“Oh! my Cœlius, what a life hast thou given to a lie. Yet may I bear the terrors of such a doom, if he whom thou hast painted there in a fate full of dreadful fellowship with mine, was other than my brother Flavius—he with whom thou did’st love to play, and to whom thou did’st impart the first lessons in the art which he learned to love from thee. Dost hear me, my Cœlius, as my soul lives, this man was none other than my brother.”

“False! false! I will not, dare not believe thee!” he answered in husky accents. His frame was trembling, yet he busied himself in putting on a rich armor, clothing himself in military garb, from head to foot, as if going into action.

"What dost thou, my lord?" demanded Aurelia, curious as she beheld him in this occupation.

"This," said he, "is the armor in which I fought with Rome when I was made the captive of thy people, and thine. It is fit that I should wear it now, when I am once more going into captivity."

"My husband, what mean'st thou—of what captivity dost thou speak?"

"The captivity of death! Hear me, Aurelia, dost thou feel nothing at thy heart which tells thee of the coming struggle when the soul shakes off the reluctant flesh, and strives, as it were, for freedom. Is there no chill in thy veins, no sudden pang, as of fire in thy breast. These speak in me. They warn me of death. We are both summoned. But a little while is left us of life."

"Have mercy, Jove! I feel these pains, this chill, this fire that thou speak'st of."

"It is death! the goblet which I gave thee, and of which I drank the first and largest draught was drugged with death."

"Then—it is all true! Thou hast in truth slain my brother. Thou hast—thou hast!"

"Nay, he was not thy brother, Aurelia. Why wilt thou forswear thyself at this terrible moment? It is vain. Would'st thou lie to death—would'st thou carry an impure face of perjury before the seat of the Triune God! Beware! Confess thy crime, and justify the vengeance of thy lord!"

"As I believe thee, my Cœlius—as I believe that thou hast most rashly and unjustly murdered my brother, and put death in the cup which, delivered by thy hands, was sweet and precious to my lips, so must I now declare, in sight of Heaven, in the presence of the awful dead, that what I have said and sworn to thee, is truth. He whom I sheltered within the tombs of thy fathers, was the son of mine—the only, the last, best brother of my heart; I bore him in mine arms when I was a child myself. I loved him ever! Oh, how I loved him! next to thee, my Cœlius—next to thee! Could'st thou but have spared me this love—this brother!"

"How knew I—how know I now—that he was thy brother?" was the choking inquiry.

"To save thee the cruel agony that thou must feel, knowing this, I could even be moved to tell thee falsely, and say that he was not my brother—but, indeed, some paramour, such as the base and evil thought of thy brother has grafted upon thine; but I may not, thy love is too precious to me at this last moment, even if death were not too terrible to the false speaker. He was, indeed, my Flavius, dear son of a dear mother, best beloved brother, he whom thou did'st play with as a boy, to whom thou gav'st lessons in thy own lovely art; who loved thee, my Cœlius, but too fondly, and only forbore telling thee of his evil plight for fear that thou should'st incur danger from the sharp and angry hostility of Rome. Seek my chamber, and in my cabinet thou wilt find his letters, and the letters of my mother, borne with him in his flight. Nay,—oh! mother, what is this agony?"

"Too late! too late! If it be truth thou speakest, Aurelia, it is a truth that cannot save. Death is upon us—I see it in thy face—I feel it in my heart. Oh! would that I could doubt thy story!"

"Doubt not—doubt not—believe and take me to thy heart. I fear not death, if thou wilt believe me. My Cœlius, let me come to thee and die upon thy bosom."

"Ah! should'st thou betray me—should'st thou still practice upon me with thy woman art!"

"And wherefore? It is death, thou say'st, that is upon us now. What shall I gain, in this hour, by speaking to thee falsely. Thou hast done thy worst. Thou hast doomed me to death, and to the eyes of the confiding future!"

She threw her arms around him as she spoke, and sunk, sunk sobbing upon his breast.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that dreadful picture! I feel, my Aurelia, that thou hast spoken truly—"

that I have been rash and cruel in my judgments. Thy brother lies before thee, and yonder tomb is prepared for thee. I did not yield without a struggle; and I prepared me for a terrible sacrifice. Upon this bier, habited as I am, I yield myself to death. There is no help—no succor. Yet that picture! Shall the falsehood overcome the truth? Shall that lie survive thy virtues, thy beauty, and thy life! No! my Aurelia, this crime shall be spared at least.”

He unwound her arms from about his neck, and strove to rise. She sunk in the same moment at his feet. “Oh, death!” she cried, “thou art, indeed, a god! I feel thee, terrible in thy strength, with an agony never felt before. Leave me not, my Cœlius—forgive—and leave me not!”

“I lose thee, Aurelia! Where—”

“Here! before the couch—I faint—ah!”

“I would destroy,” he cried, “but cannot! This blindness. Ho! without there! Aruns! It is thy step I hear! Undo, undo—I forgive thee all, if thou wilt but help. Here—hither!”

The acute senses of the dying man had, indeed, heard footsteps without. They were those of the perfidious brother. But, at the call from within, he retreated hastily. There was no answer—there was no help. But there was still some consciousness. Death was not yet triumphant. There was a pang yet to be felt—and a pleasure. It was still in the power of the dying man to lift to his embrace his innocent victim. A moment’s return of consciousness enabled her to feel his embrace, his warm tears upon her cheek, and to hear his words of entreaty and tenderness imploring forgiveness. And speech was vouchsafed her to accord it.

“I forgive thee, my Cœlius—I forgive thee, and bless thee, and love thee to the last. I know that thou would’st never do me hurt of thy own will; I know that thou wert deceived to this—yet how, oh, how, when my head lay upon thy breast at night, and I slept in peace, could’st thou think that I should do thee wrong!”

“Why,” murmured the miserable man, “why, oh, why?”

“Had I but told thee, and trusted in thee, my Cœlius?”

“Why did’st thou not?”

“It was because of my brother’s persuasion that I did not—he wished not that thou should’st come to evil.”

“And thou forgiv’st me, Aurelia—from thy very heart thou forgiv’st me?”

“All, all—from my heart and soul, my husband.”

“It will not, then, be very hard to die!”

An hour after and the chamber was silent. The wife had yielded first. She breathed her last sigh upon his bosom, and with the last effort of his strength he lifted her gently and laid her in the sarcophagus, composing with affectionate care the drapery around her. Then, remembering the picture, he looked around him for his sword with which to obliterate the portraits which his genius had assigned to so lamentable an eternity; but his efforts were feeble, and the paralysis of death seized him while he was yet making them. He sunk back with palsied limbs upon the bier, and the lights, and the picture, faded from before his eyes, with the last pulses of his life. The calumny which had destroyed his hopes, survived its own detection. The recorded falsehood was triumphant over the truth; yet may you see to this day, where the random strokes of the weapon were aimed for its obliteration. Of himself there is no monument in the tomb, though one touching memorial has reached us. The vaulted chamber buried in the earth was discovered by accident. A fracture was made in its top by an Italian gentleman in company with a Scottish nobleman. As they gazed eagerly through the aperture, they beheld an ancient warrior in full armor, and bearing a coronet of gold. The vision lasted but a moment. The decomposing effects of the air were soon perceptible. Even while they gazed, the body seemed

agitated with a trembling, heaving motion, which lasted a few minutes, and then it subsided into dust. When they penetrated the sepulchre, they found the decaying armor in fragments, the sword and the helmet, or crown of gold. The dust was but a handful, and this was all that remained of the wretched Lucumo. The terrible picture is all that survives—the false witness, still repeating its cruel lie at the expense of all that is noble in youth and manhood, and all that is pure and lovely in the soul of woman.

THOUGHTS.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

I have thoughts that like the eagle soar to a daring height,
That boldly revel in the glare of strong and dazzling light,
That glory in such brightness, and wish 'twas ever day,
That in unclouded brilliancy life's hours might pass away.
I have thoughts that bow me to the dust in stupor-like despair,
That bind my soul with fetters to keep it always there;
That whisper I can never rise, that my spirit has no wings,
But must ever be content to lie amid earth's blighted things.

I have gentle, holy thoughts that come with sweet and soothing power
Instilling vigor in my heart, as dew upon the flower;
And then I feel that I would give the world if I could be
From all of human frailty and earthly passion free.
I have thoughts that breathe unholy air, that bring a chilling blight
Upon each better feeling, each principle of right:
Vain, foolish, envious, wicked thoughts that fill my heart with pain;
That pour wild tumult in my breast, and fever on my brain.

I have thoughts that come like zephyrs in the spring-time of the year,
That bear sweet memories of my friends—those who are ever dear;
And some who at another time might seem but friends in name,
Are made by those same gentle thoughts a friendship true to claim.
I think me of the kindly deeds, the pleasant word or smile,
Which sometimes served in sadder hours a sorrow to beguile;
Oh, then I raise my heart in prayer for every one I know,
And ask our common God to bless and shield them from each wo;
And there is naught of sacrifice too great for me to bear,
If so I might but glad their hearts, or free their souls from care.

I have thoughts that spread deep shadows of unholy, dark distrust,
That like a fearful whirlwind lay high hopes within the dust;
That recall forgotten mem'ries to a gloomy, clouded mind,
Of broken friendships, trusts betrayed, and words and looks unkind.
Ah, then suspicion dark and drear spreads forth her chilling blight,
And sick at heart I turn away, as withers in my sight
Bright hopes of future happiness—sweet friendships held most dear.
And I seem to live 'mid shattered wrecks, in strange, unearthly fear;
And I start to hear a kindly word, and my spirit dreads a smile,
Lest the word should be deceitful, or the smile be meant in guile:
And I deem that the wide world contains no friend who loves me well,
And I long to go away from earth to where the faithful dwell.

I would not have them ever glad, those many thoughts of mine—
I would not with unclouded beams life's sun should ever shine:
For He who sends the clouds and rain knows when they are needed best,
And I would upon his guiding care with firm reliance rest:
But I would my thoughts were ever right—were ever firm and strong,
Such thoughts as nerve the heart in might to conquer what is wrong,
I would not that my spirit breathe the taint of impure air,
But that only holy, heaven-sent thoughts should have an influence there.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. O. M. P. LORD.

There's music in thy voice, love;
Such notes have never been
Since years and years ago, love,
God's angels talked with men;
It never chides nor blames, love,
But always seeks to praise.
In truth such gentle speech, love.
Thy native land betrays.

Like summer cloud thy brow, love.
And hue of summer sky,
As ocean gives it back, love,
Dwells in that tender eye;
The heaven without looks in, love,
And sees its image there;
The heaven within looks out, love,
So wondrous clear and fair.

Soon, soon, we all must sleep, love,
Through long and dreamless night;
And, waking, find these robes, love,
So changed, so clear and white;
But thou, so pure and free, love,
Thy garb from earthly stain,
E'en as thou laid'st it down, love,
Will take it up again.

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

OR THE NABOB UNCLE

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

“Well, girls, prepare your sweetest smiles, and best behavior, for your uncle has arrived at last, and I have just received this note, dated at the Astor, announcing his coming, and accepting my invitation to make our house his home; so, to use his own expression, we may expect him, ‘bag and baggage,’ this evening.”

These words were addressed by Mrs. Medway to her daughters, as they sat at breakfast, in an elegant apartment in a fashionable street up town.

“That means, I suppose, that he comes with an ebony serving-man, in an immense turban, half a dozen hookahs, innumerable packages, and self-indulging contrivances, and all the et cæteras of an eastern nabob,” replied Matilda. “I wonder where we are to stow away all the trash that he will undoubtedly pour in upon us? I wish, mamma, you had not invited him here; but if his coming prove but a golden one to us, I, for one, am perfectly willing to play the agreeable, with so bright a prospect in store.”

“Not so with me,” exclaimed her younger sister Sophy, “I am determined to do as I please, and not be like an automaton, at the will of a cross old invalid, as I have no doubt he is. I suppose we must have great fires built up all summer, and be content to be baked, and browned to crisps, in ovens of rooms, while old yellow-face shivers with cold, and swears at the climate. And then we must live on curries, and spices, and pilaus, and all sorts of horrid nauseous messes, until we are as yellow and bilious as himself. I boldly protest against all such proceedings, and thus, once for all, good people, declare myself free and independent.”

“But recollect, girls,” said their mother, while she laughed at Sophy’s declaration, “he is your father’s brother, and as such entitled to at least an appearance of respect. I wish he was less afflicted to be sure, for it will be a sad drawback, I fear, upon your amusements; but keep up your courage, and remember that to be co-heiresses of an Indian nabob is a distinction very much to be coveted, and worthy some sacrifices to attain.”

“I am sure his deafness will be a great relief to us all,” chimed in Matilda, “so as we play propriety and have plenty of delicate attentions, and wreathed smiles, in readiness, we can indulge once in a while in a theatrical aside of impatience, which will be quite a safety valve to the temper.”

“But if he is an invalid he must necessarily be cross,” answered Sophy, “and as his sight is impaired, he will probably want some one to read to him; *that* task I absolutely refuse to perform; for as to reading any thing more than the last magazine, it is an effort I never was equal to. We will appoint Grace reader to his Indian majesty. What say you, Grace, are you not overwhelmed with the honor?”

This question was addressed to a quiet girl, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but who replied with a smile, “If your uncle is in reality the disagreeable person you describe, I shall not be emulous of the honor you design me; but if he is in truth an invalid, I will wait on him with cheerfulness, for you know I am accustomed to a sick chamber.”

“That’s just like you, Grace, always ready and willing to do for every one,” answered

Sophy. "Of course he is an invalid—all nabobs are. He has the gout, and we must all creep on tip-toe about the room, lest an unlucky jar might give him a twinge, and bring down a volley, not of blessings, upon our devoted heads. Then the liver complaint is a necessary appendage, and blue pills and calomel will abound. Bah! what a house it will be to be sure, I should not wonder if he has a pet monkey and half a dozen macaws, and we shall have a menagerie and hospital combined. If such *is* the case, I shall run off and get married; so don't wonder if some morning I am missing."

"And thus forfeit your claim to the fortune in store," said her sister; "for my part I am willing to take a pill every other day, in the hope that it will prove at last a gilded one, and will feed the macaws to a surfeit—"

"In fact, kill them with kindness," interrupted Sophy, laughing. "Well, you are welcome to all you can get, the pill will be bitter if it *is* gilded; I love my ease too well to be shackled even with golden fetters; so Grace and you may divide the labor and the reward."

"Grace will of course do whatever is required of her," said Mrs. Medway gravely, "but as she has no claim of kindred upon your uncle, she will not expect any other return than my approval. And now girls we have spent a long time chatting; I must go and prepare for our newly arrived relative's coming, and remember, Sophy, that you treat him with all deference and respect; you might have a little natural feeling—"

"All fudge, mamma," laughed Sophy, rising from her seat; "talk of natural feeling, indeed, for a cross old fidgety fellow one never saw, and scarcely ever heard of, except when he sent you that superb India shawl. I tell you, mamma, it is a natural feeling for his presents and his rupees that inspires you and Matilda; I will none of them except they come in a *natural* way, without any force put on my inclination. You know I am a little Pickle, and I intend to be as sour as vinegar."

"And I as sweet as honey-water," cried Matilda, as she left the room.

"Yes, and as insipid, too," replied her sister, following. "As for you, Grace," she added, looking back, "as you fortunately have no selfish considerations, you can afford to be, as you always are, 'Simple Grace, gracious and graceful,'" so saying, the noisy girl slammed the door after her, leaving Grace to her daily duty of washing the breakfast things, and arranging the room.

Mrs. Medway was the widow of a merchant who had left his family possessed of a moderate income, which they contrived should, like a thin plate of gold, cover a large surface. They lived up to their means in every sense. Mrs. Medway gave parties, kept several servants, lived in a large house, showily furnished, and dressed herself and daughters splendidly. All this could not be done without strict economy somewhere; and while the soirées of Mrs. Medway were pronounced delightful, the servants made many complaints of their daily fare. Mrs. Medway was only one of a class; there are hundreds who, to use a vulgar phrase, "rob Peter to pay Paul," and fast at home, that they may appear to feast abroad.

The coming of Jacob Medway, an elder brother of her husband, who had spent his life in India, and now returned to his native land, to enjoy his fortune and find an heir, was an important event to Mrs. Medway. She would rather, to be sure, have him unacquainted with certain parts of her household arrangement, but she hoped to reap a golden harvest, and wished to give her daughters an opportunity of ingratiating themselves in his favor. These daughters were handsome, showy girls. Matilda, the elder, had been a decided belle for several seasons. She was tall and slender, with very fine dark eyes, rather long face, and that distinguished air and manner that stamps the woman of fashion. She was very anxious to

secure her uncle's favor, for she argued that a fine fortune might secure her the alliance that her fine person had hitherto failed to win.

The younger daughter, Sophy, with less beauty than her sister, was still much admired. She had a rattling, dashing way of saying pert, and sometimes shrewd things, that passed for wit, among the idlers who surrounded her, though they often winced under the keenness of her remarks. She was not amiable, but possessed a sturdy independence that was a redeeming trait, and though often displaying it in a most disagreeable manner, was in reality much less selfish than her soft-lipped sister.

The other inmate of the family whom we have mentioned, was Grace Addison—"little Grace," as she was wont to be affectionately termed in her own happy home, but now, "Simple Grace," as Sophy loved to call her. The mother of Grace was a cousin of Mrs. Medway; she had been left a widow in very straitened circumstances, her husband dying when Grace was just fifteen. Grief and anxiety threw her in a consumption, and she died two years after, leaving her orphan child to the care of her cousin, Mrs. Medway, who had herself been tenderly reared under the roof of Mrs. Addison's father, and upon whom the grand-daughter of her benefactor certainly had a claim.

Mrs. Medway was a selfish woman, and the charge was irksome, but the circumstances of her own early life and adoption were so extensively known, that she dared not brave the censure of her friends by refusing it; and thus whilst Grace was ostensibly cared and provided for, she was made to feel her dependence, and had resolved in her own heart to seize the first opportunity of releasing her self from this thralldom, preferring to earn her daily bread, than to receive it as a favor while she toiled for it as a menial. But her gentle and pliant nature dreaded to offend or grieve Mrs. Medway, for she knew that she was really essential to her, whilst for Sophy, rude as she at times appeared, she felt a warm attachment, for she alone acted toward her as an equal and a friend.

Grace Addison was not beautiful, but she had charms enough to have made her a dangerous rival, had she appeared on equal terms with the sisters. She shrunk, however, from society, and seldom appeared at Mrs. Medway's *soirées*, very much, it must be confessed, to that lady's satisfaction. We have said Grace was not beautiful—lovely is the epithet properly belonging to her. Scarcely above the middle height, her slender form was inexpressibly graceful in all its attitudes; there were no angles about her, Sophy said. Every accidental position was a study for a sculptor—and never was the gentle name of Grace more fitly applied. Her deep, thoughtful blue eyes were shaded by long black lashes, that rested on a cheek whose deepest tint never exceeded the glow on the lip of a sea-shell, and the delicate features, and rich mass of dark hair, gave that air of refinement so rare and so indescribable. Such was the family of which the nabob, Jacob Medway, was expected to become an inmate.

In Mrs. Medway's drawing-room the family was assembled to receive the expected guest. Sophy was ridiculing her sister, and imitating the welcome which she said Matilda had learned by rote, when the noise of carriage-wheels were heard, and presently a loud ring of the bell announced the arrival. Mrs. Medway arose, and went into the hall, and then came the sound of trunks unstrapped, and packages thrown in, and next, enveloped in cloaks, the rich uncle stepped from the carriage, and being welcomed by Mrs. Medway, was shown at once to his room, where every accommodation for his comfort had been made. He had a colored servant, and as many packages as even Matilda expected, but no pet monkey or macaws as yet appeared.

"Well, mamma, what is he like?" exclaimed both daughters in a breath, as she re-entered the

room.

"You shall judge for yourselves presently," she answered. "He does not appear to be gouty, however, for he stepped quite firmly into the hall, and his voice is pleasant and not at all cross."

"So, perhaps, Matilda will not have the gratification of being a martyr after all," cried Sophy, laughing; "her honey-water will sour by keeping, and my vinegar become flat; well, after all, I am a little disappointed. I don't believe he is at all rich, Matilda, unless he is gouty, cross, and every thing bad; it would be too much of a good thing if he were."

Matilda did not much relish her sister's raillery, and a sharp reply rose to her lips as the door opened and her uncle entered. Mrs. Medway immediately rose, and introduced him to her daughters, and Grace offered him the arm-chair which he politely accepted, and then expressed, in a very few words, his thanks for her courtesy.

He was, of course, an object of great interest to the little group, and did not altogether answer their expectations.

Uncle Medway was tall, and rather stout, with a fine open countenance, yellow and brown, to be sure, in its hue, but the expression of his mouth contradicted at once all idea of ill-nature. His eyes were small, with a keen, shrewd, searching expression; and one could scarcely credit that their vision was impaired, so that without glasses he could not distinguish minute objects. He carried an ear-cornet in his hand, and apologised for his infirmities, speaking in a nervous and abrupt manner.

"You will find me a troublesome inmate, I fear, madam," he said to Mrs. Medway; "my infirmities make me a poor companion. I am a man of few words, and my loss of hearing renders it almost impossible to enjoy the conversation of others, while even the pleasure of reading is in part denied me."

"My daughters will be delighted to serve you in every way," said Mrs. Medway, graciously.

"Now is your chance," loudly whispered Sophy, to her sister, "lay your eyes, ears, and tongue, at the feet of your golden idol."

"Sophy!" exclaimed her mother, in an agony, but the sight of the ear-cornet calmed her fears.

The evening passed slowly away; Uncle Medway retired early, and the young ladies, after exchanging opinions of him, went to rest, to dream golden dreams, as Sophy maliciously said.

Uncle Medway did not appear at breakfast on the following morning, but during the forenoon, while the young ladies were occupied at their several employments, he unexpectedly entered, and with an apologetic smile and bow, took the seat which Matilda hastened to offer, tendering at the same time very affectionate inquiries regarding his health. The old gentleman quietly put on his glasses and lowered his ear-cornet, requesting her to repeat her words, while Sophy maliciously offered to prompt her, in case she forgot her lesson. Matilda looked thunder at her sister, and sunshine at her uncle as she repeated her questions.

"I rested well, thank you," said her uncle, "and as I hope to become better acquainted in time, you will not, I trust, be offended at my scrutiny." He took Matilda's hand as he spoke, and looked earnestly in her countenance.

"Do you consider me like papa?" she inquired with her most engaging smile, and speaking in the cornet, without which it was evident he could hear nothing.

"Humph, not much; your sister there is more like him," he answered, pointing with his ear-trumpet to Sophy.

"There, Matilda, is ten thousand lost to you," laughed the giddy girl.

"What does she say?" asked the old gentleman, casting a shrewd look at her; "come here,

merry one, and tell me yourself.”

Sophy rose and courtesied before him, as she said to Grace, “Your turn next—so prepare. I wonder if the old Indian thinks he can turn us about as he would some China ornaments, while we stand bobbing like so many mandarins before him?” then turning to her uncle, she added, “I am delighted that you think I resemble my father, sir, although Matilda is counted the beauty, and I the fright.”

“Oh, Sophy, how can you rattle so,” exclaimed Grace.

“Now hush, Grace, until your time comes. You know I always speak out what I think.”

“Especially when you know one party at least cannot hear,” said her sister, sarcastically.

“You all seem to be chattering away among yourselves like so many magpies,” said the old gentleman. “But who is this young lady in the corner?”

“Our cousin, Grace Addison,” screamed Sophy, at the top of her voice, “and the dearest, best, kindest cousin in the world. She makes all our dresses, copies Matilda’s music, waters her flowers, sketches in her album, and does a thousand things for which others get the credit; and more than all, she bears all my impertinences, and never gets out of patience. Now, Grace,” turning toward her, “you are properly introduced, come and speak for yourself. I think I have made *one party at least* hear this time,” she added, to her sister; “and if old yellow-face has half as much generosity as he should have, there is a nice little plum in store for Simple Grace.” So saying, she ran out of the room.

When the party met at dinner, there were several dishes cooked to suit Uncle Medway’s taste, among the rest a curry. Mrs. Medway and Matilda accepted some of the proffered viand, but when the old gentleman politely turned to Sophy, she exclaimed,

“No, I thank you, none of your nauseous messes for me—the very smell of them takes away my appetite. Mamma, after this, I think I shall dine in my own room.”

“What does the young lady say?” asked Uncle Medway, elevating his comet, “that she has no appetite?”

“I say I can’t bear curry,” screamed Sophy.

“Oh, Sophy, how can you be so rude?” said her mother, in despair.

“Because I hate hypocrisy,” answered the other, angrily. “There sits Matilda, striving to appear to eat what I know she abhors, afraid to say what her likes or dislikes are; it would not be worth the effort she makes to swallow it, if the hateful curry-powder was gold-dust. See, she is pale now—and sick, too, I dare say; for shame, Matilda. Uncle Medway, must, indeed, be deaf, dumb, and blind, not to discover in a short time all your false pretences.” Sophy spoke rapidly, despite of both mother and sister’s attempts to stop her, and Grace’s appealing looks. Secure in their guest’s entire deafness, she railed severely at the deceit she despised. Uncle Medway cast a searching look toward Matilda, and then turning to Grace, who sat next him, invited her to partake of his favorite dish. Grace thanked him, but declined.

“What,” said he, with a smile, “can’t you bear curry either? Perhaps you have never tasted it.”

“I am not fond of it, I confess,” answered Grace. “I have often seen it on my grandfather’s table, and he tried in vain to induce me to like it.”

Again those shrewd eyes of Uncle Medway rested on Grace’s countenance, and no further discussion arising, the dinner passed pleasantly off.

After dinner Grace was left alone with the old gentleman, while the sisters took their usual promenade, when suddenly turning toward her, he said, in his peculiarly abrupt manner, “Who was your grandfather?”

Grace looked up in surprise, but immediately answered, "My grandfather's name was Maurice Addison."

"And your father's?"

"Jacob Addison; he was born in India—" and then, with a sudden impulse, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Medway, did you know my grandfather? Are you not the old friend I have so often heard him mention, who went out to India with him, and who was so true and kind to him in illness and trouble? You *are*, I am sure, and my father was named after you, Jacob Addison." It was unusual for the quiet Grace to be roused to such enthusiasm, but she rose from her seat, and laying her hand on the old gentleman's chair, looked into his face with such an affectionate and expectant gaze, that his heart must have been adamant, indeed, to resist it. And as his was, in reality, a loving and unselfish heart, he drew Grace gently toward him, and a pleasant smile lighted up his face, as he said,

"And *are* you Maurice Addison's own little merry pet, Grace, he so often mentioned in his letters to me? *You are*, I am sure; and you are the daughter of my little god-son, Jacob, who was only knee-high when I saw him last. And now, my dear child, for surely I have a right to call you so, why are you living here? Where are your parents?"

Tears started in Grace's eyes as she related the circumstances of her parents' death, and her admission into Mrs. Medway's family, adding, that though they were all very kind to her, she would remain no longer than until she could procure an independent situation, as she feared, in Mrs. Medway's circumstances, she was a burden.

"Humph!" was the only reply; and then the old gentleman added, "Say nothing about this conversation, if you please, until I give you permission."

Grace willingly acceded; she knew that Mrs. Medway would not like to believe she possessed any claim, however slight, on Uncle Medway's regard; and although feeling an attachment to him for her grandfather's sake, had not the slightest idea of endeavoring to rival her cousins.

One morning Uncle Medway expressed a desire to drive through the city, and wished one of the ladies to accompany him as a *cicérone*. Matilda's services were instantly offered, and politely accepted. On their return, Matilda threw herself on a sofa, exclaiming to her mother,

"Well, I never was so wearied in all my life; and I consider this splendid dress, which uncle purchased for me at Stewart's, as very hardly earned. Never will I consent to be driven about, shut up in a carriage with such a perverse, questioning old codger again for a dozen dresses. Why the old man seemed to think I must know the whole history of the city, from its first settlement—we will have to lend him Diedrich Knickerbocker's book. And then such stopping to admire the churches and other buildings, while groups of fashionables passed and stared; it is an ordeal I never will pass through again."

"The honey-water is exhausted, is it?" asked Sophy. "You gave it in too great quantities at first; well, for my part, I might be induced to take one drive with such a reward in view."

"What is that," asked the uncle, turning sharply around, "don't Matilda like her dress?"

"Shall I answer for you?" said Sophy.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Medway, "she was expressing her admiration and gratitude; but she says she will fear to go with you again, lest you should think her motives interested."

"Humph! the motives are apparent enough!" muttered the old gentleman; then turning to Grace, he said, "Will *you* accompany me to-morrow, Grace. I promise faithfully that you shall have no reward, save the consciousness of obliging a troublesome old man?"

Grace gladly assented, and Mrs. Medway's consent being given, Grace became the almost

daily companion of the old gentleman, who seemed, however, to bestow but little notice on her, lavishing all his preference on Matilda, who was elated with her success.

A few days after, Uncle Medway brought down a closely-written letter of several pages, which he asked Matilda to copy for him, as she had so often expressed the pleasure it gave her to do any thing for her dear uncle. Matilda received the document with a gracious smile, and promised it should be done by the following morning. That evening the sisters went out with their mother, and Mr. Medway retired early to his own room, but having occasion to come down again for his glasses, he saw Grace bending over a table, on which were spread writing materials. She leaned her head on her clasped hands and sighed heavily. As he entered the room she looked up, and hastily drew a blank sheet over the page she had written.

“You look pale, child,” said the old gentleman, as he put on his spectacles. “What are you doing there?”

“Only writing a little—but I have a severe headache,” answered Grace.

“Go to bed, then—what are you poking your eyes out there for? I dare say some long letter to a sentimental friend, eh?” He approached the table as he spoke.

“You shall not see it, if it is,” said Grace, playfully putting her hand on the paper, “and I must finish it to-night, because I have promised—” she paused.

“Well, well,” said the old man, kindly, “promises must be kept, of course. I hope Matilda has kept her promise of copying my letter—do *you* think it will be finished by to-morrow morning, Grace?” And without waiting a reply, he left the room.

The following morning, the letter and copy were laid by Uncle Medway’s plate, and the old gentleman, examining it with an approving glance, took a fifty dollar note from his pocket-book, and said, “I do not wish to offend, by offering a remuneration for this correct and beautiful copy; but I know you ladies have always some charitable object of interest, and the fair writer of this must have devoted many hours to its accomplishment. It will gratify her to have the power of doing good in every way—a power which will, perhaps, ere long be unlimited. Will you accept it, Matilda, as to you it justly belongs, and be my almoner?”

Matilda’s eyes sparkled; this speech inferred much, and as she gracefully took the note, she thanked her uncle, and promised to dispose of it in charitable donations.

After breakfast, Uncle Medway was deeply engrossed in a paper, which he was endeavoring to decipher, and the sisters were sitting together, when Sophy said,

“Well, Matilda, what charitable institution do you intend to benefit by uncle’s donation; as you earned the money so honorably, you will, of course, disburse it with equal honesty and justice.”

Matilda colored slightly, but laughed, saying, “I shall do myself the charity to purchase that superb head-dress, and several costly *et cæteras* that I want for Mrs. Dayton’s ball; and if you are a good girl, and hold your tongue, you shall be an object of charity, too.”

“Now, Matilda, that is too mean, even for you,” exclaimed the other, indignantly. “Shame on you, as Grace really copied the letter, she should at least have the privilege of distributing the money; here she comes now. Grace, in what way ought uncle’s donation to be applied—you are the proper person to decide, and prevent Matilda from the selfishness she contemplates, in bestowing it all upon herself and me.”

Her sister crimsoned with anger, but Grace spoke.

“I am sure you do Matilda injustice, Sophy; she would never act so deliberate a falsehood; as she told her uncle it should be applied to charity, she will certainly keep her word. And there is poor Mrs. Brown, the laundress, it would, indeed, be a charity to assist her—”

“And begin by paying her bills,” interrupted Sophy.

But her sister, rising angrily, exclaimed, “I will not be dictated to by either of you,” and hastily left the apartment.

Uncle Medway had now been domesticated in the family for several weeks, and must, indeed, have been deaf, dumb and blind, to remain ignorant of the by-play going on around him. Secure in his entire deafness, Matilda frequently made use of her safety-valve aside; and once, when requested by her uncle to play, and she said to her sister, “I hope to have the pleasure of playing the Dead March for him ere long,” she caught his eye fixed upon her with such a severe glance, that a momentary doubt of his inability to hear made her tremble; but again assured by his bland manner toward her, she plied her fulsome flatteries more assiduously than ever. Grace often wondered how one so clear-headed in all other things, should be so easily imposed upon, while Sophy regarded her sister with undisguised contempt; and by way of offset, became more rude and impertinent than ever.

The rich uncle had been a great assistance to the household; his generous heart was continually prompting him to make those presents which he saw were required—and this was done in the most delicate manner. It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Mrs. Medway met the information he one day gave, that he had purchased a house in one of the most fashionable squares, and desired the taste of the ladies to assist him in furnishing it. He intended to celebrate his installation in his own home, by a splendid ball and supper, to which, as he had few acquaintances, he begged the ladies to invite those friends whose society was desirable. He also told Mrs. Medway, in confidence, that if she would part with one of her fair charges, he wished on the appointed evening, publicly to announce his choice of one of them as his heiress and adopted daughter, on condition that she resided with him to cheer his lonely old age. Mrs. Medway gave a delighted assent. She had no doubt on whom the choice would fall, and immediately congratulated Matilda, and caused it to be whispered among her confidential friends that her eldest daughter would be the heiress of the Indian nabob. Matilda declared the infliction of residing with such a horrid bore a severe penalty, but promised herself the satisfaction of spending his money at pleasure, while Sophy maliciously advised her to practice the “Groves of Blarney” preparatory to the “Dead March.”

The important evening arrived, and the three young ladies, elegantly attired in dresses of embroidered crape over India satin, presented by Uncle Medway, took their places in his splendid saloon to receive their guests. Matilda evidently took the precedence; and very handsome she looked in her stately beauty, doing the honors with all the grace which the future mistress of so superb an establishment should possess. While Grace, looking perfectly lovely in her pure and tasteful dress, shrunk abashed from the admiring gaze bestowed upon her, and was confused by the attention she excited. Uncle Medway went cheerfully among his guests, ear-cornet in hand, and spectacles on nose, quizzed by some, respected by many, and flattered by all.

Just as supper was announced, and the musicians had left the ball for the supper-room, Uncle Medway, supporting Mrs. Medway on his arm, and followed by the young ladies, stepped into the midst of the brilliant circle, and said,

“My guests are aware, I suppose, of my intention to adopt one of these fair young ladies as my sole heiress, my sister-in-law having kindly consented to spare one from her bright circle. I am a lonely old man, with many peculiar notions, and I require, therefore, a cheerful, yet gentle and patient spirit, to support my whims. Such an one I have found in the person of Grace Addison, the grandchild of my oldest friend, and the daughter of my namesake and godson. I

therefore declare her my adopted child and heiress.”

A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly, Mrs. Medway and Matilda seemed ready to sink with confusion, Sophy clapped her hands, and Grace, pale and trembling with surprise and emotion, suffered herself to be led forward by the old gentleman, who continued,

“I have met with much kindness and attention beneath the roof of my sister-in-law, in token of which I shall bequeath to my niece, Matilda, the sum of thirty thousand dollars, when she has the pleasure of playing the Dead March for me. And to her sister, whose opinions were at least frankly avowed, I shall leave a similar amount. My ear-cornet and glasses have served me a trusty part, and I now lay them aside, I hope forever, trusting that the ladies have profited by the lesson they have themselves taught me, that appearances are often deceitful, and one need not be deaf, dumb and blind, though he is a Nabob Uncle.”

Whether Mrs. Medway and her daughters stayed to the splendid supper prepared, and swallowed their mortification and the delicacies together, this record sayeth not; but that the beautiful heiress, Grace Addison, became at once a star of the first magnitude in the fashionable world, is to be expected; but the bright star ever found her happiness in enlivening the home of the eccentric but kind old man, who found in his adopted daughter the delight and solace of his old age.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

BY W. H. WELSH.

'Twas night in Florence!

Pale the eve had come,
And flung o'er Nature's form a sable shroud.
With step as light as joy the day had gone,
And sunk into his jeweled couch, o'erhung
With crimson canopy and crystal sheen.
The rosy-colored clouds, with emerald fringed,
That veiled the blushing sky, had faded far—
And as the night crept on with noiseless tread,
Bright starry eyes looked on the sleeping Earth,
And smiled that then it was so like their home.
Through latticed bower and tessellated hall,
The zephyr danced with wild and airy wing;
And spirit-songs sighed on the startled air
That blew as fragrant as in Araby!
The night was holy!

On the arching sky
The Painter turned and saw its thousand fires.
Around his peaceful form the breezes stole
With viewless pinions from Æolus sent,
While ever and anon a passing breath,
More eager than its fellow, rippled up
The curls that gathered on his glorious brow.
Like one whose spirit-form was not of Earth
He seemed that hour, for o'er him halos hung,
Such only as the vales of Paradise
Enclose around the beings of their birth.
And as he gazed upon the star-lit hall,
And then with straining sight looked on the sky,
As if to catch from it some angel glance,
He sat him down and buried up his face.
With agony oppressed, his very heart
Was shrunk and withered, e'en as when a bird
Whose little life has been a holyday,
Is overwhelmed as summer clouds have wept.
Why thus did shadows press upon his soul,
And with their awful wings fright hopes away?

Why thus disturbed? Fame in his way had strewn
With reckless hand, her fairest, proudest gifts—
Had taught his name to echo far amid
The ages yet unborn, as though a God
From high Olympus he'd been missioned forth!
And yet his heart was sad—for in his dreams
There broke upon his fancy such a form
As dwelleth only in the Elfin-land.
For her he pined—for her he breathed a sigh—
And prayed to God that she might come to him,
And in his waking moments bid him live.
And as, with gloom and darkness thick'ning round,
He sat and wept for joys that might not be,
From out the dim and mystic land of dreams,
There came to him entranced such visioned sights
As never mortal eye had seen before.
Back on the crumbling path of Time he went,
And stood amid the light of ancient days—
Amidst the treasures of the mighty dead!
The seal that held the past was shriveled up,
And from the breathing ruins wondrous forms
Swept by, and walked again the sea of Life.
The young and beautiful of olden time—
The giant habitants whose genius swayed
The visible creation at its dawn,
All gathered there in that fantastic realm,
To swell that ghostly throng!

And as they came,

One form arose so matchless in its grace,
That all, amazed, shrank tremblingly away.
With queenly step she trod the ravished turf,
And with her winsome foot the lovely buds
In very ecstasy of rapture played,
That one so gentle sought their perfumed home.
A veil of silver-tissue, mottled o'er
With sparkling stars, hung round her sylphid form,
And tresses, rich like Autumn's golden grain,
Fell down, and nestled on her snowy breast.
Too exquisite for earth—of mould too fine—
She seemed a herald from the beaming sky,
Sent down to whisper of the spirit-land.
Such sight, I ween, had painter never seen;
And e'en the charmed breath of poesy,
Whose blissful cadences the enwrapt ear
Of wondering mortals caught with silent joy,

Had conjured up in wild and weird-like spell,
No face that ever was so fair and bright.
One look she gave the painter as he gazed,
That made to him a desert of the world—
A look so full of passion and of love,
It turned the memory of the past a blank,
And in the future left him naught but her.
His soul was all afire, and his brain
Swam round, as when the throbbing heart of man
Is burst for happiness it cannot hold;
And as he strove to break the mortal chain
That bound him where he lay, a mist arose
And envious bore that being from the spot.
Far from his sight she fled! and passed away
With floating witcheries of wildest song,
Into the twilight land where spirit forms
Like phantoms mingled with the swelling gale.
Far from his sight she fled! and like a barque
Whose guiding star has left its native sky,
The painter drifted on with heedless sail!

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The morning breeze crept in the painter's hall!
And near the window ledge, with pallid brow,
He lay like one whose very pulse had gone.
With tips of gold the princely spires and domes
Of Florence gleamed, and on her throne she sat
A queen in pride—queen of the Tuscan land!
The morning grew apace, and fleecy clouds,
The children of the dawn, trailed o'er the sky.
Still Raffaele slept.

Near by his side
Were rudely strewn the handmaids of his toil;
And on his easel hung a picture full
Of beauty as the glow on Dian's front.
No human eye had ever turned its gaze
Upon that fair and sacred thing, save one,
And little recked he now of bliss in store.
The morning breeze crept in the painter's hall,
And catching its fresh scent he woke and stared
Upon the sky that blazed with living light;
And then again around the hall he cast
A look that spoke of sorrow and of pain.
And while he tried to chase away the clouds
That brooded o'er him like a fearful spell,
The radiant image of that lovely one

That was his nightly dream, flashed on his sight;
With wonderment he stood and scarcely breathed,
For fear a lightsome sound might fright her far.
Ay! there she beamed—a rainbow in the storm—
For in his sleep his mighty genius woke,
And gave embodiment to face and form;
And joy clung round his overburdened heart,
Like sunlight on the drooping bud, when storms
Have rocked its tender petals in the breeze!



Painted by Gainsborough

Engraved by F. Humphreys

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine

TURN NOT AWAY.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

If a voice from the far and happy land
Ever echoed over thy cradle bed;
If a mother's voice and a mother's hand
Ever laid a blessing upon thy head;
If a golden truth from the sacred page,
Ever was thine in an earlier day,
And still lives on in thy riper age—
Turn not away.

If hope beat high when thy youth began—
Bright hope and love for thy human kind—
And cares have pressed on the heart of man
Till love is weary and hope is blind;
If still one star of all the host,
Burns with an old remembered ray,
Believe not all of thy life is lost—
Turn not away.

If sickness calls thee with feeble cry,
Or suffering moans from its bed of pain;
If a pleading comes from the sunken eye,
Or madness shrieks from the fevered brain;
Oh! watch, as the angels watch above,
Oh! pray for them as the angels pray;
Bring heart and hand to the labor of love—
Turn not away.

If poverty stands at thy cottage door—
Squalid poverty, faint and weak—
Begging a crust from thy little store.
Or the poor, cheap rest that the weary seek;
Remember thou, that the mighty wheel
Of fortune changes, day by day;
Never be deaf to the poors' appeal—
Turn not away.

If thy brother fall in the slippery path,
And his hands are stained with human sin,
If the sword of the world is raised in wrath,
And no city of refuge invites him in;
If his pitiful cry come up to thee,
Remember that all men go astray,
Still let thy heart his refuge be—
Turn not away.

If life grows dark as thy years roll by,
And Heaven is veiled in cloud and storm,
Oh! still look up with a trusting eye,
For a beckoning smile from an angel form;
So shall thy heart keep its holy laws,
Fulfilling its mission day by day,
And God, when thou pleadest thy final cause—
Turn not away.

COUSIN FANNY.

BY M. S. G. NICHOLS, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE JOHN," "THE WORLD AS IT IS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A pale, wan woman, with a young girl by her side, walked quickly along Chatham street, just as the twilight was deepening into darkness. She was very thinly clad, her light shawl was only a covering—it was no protection from the keen autumn air. It had once been an elegant and fashionable silk, but its fashion had long since passed away. It had been colored and colored again, until its substance had well-nigh disappeared. Her straw bonnet had been renovated many times, but not for a long time, and its faded ribbon was passed plainly over the crown, for it would have been mockery to make such ribbon into bows. Every thing that covered this young creature was passing away, and as she entered a pawn-broker's shop, you might have seen by the light of the lamp that fell on her face, that she, too, was passing from a world that had given her small welcome, at least for many years. It would have been a comfort to any benevolent person, who had looked into that pale face, to have seen the red spot on one of her cheeks, and to have heard her cough.

What had she to do in a world so cold, with that miserable shawl to wrap around her ulcerated lungs, that smarted like fire with every breath of cold air they inhaled. She might as well have wrapped herself in cobwebs, as in clothes such as hers.

She went into the shop, her poor, little, shadowy child clung close to her mother. She had little knowledge of the place or the people, though she had many times been there, but she knew that after many tears, her mother went there, and then that for a brief space they had food.

The poor lady took from her pocket two miniature pictures—the golden setting had been removed sometime before. They were by a master's hand, worth at least one hundred dollars each, and infinitely precious to her, being the likenesses of her father and mother.

"What will you give me for these?" said she, trembling in every nerve as she spoke.

The hard money-getting son of Israel, whose trade was pawn-broking, and whose business made him look on misery three hundred and thirteen days in the year, answered, "They are worth nothing to me, madam."

The lady shrunk into herself as if she had been shriveled. Her face and lips became deadly pale. She supported herself against the side of the box in which she stood, to conceal herself from view; and her little girl held her hand and clung to her garments in great fear. Very soon she began to cough, and in a moment her thin, tattered, white handkerchief was saturated with the blood she raised.

The Jew looked at her with a mingling of kindness and fear. She must not bleed to death there. The pictures he knew were of much value, though there was a good deal of risk in taking them. He pitied the bleeding woman. Yet, pawn-broker and Jew as he was, he pitied her.

"I will give you four dollars on them," said he, and he hastily ticketed them, and handed her the money, to her infinite relief. She felt that she and her child had now a reprieve from death. The Jew selected some bills that bore a discount of ten per cent., and yet he pitied the woman, and she was so grateful to him that she could have pressed his hand, and wept hot tears upon it. She hurried away to her attic in Frankfort street. It was dark, and she feared insult. New York was worse lighted and worse cared for then than now. We had no gas and no star police then, but we had plenty of Jews and pawn-broker's shops.

As she passed along she raised the blood that pressed into her throat as fast as possible, but still it almost strangled her. Well-dressed people, men of business, returning home, and men and women hurrying to the theatre, the concert-room, or the prayer-meeting, or to the varied business or amusement of life, passed her without notice. She was their sister, but how were they to know that she was dying—that her scanty life-current was staining the pavement on which they stepped.

She reached the last landing-place, and thought that she could go no further, but it was not seemly to die there, and she made a last effort and entered her room. She was startled by a bright light in the room—light at night she had not had since she made the last dozen of shirts at ten cents a piece. Stranger still, there was a good, bright fire in the grate. Her husband stood before it, with his face toward the door, and his hands behind him, showily dressed as usual. She had not seen him for many days.

"O, Edward!" said she, "I am so glad you are come"—and she fainted, and would have fallen to the floor if he had not caught her in his arms. He laid her upon the meagre bed that had long since been robbed of every valuable article for the pawn-broker.

"Fanny," said he, with a choking voice, "my poor Fanny!" He sprinkled water on her face, and she opened her eyes.

"I am going, Edward," said she.

"No, no!—you will not die now. O, don't die till you have forgiven me for being your mur—"

"Don't say that—I forgive as I would be forgiven. Our child—"

A hard fit of coughing and copious bleeding hindered her from speaking for some time.

"Our poor Marie—give her to your Cousin Charles; he has wealth and none to care for. Promise me that you will do this."

The husband, trembling with fear, gave her the required promise, when she strangled from an excessive rush of blood into the trachea, and died with her daughter clinging madly around her neck.

Edward Evans, the gambler and man about town, was alone with his dead wife, who, fourteen years before, he had persuaded to elope from her parents, and to marry him. She had gone through every gradation of suffering and poverty, and but for a strange run of luck that he had had for two or three evenings, she would have died in that dark, cold room, alone with her child, and have been buried in Potter's Field. As it was, Evans had a basket of coal, a pound of candles, some food, and money to buy his wife a grave. And wretched as he was, we must do him the justice to say that he was glad to be able to bury his wife decently. And he did it.

And now he bethought him of her last request. He must make the effort to give away the child, who had clung to the corpse of her mother to the last moment, and who had not seemed to see or hear at all, since that mother was buried out of her sight.

CHAPTER II.

A patient, plodding man was Charles Evans—a man who had made his own fortune, and was perfectly sure that every man might do the same who chose to mind his own business and keep at work, and not spend money or time. He went to election and voted, and went home without drinking a “brandy-smasher,” or a “whiskey-toddy.” He was a democrat when he had no property to protect, and when he had acquired wealth, he had got in the habit of being a democrat—and his democracy was his religion, his Faith in Human Brotherhood. He immured himself in a living tomb in Wall street all day, and worked half the night at his home in William street, beside. It was here that Edward Evans found him, the evening after his wife’s funeral.

“How are you, Ned?” said Charles, glancing at him to see if he were sober, and then continued to fold and direct letters, seeming a little nervous under the infliction of a visit from his worthless cousin.

“I have been very unfortunate,” said Ned, a good deal troubled how to penetrate his thick-skinned cousin.

“I never knew you otherwise,” said Charles, and he wrote on.

“I mean, I have had the bad fortune to bury my wife.”

“Very good fortune for her,” said his cousin, but he dropped his pen and regarded the weed on Ned’s hat. “I did not notice that you were in mourning. So Fanny is dead. It is a long time since I have seen her. She died of a broken-heart, I suppose, you will allow.”

“She bled to death from her lungs.”

“All the same. Pity it had not been you.”

“I came to see you about the child. She wished me to give her to you.”

“To ME,” said his cousin, starting with real astonishment. “What could I do with a child, and a child who could never see her father again if she were to live with me? How old is she?”

“I don’t justly remember,” said Ned.

“Is there a race-horse in the city whose age you don’t remember? How long did it take you to kill your wife—do you know that? How long have you been a drunkard and a devil? How long have you eaten when your wife and child starved? How long have you hid them where even I could not find them—can you tell me that, you decently dressed vagabond? I’ll warrant your wife is clad as warmly in her grave as she was out of it.”

Ned could answer nothing. He was a wretch—and he had the good sense to know it. He had not the slightest respect for himself, but he wanted his child taken care of; then, if he had a pint of brandy, and six feet of rope, he *thought* he would comfort himself with the brandy, and hang himself with the rope; but then he had a great liking for cards and a decent rig, and it is probable that while luck, or loaded

dice, gave him broadcloth and brandy, he would have laid up the rope against a lack of either, which he would have considered a decided reverse of fortune.

"I promised my wife that I would give the girl to you. If you will take her, I will go to the South, and never show my face here again."

"What on earth am I to do with a child? My old blind aunt can't see to herself and me—how is she to take care of another? But it is a temptation to be rid of you. How does the girl look?"

The father was again at a loss.

"Oh, you don't know—what color is Kenny's horse, Eclipse? How many hands high is he, and how old? How far can he run in ten minutes and thirteen seconds?"

"Once for all—will you take the girl?" said the man whose life was exhausted by dissipation and excitement into an apathy that resembled patience. "She will have to go to the Almshouse if you don't, and your blood is in her veins. She is your grandmother's grandchild."

"I *would* like you to be the only one of our blood who should die in the Almshouse; but I say again—what am I to do with the child? I can only take her as a servant."

"Make a slave of your own blood if you like," replied the father, whose stupid apathy was pierced at last. "She had better serve you than serve the devil. She is a good, serviceable child."

"O, you know that, do you? No doubt you know all about that. Look you, Ned Evans, I owe you no service. I have earned every dollar I have, whilst you have squandered a fortune twice as large as mine, of your own, and another for your wife, whilst you have been a sponge to soak brandy, a gambler and a stool-pigeon for gamblers, and have made acquaintance with every horse-dealer and all the horse-flesh in the Union, and have murdered your wife by inches, till at the age of 29 years, an age when she should be as fresh as a new-blown rose, and with her fortune living as well as any lady in the land, you have done her the last and only kindness you ever did her—you have bought her a pine coffin, and have seen her buried. But though I know you ought to be hung, I will make a bargain with you. I will see you on board a vessel bound for New Orleans, with your passage paid, and take your child. You agree to go to New Orleans. When once you are there, I have no fear of you or your ghost ever appearing to me again. On these conditions I will take the child."

"When must I sail for New Orleans? I'll go after Monday. The race with Eclipse and Black Bess comes off then. I have agreed to ride for Kenny. I know the horse better than anybody else. Besides, a fellow must keep his word."

"Very good," said Charles, after a moment's thought. "You *may* break your neck, and save me the passage-money. I agree to that—any thing more?"

"When may I bring the girl?"

"To-morrow morning at 6 o'clock."

"That's too early to wake her," mumbled Ned.

"Then, or not at all. You can keep sober one night, and get up in decent season one morning in your life, for the sake of getting your child a situation."

If a particle of Ned Evans' old spirit had been left, this taunt of getting his daughter a situation would have roused it. But his life was crushed. He was hopelessly besotted and exhausted, though now he had decent clothes, for which he

had sacrificed the last remnant of decent feeling he possessed. These clothes belonged to the keeper of the vilest Hell in New York; and Ned was his “decoy-duck,” and did any job the fellow set him about.

He was as craven before his cousin as possible. He had one instinct of his nature left—he wanted to provide for his child.

“I will be here at the time, so help me God,” said he—and he kept his word. It was the last right act of his life. As if to make his cousin out a prophet, he rode Eclipse, and broke his neck in earnest, though not in “*sober* earnest.”

When Charles Evans heard of it, he only said, “One poor devil less in the world;” but he murmured to himself, as he turned away, “Poor Cousin Ned!”

CHAPTER III.

“Send the little girl to my room to-night, aunty, when you have made her decent. I must see what she is fit for, and what she looks like. Remember, she is to have good warm clothes, but no gewgawry.”

At 8 o’clock precisely, Marie came into Mr. Evans’s room with a waiter, on which was spread the most frugal sort of a supper. Rye bread and butter and black tea, it was his sovereign pleasure to be served with at night.

Mrs. Evans had had time only to extemporise an amelioration in the girl’s dress. She was at that very awkward age when a girl is not a child or a woman. She had a heavy burden of deep-red hair, and all her bones showed through their scant covering of flesh—and they seemed hung on wires, and very loosely hung, too. Her eyes were a very deep blue, but she had been somewhat “cross-eyed” from infancy, and now the defect was much aggravated by her constant weeping. She was very timid, shrinking from every one. What had she ever found in her lot to assure her or give her confidence?

Poor, forlorn, ill-dressed, cross-eyed, red-haired, little one—all your defects are so many commendations to Charles Evans. In the deep selfishness of his benevolence he could love just such a child—one whom others would only pity and never think of loving. And he felt a sort of secure property in her when he saw that no one else would be likely to care for her; but he would be very certain not to let her know that he had any kind feelings for her. He was a scraggy limb of the law, and one would think that all the sap of his life had been written out in deeds and documents that brought him dollars, and that all the warmth of his heart had been expended on the Loco Foco candidates from his ward, district, city, county, etc., etc., during the time he had been a legal voter, which had now reached the term of fourteen years. He had amassed a large property, and had neither “chick nor child” to leave it to, as his friends said, all and singular of said friends having made up their minds that he would never marry, though he had only reached the mature and well-judging age of thirty-five.

He liked to be thought well of, as who does not; and there was a delicate flattery to him in the thought that Fanny Evans trusted her child to *him* before any of her own or her husband’s relatives. To any one of these relatives he would have spoken of the burden of bringing up other folks’ brats, but in his heart he thought “it was very wise,

and well-judged, and kind of Fanny, to leave the girl to me; and when Ned is out of the way, I shall have nothing to interfere with my plans for the child's welfare."

When Marie had set his waiter upon the table, she stopped and timidly raised her cross-eyes to Mr. Evans, to see if he wanted any thing more.

"Sit down, Marie," said he. "I wish your name was Fanny, I don't like fancy names and flummery."

"I was named for my mother, Frances Maria," said she, in the sweetest and softest voice that Evans remembered ever to have heard. Her voice penetrated his heart—and then her name was Fanny. He had always cherished a cordial friendship and a true respect for her mother—and he wished the girl to bear her mother's name.

"I would like very much to be called Fanny," said the child.

"Well, then, Fanny, how do you like your new home?"

"I am very glad of it," said Fanny, and the tears filled her eyes.

"Don't cry—there's a good girl. Do you wish to go to school?"

"I don't know how I would like school. My dear mother always taught me."

"Well, you must go and see how you will get on. You will be a good girl, I dare say. You will obey Mrs. Evans in all she asks of you. If you want any thing, come to me. You will call me Cousin Charles when you speak to me, and Mr. Evans when you speak of me. When you speak to Mrs. E. call her aunty, and Mrs. Evans when you speak of her."

And thus little Fanny began her life at her cousin's comfortable home. When she was told of her father's death, she shuddered and felt relieved. Fanny loved her mother as we always love when we have few objects for our affections to rest on. But with the blessed faith of a child and a Christian, she believed she was now in heaven, where she would be perfectly happy forever, and she became strangely happy in her new home. All her studies and occupations were so many changing joys. From morning till night she was like some bright bird that knew not where to bestow the fullness of its brilliant and merry carolings. Everybody saw as the months passed away, how she wound herself around the heart of Charles Evans; and the friends began to prophesy that he would adopt her as his child, and make her his heir.

Mrs. Evans was a woman of great goodness, very old, and very pious. She had now but one wish ungratified, and that was that Charles Evans and his ward should be converted. This seemed a hard matter to accomplish as far as Evans was concerned. He was rather a hopeless subject, for he boasted that he was a temperance man, that he never drank any thing stronger than black tea, that he never chewed tobacco, took laughing gas, or went to a protracted meeting.

"Go to church with aunty enough to keep the peace," said he to Fanny. "You and I will not quarrel about it as long as it tends to aunty's comfort."

"I would not like you to quarrel with me if I went for my own comfort," said Fanny.

This touch of his own independence pleased him, and he said, "Go along, you gipsy—thistles and lilies never quarrel."

"Red-haired girls are never lilies, though cross cousins are very sharp thistles," said Fanny, who, a year ago, would as soon have indulged in repartee with her cousin as the lily he likened her to.

"You have grown very bold, if not very handsome," he replied—and Fanny went to church with her aunt. She was never disturbed there, however much good Mrs.

Evans prayed for such result. Some of her prayers had been answered. She had prayed for many years that all the theatres might be converted into chapels, and at last *one* of them was, and she had the pleasure of hearing the divine Mr. Kirchard preach in it, from Sunday to Sunday, and various week days and evenings beside. He was an earnest preacher, and it was surprising the quantities of green tea, cayenne and cavendish that he converted into gospel. The ladies of his church presented the pulpit with an elegant cushion and spittoon, and never mortal minister had more use for both than the Rev. Mr. Kirchard. The way he beat the cushion and filled the other article, when he alarmed the sinners, *was* plentiful.

But Fanny was never disturbed with the powerful preaching of the reverend gentleman. Like a man who tends a saw-mill half the time, and sleeps soundly when relieved by his companion who tends it the other half, so Fanny was always very peaceful in church, if she was not sleepy. I believe she had a conscience against sleeping, though what she kept awake for, perhaps she was not herself aware. But it was very exemplary of her, and very gratifying to good Mrs. Evans.

CHAPTER IV.

There are some good people who deny the doctrine of total depravity, who don't see how it is possible for a man deliberately to be a hypocrite. They say that a man can't live unless he has some good in him. I shall not dispute with these worthy people, because, in a free country, every man has a right to his own opinion, provided he does not happen to think that he may buy tickets in lotteries out of Wall street, and appropriate his neighbor's goods without the formalities made and provided in the righteous common law of our social code; but I must say that if goodness is necessary to keep people alive, some folks have the gift of living on "small means;" and it becomes my duty to introduce a young gentleman eminently gifted in this particular.

Sylvester Wilson was a young man who had a laudable wish for his own advancement, but, unfortunately for his piety, he was entirely indifferent to the means that contributed to his getting ahead, provided the world made no complaint of him. The opinion of those about him, with two-thirds the facts concealed from them, was a moral law for him, and he had no other. His father was a bad, ambitious and unscrupulous man, and the hereditary transmission of qualities would have charmed Fowler, though the qualities proved that he was "bad, born bad, and had no business here" but to make mischief. He was, however, an excellent dissembler, and passed for a pious and exemplary young man, punctual at church, and designed for the ministry. His family were friends of the Evans family.

"Well, mother, have you wormed any thing out of old Auntie Evans about that red-haired horror's adoption?" said Sylvester Wilson, to his mother one day, when she had been taking an old-fashioned cup of tea with Mrs. Evans.

"How *can* you, Sylvester!" said his mother, a good deal disturbed. "The child is very well, I am sure."

"Frights generally have good health."

"I meant that she was very well-looking. She has changed much in the two years

she has lived with her cousin. Her hair is deepening its color, her eyes do not squint any more, and she is very plump and fresh.”

“All the better for me—fourteen, is she? She will get better still, perhaps, in two or three years. But about the cash, mother—will that old hunk of a cousin portion her? If so, I am his man.”

“Mrs. Evans thinks he considers her as good as his own child now,” said Mrs. Wilson. “You are to be three years in the University, my child, and you can’t think of a wife till that time is past.”

“I don’t know what harm *thinking* is to do a fellow. I am not in the University yet, and I don’t exactly see how I am to be there, unless I find a gold mine. If I could get employed to give lessons to that fox-pate, I might earn some money, and borrow more, and get an education and independence at last. One can’t expect beauty and tin together.”

Success was all Mrs. Wilson asked for her son, and his life-plans did not seem to her at all profane. And he succeeded in obtaining the place he sought. He gave Fanny lessons in music and mathematics. It was a great triumph when Fanny got leave of Cousin Charles to learn music. She had thought of a piano, and dreamed of one, and thumped on one that belonged to a young friend for a long time—but she had no idea of ever being the happy possessor of a mine of music.

At Christmas, just about two years from the time when she came to live with her cousin, she made a little “Christmas box” for her best friend. It contained a pair of slippers, a watch-holder, and a lamp-mat, all worked by herself. They had grown very pretty under her skillful fingers, but the coarse canvas had not changed more under her hands than she had changed since she had lived in this happy home. And she was daily improving. When Charles Evans found this Christmas gift on his table, he resolved to give Fanny just what she should ask for, and so he said, “I have only got you a book for Christmas, Fanny, but if you think of any thing else that you want, you must tell me.”

“And will you really give it me?” said Fanny, and her deep-blue eyes seemed melting in their own lustre.

“To be sure I will, because I have said so.”

“Well, then, dear, good Cousin Charles, buy me a piano.”

“Buy you a winter full of thunder storms—why you will bang me deaf.”

“But not dumb, I’ll bet any thing—you will always be able to scold your poor Cousin Fanny. But I shall play when you are away.”

“I rather think you will when you get a piano. Why do you know what a deal of money one of those thunderers costs?”

Fanny began to be frightened. She did not know, but she was really like the child who cried for the moon. The tears came into her eyes as she thought of herself two years ago. She looked up at her cousin, with her grateful soul beaming from her beautiful eyes, and smiling through her tears, she said, “Cousin, I was very wrong to ask such an impossible thing—will you buy me a canary-bird?”

“Do you give up all claim to the piano if I do?”

“O, yes, to be sure. Please to forget it. Indeed, I did not mean to be a silly girl.”

Thus ended the talk of the piano; but the next afternoon an elegant piano and a beautiful canary-bird, were domesticated in Mr. Evans’s quiet parlor—and Fanny was

perfectly wild with delight. That was a wonderful era in her life—a time to date from forever after—though Cousin Charles brushed her off as if she had been a whole swarm of black flies, when she ran to his room, on his return in the evening, to overwhelm him with thanks, and tears, and crazy rejoicings.

“Bless me, Fanny,” said he, “you had better make up your mind whether you are going to melt, or fly away, or go to a lunatic asylum; and when you have concluded, just come and let me know, will you? I can do without you till then.”

The next thing to the piano must be a music-teacher. Young Wilson had played his cards skillfully. He had interested Charles Evans in his fortunes, and he engaged him from motives of benevolence, to teach Fanny. To do him justice, he was a good teacher. But Evans was cheated. He did not think it possible that the fellow could have thought but to teach Fanny, that he might mend his small means—a most praiseworthy object in the young man, and one that Evans felt anxious to assist him in attaining. Though Fanny had grown very pretty, and was daily improving, yet her cousin was hardly conscious of it. He thought of her as a mere child as she was, and a very ugly child as she had been; and it never once entered his mind that any young man could have designs upon the heart of the little one. Young Wilson interested him, not because he knew him, but because he did not know him. He saw him struggling to get an education, and pay for it himself, and he was glad to have an excuse to offer him assistance.

Evans had small love for music, but mathematics was a pet of the first magnitude with him, and for the sake of this branch of study, he compromised and gave the girl her music. So he said; but the truth was, he wished Fanny to be happy. And he had his wish. The bird and the piano were all the time new, and she could never for a moment, asleep or awake, cease to rejoice in either. She kept her word not to play when Mr. Evans was at home. But then this was no great privation, for the bird sang like mad all the morning, and he went away early, and she managed to tire herself so thoroughly during the day, that she was very willing to go patiently and quietly into figures for the evening. Mr. Evans was quite satisfied, for as he said he saw Fanny always at her “sums,” and never was disturbed by drums or thunder.

Wilson found himself of just as much social importance to Fanny as a piano or an algebra. She would have been just as much interested in a calculating machine; and if her piano could have taught her to play on it, she would have been neither better or worse pleased than now. To be sure she was glad when her Aunt Evans told her of the struggles of young Wilson to educate himself that she had him for a teacher, but she never thought enough of him to mention him to Mr. Evans; first, because she seldom needed his help in her mathematical studies, and of music she never spoke to her cousin.

Wilson was prudent and careful. He had good hope of getting into the University—in time of a pulpit, and a rich wife. No word, or look, or overt act ever revealed to Fanny or her friends, that he had designs on the fortune of Mr. Evans, through a marriage with his ward. For months he labored assiduously, when an accident occurred that changed the face of his fortune, though, perhaps, it did not materially affect Fanny. A merchant uncle of Wilson, who lived at New Orleans, found himself in need of an assistant, in consequence of failing health. He was a man of wealth, and Wilson considered his fortune assured by this chance—and so the church lost the

chance of adding to her ornaments another of those paste gems that bring the real jewels into disrepute.

CHAPTER V.

Seventeen! sweet, gay, laughing seventeen had come to Fanny—and she had never once thought of getting married. Not she. She would have been obliged to contemplate marriage as something that must separate her from the only home she had ever known; and she would as soon have stepped out of her skin some cold night, as have gone away from her dear friends. She liked everybody and loved nobody, and wanted to hug the whole world, as she forcibly said, because she was so happy.

“Christmas Eve, to-morrow, Cousin Charles; I hope all my presents are purchased and directed.”

“And what are you going to give *me*, little Miss Fairy?”

“Myself, to be sure,” laughed Fanny. “What else have I to give away?”

“No, that you wont. You will keep yourself for some worthless fellow, I’ll warrant.”

“No, I thank you. I had rather be excused. I intend to make your black tea as long as you live, if you don’t conclude to leave the tea out, and take water with me.”

“I tell you, you will marry a scamp the day after you are eighteen—that is the way with all the women.”

“There must be a prodigious number of scamps, then, cousin; and if you had only been one of them, you might have been *happily married*, instead of being the nicest bear of a bachelor at large.”

“I think I might get married even now, if I were only fool enough.”

“But as you are very wise, you shall be my Cousin Charles, and nothing else—and I would not exchange you for a pet porcupine. Don’t you see how I prize you? So don’t think of getting married—I should quarrel with your wife, to see which should love you best; and that would be very inconvenient for us all.”

Christmas was a merry time at Charles Evans’s. The man of deeds and documents always relaxed and came out of the world of business, or, as he said, “allowed the world to mind its own business” at Christmas and New Year. But something very serious happened to Mr. Evans from this year’s Christmas merry-making. A pretty girl needed some one to see her home, and glowing and perspiring from the last game at “Blind Man’s Buff,” Mr. Evans attended her on a bitter night, which made him run home as rapidly as possible, with chattering teeth, and a chill that seemed to go quite to his heart. Next morning he awoke with a quaking headache and pains through all his bones, and great heat and cold chills, and all the concomitants of a bad fever about him. Thanks to the exhaustion of unremitting and most unreasonable labor, such as a great many men perform who do the head-work for the headless multitude, and thanks also to the lancet of a certain doctor, who held to letting the bad blood out of a man, and poisoning what remained to purify it, Mr. Evans became dangerously sick. What an invaluable treasure was Fanny now. Her foot was the lightest—her hand was the softest and coolest—her eyes never closed in slumber, unless she left the best of watchers in her place—and she threw quantities of physic to the dogs, or

some equally prudent place, and she nourished the patient carefully when he began to get well; and at last, in spite of all the evils in the patient, and out of him, doctors and drugs included, she saw Mr. Evans convalescent.

At length he came down stairs, and when he thought how long Fanny had left her piano locked, and not even listened to her canary, he asked her for a song. It was in very kindness to her, and in accordance with his benevolent character—for he thought that he disliked music, and it is probable that he had the good taste to dislike the heathen discord that had been christened music, where he had happened to be the victim.

The Battle of Prague, thumped with indenting emphasis on a piano sadly out of tune, had given Mr. Evans his ideas of melody; and it is small wonder that he had as great dislike for music as prudent regard for his ears.

It was a great surprise to Mr. Evans when Fanny's melodious voice fell on his ear, appropriately accompanied by the instrument, which was one of the softest and sweetest in the world. He had expected the Battle of Prague, and it seemed to him, so great was the contrast, like humming-birds amid the flowers.

Fanny sung a song of her own composing, descriptive of her own life, first in its great sadness and trials and deep grief with her sainted mother, and then her bereavement, and then her adoption by her cousin, and the calm flow of her life since then. At the close of her song she alluded to her best friend's illness, and spoke of her joy that he was now safely recovering. The song and the music were her own, and they came from the depth of her heart. The sad, sweet murmur of her soul's sorrow in the first verses, was succeeded by the calm happiness and bird-like joy of the years passed in her cousin's home, and again the sorrowful notes spoke of his illness, and the winged joy burst forth in the happy conclusion.

It was a triumph to Fanny when she saw at the close of the piece tears rolling over Mr. Evans's face, and he said, with a voice rendered indistinct by emotion, "Sing it again, Fanny"—and she was only too happy to comply with his request.

When the song was ended, he conquered his emotion, and laughing through his tears, he said,

"You shall be my nightingale, Fanny."

"Thank you, I accept the appointment—what salary do you intend to give?" said Fanny, as she sat down on the sofa by the invalid, and passed her hand over his high, white forehead, to see if any fever were warning her to send her patient away to rest.

"I will give you myself and all that I have," said he, again bursting into tears.

A flood of new thoughts rushed through the mind of Fanny. She paused to think what to say. "You are weak, cousin, and must not sit up too long. Will you go to your room, or will you rest and sleep on the sofa here?"

Mr. Evans was frightened at what he had said. He was sure Fanny could never love him only as a father or elder brother; and now he thought he had broken the freedom of that relation, and he blamed himself, and troubled himself, and well-nigh fretted himself into a relapse of his fever. But his naturally strong constitution triumphed, and in a few weeks he was perfectly restored.

Meanwhile Fanny had become grave and thoughtful; and, truth to tell, she shunned her cousin more than she ought. She had not known how dear he was to her

till his illness—during the time that he was considered dangerous she had neither eaten nor slept. She had watched over him as a mother watches her first born. She felt that if he should die, life, which had always seemed so full of joy and blessing, would be a blank to her. She had not asked herself if this were love. She had supposed it was only the interest she ought to feel in her cousin. Now she was put upon examining her own heart. She fully believed that her cousin was by no means in love with her, but that his tender confession was owing to the weakness induced by his severe illness and his gratitude to his fortunately successful nurse.

CHAPTER VI.

“And now, mother, tell me all about the Evanses. Is my flame as foxy as ever? She must be quite a young lady. Heaven forgive me for not being thankful enough for all mercies in general, and for the particular one that I am not obliged to marry red hair.” Thus spoke the fortunate Wilson, the morning after his arrival from New Orleans, bringing the welcome news that his relative was dead, and that he was his heir.

“Don’t be too hasty, Sylvester,” said his mother. “Miss Evans has changed more than any one you ever saw. She is a perfect beauty, bating her freckles. Her hair is no more red than a chestnut. She is plump and round as an apple; she is white as snow, and her eyes are as pretty as possible.”

“Amen, mother! One would think you were her lover instead of your hopeful son. But I will see for myself. I shall not take your word or your bond for that girl’s beauty.”

And so Mr. Wilson, armed for conquest, presented himself before Miss Evans. She had never cared enough for him to be very glad to see him, but she received him politely and kindly, as was her nature. He was a very good-looking, stylish young man, and he talked well on common topics, and soon succeeded in interesting Fanny. He was quite unprepared, notwithstanding all his mother had said, for the beauty that had grown upon Fanny. He loved beauty just as he loved roast pig and canvas-backs—and he was smashed at once—Fanny had made an impression. He asked her to play and sing for her *cidevant* teacher, and the impression was fixed.

Wilson was sure at the end of an hour that he should marry Fanny Evans; and Fanny thought him a very good-looking, interesting young man, and she rejoiced in his good fortune; their musical tastes formed a bond between them, and it soon seemed very natural and proper to Fanny that she saw young Wilson daily. She was sad, and singing diverted her. His voice was good, and they sung duets. He played finely, and this was very pleasant. She had become estranged from her cousin, and she wanted some company. Fanny had never been so unhappy since she first came to live with her cousin. Finally, Wilson offered himself to her. This was an event to Fanny entirely unexpected.

“Don’t speak of such a thing,” said she, earnestly. “Pray excuse me, Mr. Wilson,” and she went straight out of the room. When she reached her chamber, she felt very sorrowful, and, truth to tell, very sick. She had been worn down by labor and watching during Mr. Evans’s illness, and her sadness in being estranged from him. She had got nervous, and began, for the first time in her life, to have the *blues*. She

almost persuaded herself that she was become a burden to her cousin, and that she ought to marry Wilson. She wept till she had a dreadful headache, and when the servant came to call her to make Mr. Evans's tea, she was really too ill to go down—and with swollen eyes, red face, and dabbled and disarranged curls, she looked into the glass, and dared not present herself before her cousin.

"Tell Mr. Evans that I have a bad headache, and if he will excuse me, I will go early to bed. Make every thing very nice for him, Norah. Were his slippers warm when he came in?"

"I don't know, Miss, but I will get his supper good"—and she went to carry Fanny's excuse to Mr. Evans.

"Go back, Norah, quickly, and ask Miss Evans if I may come up."

Fanny had wheeled her sofa to the fire, and had just buried her face in a velvet cushion to weep as long and as much as she wished. Mr. Evans, in his concern for her, had followed Norah, and stood outside the door.

"Tell him not to trouble himself to come up. I shall do very well as soon as I have slept."

"If you had asked me to take the trouble to stay down stairs, I might have thought of it; but seeing I am here, it is no trouble to come; and you are so bright and cosy, suppose you let the girl bring the waiter up here and make my tea for me."

Mr. Evans was quite sure that something beside sickness had happened to Fanny, and he intended to be confessor or doctor, as the case might be.

"Norah, bring Mr. Evans's supper to my room," said Fanny, more cheerfully than she would have thought possible a few minutes before. And she passed into her bedroom and bathed her face and her eyes, and arranged her hair, and came back to make tea for Mr. Evans very much improved. But she could not talk—she had fairly lost her tongue.

Mr. Evans seemed more unconstrained and more fully himself than since his unfortunate offer of himself to Fanny.

"Fanny," said he, after the tea things were taken away, "I would like to ask you what is the matter, if I thought you would like to tell me. It is no common headache that is tormenting you; I would sooner guess it is a heartache."

"And what if it is a heartache?" said Fanny.

"You mean to ask what I should have to do with the diseases of your heart. I tell you, Fanny, I am not as bad as you may think, or so big a fool either. For instance, though I love you a great deal better than Heaven, and would sooner have you for my wife than an angel, yet knowing that you can't love an old codger like me, I want to see you happy with the man of your choice, and I tell you now, for the cure of your headache, or heartache, that you have my consent to marry Mr. Wilson."

Fanny burst into so violent and uncontrolled a fit of weeping, that Mr. Evans was alarmed and puzzled.

"Speak to me, Fanny, tell me what is all this. I thought to give you great joy, and I only set you weeping. Tell me, what does all this mean?"

"Dear Cousin Charles," said Fanny, "you have given me the greatest joy of my life."

"Then you love Wilson, as I thought," said Mr. Evans.

"No, no—not Wilson, but you, Cousin Charles; and you said you would rather

have me for your wife than an angel.” And Fanny threw her arms around Charles Evans’s neck; and there is not a shadow of doubt that he would cheerfully have exchanged all the pleasures of his long bachelorhood in a lump, for the kisses of the next five minutes.

They were a happy couple that evening; but Wilson’s prospects were worse damaged than his heart.

THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

Sweet is the tomb—the all-forgetting tomb—
The dreamless couch round which no phantoms glide,
To harrow up the soul, or read a doom,
Of yore on their dread Sabbath prophesied.
Calm are its slumbers—never more shall pride,
Hatred or malice, wound the sleeping clay;
Wrong not the dead—they should be deified—
They lived and suffered, and have passed away;
Here be all feuds forgot—ye, too, shall have your day.

Your day of trouble, when the cup of Grief,
Full of its Marsh-waters must be drained
E'en to the dregs—when ye will need relief
From those upon whose head your lips have rained,
Curses; when they who were by you disdained,
Shall offer in their mockery, to dry
The hot dew of your brows by anguish strained
Through the parched skin. Ah! then, in grief to fly
For refuge to the grave, and find but calumny.

Let the dead rest—if ye must “snarl and bite,”
Turn to the living—there your venom spill;
Put on Deception's mask, then vent your spite,
Sharpen your fangs, and gnaw, and rend, and kill—
'Tis a sweet banquet—eat and drink your fill;
Ye can thrive well on malice—but forbear
To stir the ashes of the dead, your skill
Can never fan a glowing ember there,
At which the hated torch of vengeance to repair.

Look on the dead, and if ye cower and quail
To think that ye shall be like them one day—
That the cold coffin-worm, with slimy trail,
Shall crawl across your forehead, or from play
Within your eyeless sockets forth shall stray,
To feast upon your rottenness, your hair
Shall drip the sick'ning grave-damps, and the gray,
Dry dust of the rank sepulchre, for air,
Fill up your nostrils—then by the cold grave *forbear!*

Think on your last dark hour, when a gaunt form,
Spectral and shadowy, shall stoop and set
A mystic seal upon you; when the storm
Of conscience rages, till its spray has wet
Your brow; when, like the doom in Venice met,
The walls of your lone chamber seem to close
Upon you, crushed and bleeding, dying, yet
Never to die—from torments such as those,
Would you be free? Withhold—break not the dead's repose.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

PARAPHRASE

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

A stalwart blind man trudging through the mud,
O’ertook a cripple; side by side they stood.
“Cripple, you’re stall’d,” cried Blinky, “in this clay.”
Cripple replied, “Can Blinky see his way?”
“Not a d—d inch,” the poor blind man replies,
“But mount my shoulders, boy, lend me your eyes;
Keep them wide open, let their light be mine,
Cling to my shoulders, and my legs are thine.
And with clear eyes, strong shanks and shoulders good
We need no more to travel through this mud.”

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY LEN.

A sigh steals down the smiling valley—a gentle sigh of breezes, wafting happiness over the face of nature, and at the sound from out their beds of earth, myriads of things of beauty wake into existence;—meadow and plain and hill-side glisten in fairest verdure—flowers fling their fragrance on the gale—stately trees wave their foliage to the passing wind—while streams beneath dance onward to the ocean—and the dream-like hum that fills the air and swells in chorus to the arch of heaven, tells of the blooming Spring—of the transcendent pleasures of Life.

What a glorious earth has man for a habitation! what scenes surround him to ennoble the soul—what examples to elevate and incite the mind to strive for the goal of Happiness. That goal, alas! how distant and hard to reach; thorns hedge the road the aspiring one would tread, and weeds spring rank and choking in the pathway, or often, when the seeming height is won, the eminence fades to a common level, and Happiness is as distant as ever! But the soul must toil, though success is but a vision—the mind must work, although its labors be fruitless; for there is a Higher power controlling the actions of man—guiding his impulses and passions, and girding him for the conflict around him and within him—the struggle that is ceaselessly waging—the Battle of Life!

How sweet is Fame! Even now, upon men's tongues there dwells some name whose every syllable is a charm, thrilling to adoration. Here, a patriot spirit, whose fires have smouldered long beneath wrong and malice, rises superior to ills, and grasps—almost the consummation of his wishes; there, a warrior from the laureled field, receives the homage of a grateful people; or some philosopher, with potent wand, discloses to a wondering world a new discovery in Science. They stand aloft upon the pinnacle of Fortune, and eager crowds beneath echo their praises or envy their success; and upward still they gaze, blind to the rugged crags that lie between—blind to the slippery height they covet—blind to the thousands round them on the same great plain, breathless and bleeding from their vain attempts to climb the dazzling steep—or happy in an humbler sphere.

Ah! had they seen that lofty mind on the chill yesterday of Adversity, with naught but obstacles before him; who knew that Country was upon men's lips only as a substitute for self, and yet heard his own efforts slandered as false and recreant, and whose high purposes had bent before the storm only to rise unbroken—they would not undergo the patriot's trials, even for his rewards. The soldier's hardships in the camp, with night's cold shadows closing round him, and no pillow for his head save the still colder earth; or 'mid the battle's carnage, or on the ensanguined field, strewn alike with friends and foes, would look not half so pleasant to their eyes as that exulting warrior; or had they watched the student through long years of vain research, poring o'er musty tomes till the stars paled before the light of day, with fevered brow and aching heart, filled with strong hopes that time still dashed to earth

—though Time at last was destined to fulfill; the marvels wrought thus dearly, thus hardly given to the world, the car with wings of fire, the thought, borne as on the lightning's shaft, the shadow that no longer vanishes, when won at such a cost, would lose their value, and the philosopher stand unenvied though pre-eminent.

Men judge too oft by outward show, the glitter hides the dross which lies beneath, the peasant would seek happiness in palaces, the rich, perchance, see pleasures 'mid the poor; all err, all causelessly despond, for place nor circumstance alone can make life happy; there is no lake with breast by winds unruffled, no sea by billows always unconvulsed—even so is it with man. How many noble minds are crushed beneath adversity, and pulses that ere-while warmed with a kindred glow to kindred energies, throb now to sorrow and bereavement? How many hearts that loved—loved, oh, how fondly—are doomed, alas! to live, and live alone? How many breathing beings toil and travail on to gain wherewith they may drag out existence—how many lots that look the brightest, are fraught with bitterest wo!

And still the strife goes on, still the throng heaves and swells tumultuously, as waves that surge against the rocks which bind them, and one unceasing current flows turbulently onward, bearing with it the joys and sorrows, the hopes and passions of a world—onward ever, to the trackless ocean of Eternity.

But fields are green and flowers are fair—then is no warfare on the hills, nor in the groves, nor on the plains; the elements break in fearful grandeur above; the seasons come and go—yet sunshine follows storms as day the night, and Winter yields to Spring. No murmur is heard, save that which trembles through the air, of rippling streams and stirring leaves, and songs of sweetest music; and the works of Nature stand forth in majestic harmony, unmoved by the strivings around them, regardless alike of the fears and longings, the griefs and tumults raging in the breasts of men—serene and placid, despite the contest, and at Peace, though amid the throes of The Battle of Life.

FIFTY SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

(Concluded from page 319.)

26.

The taste manifested by our Transcendental poets, *is* to be treated “reverentially,” beyond doubt, as one of Mr. Emerson’s friends suggests—for the fact is, it is Taste on her death-bed—Taste kicking in *articulo mortis*.

27.

I should not say, of Taglioni, exactly that she dances, but that she laughs with her arms and legs, and that if she takes vengeance on her present oppressors, she will be amply justified by the *lex Talionis*.

28.

The world is infested, just now, by a new sect of philosophers, who have not yet suspected themselves of forming a sect, and who, consequently, have adopted no name. They are the *Believers in every thing Odd*. Their High Priest in the East, is Charles Fourier—in the West, Horace Greely; and high priests they are to some purpose. The only common bond among the sect, is Credulity:—let us call it Insanity at once, and be done with it. Ask any one of them *why* he believes this or that, and, if he be conscientious, (ignorant people usually are,) he will make you very much such a reply as Talleyrand made when asked why he believed in the Bible. “I believe in it first,” said he, “because I am Bishop of Autun; and, secondly, *because I know nothing about it at all*.” What these philosophers call “argument,” is a way they have “*de nier ce qui est et d’expliquer ce qui n’est pas*.”^[2]

29.

The goddess Laverna, who is a head without a body, could not do better, perhaps, than make advances to “La Jeune France,” which, for some years to come at least, must otherwise remain a body without a head.

30.

Mr. A—— is frequently spoken of as “one of our most industrious writers;” and, in fact, when we consider how much he has written, we perceive, at once, that he *must* have been industrious, or he could never (like an honest woman as he is) have so thoroughly succeeded in keeping himself from being “talked about.”

H—— calls his verse a “poem,” very much as Francis the First bestowed the title, *mes déserts*, upon his snug little deer-park at Fontainebleau.

K——, the publisher, trying to be critical, talks about books pretty much as a washerwoman would about Niagara falls or a poulterer about a phoenix.

The ingenuity of critical malice would often be laughable but for the disgust, which, even in the most perverted spirits, injustice never fails to excite. A common *trick* is that of decrying, impliedly, the higher, by insisting upon the lower, merits of an author. Macaulay, for example, deeply feeling how much critical acumen is enforced by cautious attention to the mere “rhetoric” which is its vehicle, has at length become the best of modern rhetoricians. His *brother* reviewers—anonymous, of course, and likely to remain so forever—extol “the acumen of Carlyle, the analysis of Schlegel, *and* the style of Macaulay.” Bancroft is a philosophical historian; but no amount of philosophy has yet taught him to despise a minute accuracy in point of fact. His *brother* historians talk of “the grace of Prescott, the erudition of Gibbon, *and* the pains-taking precision of Bancroft.” Tennyson, perceiving how vividly an imaginative effect is aided, now and then, by a certain quaintness judiciously introduced, brings this latter, at times, in support of his most glorious and most delicate imagination:—whereupon his *brother* poets hasten to laud the imagination of Mr. Somebody, whom nobody imagined to have any, “*and* the somewhat affected quaintness of Tennyson.”—Let the noblest poet add to his other excellences—if he dares—that of faultless versification and scrupulous attention to grammar. He is damned at once. His rivals have it in their power to discourse of “A. the true poet, *and* B. the versifier and disciple of Lindley Murray.”

That a cause leads to an effect, is scarcely more certain than that, so far as Morals are concerned, a repetition of effect tends to the generation of cause. Herein lies the principle of what we so vaguely term “Habit.”

With the exception of Tennyson’s “Locksley Hall,” I have never read a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most delicate imagination, as the “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship” of Miss Barrett. I am forced to admit, however, that the latter work *is* a palpable imitation of the former, which it surpasses in thesis as much as it falls below it in a certain calm energy, lustrous and indomitable—such as we might imagine in a broad river of molten gold.

36.

What has become of the inferior planet which Decuppis, about nine years ago, declared he saw traversing the disc of the sun?

37.

“Ignorance *is* bliss”—but, that the bliss be real, the ignorance must be so profound as not to suspect itself ignorant. With this understanding, Boileau’s line may be read thus:

“Le plus fou *toujours* est le plus satisfait,”

—“*toujours*” in place of “*souvent*.”

38.

Bryant and Street are both, essentially, descriptive poets; and descriptive poetry, even in its happiest manifestation, is *not* of the highest order. But the distinction between Bryant and Street is very broad. While the former, in reproducing the sensible images of Nature, reproduces the sentiments with which he regards them, the latter gives us the images and nothing beyond. He never forces us to feel what we feel he must have felt.

39.

In lauding Beauty, Genius merely evinces a filial affection. To Genius Beauty gives life—reaping often a reward in Immortality.

40.

And this is the “American Drama” of ——! Well!—that “Conscience which makes cowards of us all” will permit me to say, in praise of the performance, only that it is not quite so bad as I expected it to be. But then I always expect too much.

41.

What we feel to be *Fancy* will be found fanciful still, whatever be the theme which engages it. No *subject* exalts it into Imagination. When Moore is termed “a fanciful poet,” the epithet is applied with precision. He *is*. He is fanciful in “Lalla Rookh,” and had he written the “Inferno,” in the “Inferno” he would have contrived to be still fanciful and nothing beyond.

42.

When we speak of “a suspicious man,” we may mean either one who suspects, or one to be suspected. Our language needs either the adjective “suspectful,” or the adjective “suspectable.”

43.

“To love,” says Spencer, “is

“To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To speed, to give, to want, to be undone.”

The philosophy, here, might be rendered more profound, by the mere omission of a comma. We all know the *willing* blindness—the *voluntary* madness of Love. We express this in thus punctuating the last line:

To speed, to give—to want to be undone.

It is a case, in short, where we gain point by omitting it.

44.

Miss Edgeworth seems to have had only an approximate comprehension of “Fashion,” for she says:

“If it was the fashion to burn me, and I at the stake, I hardly know ten persons of my acquaintance who would refuse to throw on a faggot.”

There are *many* who, in such a case, would “refuse to throw on a faggot”—for fear of smothering out the fire.

45.

I am beginning to think with Horsely—that “the People have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.”

46.

“It is not fair to review my book without reading it,” says Mr. M——, talking at the critics, and, as usual, expecting impossibilities. The man who is clever enough to *write* such a work, is clever enough to read it, no doubt; but we should not look for so much talent in the world at large. Mr. M—— will not imagine that I mean to blame *him*. The book alone is in fault, after all. The fact is, that “*er lasst sich nicht lesen*”—it will not *permit* itself to be read. Being a hobby of Mr. M——’s, and brimful of spirit, it will let nobody mount it but Mr. M——.

47.

It is only to teach his children Geography, that G—— wears a boot the picture of Italy upon the map.

48.

In his great Dictionary, Webster seems to have had an idea of being more English than the English—“*plus Arabe qu’en Arabie*.”^[3]

That there were once “seven wise men” is by no means, strictly speaking, an historical *fact*; and I am rather inclined to rank the idea among the Kabbala.

Painting their faces to look like Macaulay, some of our critics manage to resemble him, at length, as a Massaccian does a Raffællian Virgin; and, except that the former is feebler and thinner than the other—suggesting the idea of its being the ghost of the other—not one connoisseur in ten can perceive any difference. But then, unhappily, even the street lazzaroni can feel the distinction.

[2] Nouvelle Héloïse.

[3] Count Anthony Hamilton.

MAY LILLIE.

OR LOVE AND LEARNING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

It was a most provoking thing that young Harry Warren should have fallen in love with pretty May Lillie—he simply a village school-master whom nobody knew—and she the only daughter of the richest and proudest man in the whole county of Erie, whom every body knew! It was not only very provoking, but it was also very unfortunate for the poor fellow, as he might as well have aspired to wed yon bright evening star, as to lead to the altar the daughter of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., Ex M. C.

See the maliciousness of Fate! If May had been but the child of some poor widow or parson—or had Harry claimed descent from some lordly aristocrat, the course of true love might not have run so crooked. Leander swam the Hellespont to reach his love, breasting bravely the surging billows, which parting before him, bore him exultingly to the feet of Hero—but how shall Harry force the adamantine chains with which Mammon bars the way to happiness! Assist him ye gods of hapless lovers.

My hero was the son of a farmer, more rich in children than in acres, and who could only afford them in schooling, value received for a few bushels of wheat, rye, or potatoes.

Young Harry had no taste for agriculture. The plough furrowed his handsome countenance, and the harrow harrowed his soul. Neither did he fancy mechanics—he turned from the anvil, the carpenter's bench, the awl, and the scissors, with equal repugnance. Books, books alone were his passion. For these all else were neglected, the cattle strayed loose in the fields, the pigs crept through to the garden, the wheat remained unshocked, and the grass uncut, while Harry under a tree lost himself amid the tattered leaves of an old book, which every breath of wind threatened to sweep far from him. This was a sore trial to his father, but after fruitlessly exhausting all his arguments to dissuade his son from the folly of "*larning*," he finally gave it up, and left Harry unmolested to follow his bent. The clergyman of the village admiring the perseverance of the young farmer-boy, and wishing to encourage such laudable zeal, kindly volunteered to assist him in his studies, and with unwearied toil by night and by day, Harry Warren was finally prepared to enter college.

At the age of twenty-one he graduated honorably, and left the college walls, his head well-stored with knowledge—a light heart—a lighter purse, and a strong will to persevere in the path he had marked out for himself, a path which, after many crooked windings, was, as his sanguine imagination assured him, to lead him eventually on the high road to fame.

To put a little money in his pocket, and at the same time gain some leisure for study, he offered himself as a candidate for the school in the beautiful village of G —, some fifty miles distant from his native town. He was accepted, and entered upon the duties of his new office with hope and energy. And then—the very first thing he did was to fall in love! foolish fellow—instead of teaching the young idea to

shoot—he suffered himself to be shot—through the sparkling roguish eyes of little May Lillie did Cupid aim his dart—*twang*—he was gone!

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., professed to be a very learned man, an immensely learned man, and his library accordingly occupied one whole wing of his large and costly mansion. No one far or near could boast of so many square feet of knowledge. He patronized the arts and sciences, and hinted at many wonderful inventions at work in his brain, which were in time to burst forth and astonish the world. He also courted the muses, and was convinced that should he once plume his flight to Parnassus, there would be an immense fluttering among all soaring poets, whom he should distance at once by his bold and flashing imagery.

Could the eyes of poor old Dominie Sampson have rested upon the countless volumes which like “Alps on Alps” arose to the lofty ceiling, would not his meagre, bony jaws have ushered in—“pro-di-gious!” for there was one compartment devoted to theology, another to geology, and spaces for all the *'ologies*—then there were divisions for astronomy, for botany, for history, for travels—there was the poet’s corner, and the niche of romance. There were books in French, and German, and Spanish, and Russian, and Italian, and a mausoleum for the dead languages. I cannot vouch that “one poor head could carry” all this, that the brain of the great Diogenes contained as many chambers as his library divisions—but it was a very pleasant thing for him to gaze up and down, and down and up, upon their costly gold-lettered backs! Then there were also busts, and statues, and globes, and blow-pipes, and barometers, and thermometers scattered around, and here in this hall of inspiration, devoted to the “sisters three and such branches of learning,” did Mr. Lillie spend the most of his invaluable time.

Now great wisdom is said to bestow upon its possessor a contempt for wealth proportionate, which, by the way, may be the reason why so many learned writers and men of genius have died in a garret. If so—there was no fear that the last breath of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., would be drawn in an attic, for he lost not sight of his gold in the depths of his wisdom, but so skillfully managed his financial concerns, that though apparently paying little heed to business, as he sat there ensconced amid his books and papers, the ball was kept constantly rolling and constantly accumulating.

Yet what militated most against the love of Harry Warren, he had resolved from the time when pretty May slipped her leading-strings, that she should be the wife of some great man wielding authority; and pray what virtue was there in the petty birch-twig, or the twelve inch ruler, which were the only symbols of authority the young school-master wielded!

“However, there is no need of my troubling myself upon that head yet!” would Mr. Lillie year after year say to himself—“May is but a child—it will be time enough years hence to pick out a husband for her.”

Pick out a husband! just as if the bright eyes of May were not capable of selecting for themselves—or that the eyes of sixty could see for those of sixteen.

But there is in reality no need of Mr. Lillie’s troubling himself, for the deed is done, and the little gipsy May engaged in as pretty a flirtation, as ever spread the rosy light of love around the hearts of youth.

Let me exculpate my unfortunate hero from all attempts to win the affections of his beautiful pupil. On the contrary, it seems a mystery that his oddities and awkwardness should have awoke any other emotion than pity in the heart of May—for he was so terribly ungraceful in her presence—why if he merely spoke to her his voice was so low and tremulous, that she had really to approach her little head quite near to catch a word he said—and as for his scholarship, you would have thought him a dunce, so many egregious blunders did he commit in hearing her recitations—and he could no more guide her little hand in making those pretty and delicate strokes which marked her copy-book, than he could fly to the moon. You would have been amazed that such a fine, handsome young fellow, could have made such a booby of himself!

However, never were scholars blessed with so indulgent a master, and his popularity rose in proportion, while as your lovers are for the most part but little given to the “flesh-pots of Egypt,” he was pronounced by all economical housewives upon whose hospitality he was semi-monthly thrown, to possess the most accommodating taste, and could dine from beef and cabbage, pork and parsnips, peas porridge, or mush and milk, with equal relish.

I am sorry to say, that at first May joined in the laugh with her mischievous school-mates at the oddities of the master, and contrived many little tricks to vex him. Yet if she raised her eyes a moment from her book, she was sure to encounter those of Harry fixed upon her, with an expression so mournful, yet so tender, as bathed her cheek with blushes, and her eyes with tears of contrition. Her frolicks therefore soon yielded to a more pensive mood. She could not tell why, but the thoughtless mirth of her companions vexed and annoyed her—she no longer joined in those idle pranks, which had for their object the ridicule of the master, but gave way to sudden fits of musing and abstraction. When she heard his footstep approaching, her heart beat audibly, and in her class she no longer raised her saucy eyes to *misconstrue* her lesson, but scarcely lifted their drooping lids as she answered in faint tones the questions put to her.

In short, Love had conquered the merriest and most mischievous maiden that ever laughed at his wiles!

One day in early spring, ere the snow-drop or the crocus, had dared to lift their pretty heads above the snowy mantle in which old winter had so long kept them snug and warm, May placed in her bosom a bright and beautiful rose-bud. It was the first her little conservatory had yielded, and as she that morning for the first time discovered it peeping through the rich green leaves, she thought she had never seen any thing so fresh and beautiful. Carefully plucking it from the luxuriant branch, she bore off the fragrant trophy to exhibit to her young companions.

Well to be sure it was only a rose-bud—but as Harry descried it sitting so proudly upon its pure and lovely throne, something whispered that with that tiny rose his fate was linked—was it thornless, or should he wounded and complaining henceforth bid adieu to happiness!

May caught the glance of the master, and blushed and trembled just as if she perfectly comprehended what was passing through his mind, and as suddenly the little rose-bud was invested with new and tenfold value. She would fain have hid it

next her heart from the careless gaze of her young associates, for she felt that it had now become a sacred thing which their touch would profane.

Suddenly, May bent her head over her desk, and shook her long raven curls over her blushing cheek, as she heard a well-known step behind her, and felt that the large eloquent eyes of the master were fixed upon her. But for the throbbing of her own little heart, she could have heard the rapid pulsation of his, while his breath almost stirred the beautiful ringlet which rested upon her bosom. Rapidly her little hand now moved over the slate, glancing to the right and left, tracing figure upon figure, as though its mistress had not a thought, but was occupied in deciphering the rules of Coleman. It was a most puzzling sum—never had she attempted one so difficult—in vain she erased—in vain began again. Of course it was all wrong, and so Harry, as in duty bound, took the pencil and sat down by her side to extricate her from her difficulties—as a school-master you know, there was no other way!

But, dear me—instead of looking upon the slate, his eyes never fell a bit lower than that little rose-bud—a pretty teacher, to be sure!

“*Ahem*—that is a beautiful rose, Miss May!”

“Yes, sir.”

“You—you are fond of flowers, I see.”

“Yes, sir.”

“They are a favorite study of mine—are you much versed in the language of flowers, my—*ahem*—Miss May?”

“They always speak to me of God’s love and goodness,” replied May, as demurely as if she had been answering her minister.

“True, dear Miss May,” said Harry. “They are indeed, as the poet says—‘the smiles of angels’ blessing and cheering us on our earthly pilgrimage—but aside from this heavenly mission, the poet has also bestowed upon them another language:

“‘In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares,
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.’”

“Is it so—do you believe this, May?”

May made no answer, but bent her head still lower over the book before her, and the little rose-bud trembled as though moved by some breath of summer.

“The—the rose, May,” continued Harry, “seems to have been ever a favorite and expressive flower of this mystic garland:

“‘The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn.’”

There was a pause.

“May—May, will you give me the rose?”

May timidly raised her eyes to his—they were filled with tears.

“Will you, May—will you give me the rose?”

The next moment the little bud was in the hand of the transported Harry, accompanied with a look of such innocent, confiding love, as made his heart dance with rapture.

Was there ever in after life a moment of such pure and exquisite happiness as then filled the hearts of the lovers!

But the rose-bud, the poor rose-bud, bitterly did it rue the change from its lovely resting-place to the great hand of the school-master—besides coming very near being crushed to pieces between that and the dainty little fingers of May as she placed it therein!

Well, it must have been a puzzling sum indeed to keep the master so long at May Lillie's desk! and taking advantage of his inattention, the mischievous scholars carried on a pretty little by-play of their own—there was tittering in corners, and whispering behind torn covers—and soft, soft tiptoeing from one seat to another, and little paper pellets flying like hail-stones from side to side. Ah, dear, happy children—there is no danger—you might knock the master's head off, and he would never know it!

"Young ladies—children—I give you a holyday," quoth Harry, rapping his desk with the dread ferule, insignia of his power.

"A holyday—*huzza—huzza—a holyday!*" shouted the girls and boys, rushing from the school-room.

But the older girls looked slyly at each other, and then at the blushing May.

"Look—look!" exclaimed half-a-dozen in a breath. "The master is walking home with May Lillie!"

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., sat in his study. Around him were gathered all those powerful incentives necessary to call forth that great masterly genius which lay hid somewhere in his brain—somewhere—from whence, though many times coaxed and flattered, it had as yet resolutely refused to stir.

Upon the table before him, bearing at each corner respectively a bust of Plato, of Shakspeare, Homer, and Milton, were pamphlets, reviews, folios, quartos and duodecimos, thickly strewn—but what was more to the purpose, there was drawn up close to the elbow of Mr. Lillie, a quire of hot-pressed letter-paper, with edges of gold—a silver standish, bearing the golden pen ingrafted in a feather of pearl, and the cerulean ink with which genius should indite the virgin page, whenever said genius should deign to issue from its dark hiding-place.

The lips of Diogenes were closely pressed together—his eyes upturned with a frenzied glare to the ceiling, and deep indentations, like the rind of a musk-melon, corrugated his brow.

Reader—he was conceiving.

Bringing down his clinched hand with a force which made old Homer nod, he exclaimed:

"I will write. Yes, I will write a poem—I will astonish the world—my talents shall no longer remain under a bushel, but shall go forth like the sword of Gideon to hew down all minor poets! Upon what theme shall I first spend my genius—let me consider," (drawing the paper still nearer and dipping the golden pen into the flowing liquid,) "gold—the Age of Gold—the Golden Age—yes, 'The Golden Age' it shall be. My sublimity shall throw Milton into the shade," (with a look at the blind bard)—"my glowing pictures of rural life shall startle the lovers of Homer," (a bow to the god)

—“my wit shall cut with the keen sarcasm of Shakspeare,” (looking glorious Will full in the face)—“while the *tout-ensemble* shall form such a completeness of wisdom, as might honor even the head of a Plato!” (a triumphant glance at the old philosopher.)

And thus encouraged, the gold pen capered, and flashed, and flourished from side to side like a mad thing—pointing notes of admiration here, dotting and scratching there, and then diving deep into the sea of ink, plumed its pearly pinion for new and higher flights.

For three weeks did the poet bury himself in his library with dead and living authors.

And every morning he kissed his pretty May-flower as she tied on her little bonnet:

“There, there—go along child; be a good girl and obey the master.”

And then as she came to bid him good-night:

“There, there; go to bed, child, and don’t forget your lessons.”

Not she, bless her! Why she never forgot a single lesson the school-master taught her—she had every word by heart!

At length the Golden Age was ready to burst like a blazing star upon this dull coppery world, and was the most sublime thing, in the opinion of its author, that was ever written—and who, pray, could be a better judge!

Now Mr. Lillie having some conception of the ignorance of the critics, having once (although it is a great secret,) sent a huge MSS. to the Harpers, which was pronounced “*stuff*”—it might have been very good stuff notwithstanding—resolved that ere he essayed the publishers, he would give his unique poem in all its unfledged beauty to his native village. It was a capital idea. It should be delivered before the Lyceum to an astonished audience. He could then have some faint idea perhaps of the applause which awaited its appearance in 12mo., calf and gilt.

One evening he dispatched a hasty note to our young school-master, and requested to see him immediately upon business of a private nature.

Heavens how poor Harry trembled as he perused this terrible summons! All was discovered then—Mr. Lillie knew of his presumptuous love, and had sent to banish him forever from the presence of May. And then our little heroine—into what an agony of doubt and apprehension was she thrown, as she read the billet which Harry contrived to slip into her hand.

At the hour appointed, with an unsteady hand, Harry knocked at the door of Mr. Lillie’s library. The great Diogenes himself appeared at the threshold—and imagine the surprise of our hero to be greeted with:

“Come in, come in, my dear sir—I am most happy to see you,” (shaking him warmly by the hand.) “Sit down, Mr. Warren,” (motioning to a seat at the table of the gods.) “It has long been my wish to know you better than my very limited time would allow—my pursuits” (glancing complacently around him,) “are a great bar to social intercourse. The muses, Mr. Warren, the muses I find are very jealous ladies—do you cultivate their acquaintance? No? Ah, I am surprised, for I assure you I have formed a very high opinion of your talents.”

Harry bowed, and said something about honor, &c., &c.

“My daughter, Mr. Warren,” (ah! now it is coming! thought poor Harry,) “my daughter, I am inclined to believe, has made great proficiency under your instruction

—you have my thanks for initiating her into some of the more abstruse sciences which she never before attended to.”

Did Harry dream, or was the wrath of Mr. Lillie veiled under the most cutting irony! He could only bow, and smile “a ghastly smile.”

“And speaking of the Muses, my dear young sir,” continued Mr. Lillie, “I have just been amusing myself with a trifle—a mere flight of fancy—if you have a few moments leisure now, I will read you a few passages.”

Of course our hero considered himself favored—and accordingly with true bombastic style Mr. Lillie read several stanzas from the closely written pages of his poem. Never had Harry listened to such trash—he could hardly credit his senses that any man should be so inflated with vanity as to deem it even passable!

“Ah, it strikes you I see,” said Mr. Lillie. “I knew it would. Yes, I see it hits your vein exactly—this convinces me that our tastes are congenial.”

Again Harry bowed—not daring to trust his voice, he was forced to nod his head continually like a Chinese mandarin in a toy-shop.

“Mr. Warren,” proceeded the author, wheeling his chair round and regarding our hero with great benignity, “I have imbibed a great regard for you, and mean to make your fortune—to smooth your path to eminence. Yes, I like you, and am convinced there is no one more worthy than yourself to receive——”

Harry started—his face radiant with hope, he bent eagerly forward to catch the rest of the sentence.

“But, by the way, my young friend, this conversation must be strictly confidential.”

“Certainly, my dear sir!” exclaimed Harry, almost breathless.

“Yes, Mr. Warren, there is something about you which pleases me, and therefore I am about to confer upon you a most precious gift—to bestow upon you my—ah, can’t you guess what it is?” smiling archly.

“O, my dear sir,” said Harry, seizing his hand, “if I might dare to hope!”

“Yes, Mr. Warren, I am about to give you my—poem!”

“Your poem!”

“My poem.”

“Your poem!”

“Yes, my poem—that is, the reputation of the thing.”

Harry started up and paced the room as if pursued by all the furies.

“Ah, I thought I should surprise you,” cried Mr. Lillie. “Come, sit down again. I said I would make your fortune, and I will. Now this poem, Mr. Warren, you shall have the honor of delivering before the Lyceum as your own—think of that—as your own production.”

Poor Harry was struck aghast. “But, my dear sir,” he exclaimed, “I can never consent to such a gross imposition!”

“I honor you the more for your delicacy young man,” replied the poet; “but banish it—there is no need of it between friends, we perfectly understand each other you know—you shall deliver this poem.” (“The Lord deliver me!” mentally prayed Harry.) “Listeners will applaud—copies will be solicited—your fame will reach the city—Morris and Willis will rank you among their favorite young poets—the——”

“But, Mr. Lillie, why not deliver this poem yourself—why not wear your own

laurels?" interrupted Harry.

"*Ahem*—Mr. Warren, I am averse to popularity—notoriety of any kind I detest—I prefer to quaff stealthily at the fount of Helicon, and tread with felted footsteps the Parnassian hill—stop, that's a new idea, I'll note it. So long as I have the mental satisfaction of knowing the *poem is mine*, what matters it whether you or I have the reputation! Say no more—you accept my proposition of course."

"Mr. Lillie—"

"Not a word, my dear sir—I will take care that you are invited to deliver the next Lyceum lecture—two weeks hence remember. That gives you ample time to study the poem and conceive my meaning. Come here every evening—you shall have my assistance. I will not detain you longer—good-night. You will find May somewhere—in the drawing-room most probably; she will be glad to see you, for I dare say she is puzzling her little head about something which you can explain. Good-night."

This latter clause sufficed to check all further opposition from Harry, for the moment at least, and with rapid steps he now sought the drawing-room.

"Dear Harry!" cried May, springing toward him as he entered, and looking up in his face as if to read there the stern mandate which was to separate them forever.

"Dearest May, do not tremble thus," replied Harry, leading her to a seat; "believe me you have no cause."

"Ah—does he then approve of our love!" exclaimed May, her sweet young face illumined with hope.

"Your father has been kind, my dear girl, and that he does not even suspect our love I am convinced, or he would have been less so. His kindness, however, if it may be called so," (and the lip of Harry curled doubtingly,) "has placed me in a most awkward predicament. Listen, dear May, and help me if you can."

He then as briefly as possible related the conversation he had just held with her father, and the strange proposition made him. No wonder he felt provoked at the merry laugh with which the little maiden closed his rueful communication.

"Confess now, Harry, you deem papa's poem most execrable stuff?" she said, looking him archly in the face.

"Dear May, you know I—"

"Confess, confess Harry—no equivocation!" cried May, shaking her little finger.

"Well, May, I will be honest then—you know, dear one, I would not for worlds wound your feelings, but really I must confess I never listened to more senseless jargon!"

"That's excellent—the more absurd the better," said May, laughing; "and you will deliver it, Harry."

"May!" exclaimed her lover reproachfully, "*you* surely cannot ask me to make myself ridiculous!"

"*Hem*—do you love me, Harry?"

"Can you doubt, it dearest May?"

"Then if you love me, as Hamlet says, 'speak the speech I pray you.' No doubt it will be hissed—so much the better—you will be laughed at—better still—"

"May, May!" cried her lover, turning away from her, "if you loved me you would not say this!"

"Ah—not if it gains papa's consent to our union!"

“That indeed—but, dearest May, to become a laughing-stock—to have the finger of derision pointed at one—to feel the lash of the critic, and—”

“To call little May your own!” added the coaxing gipsy.

Who could resist such an appeal from such a pair of rosy lips? or unrelenting behold the mute eloquence of those beautiful eyes! Not Harry; no, nor any other young lover I am sure.

From that evening, dear reader, only imagine my unlucky hero imprisoned hour after hour with the learned author, declaiming that—“infernai poem,” (I quote Harry’s own words.) Do you not pity him?

But then—the stolen half hour below, assisting little May in her lessons—do you not envy him!

In the meantime Mr. Lillie had not been idle. He had forwarded letters to some of the most influential men of the neighboring towns, inviting them to attend the next Lyceum, where as he informed them, a young author, a poet, was to make his *début* before their intelligent community. In confidence he assured them they would be astonished at the depth and power of his genius. He had himself looked over the poem, and although he would not wish to forestall their admiration, thus much he would say, that he had never read such a production!

The eventful evening arrived, and from every turnpike and cross-road people came flocking in to listen to the young author—some because of the favor of Mr. Lillie, others to compliment their favorite—the school-master.

Escorted by the great and learned Diogenes Lillie, Esq., and a few of the leading members, Harry was conducted to the hall, and seated within the inclosure of the platform.

To depict his feelings would be impossible—he knew he was about to make himself ridiculous, and was tempted more than once to turn his back and quit the scene of his approaching disgrace. Notwithstanding the tempting reward he had in view, the alternative was a hard one—but his eye turned to a distant corner of the hall where the sweet face of May smiled upon him, and her fair hand waved encouragement. He wavered no longer.

Resolving to meet his fate like a hero, Harry now arose, and after a few preliminaries introduced—“The Golden Age.”

The two first stanza elicited a general smile from the audience, the third and fourth exerted a different influence—influenza became universal, to judge from the coughing and *hem-ming*! Between the fifth and sixth, many persons left the house, and as Harry with the energy of despair drew near the close of the first canto, the hissing and hooting of boys outside and in the building was almost deafening, while one of the committee arose and advised the orator to sit down!

With the self-satisfaction of a martyr he was preparing to do so, when his eye suddenly fell upon the *author*, whom he detected at a glance to be the most active in the war of ridicule which was waging against him. Rage for the moment overcame his discretion. Hurling the manuscript upon the floor, he sprang from the desk, made one leap down the steps, and rushed upon his deceitful patron!

“Do you dare to laugh at me!” he exclaimed, pale with anger, “do you dare to utter

a word, you—you who are yourself the—”

A little hand was on his arm, and a soft voice whispered:

“Harry, dear Harry, come away.” And obeying the gentle mandate our hero suffered himself to be led from the scene of his mortification.

“Poor fellow!” cried Mr. Lillie, recovering from the alarm of Harry’s onset, “poor fellow, he is almost beside himself I see—well, it is pitiful trash after all, and I fear I gave him too much encouragement, my friendship got the better of my judgment—yet his delivery is the worst—why I am not sure gentlemen but his ranting and mouthing would render even Shakspeare ridiculous. The poem *reads* well—depend upon it gentlemen there is genius after all where that poem came from.”

When Mr. Lillie reached home he found Harry awaiting him, storming and raving to and fro the library like a madman. Rushing upon the great Diogenes he seized him by the collar:

“Your conduct is unbearable!” he exclaimed. “You shall do me justice, sir—by heaven you shall! I am not to be treated in this way! After palming off your wretched stuff upon me, do you think I am going to submit to your ridicule! No, sir—either go forward and acknowledge yourself openly as the author, or I will post you at every corner!”

“Be calm, pray be calm—we’ll settle it all in a moment,” said Mr. Lillie, pale and trembling—“I am really sorry your first essay should have been so unsuccessful.”

“My first essay!” interrupted Harry indignantly. “I am not to be trifled with—no, sir—I will expose you at once—it is you who shall bear the ridicule, not me!” and Harry rushed to the door.

“Stop—stop—my dear young friend,” cried Mr. Lillie, catching his arm—“listen a moment; for heaven’s sake don’t expose me, it will be my ruin. I will give you any thing you ask if you will only spare me—you shall have money—”

“*Money!* Can money repair the disgrace you have heaped upon me—talk of money to a man who feels his future hopes blasted!” exclaimed Harry scornfully. “Sir, there is but one way to save your reputation.”

“And what is that dear sir?” eagerly demanded the author.

“Give me the hand of your daughter,” he replied firmly.

“My daughter, Mr. Warren—why you astonish me—my daughter!” and Mr. Lillie paused and pondered, bit his lips and rubbed his eyebrows. “Why bless my soul, Mr. Warren, May is but a child!”

“No matter,” was the answer, “will you or will you not accept my proposition?”

“Will not five hundred dollars, Mr. Warren—”

“No—nor five hundred thousand dollars.”

“Well, Mr. Warren, only don’t expose me; only pledge me your word of honor that my secret shall be inviolate and May is yours!”

Harry calmed down wonderfully quick, considering he had been in such a passion, and very obligingly made all the pledges his father-in-law that was to be required.

“But there is one thing, Mr. Warren, which I must leave to your generosity,” said Mr. Lillie. “May is my only, and a motherless child—if this arrangement should be repugnant to her feelings, I trust you will not press your claim—we may perhaps find some other way to adjust this little difficulty. I will call May down, we may as well

know at once what her feelings are.”

Harry coughed, and walked to the window to conceal a smile, feeling at the same time more respect for Mr. Lillie for this last clause in favor of his child, than he thought him capable of inspiring.

One glance at the happy countenance of her lover informed May the day was theirs.

And so she immediately took a great many airs upon herself—pouted her pretty lips, and protested she thought it really absurd the idea of marrying a man who had made himself so ridiculous—she doted on poets, that she was willing to allow—but not such a conceited fellow as wrote that poem—she knew!

Harry meanwhile whistled “Rory O’More,” and walked the room with an air as much as to say—“It is perfectly indifferent to me, Miss, which ever way you decide.”

“But, foolish child!” whispered her father, “the poem is *mine*!”

“Yours, dear papa—oh that alters the case—then you wrote that stup—”

“Hush—hush May. The public are fools, and cannot appreciate true genius—the poem is a good poem.”

“I think it has point, papa.”

“Yes, and if those stupid ignoramuses had not made such an outcry, they would have seen that it terminates most felicitously.”

“True, papa—one certainly could not wish for a happier termination.”

“But you see, May, I have particular reasons for not wishing to be known as the author—and this poor young man feeling much chafed by the treatment he has received, and which is perfectly natural you know—”

“Certainly, papa—the school-master is very sensitive. Mercy, if you only knew —”

“Well, no matter now—and feeling as I said, greatly incensed, he threatens to expose me. You can save me May—your hand will make all secure.”

“Very well, dear papa—Mr. Warren has always been kind to me in school, and I like him very well—I do papa, and so to oblige you I will do as you wish,” said the arch maiden.

Taking her hand, her father now led her up to Harry, and placed it within that of the enraptured lover. And May, dropping a little courtesy, very gravely assured him that she would endeavor to make as obedient a wife as she had a pupil.

Madam Rumor is a prying gossip. How she found out the secret was never known—but away she went gadding from house to house, whispering the school-master had obtained his charming young wife by fathering the literary bantling of the learned Mr. Lillie!

THE NEW SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

ABUCOLIC.

BY E. FOXTON.

When with glances far and free
My Spirit stood at Childhood's knee,
And gazed and smiled with careless glee,
To see the fateful spinsters three
Draw deftly out from carded naught
Its first soft rainbow thread of thought,
My playmate true, delight and joy,
Was a tiny wingéd boy.
Nightly nestled in my breast,
His legends lulled me to my rest;
Thence his voice awakening gay
Trilled back the early linnet's lay;
In the bird's nest, in the tree,
By the purling rill sat he;
From wind-rocked blue-bells flashed his eye;
He floated round the butterfly;
His little golden head rose up
In the water-lily's cup;
His saucy breath, with nectar fed,
Puffed at me from the violet's bed.
Half in sport and half caress;
Oh, dear artless Happiness!

Womanhood one day me found,
And my brows with roses crowned.
In a naiad's glass I saw,
Pleased, my graces touched with awe;
And "These royal flowers shall be
Forged to links, my boy, for thee,"
So I said. From morn till eve
Through my haunts the shepherds grieve;
But the urchin bursts amain
Shouting from my bloomy chain,
Bursts and leaves me all forlorn,
Pricked and bleeding with a thorn.
"Why thus wrong my gentleness,
Light, inconstant Happiness!"

All in tears to bring me ease,
Back he flew, and made his peace;
And my every art I tried
Aye to keep him at my side;
April floods of tears and smiles,
Soft confessions, simple wiles;
Then I seized my harp and sang;
Far and wide the chorus rang;
(Round me flocked the grave, the gay,
But the rover would not stay;)
“Peerless, wronged, thy votaress,
Cruel, fleeting, Happiness.”

Oft and oftener still his flight;
Longer still he shunned my sight;
Till I left my woodlands dim,
And set forth in quest of him
To the tourney, feast and ball,
(In their turn I peeped at all,
Court, and hermitage, and camp,
Still halls where burns the midnight lamp,
And the sunk-eyed scholar delves
Slowly through the groaning shelves,
Where old souls, that erst were men,
Speak and teach the young again,
And, while creation's bounds they track,
Cast their endless shadows back;
Vainly still I sought to find
Him I sought among mankind.
Still his semblance proved to be
Garish Mirth or Vanity;
And still of all I sought in vain
Good tidings of the lost to gain.
The scholar said, “In poet's book;”
The poet, “In some leafy nook;”
“Oh, which?” “I know not yet,” he says,
“Go thou and seek—'mid clustering bays;”
The lawyer, “In the judge's gown;”
The judge, “In ermine's lordly down;”
The peer, “He's in my liege's crown;”
The king, “He rides the victor's glaive;”
And he, “In peaceful Lethe's wave,
Or, haply, in the hermit's cell;”
The hermit said, “I know him well,
Seek him in the house of prayer;”
“Nay, I know he can't be there!

Pride shall bravely fill thy place,
False and treacherous Happiness!"

Prim sat Pride, then dropped asleep,
Leaving me to watch and weep.
Round my dimpled shoulders clung
My dewy locks at random flung;
Wildered strayed my fleecy band;
Loosed the crook my listless hand,
Playing with the dreary rue
At my cavern's mouth that grew,
And forgot its tuneful craft.
At my plight the shepherds laughed;
"She is sick at heart, you know;
She loved,—wise maidens do not so;
So fare all idle fools who chase
The subtle, coy sprite, Happiness!"

Dropped its silver balls from sight
The starry clepsydra of night;
And the morn brought jocund glee
To the world, and not to me,
"Would I ne'er had seen thy face,
Happiness, lost Happiness!"

Stung with swarms of wretchedness,
I plunged into the wilderness;
Toward the Eastern land of spells
Me some secret power impels;
"There some wily witch," I thought,
"In her toils the boy has caught."
Through the shadows, through the sun,
And surging sands I journeyed on,
Till the sun his gold lance set
In rest to prick from Olivet.
Glorious light the morrow showed.
Nor to him its lustre owed.
Up the steep of Zion's hill
Rose a being brighter still.
Silvery white the garb she wore,
And a cross of flowers she bore;
From vulgar gaze her charms, amid
A dark, enshrining mask, she hid,
Lighted up like midnight skies
With the splendor of her eyes;
Her dainty feet, with sandals shod,
Scarce touched the ragged road she trod,

And a pearly scallop-shell
Gleamed her pilgrim state to tell.
Dully, long I strove to see
What that which bore her train could be;
Now on this side, now on that,
Now it met a chiding pat,
For resting on her skirts to impede,
Impishly, her upward speed,
From frowning cliff and wayside stone,
Flitting far, as bribes, it won
Blossoms fair and held before,
As her constancy to lure.
Graciously she marked its play;
Steadfastly she held her way.
Changed of mood, with tender gloom
It hung its garlands o'er a tomb.
Full in view thence reared its head,
Looked at me and beckoned,
Then, as if perforce, again
Fled and bore the lady's train;
Thick my heart's full throbs confess
"Surely that was Happiness!"

Panting, staring, faint, I stood,
Then with foot and tongue pursued;
"Sorceress, fiend—whate'er ye be—
Tear not thus my fere from me!
I defy the loathly charms
That keep him from his poor maid's arms!
I will rend thy mask away!
I will give those charms to-day!"
My whirlwind race was won, and lo!
I tore it from her blushing brow,
My foster-sister's, Holiness!
And her page was Happiness!

Oh, I owned her might too well!
Groveling in the dust I fell!
Then wondering heard a whisper low,
"Let's be friends, my causeless foe."
Doubtfully I raised my eyes;
Down she gazed with mild surprise.
Naught to fear I saw was there,
But purity and beauty rare.
As she raised me with a kiss,
Through her veil laughed Happiness.

When I slumber at her feet
Light pinions scatter odors sweet;
While her step keeps pace with mine
Round my neck soft fingers twine;
If I chase him, he is gone;
But the rogue returns anon,
Charged with heavenly fruit, to bless,
The handmaid meek of Holiness.

NIGHT.

BY MISS AUGUSTA. C. TWIGGS.

Brightly the moonshine
 Gleams on the flower,
Sweetly the woodbine
 Twines round the bower;
Lowly the lover
 Whispers his love,
Angel forms hover
 Around from above.

Purple-robed foxglove
 Is deep in the dell,
Where the night-fays love
 To wind their dark spell;
Beauty is hurled
 O'er meadow and lea,
The sails are all furled,
 The ship sleeps at sea.

The night-breeze now sighs
 So sweet and so sad;
Bright gems deck the skies,
 So blue and so glad;
The lapwing that brushed
 The dew from the hill,
Now sleeps—all is hushed,
 'Cept the laughing rill.

Moonlight's soft glances
 On every thing smile,
Pure water dances
 Out laughing the while;
The cricket's chirp shrill
 Most merrily sounds,
The fisher's bark still
 O'er moonlit wave bounds.

Trees bathed in moonbeams
Wave gracefully low,
With beauty all teems
'Neath its silvery glow;
All nature's at prayer.
The holy thoughts rise,
On wings of the air,
Up, up to the skies.

The cricket has hushed
Now his chirp so sweet.
Rare perfume has gushed
From the new-cut wheat;
The lily has bent
Down its head in sleep,
Its odor is lent
To the winds to keep.

Mortals are slumb'ring,
Long hours fly past,
Old Time is numb'ring
The seconds so fast,
Fears him no mortal,
For slumber has tight
Closed the portal
Of thought—it is Night.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN EUROPE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

NO. II.—A LONELY WEEK.

One of the loneliest hours I felt in two years of absence from my country, was on an afternoon in April, after leaving the gate of Cassel, in Northern Germany. There I had parted from Carl K——, a young student, whom I had met for the first time two days before, on entering the city. We met, strangers though we were, and ignorant of each other's name or condition, like old acquaintances who had been long separated; an invisible link seemed at once to attach us in friendship and confidence. He was a boy of seventeen, but already a poet, possessing a nature full of enthusiasm and the sorrowful inspiration of song. His heart beat with all true and tender impulses, and in its yet unfathomed depths there was a capacity for boundless passion. In those two days we were constantly together; we climbed the slopes of the Wilhelms Höhe, fragrant with early cowslips; we wandered among the giant ruins of the Katzenberg; we sat in the rich library, poring over the old illuminated pages of the Song of Hildebrand. When the time of parting came, it was a struggle for both of us, and as we gave the last warm pressure of hands at the gate of Cassel, his dark, mournful eyes were full of tears, and I turned away with a mist gathering over my own. I climbed the long hill which was to shut out all sight of the valley, with a feeling amounting to bitterness, heightened by the languid and feverish sensations of approaching illness.

The hazy sunshine shone warmly on the bare, bleak fields beside the road, and as the day wore away, my spirits sank down, down, into a bottomless gulf of despondency. The coolness of the woods into which the road finally led as it descended the hills of the Weser, made me shiver, though my veins were parched with heat. I threw myself down on the grass, and looked up into the gray sky, that I might lose the feeling of loneliness in its vast and sympathizing presence. This is always an encouraging contemplation, and I was aided by it in the present instance. I made out to reach the city of Münden before dark, and slept as I best could, a disturbed, unrefreshing sleep.

The next day, feeling unable to walk, I took the *eilwagen* to Göttingen, where I remained two days, and in spite of medicine and a physician, grew no better. It rained continually, and shut up in my chamber with no company but my own thoughts, which were by no means entertaining companions, I looked back with regret to the home-like comforts of Frankfort and Heidelberg. Sickness is synonymous with impatience in my vocabulary, and after two days' trial of repose, I determined to continue my journey, trusting to the influences of scenery and exercise. Accordingly I took the *eilwagen* to Nordheim, twenty miles nearer the Hartz, as it was raining heavily. In the capacious and cushioned vehicle, traveling was tolerable enough and I reached Nordheim at nightfall in better spirits.

In the damp, gloomy inn, after the stage rolled off, my fever returned. I went to bed, and lay awake for hours, listening to the rain beating on the windows and the

monotonous wail of the wind down the valley. The rest of the night must have been passed either in the wildest dreaming, or in a waking fever bordering on delirium. My head throbbed painfully, and imaginary voices seemed calling me from a distance. Strange figures walked through the room and stood long, looking out the window. Some were familiar faces—faces of friends far away—and some that I knew not, spoke to me, or talked with each other till my brain was confused with the noises, and toward morning I slept.

The next day the sky was dark, without rain. I was weak, though no worse, and set out on foot, aided by a stout staff, toward the Hartz. In spite of the labor of plodding along the muddy roads, I was refreshed by the cool damp atmosphere and inspired by the scenery, which grew wilder and lonelier as I advanced. Spring, although late for Germany, had already covered the forests with their first light green foliage, and the meadows were luxuriant with grass and flowers. Whenever I grew weary, there was always a bank of moss somewhere under the pine-trees which the rain had not reached, and like Uhland with his apple-tree, I greeted the pine as my landlord, who, if he could spread me no board from his juicy larder, at least kept for me his best arm-chair, and with the thatch of his roof protected me from the frequent showers.

So passed the day, with no incident except the challenge of a *gend'arme*, who could read no part of my passport but the name "America," in honor of which he made a stiff military salute and wished a pleasant journey. In the old, decaying village of Osterode, sunk deep among gypsum quarries in the valley of the Oder, I made a dinner of milk and black bread, and as it was late in the afternoon, pushed on to reach Herzberg, at the entrance of the Hartz. As the black and gusty sky deepened into night, I was joined by a traveling handwerker, who made the way shorter by his cheery conversation, half talk and half singing. We stopped at a little one-story inn, called, even in that unknown corner of the world, the "London House." The peasants employed by the landlord, who was rich in possessing several acres of barren meadow land, had just collected for supper, and we sat down with them at the table. An immense wooden bowl, filled with steaming potatoes, was placed in the middle, and a choppin of beer set before each one. They used neither knife, fork nor plate, but took the potatoes in their fingers, and salted them from another dish with the same convenient appliances. I was civilized enough to ask for a plate and to call for tea instead of beer, at which these stout men and maidens were greatly amused. There was considerable doubt at first whether the last article could be had, but the *frau*, after some search, produced a package of the kind called Russian tea, which is brought overland to Russia through Tartary, and retains the delicate aroma of the shrub in a much greater degree than that which reaches us by a long sea-voyage from Canton. At least, it seemed to me, in my exhausted state, nothing short of nectar, and after some talk with the good people of the inn, who, enjoying only the merest necessities of life gave me a new lesson in the requisites of happiness, I went to bed in the loft and slept till my companion, the handwerker, awoke me at breakfast-time.

Our roads, unfortunately, were different. He was bound to Alexisbad on the southern edge of the Hartz, while I was for a visit to His Phantomship, the Spectre of the Brocken. So we parted, with mutual wishes of good luck, and I plunged into the grand mountain defile in front of Herzberg, my knapsack heavier by a loaf of bread.

Thenceforward my way was solitude itself. The steeps on either side were clothed to the summit with woods of black pine, with here and there a single larch, of a pale and misty green, like the ghost of a tree. The brawling river ran over cold black rocks, and even where the hills left a little eddy of meadow between them, the winter floods swept it bare and prevented the peasant from planting his scanty harvest. The only houses were those of the woodmen and mountain herdsman—the only sounds of human life the stroke of axes among the pines and the shout of men and boys driving their cattle up to the cleared places, which were already covered with thick grass. Snow-drifts still lay in the clefts of the rocks and under the boughs of trees which had been felled. Over this stern and lonely region was a dark and lowering sky and the only things that were truly bright and joyous were the crimson pinks that grew by the wayside.

I overtook a herdsman with his two boys driving their cows and goats up the valley, and we walked some time in company. With a frank curiosity he asked me why I traveled alone in the Hartz. It was too early, he said, to climb the Brocken, and then nobody went there without company. People said there were still spirits and witches among the hills, and I might easily lose the path and wander about till after night-fall, when I would be in their power. The boys listened to his warnings with perfect belief in their faces. I asked them if they had ever seen those witches, “No,” they answered, but they had never been further than Andreasberg; yet the miners had told them of kobolds who guard the veins of ore and smothered them to death when they came too near their dwellings. The old herdsman said he had climbed the Brocken many years before, in the summer time, and added, “but we took good care to come down again before night.” I promised him to be careful about the road and not to be belated when the witches were abroad, but he still seemed unwilling that I should go alone. “Here are the cattle to take care of,” said he, “but Ernest and Gottlieb could do that; if it were not for the wood I must cut, I would go with you myself the whole way.” If my purse had been a little heavier, I would have paid him for the lost work, and taken him along. This I could not do, and when he reached the path which led to his pasturage, I shook hands with him and repeated my promises. “I hope you may be lucky,” was the last he said, “but I wish I could go along.”

Still climbing beside the stream, the road finally grew rough and narrow, hemmed by mountains too high and bleak as yet for pasture. I reached a pass where it was completely covered by an overhanging rock, and sat down to compare the directions of my guide-book with the appearances around me. I had come to the conclusion that I was in the wrong path, when two or three miners came under the other end of the rock. They confirmed my suspicions, but told me they were going to Andreasburg by a path over the mountain on our right and if I followed them I should gain what I had lost. This was a fortunate chance; I shouldered my knapsack and took the path, which was so steep and narrow that we climbed single file through the woods. It was half an hour before we reached the summit and I felt like sinking to the earth from fatigue, for my guides were strong-winded and athletic and went steadily forward, without taking breath. I kept pace with them in the descent, and learned from them something of their under-ground life and the extent and productiveness of the mines. This part of the Hartz is very rich in minerals, the mines producing gold, silver, lead, copper and iron. Some of them have been worked seven or eight centuries, and the

deep shafts extend more than two thousand feet under the earth's surface. The great mine at Andreasberg, called the *Sampson*, is said to be twenty three hundred feet deep, and the town is inhabited entirely by the workmen. I have since regretted that I did not spend a day there in visiting these remarkable subterranean works.

The town is built near the summit of the mountain and commands a singularly wild and dreary view over that part of the Hartz district. Bleak hills, on which the snow still lay in patches, rose on every side, and the valleys they enclosed looked dim and gloomy in the distance. The Brocken was before me, but its top, fifteen miles off, was covered with clouds. I pushed on, hoping to reach it before night, but while I was tracing the course of the canal which carries water from the dammed mountain springs to the mines, the air grew dense and damp, and a wreath of cloud, trailing like a scarf along the cliffs far below me, portended that night and storm were coming together. When I reached the dam, on the side of the Brocken, it began to rain dismally. The wind whistled through the long dead grass and souged in the wet pines with a monotonous sound. No sign of house or human being was visible, but I kept on till twilight, when I reached a large solitary building standing by the road. It was inhabited by some forest superintendent or other functionary, and is the second highest dwelling in the Hartz. As the office of landlord was also included in the occupant's duties, I determined at once to spend the night there. The only residents were the landlord and his wife, two servants and a young man of polished manners, yet of quiet and reserved appearance, who seemed to be living there as much for the solitude of the place as any other cause. After supper he was more communicative, and by drawings and descriptions gave me a very good idea of the remaining eight miles to the summit of the Brocken, which I was to try alone on the morrow. All night the winds howled around the house as if all the witches were abroad. It was the second of May, the night after their yearly conclave.

I have related elsewhere my ascent through snow-drifts and snow-clouds—up rocky ravines and over mountain marshes—till I reached the Brocken House drowned with rain, a most woful-looking traveler. After drying beside a stove like a furnace, and a dinner which sent the blood warm and tingling through my limbs, I put the Brocken-nosegay of moss and lichens in my knapsack and passing the witches' cauldron, took the path for Schierke. It led down the southern side of the mountain, and the Brocken host (Herr Nese, who for fifty years past has introduced his Spectre to poets, peasants, philosophers and princes) showed me a pile of rocks just under the summit, where a few weeks before, his dogs had found a handwerker buried in a snow-drift and on the point of perishing. A half-hour's walk brought me below the region of snow, but not that of rain, for the clouds were gathered over the mountains to the right. As I reached the first forests they rolled up black and swift and the drops began to fall hard and heavily. Observing a little thicket of scrubby pines, I lay down on the ground and crawled under it, where I coiled myself up in the close and fragrant covert, just as the floodgates were opened. A perfect deluge succeeded; the trees roared and battled in the wind; the gullies on either side were full of foaming water and the air was nearly as dark as night. But scarcely a drop found its way through my shelter. I lay there warm and snug in the midst of a wild and dreary storm, and never shall I forget my exquisite sense of happiness while it lasted.

Just before sunset I came out upon a slope of rich green pasture where several

boys were tending a flock of cattle. The sky was then partially clear but cold, and as I was anxious to reach a village before dark, I left the road to ask them my nearest way. One question succeeded another, and having told them to what country I belonged, I must needs stay with them awhile and tell them about it. We sat on a rock and talked until the shadow of the opposite mountain fell over us, when I left them. They had friends in America, and one of them thought he might visit them when he grew older.

They delayed me so long that the foot-path I had taken, through a deep and rocky hollow, was very gloomy, and in the dim light, almost fearful. Vast masses of rock clung to the side of the mountain,

“Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans;
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall;”

over and through the crevices were twisted the bony roots of the pines, and down in the chasms I heard the foaming of the swollen streams. This is the path by which Faust and Mephistopheles ascended the Brocken, and the storm which heralded my descent into it reminded me of Goethe’s description:

“The night with mist is thick and black;
Hark, how the forests roar and crack!
The hooting owls affrighted fly.
Shivered full the columns tall
Of the palaces of pine.
See the uniting boughs entwine—
The mighty trunks that bend and groan—
The hard roots grating on the stone!
Mingling confusedly and madly, all
Over each other are heaped in the fall,
And around the crags, so wet and foul,
The winds in fury hiss and howl!”

I thought of this ghostly passage and remembered the caution given me by the old herdsman. But no wrinkled hag, coursing on her he-goat the haunted paths of the Brocken interrupted my progress, and the cheerful lights of Elbingerode soon glimmered through the wood.

The next day I set out for the Rosstrappe, but again went astray and came to a village on the river Bode, deep down under steep mountains and the abode of miners. The people told me of two noted caves within half an hour’s walk, but the rain had again set in, and I hastened forward toward the Rosstrappe, the greatest wonder of the Hartz. The scenery was no longer so lonely and exciting in its character. Open, upland plains, with occasional forests, skirted the road, and the men and women at work in their scanty fields and gardens saluted me with many a shout of laughter as I trudged along through the wood. Roads branched off in all directions from the main one, and left to my own judgment as to the proper course, I continued on till I reached the river, and saw a little hamlet on its banks. At the only inn—a hut with two rooms—an old grandam told me I had missed the way. The Rosstrappe was two hours distant, and I could not find it without a guide. The men were all away in the woods, but a neighbor of hers would go with me if I would give her a few groschen. To this I willingly consented, and the kind old woman dried my blouse carefully by the fire and

brought me a dinner of bread and milk.

After dinner the neighbor made her appearance, with a large empty basket and announced herself ready to start. My landlady rolled up in a paper a large slice of bread and thrust it into my pocket, charging me two groschen (6 cents) for my dinner. I was about to shoulder my knapsack, when my guide asked for it, saying she had brought her basket on purpose for it. I hesitated at first; the thought of walking unencumbered, with a woman carrying my baggage seemed unchivalric, to say the least. I made a rapid comparison between my weakness and fatigue and the distance still to be traversed, and decided by placing the knapsack in her basket and assisting her to lift it upon her head. Off we went, under a clear sky, for the first time since I entered the Hartz. Through fine open forests and along precipices overhanging the Bode—past the hunting-grounds of the Dukes of Brunswick and across dells fragrant with spring flowers—so we walked, for nearly two hours, till the cottage-inn of the Rosstrappe was visible through a vista of trees. Here I took the knapsack and dismissed my guide with a ten-groschen-piece, which I had been told was the usual fee. It was evidently much more than she expected.

After I had seen the Rosstrappe, and hung over the fearful chasm where the Bode thunders and foams seven hundred feet below, not forgetting to note the marvelous giant hoof-mark in the rock, I went back to the inn. The landlady gave me the whole story of the Rosstrappe while she brought and uncorked a bottle of *birkensaft* or birch sap, for which the Hartz is celebrated. This beverage, which is made in no other part of the world, consists of the sap of the birch tree, sweetened and suffered to ferment slightly. It is of a bright pink color and delicious taste. I had the table brought to the door, where I could see the savage defile below, while the landlady seated herself opposite with her knitting and gave her tongue full play. Such a tongue! the words came in an everlasting stream, and the faster she talked the harder she knit; so that one yarn kept pace with the other, and my visit increased the growth of her stocking considerably.

“There was once a pack of wild students here,” said she, among the other marvelous stories she related; “though all students are wild enough, as is quite natural; but these fellows (I remember every one of them) made a terrible noise all afternoon, with their songs and their wine-bottles, and what not. They climbed down the rocks to the Bode and up again, and I must needs tell them the story of the Rosstrappe twice over. When night came they were still here under the trees, drinking, and as it began to rain and they were not able to find their way, the dear Lord knows, what was to be done but keep them? We have no rooms for so many here, you see; so I told them to take this chamber where we are sitting and sleep as they best might. But no sleep had I nor my good man; there was nothing but singing and yelling the whole night. About midnight there was a terrible rap on my door. ‘Himmel!’ I cried, ‘what is the matter?’ and I started up in great fright. ‘O mein Gott!’ said one of the students, ‘there are wolves at the door.’ Now there never was a wolf near the house, but I feared it might be a spirit, or something as frightful, so I put on my gown as quick as I could and lit my lamp, for they had overturned theirs in their fright. When I came into the room I found them all in one corner, looking very wild and pale. ‘There are no wolves here,’ said I. Just then a night-owl among the trees began to hoot. ‘There it is, there it is again!’ they cried, but I laughed, although I was

very angry, to be called up for an owl. 'Go to sleep, you fools!' I said to them, 'do you not know better than to be frightened by a *hoo-hoo*!' The next morning they were very much ashamed, as they truly might be, for I tell about their fright to every body who comes here."

At the Rosstrappe, I had reached the eastern extremity of the Hartz, and after I descended the mountain my way was enlivened by bloomy orchards and springing grain. At sunset I was so far out in the plain of the Elbe that I could see the snowy top of the Brocken, free from clouds. This was my last view of the bleak and spectral mountain. After a night of terror at Halberstadt, (an account of which the reader will find in my narrative of travel,) I took the cars for Leipsic, which I reached the next night, and where I found a companion waiting for me. So ended my Lonely Week of Travel in Northern Germany.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. HARRIET S. HANDY.

Oh! the bright and sunny days that long, long since were ours,
Will they ne'er return again, with their wealth of summer flowers;
The sweet approving smile—the low, soft gentle tone,
With its murmured words of love, are they forever flown?
And from thy heart are banished all memories of me.
As a cloud upon the summer sky, a shadow o'er the sea?

Oh! deeply have I trusted, while I listened to thy vow,
And dreamed not that deceit *could* rest upon so fair a brow;
But well unto my heart the bitter lesson has been taught
That oft love's words, when sweetest, with deceitfulness are fraught—
And though the slighted heart may hide its bitterness of wo,
There is yet a fount of sorrow, the world may never know.

Then ask me not thy love and *faithlessness* so coldly to forget,
Or that our early destinies have once so sadly met.
Can the sea blot out the burning stars reflected on its breast,
Or the caged bird forget the haunts where first it built its nest?
The wildest storm that rocks the one, gives place to stars again,
And though the captive bird sings on, 'tis a lovèd green-wood strain!

The ocean-shell forgets not its low, sweet plaintive moan,
Nor the human harp the tones that once were all its own;
But quivering on its strings, there ever will be found
An echo-tone of memory—an unforgotten sound—
And though the chords be broken—its glad music at an end,
With its murmured melody, a strain of other years will blend!

FOR AND AGAINST.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE

WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

I don't think I ever really loved but once; fancies I have had, and fond ones, too; but now when the cold, gray twilight of age is dimming the visions of the past, memory still recalls, with wonderful power, one bright face from the fair picture gallery of my early loves—the face of Edla Fane, the schoolmaster's daughter. Beautiful she was not, and yet I loved her, as I learned too late. She seemed to bind me by some spell of witchery that I could not withstand, and yet against which I rebelled, because it appealed not to my outer senses. I understand it now; she bound me by the might of a lofty, spiritual love; and I blindly cast aside that gem of countless price to grasp the dross of earth.

High-toned, and pure-minded, tender, and confiding as a child, yet with a sweet womanly pride, and withal a dash of quiet humor, Edla Fane kept me vacillating near her for a many months. At one time feeling as though I could fall at her feet and worship her, at another fearing I had expressed too much, and withdrawing in cold reserve.

One evening a cold mood came over me; I feared I had committed myself in my ardent protestations to Edla, and now spoke with the calmness of friendship or platonic affection. She listened with a slight curve of her expressive lip, and assented to my proposal of affectionate friendship so readily, that my self-love was aroused, and with characteristic variableness my feelings gained immediate force again. But Edla remained unmoved. The next day I received the following lines in a blank envelope.

You say that you love me, yet are not a lover;
As you know not yourself what it is you intend;
And right sorry are you, I have chanced to discover,
That you're *less* than a *lover*, and *more* than a *friend*!
For you know you're a ranger,
And think there is danger,
That when you are weary, and wish to depart,
I, believing you true,
May have learned to love you,
And you'll leave me all lonely, without any heart!

You have cautioned me well, and have done but your duty;
The proverb says truly, "Forearmed, when forewarned,"
And though I can boast not of wealth or of beauty,
I yield not one feeling, I think would be scorned.
When a lover I find
Who *knows his own mind*!
I will give up my heart in return for his vow;
I must have *all* or *none*,
Must be wooed to be won—
And now I'll advise *you*, if you will allow.

You at once must restrain all expression of feeling,
Not only of words, but of glances and sighs,
Lest by some odd mischance the strange secret revealing,
Your friendship should prove to be—"love in disguise!"

Remember, take care,
I bid you beware,
For Cupid's a sly, little mischievous elf
When you think your heart free
He may bind it to me,
And make you prove constant in spite of yourself

Then, when I have plighted my vows to another,
You will sue for one glimpse of old feeling in vain;
For when once the bright flame of affection you smother,
You never can kindle its brilliance again;

I'll turn proudly away,
And will calmly say nay,
(While I look on you coldly, not seeming to see,)
I esteem, and admire,
That is all you desire—
Think well of me always, but never love me!

Provoking! thus to have my own words turned against me, at the close of these unexpected verses. I saw Edla frequently after this; but my evanescent vows, were never after tolerated even for a moment, and thus, when too late, her prophecy was fulfilled—I loved her. But Edla Fane is now a happy wife and mother, and I—a Bachelor.

MY STUDY.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the night.

SHAKSPEARE.

I love the circuit of thy narrow bounds
While my pale lamp gives light,
And, unattended by tumultuous sounds,
Presides the holy Night.

A quiet nook for revery thou art
In the dim hour of shade,
When that wild, wondrous instrument, the heart,
Is lulled, and tranquil made.

My books—old friends that know not frigid change—
When come the evil days,
Unfold their lettered treasures, rich and strange,
To my enamored gaze.

While Folly wastes in lust and midnight wine,
Manhood and moral health,
True wisdom seeketh jewels in the mine
Of intellectual wealth.

Haunt, sacred to retirement and thought!
At night's dark noon alone,
Within thy hallowed precincts I have caught
Gleams of that world unknown,

Where the soul harbors when this life is o'er,
And closed our war with Time,
And the hushed belfry of the heart no more
Rings with a numbered chime.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We present our readers with an engraving of the birth-place of the celebrated American painter, Benjamin West, from an original drawing made by Mr. Croome, in the year 1845. The house is situated in the township of Springfield, Pennsylvania, about four miles north of Chester, on a considerable farm belonging to Mr. Peter Stewart. It will be perceived that the house is in rather a dilapidated condition, one of the posts of the portico being deficient. The house is substantially built of brick, and, at the time of its erection, must have been considered rather an elegant country residence; but its antiquity and state of decay will probably prevent any future attempt to put it in repair. The spot, however, will always be interesting to Americans, from its having been the scene of West's childhood, to which are referred those delightful and well known anecdotes, of his early life, which display the dawns of that brilliant genius which was destined to astonish the world by its achievements in

the graphic art.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

BY M. E. THROPP.

IRREGULAR LINES.

From orient climes to the lands that glow
In the last red light of even,
Indian, Paynim, Moslem, Jew—
All have their dreams of Heaven.

The Moslem dreams of a green, fair clime,
Lit up by the sun's broad beams,
Where flowers gaze down at their own bright forms
In still transparent streams;

Where soft winds sigh, and gay birds sing,
In tones so sweetly clear;
Where palm groves rustle cool and still,
And bright-eyed Houries cheer;

Where the banquet waits, with its viands crowned,
And the wine-cup's rosy gleam,
While soft luxuriant bowers around,
Invite to recline and dream:

Such is the vision of future bliss
To the Prophet-followers given—
The "true-believer's" goal of hope,
The Moslem's dream of Heaven,

The Indian dreams of a sunset land,
Where the great Manitto reigns;
Where deer and stately bison roam
O'er broad, uncultured plains.

A land whose giant lakes and streams,
With gleaming fish abound;
Where forests wave, and mountains tower—
A boundless hunting-ground.

'Tis his dream, as he calmly looks abroad
On the sunset glow, at even—
A hunting-ground, where that sun sinks down,
Is the Indian's dream of Heaven.

The Jew of his New Jerusalem dreams,
With its streets of shining gold,
And temples, that rival the regal fane
On Moriah's brow of old.

Still dreams, that Judah's harps shall sound,
And Judah's pennons stream,
Where now muezzin's calls are heard,
And Moslem crescents gleam.

Zion rebuilt, and the land restored,
To his forefathers given,
Is the Hebrew exile's guerdon high,
His earnest here of Heaven.

The Norseman chief, in the olden times,
Sprang up, with Valkyriur calls
Ringing shrill and clear in his dreaming ear—
“Up! come to ‘Valhalla's Halls!’”

Would ye know how the chieftain sought those halls?
—Away to the battle-plain—
The warrior sleeps on the ghastly heaps,
His own red sword has slain!

Visions of blood, in that dying hour,
To his stormy soul were given—
Feasts, and victorious battle-fields,
Were the Norseman's dreams of Heaven.

The Greek had high, ambitious dreams,
Of Elysium's fabled clime;
The Druid too—ah, many and strange,
Were the dreams of olden time.

How will those dreams accord with thee,
When time exists no more,
Unseen, unknown, unpictured realm
Beyond the silent shore?

Now, shines the gospel sun, the mists
Of Error roll away;
And earth, from pole to central zone,
Rejoices 'neath its sway.

Like some tired wanderer of the deep,
The Christian struggles on;
While day and night, in calm or storm,
How yearns his heart for home!

Dreams he of sensual joys? the chase?
Some ruined city, lone?
Of feasts and battle-fields? Not so—
His is a spirit-home.

To Him, who formed yon glorious sky,
This green enameled sod,
The Christian trusts his future home—
His architect—is God.



COL. WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF COWPENS.

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine by S. H. Gimber

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

A STORY OF THE COWPENS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

There is a thing—there is a thing,
I fain would have from thee;
I fain would have that gay, gold ring.
THE SPECTRE LADY.

The period of our revolutionary history immediately succeeding the defeat at Camden, is still remembered in the Carolinas with horror. The British, elated with their success, and regarding the South as now their own, proceeded in the work of confiscation and massacre with pitiless severity. In that terrible crisis many a family was deprived of its head either by exile or by execution. Yet larger numbers were shorn of their property and reduced to comparative indigence. In a word, terror reigned paramount.

But the common events of life still went on. The transactions of business, the struggle for wealth, the toils of the husbandman, births, deaths, marriages, cares, hopes, fears—all followed each other down the deep current of existence, almost wholly unaffected by the storm of war which agitated the surface. It is an error to suppose that great convulsions disturb the whole order of society. Men will still hate, though the entire nation be turned into a camp; will still strive for the dross of earth; will still, if young and generous, risk their heart's happiness in love.

It was toward the close of a winter evening that a youth of noble mien and handsome face stood at the foot of one of those long avenues of trees, which, in South Carolina, lead up from the road to the mansions of the wealthier proprietors. For nearly half an hour he had been there, as if awaiting the approach of some one from the house: now looking anxiously up the long avenue, now restlessly walking to and fro. During that interval but one person had passed along the highway, and the notice of this one the youth had skillfully avoided by concealing himself behind some dwarf trees within the plantation-fence. This act, as well as his whole demeanor, proved that he was awaiting some secret interview.

At last, just when the dusk began to deepen into night, the flutter of a white dress was seen coming down the avenue. A minute more, and a beautiful girl of eighteen summers appeared on the scene.

“Albert,” said the new comer, as the youth, seizing her hand, passionately kissed it, “I have not a second to stay. It was with difficulty I could leave the house unseen, and my absence has doubtless been noticed before this; what we have to say,

therefore, must be said at once; why have you sought this interview?"

"I have sought it, Ellen," he replied, still holding her hand, "because, despairing of gaining your consent, I have volunteered in Capt. Washington's cavalry corps, and to-morrow set forth. Perhaps you will never see me more. I could not leave the neighborhood without seeing you once more, and bidding you an eternal farewell; and, as your father's orders had banished me from the house, there was no method of giving you my adieux except by soliciting an interview."

The tears had started to the eyes of his listener, but she turned away her head to conceal them; and for some time neither spoke.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," said the young soldier, earnestly, "will you not now, in this solemn moment, say you love me? I once hoped you did, but since your father has forbidden me the house, you have been less kind; and I fear that I have lost your heart—that you, too, have ceased to care for me, now that I am beggared—"

His hearer suddenly turned her face full upon him, with a look of tearful reproach that cut short his words.

"Bless you, Ellen, for that look," he said. "Though my father's estate is confiscated, and he and I both indigent, it is not on that account that you have seemed so cold to me lately. Say then, dearest, only say that I have been mistaken in thinking you at all altered."

Another look, equally eloquent, answered him; but still his hearer did not speak.

"Oh! Ellen," he continued, "when I am far away fighting my country's battles, what bliss it would be to know that you sometimes think of me; and that if I should fall, you would shed a tear for me."

His listener, at these words, wept freely, and when her agitation had somewhat passed, spoke.

"Albert," she said, "you have conquered. Know then that I do love you." At these words the impetuous young man clasped her in his arms, but she disengaged herself, saying, "But, while my father opposes your suit, I can never be yours. The consciousness of his disapproval has made me affect a coldness to you which my heart belied, in the hope that you would think of some one more worthy of you—but—but," she hesitated, then quickly added, "in a word, if it will comfort you, when away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding, she suffered her head to be drawn to her lover's shoulder, while a deep and holy silence succeeded, as these two young and already unhappy beings held each other in a first embrace.

It was only for a moment, however, that Ellen yielded to weakness. Raising her head and brushing the tears from her eyes, she said, while crimson blushes overspread her face,

"And now farewell—perhaps all this is wrong—but I could not see you leave me in anger."

"God bless you for those kind words," said Albert. "But, Ellen, before you go, one more request. That miniature that hangs around your neck—is it too much to ask for it?"

She hesitated: then, as steps were heard in the road, suddenly gave it to him. He drew a heavy signet-ring from his finger, and said, tendering it in exchange,

“Take this, and let us be true to each other—so help us God!”

And with this parting adjuration, he sprang over the fence to conceal himself behind the brushwood, while Ellen, hastening up the avenue, was soon lost to sight in the obscurity of the hour.

The wind sighed mournfully through the pine woods as this betrothal was consummated, and the dark, starless sky overhead looked down with its weird and melancholy face.

CHAPTER II.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse.
GRAY.

It is well known that, after the defeat of Gates, Congress hastened to supersede that general, and appoint Greene to succeed him. At the period of the incidents narrated in the last chapter, the new commander-in-chief had arrived in the South, and was organizing his forces.

His very first proceeding showed the resources of an intellect, which, in military affairs, was second only to that of the “father of his country.” Aware that the initiatory step toward redeeming the South was to arouse the confidence of its people, he determined to divide his force. While, therefore, he moved with one portion down the Pedee, he despatched Morgan, with the remainder, west of the Catawba, in order to encourage the inhabitants in that quarter. Morgan’s corps was accompanied by Capt. Washington’s light dragoons, of which our hero had already become a conspicuous member.

This division of his army, in the face of an active foe, would have been a capital error, but for the political advantages it offered, and which over-balanced the military ones. Cornwallis, then in command of the royal army, determined to frustrate the success of Greene’s plan, by cutting off Morgan’s detachment; and accordingly ordered Col. Tarleton, with his renowned dragoons, accompanied by a competent force of infantry, to give pursuit.

It was on the 14th of January, 1781, a day ever to be remembered in the annals of our country, that the heroic Morgan learned the danger in which he stood. He determined immediately to give battle. For this purpose he halted at a place called the Cowpens, and having drawn up his troops, awaited, though not without anxiety, the appearance of the foe.

The attack of Tarleton, as usual, was impetuous, and for awhile the American militia were driven helplessly before it; but soon they rallied, under cover of a few continentals belonging to Morgan’s command, and in turn forced the British to give ground. These brave soldiers of the line, led by their colonel, now charged with the bayonet, when the route of the royal infantry became complete.

Washington, with his cavalry, had been waiting impatiently a chance to participate in the fight; but having been stationed as a partial reserve, the order for him to engage did not for some time arrive. His troops shared his enthusiasm.

Composed chiefly of young men of family, and mounted on thorough-bred animals, they presented a formidable appearance, as they stood, awaiting the order to engage, the horses champing at the bit, and the riders nervously fingering their swords: they saw the onset of the British, the flight of the first line, and the partial panic that extended through the foot soldiers with horror; but still their leader remained unmoved. Many had never been in battle before, and such believed the day lost; among these was Albert.

At last the confusion became so great around them that troops so undisciplined, if less brave, would have taken to ignominious flight; for the defeated militia were pouring down upon them from all sides, almost compelling them to break their ranks, or see the fugitives perish under the hoofs of their horses. But now Washington seemed to rouse from his inaction. Ordering his men first to allow the flying militia to gain their rear, he then directed them, his sharp, quick tones showing that the moment for action had come, to close up and prepare to charge.

As he spoke, he pointed with his sword ahead, and our hero beheld the renowned regiment of Tarleton coming down upon them at full gallop, and amid a cloud of dust, driving before a mass of dismayed fugitives. The keen eye of Washington measured, for an instant, the distance between them, and then said,

“I want no fire-arms used to-day, my lads. Stick to the cold steel. And now, for God and your country—charge!”

Away went the troop, like a thunder-bolt suddenly loosed from a cloud, with every scabbard jingling, every steed snorting with excitement, and the solid earth shaking under them. In full career they burst upon the flank of the enemy, who, disordered by his pursuit, could make but a feeble resistance. Horse and rider went down before the impetuous charge of the Americans, who for awhile fairly rode down their foes. But British valor soon proved too weak for the combined patriotism and courage of Washington’s cavalry; and the royal troops, taming their bridles, took to ignominious flight.

“On, on,” cried Washington, waving his sword for his men to follow, “remember the cruelties of these myrmidons. Revenge for our slaughtered countrymen!”

At the word, his men, thus reminded of the butchery of the Waxhaws and of the other atrocities perpetrated under the eye of Tarleton, spurred their horses afresh, and dashed on in pursuit. A complete panic had now taken possession of the royal cavalry, who hurried on at full gallop, each man thinking only of himself. Close on their heels followed the indignant Americans, cutting down mercilessly every red-coat they overtook, until the road was strewn with the dead. Foremost in this pursuit rode Washington, a precedence he owed, not only to his superior steed, but to his eagerness to overtake an officer just ahead, whom he judged to be Tarleton himself from his effort to rally the fugitives.

The tremendous pace at which Washington rode, at last carried him so far ahead of his men, that, at a bend in the highway, he found himself totally alone. At this moment, the British, looking back, perceived his situation, and immediately turned on him, his principal assailants being Tarleton and two powerful dragoons.

Knowing, however, that assistance must be close at hand, Washington resolutely advanced to meet the enemy, determined to seize Tarleton for his prisoner. But, before he could reach the colonel, the two dragoons dashed at him, the one on the right, the

other on the left. He saw only the first of them, however, and accordingly turned on him, clove him down with a single blow of his sabre, then rushed at Tarleton himself.

But, meantime, the other dragoon was advancing, totally disregarded, upon him, and with upraised blade would have cut him down, had not our hero, who had pressed close after his leader, at this instant wheeled round the corner of the wood. At a single glance he took in the whole scene. Albert saw that before he could come up Washington would be slain, unless fire-arms were employed. In this emergency he did not hesitate to disobey the orders of his leader. Jerking a pistol from his holster, he aimed full at the dragoon, just as the sabre of the latter was sweeping down on Washington's head. The man tumbled headlong from his saddle, his sword burying itself, in the dust.

"Ha! who is that?" said Washington, sternly, so astonished to find his orders disobeyed, that he turned; a movement which Tarleton took advantage of to make good his escape. "You, Albert!—you!"

"There was no other way," answered our hero, and he pointed to the dead dragoon, "to save your life. His sabre was within six inches of you when I fired."

"It could not be helped, then, I suppose," answered Washington, who now comprehended the event, and saw that he owed his life to the quickness of thought of his young friend; "but stay, you are yourself hurt."

As he spoke, he saw blood issuing from the sleeve of Albert, and immediately afterward the young soldier reeled and fell senseless to the ground.

Two pistol shots had been discharged from the enemy, Washington now recollected, immediately after Albert had fired. On examination, one ball was found in the arm of our hero. The other had perforated the coat, immediately over the heart.

"He is dead," cried the leader, "that second shot has touched a vital part."

He tore away the garments as he spoke, but uttered a cry of joy when he exposed the chest, for there, right over the heart, lay a miniature, which had stopped the ball.

Washington looked at the picture, and muttered, "Ha! I have heard of this—and now I will see if I cannot serve my young friend a good turn."

CHAPTER III.

Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

When our hero, after a long interval of unconsciousness, opened his eyes, he found himself, to his surprise, in a large and elegantly furnished apartment, entirely strange to him. He pulled aside the curtains of his bed with his uninjured arm, and looked out. An aged female servant sat watching him.

"What massa want?" she said.

"How did I get here?" he asked.

"Captain Washington heself left you here, massa, after de great battle. De surgeon staid to dress your arm, and den follow arter de troops, who had lick de red-coats, dey say, all to pieces."

"Yes! I know—then the army has pursued its march to the Catawba."

"It hab, massa; and you be to stay here till you well."

"But where am I?"

The old negro woman smiled till she showed all her teeth.

"You no know, massa?"

"I do not."

"You forgit me, Massa Albert—me, Missus Ellen's maman?"

"Good God!" cried our hero, scarcely believing his senses, and scrutinizing her features, "can it be? You are indeed she. And this is Mr. Thorndike's house."

He had started up in bed, and was now confronted by the figure of the owner of the mansion himself, who entered at an opposite door; but who, instead of wearing the angry air which Albert had last seen upon him, smiled kindly upon him.

"I was passing along the corridor," he said, seating himself on the bedside familiarly, and taking the hand of his wounded guest, "and hearing your voice, learned for the first time that you were awake. Accordingly I made bold to enter, in order to assure you of a welcome. When we last parted, Mr. Scott," he said, noticing our hero's look of astonishment, "it was with ill-feeling on both sides. Let all that be forgotten. Whatever I may have said then I now recall. In saving the life of Capt. Washington, who is my dearest friend, you have laid me under infinite obligations, and at his request I have consented to overlook the past, and to give you my daughter. I only make a single stipulation, which is that you will not ask her hand until this war is over, which," he added, lowering his voice, "can not be long, now that things have begun to go so auspiciously."

Our hero well understood the character of Mr. Thorndike, who was noted for his prudent adherence to whichever side was uppermost, and he attributed this sudden change not only to Capt. Washington's intercessions, but also in part to the prospect there now was of the triumph of the colonial cause, in which case the confiscated estates of the elder Mr. Scott would be restored. He kept this to himself, however, and expressed his thanks for Mr. Thorndike's hospitality.

"But I shall owe you even more," he added, "for the happiness with which your promise has filled me, and I cheerfully accept your terms. Meantime, let me rise, and pay my respects to the ladies in person—I am sure I am well enough."

Our hero, however, was compelled to keep his bed for two entire days, in consequence of the fever, a period which appeared to him an age.

We shall not attempt to describe his meeting with Ellen. Let us pass over the first few minutes of the interview.

"I have but one thing to regret," he said at last, in a low whisper, for Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike were at the other end of the apartment, "and that is the loss of your miniature. I had it around my neck when I went into battle, but have not seen it since."

Ellen smiled archly, and drew it from her bosom.

"How did it reach your possession?" he said in surprise. And, taking it in his hand, he added, "What means this dent, so like the mark of a ball?"

Tears gushed to Ellen's eyes, as she said—

"Capt. Washington, who gave it to me, said that it lay over your heart, and that but for it, Tarleton's pistol-shot would have killed you. Oh! Albert, I sometimes

thought, after I gave it to you, that I had done wrong, knowing that my parents would not approve of the act; but when I heard that it had saved your life, I saw in it the hand of Providence.”

“Yes! for it not only preserved me from death, but was the means of interesting Washington in our favor, and thus bringing about this happy re-union,” said Albert, after a pause.

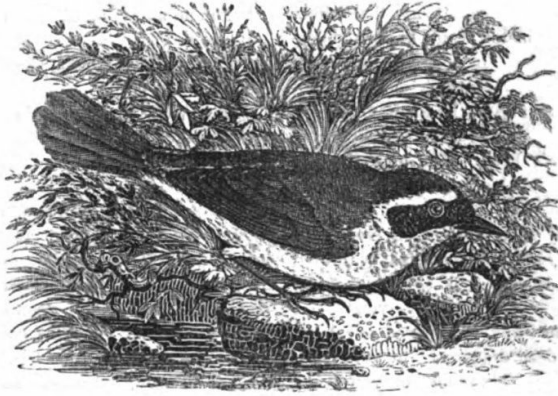
We have no more to tell. On recovering from his wound, our hero rejoined his corps, with which he continued until the expulsion of the British from the Carolinas.

After that happy event he was married to Ellen, and with her spent a long life of felicity.

Their descendants still preserve the battered miniature as an heir-loom.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

This species is widely spread over the United States, Mexico and the West Indies. Trappers have found it in abundance amid the wild solitudes of Oregon and the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. The great body of these birds winter within the tropics, from whence they reach the Southern States early in spring, and Pennsylvania in April. They begin to build in May, choosing for this purpose either the thickest parts of the forest or a low meadow, retired from the intrusion of man. The nest is constructed of dry leaves and grass, and always concealed by thick grass, heaps of brush or other undergrowth. Indeed few of our songsters are more shy or modest than the Yellow-Throat, and he seems to be devoid of the apparent vanity evinced by most birds of handsome or gaudy plumage. The lonely banks of a small stream, overgrown with reeds and bushes, is his favorite haunt; and here, with his sober mate, he whiles away the long sultry days of our summer's heat. The eggs are five in number, either entirely white or of a pale pink tint, varied by minute specks and lines, mostly toward the greater end. After being hatched, which occurs in June, the young birds join the parent pair, and all live as one family, roving along creeks and marshes, and defending each other from enemies. Sometimes, however, a second brood interrupts this connection. In August the lively song of the male ceases to be heard, and the whole party continue their pursuits in silence until warned by a scarcity of food to depart for the South.

The Maryland Yellow-Throat is nearly five inches long, and more than six across the spread wings. The upper parts are a light olive; the throat and breast yellow; the wings and tail brown, mixed with black; the legs are pale flesh-color, and remarkable for their delicacy. The young resemble the female at first, but the male of the season, before his departure in autumn, exhibits the brilliant yellow throat, as well as some

appearance of the gray and black which ornament the sides of the face in the adult. Small insects form the almost exclusive prey of this bird, and in capturing them he often displays much art and agility. His song is a plaintive whistle, varying in power and cadence, and sometimes associated with partial imitations of other birds. In September, small flocks depart for the South, only a few stragglers being seen after that month. A few pass the winter in the Southern States, but as already stated, the greater portion retire within the Tropics.



SUMMER YELLOW-BIRD, OR WARBLER.

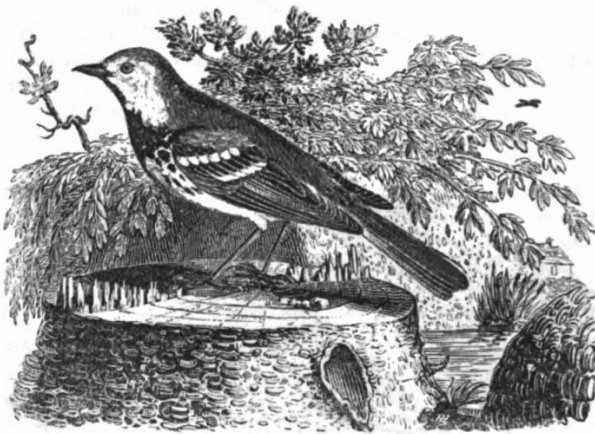
Few birds are more common, or more widely spread than this well known species. According to Richardson, it is found as far north as the 68th degree of latitude, from whence it ranges throughout the entire North American continent, the West Indies, Bahamas, Colombia, Peru, Guiana, Brazil and other portions of South America. These latter countries are their winter residence. In the early part of March they arrive in Carolina, and two months later in Pennsylvania, New England, etc. Here they pass the summer, and leave for the South about the beginning of September, the time of departure varying with the season and latitude.

The Yellow-Bird is a general favorite with the farmer. In summer he may be seen upon almost every tree, but especially among the willows along water-courses, where his brilliant plumage forms a fine relief with the deep glossy green. Being familiar and playful, he often approaches so near as to be captured. His favorite food is larvæ and small caterpillars, which he searches for with much industry, enlivening the hardship of his labor by a cheerful whistle or song. About the time of building, and even after, the female sings almost as well as the male. Both these birds display great ingenuity and solicitude in the construction of their nest, which is usually placed on a small bush close to the ground. Instances are rare where they build on the ground or on a high tree. The nest is constructed externally of dried leaves, fine bark and fern, and within of down, wool, fine grass, and similar materials. Occasionally they forsake the woods, and build in the hedge or bushes of the garden, suiting the construction of their small home to the change of residence. "The labor of forming the nest," as

Nuttall observes, "seems often wholly to devolve on the female. On the 10th of May, I observed one of these industrious matrons busily engaged with her fabric in a low barberry-bush, and by the evening of the second day the whole was completed to the lining, which was made at length of hair and willow down, of which she collected and carried mouthfuls so large, that she often appeared almost like a mass of flying cotton, and far exceeded in industry her active neighbor, the Baltimore, who was also engaged in collecting the same materials. Notwithstanding this industry, the completion of the nest, with this and other small birds, is sometimes strangely protracted, or not immediately required."

The eggs of the Yellow-Bird are four or five in number, white, with small spots of brown. After they are hatched, or even while sitting, the female often feigns lameness at the approach of a stranger, falling down near him and uttering pitiful cries, or perhaps fluttering along the ground. It is frequently annoyed by the intrusions of the Cow Troupial, which, building no nest of her own, makes use of the Yellow-Bird's. The little builder being too weak to remove the incumbrance, generally builds a partition over it, thus preventing its being hatched. Nests have been found in which a second story has been raised in a similar manner.

The Yellow-Bird is five inches long, and seven across the wings. Greenish yellow above; below, with crown and front golden, and orange spots on the breast; wings and tail brown, and the bill blue. The female is without any variation of color on the breast.



BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.

The Green Warbler arrives in Pennsylvania about the beginning of May, and in New England somewhat later. When observed for the first time in spring, it is generally alone, seated on a fruit-tree, and industriously searching for the small insects and larvæ which constitute his food. The species is somewhat rare, rarely more than a single pair, as it is asserted, being seen together, except in the fall, when scattered individuals collect to prepare for migration. Except during the period of incubation, they are not very shy of man, often permitting him to approach within a

few feet. They are supposed to wander in summer as far north as Canada and Hudson's Bay, but the larger portion remain in the Middle and New England States.

Little is known of the precise time of building, since the habits of this songster are then retired. They appear to prefer low, dry situations, and build on bushes, not far from the ground. A nest examined by Nuttall contained four eggs, of a light flesh-colored tint, variegated with pale, purplish points of various sizes, interspersed with other large, brown or blackish spots. The outside was formed of fine strips of the inner bark of juniper, with another tough, fibrous bark, the whole lined with soft feathers, horse hair, and bent grass.

The Green Warbler is four and a half inches in length, and seven across the wings. The chin and throat are black, with spots of the same color on the sides under the wings. The breast and belly are white, the wings and tail dusky, with some white, and the legs and feet pale brown. A bird called by Latham and Pennant the Yellow-Fronted Warbler, is probably but a variation of the same species. The song of the Green Warbler is a somewhat plaintive note, not unlike that of the Chickadee, uttered at short intervals, in a slow manner and with some variation. Owing to its solitary habits, it rarely mingles in the chorus of our summer groves.

VINCENTE FILICAJA'S SONNET TO ITALY.

"Dove Italia il tuo braccio."

Where is thy might, oh Italy! and why
Now dost thou humbly kneel to other powers?
They are thy foes, for both in bygone hours
Subject before thy throne were forced to lie.
And is it thus thy honor is preserved?
And is it thus thy glory is maintained?
Thine old escutcheon thou hast darkly stained,
Widely from ancient valor hast thou swerved.
Well—be it so: yet cast the crown aside,
Put on the shame, the languor and the chains
Of slaves, and sleep while all mankind deride—
Sleep as the hireling harlot sleeps, who stains
Her bridal-bed with guilt, till in thy side
Avenging fate the glittering steel shall hide.

F. R.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, Jr. With a Sketch of His Life and Character. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is printed for private circulation, and we should not have thought of making it the subject of a notice, were it not for the interest which attaches to the name of the author. Mr. Kennard was stricken early in life with a disease in his knee—was compelled, at the age of twenty-two, to have his leg amputated—and from that time to his death, ten years after, he was afflicted with a series of diseases, frightfully accumulating one upon another, which at last deprived him of all power of motion, and sparing not even his eyes. Yet though thus seemingly cut off from all enjoyments, and doomed to the peevishness as well as the pain of the sick chamber, he bravely surmounted by force of will the mental effects of his ailments, and developed in physical agony and deprivation one of the most beautiful and loveable characters we have had the fortune to meet in literature or in life. Serene, cheerful, hopeful, affectionate—uncomplaining in the midst of miseries, any one of which might well have quelled a strong spirit, and which, combined, seemed impossible for any spirit to bear—he not only was a genial companion, ready to talk of every thing but his own pains and deprivations, but a voluminous writer. The present volume, consisting of essays, reviews and poems, contributed to the Knickerbocker, the Christian Examiner, and various newspapers and periodicals, indicates not merely the degree of excellence to which by self-culture he had trained his talents for composition, but also the wide range of his studies, and the wider range of his sympathies. For every holy and beneficent enterprise started to alleviate the miseries of the unfortunate, to assist the poor and the ignorant, or to champion the oppressed, this self-forgetful valetudinary had a word of cheer warm from his heart. There is also a sunny, almost frolicsome and dancing, spirit of enjoyment in many of his pieces, which is usually characteristic only of the highest physical health. The article on our “National Poets” is especially teeming with the very exuberance of fun. That on Alison’s History of Europe is one of the most judicious and brilliant papers on the subject published on either side of the Atlantic. Indeed the whole book preaches on every page the most scorching rebukes to indolent and self-indulgent health, and the most inspiring hope to despairing sickness. The reading of such a book, in connection with the character of such a man, is enough to create courage, and cheer under the very “ribs of death.”

Mardi, and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Melville has given us here an acknowledged romance, and those who doubted the veracity of “Typee” and “Omoo,” may now have an opportunity of noticing the difference between Mr. Melville recording what he has observed, and Mr.

Melville recording what he has imagined. It appears to us that the two processes in the author's mind have little in common, and the best evidence of the truthfulness of his former books is the decidedly romantic character of much of the present.

"Mardi" is altogether the most striking work which Mr. Melville has produced, exhibiting a range of learning, a fluency of fancy, and an originality of thought and diction, of which "Typee," with all its distinctness and luxuriance of description, gave little evidence. At the same time it has defects indicating that the author has not yet reached the limits of his capacity, and that we may hope from him works better even than the present. "Mardi" is of the composite order of mental architecture, and the various rich materials which constitute it are not sufficiently harmonized to produce unity of effect. It has chapters of description, sketches of character, flashes of fanciful exaggeration, and capital audacities of satire, which are inimitable, but confusion, rather than fusion, characterizes the book as a whole. Of the two volumes the first is by far the best, but both contain abundant evidence of the richness, strength and independence of the author's mind, and are full of those magical touches which indicate original genius.

Nineveh and Its Remains. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan and the Yezidas, or Devil-Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 2 vols. 8vo.

Private letters from England confirm the reports in the public journals of the great sensation which this work has excited in Great Britain. It divides with Macaulay's brilliant history the attention of the reading public. The American publisher, with commendable enterprise, has issued it in a style of great elegance, and has given all the illustrative engravings which decorate the English edition. The work, when we consider the expense of its mechanical execution, is placed at a very low price.

These volumes belong to a class of books which may be called the geology of history—the exhibition of a nation's history and social life through its monuments. The greatest work of this kind in English is doubtless Wilkinson's on the Ancient Egyptians, and the production of Mr. Layard is next in rank. It introduces us to the Assyrians through a process which enables us to comprehend their material and mental life—to see them as they ate, dressed, warred, thought and prayed. Their fine and useful arts, their costume, their amusements, their military system, their private life, their religion, are all brought directly before the eye and mind of the reader, and he is enabled to discern that peculiar combination of the elements of human nature which constituted the Assyrian mind and heart, and to reconcile the apparent anomalies in the national character. The picture is one of engrossing interest, and cannot fail to enlarge every mind which contemplates it. It is almost needless to say that the course Mr. Layard has pursued is the only possible mode by which authentic information can be obtained of an extinct people, who left no historical records, and who were almost forgotten before history began. The illustrations given in the work of the truth of many passages in the Old Testament, are not the least interesting and

remarkable portions of a most interesting and striking book.

The Gold Mines of the Gila. A Sequel to Old Hicks the Guide. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 2 vols. 12mo.

This work possesses a double interest; first, as a most stirring and graphic delineation of life, character and scenery on the borders of Texas, and second, as indicating an almost unknown region of the Continent, rich in gold mines and wealth of various kinds, and tempting both curiosity and cupidity to its exploration. Mr. Webber proposes to head an expedition of some sixty men, to be called the "Centralia Exploring Expedition to California, via the valleys of the Pecos, the Gila, and Colorado of the West," for the purpose of discovery and profit; and in the course of this delightful book of adventure, he spreads before his readers the evidence he possesses of the existence of the region into which he desires to penetrate. If his expedition succeed we have little doubt that it will be one of the most interesting and romantic since the time of Cortez; and the leader himself has qualities of valor, endurance and chivalric sentiment, sufficient to carry him through the difficulties of any enterprise, however arduous.

Apart from the information relating to a new gold region, Mr. Webber's volumes possess an engrossing interest as records of adventure. The author has a sureness and vividness of conception, and a power of expression, which combined make his delineations singularly fresh and life-like. To read this book is the next best thing to viewing the objects it describes. It displays a representative genius of a high order, and if the author would concentrate his energies, he might produce a novel which would give him a place in the front rank of our original minds.

Rural Letters and other Records of Thought at Leisure, written in the intervals of more hurried Literary Labor. By N. Parker Willis. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publication of this delightful volume was well-timed, appearing as it did with the new grass and the first flowers; and we doubt not it will be the companion of many a city tourist during the summer months. It is, perhaps, the most fascinating of Mr. Willis's prose works, evincing more than his usual graceful facility of expression and fluency of thought, and variegated with the cosiest fancies and most genial wit. The author shakes hands with nature, and though the gleam of his jeweled fingers sometimes suggests that he is merely a visiter to her dominions, his beautiful audacity of manner forces the old lady to tell him some of her finest secrets—secrets which she has not always confided to her unconventional adorers. We hardly know whether the book is more calculated to delight the citizen or the countryman, but certainly there is a sweet fusion of nature and convention in it which must win the hearts of both. The volume contains "Letters from Under a Bridge," "Open-Air Musings in the City," "Invalid Rambles in Germany," "Letters from Watering Places,"

and "A Plain Man's Love." It is dedicated to Imogene, the author's daughter, in five of the best pages that Mr. Willis ever wrote. The book is elegantly printed, and cannot but reach that wide circulation which it so richly merits.

Philosophy of Religion. By J. Morell, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The subject of this valuable volume is one to task the energies of the strongest intellect, and Mr. Morell seems to have exerted his to its utmost capacity in its production. Though it may not be in all cases sound and practical it evinces a wide knowledge of philosophical systems, is eminently suggestive, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit both of philosophy and religion. Mr. Morell is a metaphysician of the Scotch school, a follower of Reid and Hamilton, and from the latter especially he has drawn a good deal of his inspiration. Indeed, Sir William Hamilton's dissertations and notes annexed to the late edition of Reid, are destined to have a wide if not a deep influence on contemporary thought. The present volume indicates how important are his distinctions of presentative and representative knowledge, for from Hamilton's philosophy of perception a good portion of the book is drawn. Mr. Morell is well adapted to popularize the principles of more scientific and original thinkers than himself, and we hardly know of two works better calculated to initiate the reading public into the nature of the problems which vex metaphysics and metaphysical theology than his history of Philosophy and his present volume on the Philosophy of Religion.

Les Confidences. Confidential Disclosures. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French, by Eugene Plunket.

This curious volume is the commencement of an autobiography, in which Lamartine confides to the public the thoughts and events of his life. Like all the other productions of the accomplished author it is written in a charming style, and with an abundance of captivating sentiment, but it gives no evidence of that robustness and solidity of nature we are accustomed to expect in a great man after the Saxon type. The sentimental dogmatist and egotist is predominant throughout, and with all its merit it seems to us one of those books which convey intellectual disease into the public mind, and enfeeble while they please. It would not, perhaps, be just to test its excellence by its agreement with English or American codes of taste, or object to some of its disclosures as puerile and unmanly, because so stigmatized by the canons of a particular nation, but we think on general principles of human nature it cannot stand a sharp examination. There is no evidence of any intrinsic greatness and grandeur of mind or heart in the book, nothing which justifies the author in making his weaknesses and vices, his virtues and fine notions, the subject of a particular work, and cramming the public mind with himself. There is really no addition made to our knowledge of ethics or metaphysics, to society or psychology, by the exhibition

here made of the interior nature of Alphonse de Lamartine. He “wears his heart upon his sleeve” to no other purpose than to gratify a ravenous vanity or to fill an empty purse—two of the poorest objects a man can have in view in exhibiting himself.

The American Bee-Keepers Manual. By T. B. Minor. New York: C. M. Saxton.

Mr. Minor here presents us with a very complete practical treatise on the history and domestic economy of the honey-bee, embracing a full illustration of the whole subject, with the most approved method of managing this insect through every branch of its culture. The work is the result of many years careful notings of personal observation and experience, and abounds in agreeable as well as useful matter. It is a very readable volume, and opens a pleasant leaf of knowledge to the student of nature.

The Spirit World, a Poem; and Scenes in the Life of Christ. By Joseph H. Wythes. Philadelphia, 1849.

This is a very beautifully printed little volume, embracing the author’s first efforts—and very creditable they are. The design of the poem is, to unite the discoveries of astronomical science with consistent and Scriptural ideas of the powers, condition, and probable employment of a future state. We commend the volume to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN EARLY FLOWER.

Last month direct reference was made by our contributors to the beauties of May. Poets have felt the inspiration of the season from the first, and all the beauties and all the odors of the month have seemed transfused to their verse, rich in metrical excellence, and redolent of the sweets it embalmed. But we have taken a range among the hills and valleys, and, unable to express in poetry those sentiments which the season inspired, we must, though a month later, appeal to humble prose, and make a record of what we saw and felt, with no hope of suggesting high thoughts to others, or of awakening that feeling which, in the gifted and the good, may be aroused by eloquence.

The chill of April winds does not prevent the greenness of herbage which the fecundating power of April rains provokes. And hidden in among the relics of last year's vegetation, and the nascent herbage of young spring, little flowers had nestled away; little, but beautiful flowers, decorating the narrow space between the new-born child and the dead parent. I plucked a few of those modest gems, almost afraid that I desecrated the altar of Nature, in thus taking its scanty decorations; but they did their office, since they awakened in me a remembrance of Him whose hand planted the towering oak that makes the forest majestic, and whose fingers scattered the seed that produced these minute ministers of his will, these records of his omnipotence and omnipresence.

"All things are full of God"—it is the language of the heathen poet, it is the language of divine inspiration, it is the language of the heart touched with the truths of Nature, and connecting them with Nature's Author. "Hill and dale are of thy dressing." And as I stood in the dale, amid the delicate outpouring of the beauties there, and looked upward to the hills studded with the time-marked trees, I said to myself, "Here is that volume of truth that speaks of the unknown, yet not unreverenced, God, whose will and providence are revealed in the volume of inspiration."

I had, almost insensibly, got within the enclosure of a burying-ground, which is situated near the Frankford Road, only a few miles from the city, and was transferring my thoughts from the beautiful objects of Nature to the specimens of human ingenuity that transmit the date of birth and death, with the name of the mortal, from one generation to the other. No one, I believe, passes through a burying-ground without pausing to read the little story, and thinking over the events which marked the life of the deceased. It is good when standing thus to think that he who is below was of like passions with ourselves—that he had all the social and domestic feelings which we possess, and was influenced by the events of life as we are. What a world do we animate when we thus think of each individual—thus place him in connection with social, domestic, political life. How we multiply interests, augment joys, and increase the pangs to which human existence is liable.

At the turning of one of the little avenues that "lead to the tomb," making an easy path to the grave, I saw that a new head-stone had been erected, and it bore the name

of one whom I had known in her childhood. She was beautiful—but more lovely in mind than person. She married early, and gave birth to an infant, and died—a short biography. She was not forgotten. The memorials testified to the yet existing memory of her husband—and a nurse leading a little child toward the mound signified that her virtues were to be kept in remembrance by the child she had borne.

A little flower had sprung up on the very top of the grave. It had probably been planted in the autumn, but it was now beautiful in its solitude. Its colors were as rich as if the roots had struck down and drawn nutriment from the heart that mouldered below, and its odors were as rich as if they were imparted by the spirit that had gone upward. I know not when I have seen thus placed a more lovely flower; perhaps it owed a part of this estimate to its loneliness, a part to its connection with the beauty and purity of her over whom it expanded.

The little child on leaning over the grave fell prostrate, and manifested no disposition to rise. After a few moments delay, I gently raised her in my arms, and placed her on her feet. She seemed not pleased at first with my interference.

“It is my mamma’s grave,” said she, with much emphasis, “and she is down there now.”

“But lying on that moist ground might expose you to take cold.”

“Yet I love to throw myself there,” she said. “I must do it, for I loved her much.”

I tried to persuade her to desist, but she stepped toward the grave with a view of repeating her fall. Her attendant stooped down, and said in a low voice,

“But your dear mother would not be pleased to see you do wrong, even if it was in token of your love for her.”

“Then I will not do it.”

If there had been no good seed planted in the child’s heart, at least the soil had been beautifully prepared for the planting—what could have been better done than this reverence for the name and virtues of a mother, and this obedience to her supposed will? I had, I thought, lighted on another truly lovely spring flower.

“Do you come often to visit your mother’s grave?” I asked of the little one. The child looked up as if the inquiry should be repeated.

“We make frequent visits hither,” said the attendant. “We come almost daily in good weather.”

“Oh, yes!” said the child, “we come every fine day to visit where mother lies—and I am not afraid.”

“Why should you fear?” said I.

The child looked confused at the question.

“You will some day *meet* your mother if you are constant in your love, and thus seek to do whatever your friends tell you she would have desired, and to avoid what she would not have approved.”

“I will endeavor to do so—but—I shall not meet her—we are going to Europe again, and shall not return.”

“To Europe—but, my child, God is everywhere.”

“Yes, sir; but my mother is not.”

“But, my dear child, your mother’s spirit, her soul, that which is loved in your mother, is, I hope, in Heaven; it is not in the grave to moulder into dust—the body takes that course, but the spirit returns to God who gave it.”

"Sir," said the attendant, "they do not teach the child such things, and they do not approve of them."

"Who does not?"

"Her father and a cousin—they are good people, but are unbelievers in all such matters; and though they seldom dispute with others, they never admit of any instruction to their child about religion."

"But," said I, "she must know something about it."

"Not at all, sir; she does not know what you mean by a spirit or a soul. How should she know—the cousin is her teacher, and she never refers to the subject, and forbids it to me."

"But the child has been taught something of the kind."

"Who taught her, sir?"

"Perhaps God. But I will see whether she has any idea of the matter."

"Do you know, my child, what the soul is?"

"No sir—do you?"

I did not like to reply to her query—so I proceeded, "Your mother has yet an existence, and if she was good—"

"Oh, my mother was very good—always good."

"Then the spirit which animated her body is in the enjoyment of all the good belonging to its present state, which the body could enjoy on earth—it is happy." I was ashamed of the explanation.

"Would it be like her, if I could see it?"

"Probably exactly like her."

"And could I see or know of her real existence in that state?"

"Yes, though not usual. All is possible with God."

"Then I understand you. I have seen her often—often at night; and I have started as if I had been asleep. But at night I see my mother just as she looked when I saw her before her death, only there seemed to be light around her head, and she moved easily and rapidly. Oh, how night after night I have been with her, toiling on to overtake her steps, or carried rapidly forward; sometimes she seems to give me instruction—sometimes I rise in the morning and think I will pray to her, or I will pray God to give her to me again; and I have made known my feelings to cousin, and she has laughed at me or chid me for being so babyish as to be thoughtful about dreams. But I see now that this was truly my mother, and I will watch to-night, and when she comes again, I will ask her about her soul—have we all souls?"

I think, *now*, that I could have placed the child in a position to comprehend these things a little better; but *then* I was confused with the extraordinary state of the child's mind.

"Did God teach her that?" said the attendant.

"Did he not teach her that?" I turned away as I saw some one coming down the walk.

Did God teach that child? Was it the yet unfaded visions from which her soul was drawn, ere it became a tenant of the clayey tabernacle that was overshadowing her mind; the recollections of heaven illuminating its little earthly experience, growing dimmer and dimmer with time—was that the mother in the child, or was there, indeed, an appeal to its mind through its affections? Had she, shut out from all instructors

during the day, denied all the knowledge which is the true foundation of a Christian's life—denied it by father and relative—had she, in her bed, been met as little Samuel was met, by the voice of God, calling up the mind to its high destiny, and instructing it in the things that were to come?

I could not solve this enigma. But how innocent, how attractive to the spirit of goodness must have been the mind of that little girl; and it would not be strange, at least it would seem most meet, that her guardian spirit should find means to awaken in her a sense of her importance, and to invite her to goodness by her love for a departed mother. I turned round before I left the ground, and saw the little child standing beside the grave. She looked down steadily upon the uplifted earth, and then turned her face upward, and seemed to gaze with intense interest into the blue sky above. I would have given much to know the thoughts that had occupied her mind, to have seen how love for the perishing object below, how reverence for the purified spirit above were alternating in her mind. I am sure that her thoughts had in them more of maturity and truth relative to those objects of her contemplation, than they had of the things of this life.

I passed onward to the road, full of the idea of the child, who could not be deprived of knowledge. I had found an early flower—the chill of winter, its snows and its frosts, had forbidden its development—but a gentle ray from the sun of truth had called it forth; it was blossoming for man, delightful now, to be transplanted to its native heaven hereafter.

C.

THE SEWING GIRL.—The inequality of social life and domestic comfort in large cities, is, we presume, inseparable from a state of society as at present organized, and the bold reformer, even while he is preaching, is illustrating its incapacity for sudden change. So long as capital possesses supreme power, and the inherent quality of reproduction, there must be dependents and laborers. We cannot all ride in carriages, or there would be none to build them, and the present stock, we think, would in time grow rickety upon the hands of the most adroit leveler. And if we descended into a race of pedestrians, we fear that we should in time, even if we divided the last dollar with a needy brother, be looked upon as soulless and decidedly shabby. We do not know that Fourier, even in his maddest dreams of social reformation and equality, ever seriously contemplated an era when boots should grow upon trees, without the aid of human hands, and coats come down like snow-flakes to cover our nakedness. We think not. And even if he had, there are certain disagreeable anticipations—aside from want of modesty—in wandering about on a wintry day, hunting for garments—to say nothing of having our beef killed and cooked to stay our appetites the while.

We suppose then we must have sewing girls—but we see no necessity of forgetting that they are girls—and neither horses nor mules—that they are human beings—noble women, with as warm hearts, and as good blood as ourselves, feeling the same yearnings after sympathy, the same keenness of suffering under insult, neglect or wrong. There is no necessary humiliation in labor. It is in itself of the highest dignity and of the loftiest nobility of extraction. She who, by assiduous

industry, makes her little home happy, clothes her infant brothers, and administers to the wants of an aged and decrepit parent, has clothed herself in the holiest of garments, and though their texture may not be of the finest, she may stand up proudly beside the purple of a queen, and if she sees but the trembling of scorn upon the royal lip, may say, "*Stand off! I am nobler than thou!*" The treatment, however, which some of them receive from very fashionable and very silly young ladies, who have been badly educated by ignorant and vulgar mothers, is humiliating to witness occasionally, and must be very hard to bear continually.

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garment brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broiery in,
And in midnight's still and murk
Stitched her *life* into the work,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not.
Satirizing her despair
With the emblem woven there."

And yet the fashionable young lady may number among her accomplishments a smattering of French, or a villainous enunciation of Italian; may thrash the piano, with all discordancy, and nurse her poodle dog with infinite grace, and call it very fatiguing, and be obliged to take a nap after dinner, for fear her strength may fail her in the evening, in the waltz with Mr. Alfred Fitzhuggens, who labors under the accomplishments of an imperial and a dandy cane; while the young sewing girl may be devoting diligently sixteen hours out of the weary twenty-four, in earning the most indifferent food for a family of dependents.

We wonder if these young ladies while thumbing their gilt prayer-books on Sunday, and lisping over the prayer, "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, *Good Lord, deliver us,*" ever think of the meaning and solemn import of the words they are using. We doubt it. Or in the more direct adjuration, "That it may please thee to strengthen those who stand, *and comfort and help the weak hearted,*" they ever think how little their heartlessness to dependents justifies them in putting up the prayer. Or still further, do they ever think of the obligations of that sublime command, in which Christianity sparkles like a divine light, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." We fear that at many a table where grace is said, the hearts who hear it are utterly graceless in this regard, and that many who are very rigid in paying the formalities of prayer to God, forget the divine injunction, "feed my lambs," and would rather add an additional hour to the day of toil, and a shilling less to the pay of the toil-worn sewing girl, than to lighten her burdens by a cheerful word or token of encouragement.

Not that we wish for a moment to be supposed as intimating that this lack of enlarged charity is wanting in well trained hypocrites only—who do not dishonor religion, but by daily acts prove its truth and beauty, by showing that they are none

of Christ's. The haughty assumption and vulgar domineering is far worse where *all* restraint is thrown off, and worldliness unmitigated and shameless, in scarlet and effrontery, rides purse proud over the decencies as well as the charities of life, and makes dependency a worse slavery than that of the poor Indian in the mines.

The character of a lady is in no way more surely tested than in treatment of her domestics—and, *generally*, in the frequency with which she changes them. Depend upon it—the house in which *nobody* can be happy, must be a miniature of existence in a darker world.

G. R. G.

CAPE MAY SEASON.—As the warm weather steals upon us, our friends begin to talk of “the Capes,” and to look up straw hats and bathing-dresses. Cape May has in its very sound a charm pleasingly familiar to almost every Philadelphia ear. Here visits the merchant in the summer months, for relaxation from the counting-room—the clerk for his holydays—the man of pleasure for enjoyment—the idle for luxurious indolence. It is Philadelphia in miniature, and full of life—lively, chatty, gossipy, and hilarious—disposed to enjoyment, and determined to have it. A family reunion at holiday times.

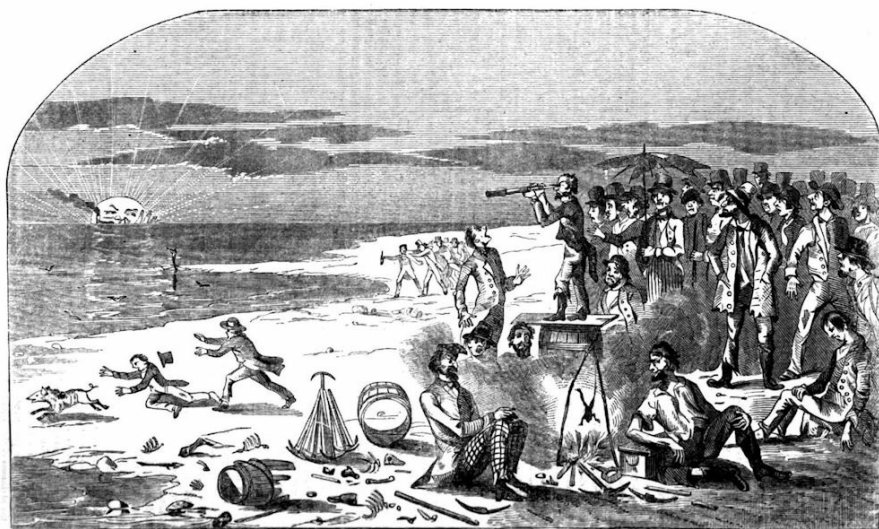
The old gentleman has a reputation abroad for great simplicity of manner—wearing his coat of the very purest material, and of the very plainest cut—and a hat of undeniable beaver, of great amplitude of brim; a sturdy old chap, with a benevolent face, who gives his simple and emphatic “No!” to the allurements and pressing solicitations of folly. The younger shoots have departed greatly from the plainness of the primitive tree, and flourish in the luxuriousness of magnolia and orange blossoms, and show a strong tendency to burst out in all the beauty and splendor of hot-house “japonicadom.” Yet under the eye of the old gentleman, in these holiday times, the youngsters seem to scorn the borrowed aid of laces, satins and jewelry, and give tight boots, dandy-coats, and perfumery the go-by; for it is whispered, that he shuts his money-box rather tightly to such of his heirs as run after worldly vanities; so that here you may see them in blouses and straw-hats, in dressing-gown and slippers, perfectly unrestrained with tight lacing, luxuriously happy, and indescribably gay. They go about with an honest, hearty, unrestrained laugh—snapping their fingers at care, and perfectly unconcerned at the imputation of having let down their dignity. The family improves evidently under this relaxation from brocades and stiff ceremonies. They have a more hearty expression of face, a more thoroughly robust and vigorous frame, and though the cheek may be a little browner, the eye is brighter, and the heart happier.

The regular visiter at these times is a black-eyed, cherry-cheeked cousin from Baltimore, a little given to flirting and dangerously fascinating, as graceful as a young fawn, and as frolicsome as a kitten. She always appears to have come down purposely for a romp, having left city affectations at home, and brought her graces with her. Then she wont go home until she has half a dozen of her cousins—from the third to the sixth remove—desperately in love with her, to keep them in mind of Cape May.

Then “Tom”—“Our Tom”—he is always there; Tom wouldn’t miss Cape May, in the season, for a £100—and the sly dog knows how to show off the attractions of his beautiful cousins. He is sure to decoy them into the Archery every bright morning, and has so many neat and appropriate remarks in regard to the health and gracefulness of the exercise—and the bows are so inviting, and the arrows so neat—the gold and crimson target so tempting that you do not wonder to see a cloud of arrows filling the air, and a crowd of lounging *beaux*, filled with shafts more dangerous. Then “Tom”—sad Tom—knows that his fair cousins are as fearless as beautiful, and fire off pistols with quite a soldierly air—that is, when Tom loads them; and the sly scamp, speaks in so low a tone—so softly and so kindly—when he hands the pistol with the hair-trigger, that you are amazed to find that there was powder in it when it goes off—and at the first crack “Tom” has the whole family there; then he is such a lover of enjoyment himself—is good, honest, manly Tom Barrett—that it delights him to see them. Then he has his Bowling Saloons in tiptop order; his Billiard-room, too; his dogs and guns for crack shots at woodcock, and ambitious young sportsmen after curlew; and then he has—In short, it wouldn’t *be* Cape May, if Tom wasn’t there—and there’s an end of it. Well, well, Tom! we shall not try your pistols nor your archery this summer, but shall take a crack at Cape May, in a story, which we have in type. So let the surf come tumbling in with its musical roar—its wild waves wash out no memories. Our loves and our hates keep time in the heart which beats on proudly, yet bides its time hopefully. In the roar of the wilder ocean, where men go down battling unregretted, how many who now spread their bright sails to the favoring breeze, shall, ere the voyage is ended, find sail and cordage gone, their vessels wrecked, and the happy hearts of merry companions, one after the other, swept by the remorseless wave forever under—who shall tell, Tom! But so the side toward heaven has been ripened by the sunlight of kindness to man, what matters the breakers, Tom, to you or to me?

“Dipping his feathers in the briny foam;
Not less quick o’er the white wave Hermes rode.”

G. R. G.



WAITING AT PANAMA FOR THE STEAMER.—*The Sun going down on their Hopes.*

WAITING AT PANAMA.

The sad effects of an insane haste to grow rich by chasing gilded shadows, instead of taking the secure path of industry, are exemplified in the fact, that hundreds of our countrymen who have abandoned places of profit for the dazzling placers of speculation, and business, which afforded a decent competency, for wild and uncertain adventure, are now crowding the shore of the Pacific at Panama, with exhausted means and dissipated hopes. The all-absorbing desire for speedy fortune precluded even the common and most ordinary caution as to probabilities. At the first sound of the horn, the hunter was off, regardless of obstacles, defiant of fate, and with a recklessness unpardonable, the comforts of home were sacrificed, and all the dangers of a doubtful, hardy, and perilous enterprise were imprudently braved. The sad uncertainty of fortune—the more than doubts of her existence for them—has been cruelly thrust into their faces, and impressed upon their hearts. The return of that tremendous tide, which seemed to sweep wise men and madmen together resistlessly upon its bosom, comes freighted with the first fragments of hopes wrecked, and wealth, and perhaps health dissipated and lost. Time and opportunity here—more valuable than gold—are gone, and the adventurer comes back with unstrung nerves and faded visions of greatness, to battle again in the busy and uncompromising marts of trade, for bread. The illusion has vanished!—the cheat is transparent! “The sober second-thought” has come with its impressive lesson. The blanks turn out in this, as in all lotteries, the most numerous and certain—the prizes equally few and unreliable. When the voice of that vaster multitude now filling the streams and plains of California shall have been heard, we shall have a sonorous echo of the despairing wail of the impoverished and deluded at Panama. Mark it!

“Be sure you are right, and then go ahead” is a maxim so universally current in this country, that one would suppose that its practice would be more common. But no! in the rush of excitement, the go-ahead spirit takes the lead, leaving at home old father Caution to play with his thumbs, and to wonder at his relations. “Get out of the way!” “Take care!” “Clear the track!” “Off she goes!”—*whiz!* and the young generation is cut from leading-strings, and half-way on the road to fortune before Grandfather has rubbed his eyes, and opened them to the true state of affairs around him—no, not *around*, before him, but completely out of sight. Talk of Rome not having been built in a day, old Graybeard! You are behind the times. Kingdoms shoot up in a night, and nations are born between two breakfasts. Don’t speak of the ingratitude of relations, old man; the thing is absurd. While you are hunting genealogies, the parties have belted the world, and are walking with their heads down directly beneath you, or are half-way to the Pacific on an air-line in the light that marks the horizon—skimming through the clouds in a flying machine. “Friendly ties.” “Home affection!” Poh! you are in your dotage, old fellow! We have no time to waste on silly abstractions! Good bye! Take care of *yourself!* Will write you from the other side! So we go!

But are we happier for all this fiery impetuosity of disposition—this ginger-beer effervescence of intellect—this fussing, fretting, fuming wrath of haste to get on, to get off, to be going? Is *this* the true enjoyment of LIFE! after all, to go whirling along in a state of high excitement without a moment’s pause, with a sort of insane heat and fierceness of intellect, restless, roaming, and parched up with the fever of desire for wealth—to be enslaved by the eternal, all-absorbing all-engulphing *I*—the monster self, grown Colossal, insatiate, and fiend-like. Is there nothing worth loving, that we may pause to cherish? No enjoyment worth a cool moment, in which the fevered lust of money may be forgotten? Pile up your gold, young man! Give your imagination its most boundless desire! Spread the base of your pyramid over an area of acres! Pile up!—pile high! oh, avarice and pride! Let its peak touch the skies! ay, higher still! And now we point you to that little cluster of bleached bones, whitening but a spot beside the gigantic god you worship, and to that young, pale face, sitting sighing by yonder fire-side, thousands of miles away—would the wealth that might cover the Cyclops, compensate *her* for the chilled heart, the desolate days which are hers. Ah no! with but a crust to break with you, in a home of humbleness and peace, how that heart would bound with pride, those sad eyes sparkle with pleasure, and those pale cheeks regain their roses and bloom with health. And if all the wealth of India and Peru were hers, how poor a gift would she esteem it to clothe those bones of yours once again with manly beauty, and to sit once again confidently by your side, her hand in yours, her eyes lifted to your dark gaze, as to the heaven of her dreams. Ah! but you will not die, you will take the risk. Pause awhile! think of it wisely! think of it well!

We are not talking in the language of statesmen. Ah, no! statesmen and warriors estimate men in masses—marshal them in squadrons and platoons; they form a State—they fill a list of 10,000 killed and wounded. Ours is the humbler view—the domestic ties lacerated—the friendships dissipated—the few hearts broken. The dead

of the ten thousand slain upon the battle-field return no more—the thrice ten thousand hearts that mourn, bleed on, but form no part of the estimate of war’s disaster. The thousands of brothers, young, impetuous, adventurous, are gone! they are the State’s, and of it. The sister weeps—the mother droops and dies, as the long years roll on, and the lost ones return no more; and the proud page of history swells with the triumph, the pen grows eloquent as it records the foundation and the growth of empire, and bright names live and flash along the glowing line; but the desolate heart, and the desolate hearth, are forgotten and unknown. These are the sadder views of conquest—the inevitable results of adventurous migration. “And yet,” cries the brawling patriot who is never *self* devoted, “you oppose the march of empire—the growth of nations!” By no means, good friend! If the thousands who are now pouring as a flood into California, or even a tythe of them, were whole families, with farming utensils, and domestic implements, seeking a far off and productive soil, where they might again erect their household gods, and live happily to a green old age, under their own vine and fig-tree, extending rationally and naturally the benefits of civilization, we should wish them God speed, and give them joy at their going. But how is it? Reader, we ask *you*—how is it with the adventurers, who are now rushing thoughtlessly, desperately from home? How few, even with the best success, will realize their dreams? and of those few, how many will really be personally benefited by the wealth thus achieved? But the vast army of the disappointed—what of them? With morals contaminated, hearts sickened, hopes crushed—how many will return useful members of society? How many settle quietly down as hardy tillers of the soil? We fear, oh, most wise politician! that this last is a work to be done by another class of emigrants, and by but few of the gold hunters, and desperate land speculators who now crowd the vessels of the Pacific. Our advice, deeply pondered, and calmly given, to those who have a longing for that far-off and fertile region, is, to sit earnestly down to business here, and amass a few hundreds, or a few thousands, and when the scorn of that boiling, seething cauldron shall have passed off—when the thousands which have been made—*on paper*—in land speculations and gold mining, shall be no more heard of—you will find a few quiet acres still untilled, a population improved, and a certainty of comfort and happiness awaiting you there. Until then, we think, you may make life bearable here, by diligent application to business, a devotion to your family, to home duties and affections, and to careful improvement of your mental capacity, and of such opportunities as God may furnish you for doing good. Think of it, reader!

G. R. G.

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.—This old and sterling family newspaper, we see, has been brought out in a suit of new and beautiful type, and is otherwise improved and adorned. It has had, too, an accession of editorial force, and the new pen, with the aid of Mr. Seckel, its old editor, makes the sheet sparkle again. We predict for the old favorite a new lease of popular favor, and a circulation unequaled by any paper of its class. Various other additions, in the mechanical as well as the literary department, are still to be added, when the office is removed to the new building in Chestnut street—the movements of beauty on that delightful promenade, will, of course, be duly

chronicled hereafter, in the piquant style of the editors.

A POWERFUL NOVEL.—We shall commence in the July number, a powerfully written story from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., author of “Cromwell,” “Ringwood the Rover,” etc., which we pronounce the most brilliant of all the able novels of that accomplished and vigorous writer. It is entitled “JASPER ST. ; *A Story of Passion*,” and for strength and beauty of expression, thrilling and intense interest, and high moral and tragic effect, our readers will regard it as the *best story* we have given them for many a day.

BIRDS BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.—We purpose to introduce into Graham’s Magazine, in the coming volume, a series of Wild and Cage Birds, exquisitely designed and colored, and our artists are already at work. We think that this feature of the Magazine will be highly popular with our readers, and as the plates will be accompanied with carefully prepared letter-press descriptions; they will be found useful to the many who cultivate a taste for these beautiful subjects. This, we have no doubt, will be *imitated* as every thing has been in the Magazine world which has originated with us.

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE.—Our correspondent, “History,” is informed that he is right in his conjecture, that “Graham’s Magazine” was based upon “*The Casket*,” and hence is the oldest of the illustrated monthlies. It is our proud satisfaction that ours is the *best*, as well as the oldest Magazine. It does not require continued puffing, either hired or solicited, to make people aware of its existence.

OUR OWN ARTISTS ABROAD.—In order to keep the high position of this Magazine, as a work of art, fully up to the standard it has attained, we have sent our excellent engraver and designer, W. E. Tucker, Esq., to Europe to make careful drawings of such subjects as he may find upon the walls of the Academies, or in private collections, and to engage such American artists as he may find abroad, who may be useful in carrying out our grand design of being *the first to introduce new subjects to the American eye*. Our cotemporaries content themselves with re-engraving stale prints which may be found in the windows, or in using such cast-off English plates as may be offered here cheap; but the vast circulation and profit of this work returns to our readers in such liberal arrangements to keep them advised of the freshest and most beautiful works of art as may be found in the wide range of the world.

For several years our Fashion Plates have been brought freshly from Paris, and their beauty of design and coloring has been the subject of universal praise. Now, by having *our own artists* employed, both abroad and at home, we not only defy competition, but laugh at it.

THE NEW VOLUME.—With the next number we commence a new volume of Graham's Magazine, which, we do not hesitate to promise our readers shall be one of rare excellence and beauty. Our past volume, closing with this number, was exhausted very early, and we have consequently been obliged for two months past to refuse all orders for the work from January last. We shall therefore furnish our subscribers with a title page for the coming volume in our next issue. All our arrangements for the next six months are perfected, and from July to December our readers may expect a succession of brilliant numbers in every respect. Our increase for the past six months has been unexampled, and with the steady flow of new names, coming with every mail, we look forward to being compelled greatly to amplify our means of producing our edition. Our printers now run their presses both night and day—keeping us frequently waiting for copies to supply the demand. Hoe certainly must invent a *book-press* to run 10,000 per hour for us, and at our demise we shall leave him the copyright of Graham.

RIVALS.—We see a great deal about the rivals of Graham, going the rounds in the way of paid notices. Does the oldest inhabitant remember a time when such notes were not given out? We have a brood of these rivals, freshly fledged every spring, who die somehow of the praise of the penny-a-liners in literature,

Snooks has an article in the "Great Monthly Thundergust," calculated to make a noise.

"I will write a first rate notice," says Snooks, "and mark it for the benefit of country members, and if that doesn't *settle* Graham and Godey, I'll write you an article for nothing."

"Goodness!" says the new editor—"but—but do you think it is exactly fair to break down their business all at once, in that way? Remember their interesting families, Mr. Snooks."

"Families, sir! who talks about families when we commence a Thundergust! Get up a breeze! Pile on the agony, sir! You are too meek, sir!—too tame!—chicken-hearted, sir!—too tender!—too—too—will you oblige me with \$20 till to-morrow? *Settle* is the word!"

An awkward one it is, too—this settling with Indians, when they turn on you.

The fishermen of Philadelphia recently turned out in opposition to the firemen. They kept themselves closely concealed in covered wagons. *Sell-fish* fellows!

Du Solle turned out a poor number of his new paper, "The Extra," lately. "Extra?" inquires a wag—"this is extra-ordinary."

I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND:

THE WORDS FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE,

ADAPTED TO A MELODY

BY F. OTTO,

AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO

BY CHAS. GROBE.

Presented by G. Willig, No. 171 Chestnut St. Published by G. Willig Jr. Baltimore.

[Entered according to act of Congress, by G. Willig, Jr., in the year 1848, at the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of Md.]

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE

1st Verse.

can't make up my mind, mamma, in such un-seem-ly haste; Nor pick from all my dying swains A

p

Poco rit: *A tempo.*

husband to my taste. There's gay Charles Dash. Who loves me so de-

a charming man, Most affable and kind

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single line with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano part is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' at the beginning. The first system shows the voice part with a rest followed by the lyrics '1st Verse.' and the piano part with a melody. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'can't make up my mind, mamma, in such un-seem-ly haste; Nor pick from all my dying swains A'. The piano part has a dynamic marking 'p' (piano). The third system starts with a tempo change from 'Allegretto' to 'Poco rit:' (ritardando) and then back to 'A tempo.' (tempo). The lyrics continue: 'husband to my taste. There's gay Charles Dash. Who loves me so de-' and 'a charming man, Most affable and kind'.

1st Verse.

I can't make up my mind, mamma,
In such unseemly haste;
Nor pick from all my dying swains
A husband to my taste.
There's gay Charles Dash, a charming man,
Most affable and kind
Who loves me so de-



vo-ted-ly,
But I can't make up my mind.

SECOND VERSE.

And, next, there's frank, young Harry West,
So fond, so true, so clever,
Who though I scold him all the day,
Adores me more than ever.
There's Roger Snipe, the pink of beaux,
Or else your daughter's blind,
And yet when Snipe grows serious, I
I can't make up my mind.

THIRD VERSE.

There's lawyer Keen, and poet Good,
Exemplars of their sort;
Still, still I can't make up my mind
There's no accounting for't!
"Yes, yes, there is," stern truth replied;
"Your vanity imparts
That false delight in flatt'ring tongues,
Which forfeits loving hearts."

FOURTH VERSE.

On purpose to make up her mind,
So long this fair one tarried,
Her lovers, loath to hang themselves,
Sought other maids and married!
And, though mamma is growing old,
Her daughter looks much older,
E'er since her coquetry and pride
In the Old Maids Corps enroll'd her.

Transcriber's Notes:

Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained as well as some spellings peculiar to Graham's. 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 used for preparation of the ebook.

page 339, and paralyzed at their ==> and [paralyzed](#) at their
page 340, the port of frankness, ==> the [part](#) of frankness,
page 344, hast thou give to ==> hast thou [given](#) to
page 347, cross old fidgetty fellow ==> cross old [fidgety](#) fellow
page 348, rare and so indscribable. ==> rare and so [indescribable](#).
page 350, lend him Deidrich Knickerbocker's ==> lend him [Diedrich](#) Knickerbocker's
page 351, will not be be dictated ==> will not [be](#) dictated
page 353, and like a bark ==> and like a [barque](#)
page 353, And gave embodyment ==> And gave [embodiment](#)
page 359, labored assidiously, when ==> labored [assiduously](#), when
page 363, the somethat affected ==> the [somewhat](#) affected
page 363, of faultless vesification ==> of faultless [versification](#)
page 372, those charms to day!" ==> those charms [to-day](#)!"
page 372, fisher's bark still ==> fisher's [barque](#) still
page 374, Sickness is synonymous ==> Sickness is [synonymous](#)
page 375, a most woful-looking ==> a most [woful-looking](#)
page 377, a blank envelop. ==> a blank [envelope](#).
page 385, is usually characterestic only ==> is usually [characteristic](#) only
page 385, as they eat, dressed, ==> as they [ate](#), dressed,
page 388, Stiched her *life* into ==> [Stitched](#) her *life* into
page 392, Jasper St. Albyn ==> Jasper St. [Aubyn](#)

[The end of *Graham's Magazine* Vol. 34 No. 6 June 1849 edited by George Rex Graham]