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Table of Contents

Fiction, Literature and Articles

[Shakspeare. Ulrici's Discovery.—Analysis of Hamlet](#)
[A Gale in the Channel](#)
[Valentine Histories](#)
[The Game of Draughts](#)
[Life's Lessons Teach Charity](#)
[Loiterings and Life on the Great Prairies of the West](#)
[The Lady of the Rock](#) (continued)
[Home: or A Visit to the City](#)
[Spring Snipe Shooting of 1850](#)
[The Fine Arts](#)
[Review of New Books](#)

Poetry and Music

[Summer Friends](#)
[Lines](#)
[Spirit Of Hope](#)
[To Mrs. E. C. K.](#)
[The Valley of Shadow](#)
[The "Still Small Voice."](#)
[To the Flower Hearts-Ease](#)
[Ballads of the Campaign in Mexico. No. IV](#)
[The Might of Song](#)
[The Mountain Spring](#)
[Happiness—A Sonnet](#)
[Sonnet.—From the Italian](#)
[No Joy I'll See but in Those Smiles](#)

[Transcriber's Notes](#) can be found at the end of this eBook.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1850. No. 5.

SHAKSPEARE.

ULRICI'S DISCOVERY.—ANALYSIS OF HAMLET.

BY H. C. MOORHEAD.

MORE than half a century ago, one of Shakspeare's most illustrious commentators deemed it necessary to accompany the free expression of his views with words like these:

"I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, I am ready to sink down in reverential silence, as Æneas withdrew from the defense of Troy when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers."

But the enthusiastic study of Shakspeare was then just beginning. How many antiquarians, book-worms and hypercritics have since toiled and quibbled over him! how many philosophers have deeply meditated him! how many ponderous volumes have been written upon him? How many great actors have played him? How many nations have heard and read him? Surely this mine, however deep and fruitful, must long since have yielded all its treasures.

If, indeed, the shadows of mighty names could subdue the inquiring spirit of this age to any degree of fear or reverence, the Shakspeare student might now be content to receive, with implicit confidence, the creed which has been written. But whilst the works of Nature are daily undergoing new investigations, and receiving new illustrations, it is fit that those works which of all human productions most resemble them—the works of Shakspeare—

should be subjected to a similar scrutiny. And so they have been, and with results worthy of the days of telegraphs and locomotives. A German critic, named Ulrici, has recently made a discovery which as far surpasses all former Shaksperian discoveries, as the voyage of Columbus surpassed the voyages of those navigators who before him had timorously hugged the shore.

A writer in the North British Review, for November, 1849, explains the subject briefly thus:

“Ulrici’s most remarkable discovery is, that each of Shakspeare’s plays has for its foundation some moral idea or theme, which is reflected and echoed over and over again with endless variety and profit, in all the characters, expressions, and events of the piece. The subtle German critic would have produced more converts to his doctrine had he illustrated it fully by the analysis of some one play, instead of having merely suggested its prevalence by means of a slight sketch in each.”

The reviewer, then, observing that Ulrici’s views had been received in England with a “wide skepticism,” proceeds to prove them by analyzing the “Merchant of Venice.” He also, incidentally, mentions the theme of “Timon of Athens,” and of “Love’s Labor Lost.” Beyond this no hint is given as to the “ground-idea” (as it is termed) of any of the plays; and yet so palpable is Ulrici’s theory, that the writer of these pages, after having read the reviewer’s remarks, found no difficulty in applying it to any of the plays with which he was familiar, by simply revolving them in his mind. As any person tolerably read in Shakspeare may do the same, the “wide skepticism” above referred to must soon give way to universal conviction, accompanied by astonishment that the discovery was not sooner made, and the frank admission that Shakspeare has been understood by Ulrici alone.

Our author has always been called the Poet of Nature; and the better he is understood, the better he is found to deserve the title. The leading features of all mountains, of all lakes and rivers, of all mankind, are the same; yet in the whole world there are no two of either precisely alike. The theme in each of Shakspeare’s plays is one—pervading every part of it, and giving tone and color to the whole. Yet how endless the variety of character, of action, of sentiment! So striking, indeed, is the *diversity*, that the *unity* has, for more than two hundred years, been strangely overlooked; so consummate is the *art*, that it has wholly “concealed the art.”

If we examine the play of Hamlet by the light of Ulrici’s torch, we shall find that its subject, like its plot, is very comprehensive. Yet there is in it a “central idea,” to which all the various topics discussed are more or less intimately related. This idea may be expressed by the single word DISCRETION—discretion in its most comprehensive sense, as signifying, “prudence,

discernment and judgment, directed by circumspection.” I propose to show that with this idea every incident, every character, every speech, I might almost venture to say, every sentiment of the play is connected, by the relation either of resemblance or of contrast.

It will be most convenient (on account of the intricacy of the play) to examine the several scenes and speeches, in connection with different aspects of the theme. I shall therefore employ the following division:

I. *Reserve*; contrasted with which (1) Extravagance of conduct and language; (2) Espionage; (3) Inquisitiveness; (4) Flattery.

II. *Vacillation*.

III. *Craft*.

The reader will readily perceive that all these qualities have an intimate relation with the quality of *discretion*, directly or by contrast, in its use or its abuse. As it is Shakspeare’s custom to pursue his subject into all its collateral branches, there are doubtless many other modifications of the theme of Hamlet, but the above division will answer our present purpose.

I. *Reserve*.

In the second scene of Act First, the king and queen expostulate with Hamlet on his immoderate grief for the death of his father; reminding him that it is a common occurrence, and urging him to “cast his nighted color off.” In the next scene, Laertes, who is about to embark for France, makes a long speech to Ophelia, recommending throughout *reserve* in her conduct toward Hamlet:

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

The admirable speech of Polonius to Laertes, which immediately follows, is composed of ponderous maxims, *all* of the same import; as, for example, “Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;” “Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment;” “Neither a borrower nor a lender be,” etc., etc. And the scene closes with a speech from Polonius to Ophelia, in which he cautions her respecting Hamlet, telling her to be “somewhat scanter of her maiden presence,” etc.

In the next scene (the fourth) occurs Hamlet’s speech to Horatio on drunkenness, which, it will be observed, in conformity with the theme, turns entirely upon the *imprudence* of the practice. In the fifth scene of the same act, Hamlet, after his interview with the Ghost, baffles the curiosity of Horatio and

Marcellus. Not content with keeping his own secret, and swearing them not to reveal what they had seen, he makes them further promise that if he should see fit “to put an antick disposition on,” they never will, “with arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake, or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, as *Well, well, we know*; or, *we could, and if we would*; or, *if we list to speak*, or such ambiguous giving out,” intimate that they “knew aught of him.” In the same scene the Ghost says: “I could a tale unfold,” etc. “But that I am *forbid to tell* the secrets of my prison-house.”

In the first scene of the third act, Hamlet’s rude speeches to Ophelia, “Get thee to a nunnery,” etc., are mainly on the same subject; and the next following scene contains the celebrated advice to the players, every word of which inculcates *reserve* or *moderation*; it teaches the same lesson as the speeches of Polonius and Laertes, above referred to, though it is applicable to very different circumstances. Hamlet’s speech to Horatio, immediately after, is to the same purpose:

“Blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune’s finger
To sound what stop she pleases; Give me that man
That is not passion’s slave,” etc.

In the same scene Rosencrantz and Guildenstern endeavor to find out Hamlet’s secret; but he baffles and rebukes them with the beautiful illustration of the flute:

Ham. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guild. My lord, I can not.

Ham. Why look you, now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet can not you make it speak. S’blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Such are a few of the chief passages in which the lesson of “reserve” is taught *directly*. The reader will find many others, (maxims, illustrations and allusions,) in every scene; but I pass on to the notice of some instances in which the same lesson is taught *indirectly* or *by contrast*. These passages may properly be arranged under several heads.

(1.) *Extravagance of conduct and language.*

Hamlet is for the most part, calm and self-possessed. But on the occasion

of his first interview with the Ghost, in the 4th scene of the first act he is transported (as, indeed, he well might be,) beyond all bounds of moderation: in the words of Horatio:

He waxes desperate with imagination.

His speech to Laertes at the grave of Ophelia is a still more remarkable example of *extravagance*:

Zounds, show me what thou'lt do;
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Ophelia's madness is caused by the *extravagance* of her love; and it is worthy of remark that she is finally drowned in consequence of *venturing too far* on the "pendent boughs" of a willow which grew "ascaunt the brook."

In the last scene Hamlet and Laertes, whilst playing with rapiers, become "*incensed*," and thus the final catastrophe is produced.

In the last scene of the second act Hamlet meets the players and makes them recite Eneas' tale to Dido. The only justification of this long and otherwise tedious passage, will be found in its close connection with the theme; for it is an admirable specimen of *bombast*.

Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear, etc., etc.

How different this from Shakspeare's own style! We shall presently see that the speeches of the *Player King* and *Player Queen* are direct illustrations of another aspect of the theme; indeed every thing connected with this "play within the play," is directly to the main purpose.

In the latter part of the first scene of act second Ophelia relates to her father the wild conduct and appearance of Hamlet, and Polonius attributes it to the

extravagance of his love:

This is the very ecstasy of love, etc.,

and descants on the “violent property” of that passion. Laertes, as we have seen, could speak well in favor of reserve, but he seldom practiced it. His conduct is generally violent, and his speech ranting; as in his riotous appearance before the king in act fourth, scene fifth, and in his contest with Hamlet at the grave of Ophelia.

(2.) *Espionage.*

This method of ferreting out secrets is extensively practiced throughout the play.

In the first scene of act second, Polonius instructs Reynaldo (who is going to Paris), where Laertes then was, to “make inquiry of his (Laertes’) behaviour;” to find out his associates, and by pretending to know his vices—by “putting forgeries upon him,”—draw from them an account of his way of life:

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of troth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

.
By indirections find directions out.

In the next scene the king and queen employ Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as spies upon Hamlet; and, to ascertain whether he loves Ophelia, the king and Polonius agree to hide behind the arras, whilst the latter, as he expresses it, “looses his daughter to him” in the lobby. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern make several attempts to sound Hamlet, but, as they report to the king and queen—act third scene first—he “with a crafty madness keeps aloof.” In act third, scene fourth, Polonius again plays the *eaves-dropper* in order to overhear the conversation between Hamlet and his mother, and Hamlet, hearing him, and supposing him to be the king, makes a pass through the arras and kills him.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find’st, to be too busy, is some danger.

(3.) *Inquisitiveness.*

Inquisitiveness is a very prevalent feature of the play. There are the challenging of sentiments—ghost-seeing—the sending and receiving of messages—soliloquies—(a species of self-examination,)—and the conversation is to an unusual extent made up of questions and answers. To this head may also be referred, (at any rate the reader will at once recognize their relation to the central idea,) the *riddles* of the old grave-digger in the church-

yard scene, (act fifth, scene first,) and his witty *evasions* of Hamlet's questions. Also Hamlet's refined speculations, in which, as Horatio says, he "considers the matter too curiously;" as, when he shows in act fourth, scene third, how a "worm may go a progress through the guts of a beggar;" and "traces the noble dust of Alexander till he finds it stopping a bung-hole," in act fifth, scene first; and in his reflections on the lawyer's skull, and on that of "poor Yorick."

(4.) *Flattery.*

In act third, scene third, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern vie with each other in flattering the king. In act fourth, scene seventh, the king flatters Laertes respecting his skill in fencing. Osric plays the flatterer when he agrees with Hamlet first that it is very hot, then cold, then hot again; and Polonius, when he sees the cloud in the shape of a camel first, then of a weasel, and then of a whale, according as Hamlet directs. In act second, scene second, Hamlet says to Rosencrantz: "My uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little." And in act third, scene second, he teaches the *use* of flattery:

Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

II. *Vacillation.*

Discretion, pushed to extremes, ends in *vacillation*, and this is the leading trait in Hamlet's character. His father's ghost appears, tells how he was "sleeping, by a brother's hand cut off," and enjoins on him, as a solemn duty to avenge his death. Hamlet acknowledges the duty, and resolves to perform it; he feels himself "prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell," and yet he shows from the first a painful consciousness of his own infirmity of purpose.

The time is out of Joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.

His numerous soliloquies are accordingly for the most part mere developments of this trait of his character; and illustrations of the inevitable tendency of meditation to beget inaction. The narrow or bigoted mind, which either can not or will not see more than a single feature of a subject, may well be prompt and decided; but whoever is capable and willing to survey any great question in all its aspects, will reach a firm conclusion,—if he reach it at all,—only by slow and painful steps. Laertes, who is little better than a ranting

madcap, no sooner conceives a purpose, than he hastens to execute it; whilst Hamlet, who is a calm philosopher, ponders, and procrastinates, and does nothing.

In the last scene of act second, Hamlet, after having listened to the recitation of a player, compares his own “motive and cue for passion,” with that of a fellow, who spoke merely “in a fiction, in a dream of passion;” and reproaches himself for coldness and inaction; but ends at last in the conclusion that the spirit he had seen may be a devil, and that he must have “grounds more relative than this.”

The next scene contains the great soliloquy on death. “To be or not to be,” etc. On a former occasion Hamlet had exclaimed:

O that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

And he now concludes that the most profound meditation on the subject merely

Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

This soliloquy has sometimes been condemned as taking an unworthy and inadequate view of the great subjects of death, and “that undiscovered country” beyond the grave; and if it had been Shakspeare’s purpose to *discuss* these subjects, the criticism would undoubtedly be just. But let us bear in mind that his object in this passage was simply to illustrate “vacillation of mind” in connection with the highest subjects of human contemplation, and we shall find that he has accomplished all he undertook in a manner entirely worthy of himself.

Very similar to this is the king’s soliloquy on repentance, in act third, scene third.

What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?
Then I’ll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent.

Throughout the whole speech the mind of the guilty monarch fluctuates

between hope and despair; and Hamlet, seeing him on his knees, exclaims: “now might I do it, pat; and now I’ll do it;” but again falls to moralizing, and puts it off to a more convenient season.

Hamlet’s first soliloquy, before he has seen the Ghost, (act first, scene second,) turns on the queen’s *inconstancy* in forgetting his father and marrying his uncle so soon: “But two months dead!” “A beast that wants discourse of reason, would have mourned longer.” And his conversation with Horatio immediately after is to the same effect:

The funeral bak’d meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

In his interview with the queen in act third, scene fourth, where he compares the picture of his father with that of his uncle, he dwells on the same topic. See also the dumb show in act third, scene second, and the dialogue between the *Player King* and *Player Queen*. Every line of these speeches illustrates the theme.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine oft we break.

.
This world is not for aye: nor ’tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change.

.
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.

.
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

The *constancy* of Hamlet’s father is throughout opposed to the *inconstancy* of his mother. The Ghost on his first appearance dwells on the subject:

From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage.

And after all the wrongs he has suffered, whilst enjoining upon Hamlet to change his course, he charges him to contrive nothing against his mother; and when he afterward appears at the interview between Hamlet and the queen, he interposes in her behalf:

But look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O, step between her and her fighting soul.

The queen also, with all her faults, remains constant in her affection for Hamlet, and “lives, almost, by his looks.” Ophelia is constant in her love,—to insanity and a watery grave; and Hamlet makes fine *speeches* on constancy of purpose. His soliloquy in act first, scene fifth, is in a noble strain:

“Remember thee!”
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat,
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I’ll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
.
.
.
.
.
.
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain, etc.

But his “remembrance” is like that of a man who “beholdeth his natural face in a glass, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.”

III. *Craft.*

The word *craft* properly signifies art, ability, dexterity, skill, as well as cunning and dissimulation—and all these qualities have a close relation to discretion.

The *pretended* madness of Hamlet is therefore illustrative of the theme; just as the *real* madness of Lear is illustrative of the theme of that play. The dissimulation of Hamlet, however, is not such as to lessen our esteem for his character. Surrounded as he is with spies and enemies, we feel that it is a justifiable stratagem. It is worthy of remark that Edgar employs a similar means of defense in the Play of King Lear; and that as Shakspeare’s love of contrast has led him thus to oppose the assumed madness of Edgar to the real madness of Lear, so here we have the real madness of Ophelia opposed to the assumed madness of Hamlet.

Hamlet displays craft also (but still a justifiable craft,) in his device of the play, “to catch the conscience of the king.” And when he has succeeded, he triumphs in this proof of his own skill, with a very natural vanity. “Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) etc., get me a fellowship in a cry of players?” In his interview with his mother, (the picture scene,) he dwells chiefly on her *want of discernment*; and, at the conclusion of the scene, alluding to his “two schoolfellows,” he boasts that he will “delve one yard below their mines, and blow them at the moon;” a feat which he very fully accomplishes. But after all he feels and acknowledges that he is a mere instrument in the hands of a higher power.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

And when Horatio endeavors to dissuade him from fencing with Laertes, because he acknowledges a foreboding of evil he replies: "Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." These solemn sentiments were a fit prelude to the tragic fate upon which he was rushing.

Polonius frequently boasts of his own discernment. As when he says to the king:

Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said 'tis so;
When it proved otherwise.

And though he was mistaken as to the cause of Hamlet's madness, he reasoned justly on the subject, and erred in his conclusion only because there was a supernatural cause at work, which he could not penetrate. The king also dwells on the same topic (skill or *management*,) in many places, and especially in his several conversations with Laertes.

But I must hasten to a conclusion; hoping that I have awakened sufficient interest in the reader's mind to induce him to pursue the subject with the play before him; and assuring him that he will find the theme in some one of its various phases, ever present; from the *sentinel's challenge* at the beginning, to the speech of Fortinbras on *propriety* at the end; in the love-letter of Hamlet; in the carol of Ophelia; in the doggerel song of the old grave-digger; and every where else.

A glance at the progress of the play will show that the theme, like the plot and the characters, is gradually developed. A brief notice of the contents of each act will make this apparent.

Act first.—This act is wholly occupied with matters of an *inquisitive* character, and lectures on *reserve* and *prudence*.

Act second.—Craft is the characteristic of this act. Reynaldo is appointed a spy upon Laertes: Hamlet begins to play the madman: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are appointed spies upon Hamlet: Polonius and the king resolve to secrete themselves where they can overhear Hamlet talking with Ophelia: and Hamlet conceives the project of using the players to make the king betray his own guilt. The object of all these plots, however, it will be observed, is merely to gain information.

Act third.—In this act the several plots formed in the last, are carried into execution.

Act fourth.—Here the subject assumes a more serious aspect; Ophelia's indiscreet love ends in madness and death: Laertes, who has heretofore discoursed like a philosopher on moderation, now becomes furious, bearding the king on his throne; if craft is employed it is no longer for the mere purpose of finding out secrets, but for the destruction of life; as when the king sends Hamlet to England, to be put to death; and when, on his unexpected return, Laertes and the king concert his death by means of the treacherous fencing-match.

Act fifth.—*Inquisitiveness* now assumes a more intricate form in the old grave-digger's riddles, and in Hamlet's refined speculations. *Credulity* (as Horatio's account of prodigies in the first act,) becomes *bigotry* in the priest who buried Ophelia, and *faith in a special Providence* in Hamlet. Foppery and affectation reach their height in Osric; discretion assumes its highest form in Hamlet's frank apology to Laertes, and in his anxiety lest he should leave a "wounded name" behind him; Horatio crowns his *constancy* by resolving to die with his friend; and *ungoverned passion* produces the scandalous conflict at Ophelia's grave, and the scuffle in fencing, which is the immediate forerunner of the bloody catastrophe. The change of rapiers has been condemned as a bungling device; but was it not most probably designed to illustrate the theme, showing, as it does, the blind and heedless rage of the combatants?

It is manifest that Ulrici's method of reading these plays must lead to a reconsideration of the most important criticisms which have heretofore been made upon them. The propriety and relevancy of each part being considered with reference to the "central idea," many apparent anomalies will be reconciled, and many imputed faults vindicated. A new value will also be given to them; for, viewed in this light, the masters of eloquence,—the Senator, the Advocate, and the Preacher,—may, from these models, learn how to discuss a theme, or conduct a discussion. The poet rambles through all nature, yet never for one moment forgets his purpose; now he convulses us with laughter, and now melts us to tears; now fires us with indignation, and now chills us with horror; yet ever, amidst these various and conflicting emotions, steadily pursues his *argument*. Every speech is to the same purpose, and yet there is no repetition; and, though he perseveres till the subject is wholly exhausted, our interest seldom for one moment languishes. Let him, therefore, who would see Logic, and Rhetoric, and Poetry in their most perfect form and combination, repair to the pages of SHAKSPEARE.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

THEY came—like bees in summer-time,
When earth is decked with flowers,
And while my year was in its prime
They reveled in my bowers;
But when my honey-blooms were shed,
And chilling blasts came on,
The bee had with the blossom fled:
I sought them—they were gone.

They came—like spring-birds to the grove,
With varied notes of praise,
And daily each with other strove
The highest strain to raise;
But when before the frosty gale
My withered leaves were strown,
And wintry blasts swept down the vale,
I sought them—they were gone.

I. G. B.

LINES.

BY GEO. D. PRENTISS.

SWEET moon, I love thee, yet I grieve
To gaze on thy pale orb to-night;
It tells me of that last dear eve
I passed with her, my soul's delight.

Hill, vale and wood and stream were dyed
In the pale glory of thy beams,
As forth we wandered, side by side,
Once more to tell love's burning dreams.

My fond arm was her living zone,
My hand within her hand was pressed,
And love was in each earnest tone,
And rapture in each heaving breast.

And many a high and fervent vow
Was breathed from her full heart and mine,
While thy calm light was on her brow
Like pure religion's seal and sign.

We knew, alas! that we must part,
We knew we must be severed long,
Yet joy was in each throbbing heart,
For love was deep, and faith was strong.

A thousand memories of the past
Were busy in each glowing breast,
And hope upon the future cast
Her rainbow hues—and we were blest.

I craved a boon—oh! in that boon

There was a wild, delirious bliss —
Ah, didst thou ever gaze, sweet moon,
Upon a more impassioned kiss?

The parting came—one moment brief
Her dim and fading form I viewed —
'Twas gone—and there I stood in grief
Amid life's awful solitude.

Tell me, sweet moon, for thou canst tell,
If passion still unchanged is hers —
Do thoughts of me her heart still swell
Among her many worshipers?

Say, does she sometimes wander now
At eve beneath thy gentle flame,
To raise to heaven her angel-brow
And breathe her absent lover's name!

Oh when her gentle lids are wet,
I pray thee, mark each falling gem,
And tell me if my image yet
Is pictured tremblingly in them!

Ay, tell me, does her bosom thrill
As wildly as of yore for me —
Does her young heart adore me still,
Or is that young heart changed like thee?

Oh let thy beams, that softest shine,
If still my love to her is dear,
Bear to her gentle heart from mine
A sigh, a blessing, and a tear.

SPIRIT OF HOPE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Enchantress, come! and charm my cares to rest.

How shall I lure thee to my side again,
Thou, who wert once the Angel of my Youth?
Thou, who didst woo me with thy blandest strain —
Tinting wild Fancy with the hues of Truth;
Whose plummy shape, floating in rosy light,
Showered purest pearl-drops from its fairy wing,
Making earth's pathway like the day-star bright,
Thou charmer rare of life's enchanted spring!

Fair were the scenes thy radiant pencil drew,
When on my eyes the early beauty broke:
And thy rich-ringing lyre, when life was new,
A glowing rapture in my bosom woke.
Then thy gay sister Fancy made my dreams
Lovely, and lightsome as the summer-hours,
And in her fairy loom wrought hues and gleams
That clothed the Ideal in a robe of flowers.

Now, thou hast vanished from my yearning sight —
Thou comest no more in melting softness drest —
No more thou weavest sweet visions of delight,
No charm thou bring'st to lull my heart to rest.
The bloom has faded from thy face, dear Hope —
The light is lost—the shadow comes not back!
Thy green oasis-flowers no more re-ope,
To scatter fragrance o'er life's desert track.

Oh, angel-spirit of my perished years!

Thy early memory stands before me now:
Ah! by *that* memory, which so fair appears,
Unveil once more the beauty of thy brow;
Come—if I have not *quite* outlived thee—come!
And bid thy rival dark Despair depart —
His touch has left me blind and deaf and dumb —
Bring *thou* one ray of sunshine to my heart!

A GALE IN THE CHANNEL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," ETC.

IT was on a sunny day in the winter of 183-, that we dropped down the Mersey and took our leave of Liverpool. Our vessel was a new ship of seven hundred tons; and as she spread, one after another, her folds of white canvas to the breeze, I thought I had never seen a more beautiful sight. The scene around was lively and inspiring. Innumerable craft of all sizes covered the waters far and near: here, a large merchantman moving like a stately swan, there, a light yacht skimming along with the swiftness of a swallow. The sunlight sparkled and danced on the billows; the receding coast grew more picturesque as we left it astern; and the blue expanse of the Irish channel stretched away in front, until lost in a thin haze on the opposite horizon.

I had been reading below for several hours, but toward nightfall went on deck again. How I started at the change! It was yet an hour to sunset, but the luminary of day was already hidden in a thick bank of clouds, that lay stretched ominously along the western seaboard. The wind had increased to a smart gale, and was laden with moisture. The billows increased in size every minute, and were whitening with foam far and near. Occasionally as a roller struck the ship's bows, the white spray flew crackling over the forecastle, and sometimes even shot into the top: on these occasions a foreboding, melancholy sound, like the groan of some huge animal in pain, issued from the thousand timbers of the vessel. Already, in anticipation of the rising tempest, the canvas had been reduced, and we were now heading toward the Irish coast under reefed topsails, courses, a spanker and jib.

"A rough night in prospect, Jack!" I said addressing an old tar beside me.

"You may well say that, sir," he replied. "It's bad on the Norway coast in December, and bad going into Sandy Hook in a snow-storm; but both are nothing to a gale in the channel here," he added, as a sudden whirl of the tempest covered us with spray.

"I wish we had more sea room," I answered musingly.

"Ay! I'd give the wages of the voyage if we had. How happy you all seemed in the cabin, sir, the ladies especially, an hour or two ago—I suppose it

was because we are going home—ah! little did any of us think,” he added, with a seriousness, and in a language uncommon for a sailor, “that we might be bound to another, and a last home, which we should behold first.”

At this moment the captain shouted to shorten sail, and our conversation was of necessity cut short. The ship, I ought to have said, had been laid close to the wind, in order to claw off the English coast, to which we were in dangerous propinquity; and, as the gale increased, the heavy press of canvas forcing her down into the water, she struggled and strained frightfully. While the crew were at work, I walked forward. The billows, now increased to a gigantic size, came rolling down upon us one after another, with such rapidity that our good craft could scarcely recover from one before another was upon her. Each time she struck a head-sea she would stagger an instant, quivering in every timber, while the crest of the shattered wave would shoot to the fore-top like the jet of a fountain: then, the vast surge sinking away beneath her, she would settle groaning into the trough of the sea, until another billow lifted her, another surge thundered against her bows, another shower of foam flew over her. Now and then, when a more colossal wave than usual was seen approaching, the cry “hold on all” rang warningly across the decks. At such times, the vast billow would approach, its head towering in the gathering twilight, until it threatened to engulf us; but, just when all seemed over, our gallant ship would spring forward to meet it, like a steed started by the spur, and the mountain of waters would break over and around us, hissing, roaring and flashing by, and then sinking into the apparently bottomless gulf beneath us.

Meanwhile the decks were resounding with the tread of the sailors, as they hurried to and fro in obedience to the captain’s orders; while the rattling of blocks, the shouts of command, and the quick replies of the seamen, rose over the uproar of the storm.

“Let go bowlines,” cried the stentorian voice of the captain, “ease off the tack—haul on the weather-braces.”

Away went the huge sail in obedience to the order.

“Ease off the sheet—haul up to lee!”

The crew redoubled their quickness; and soon the immense courses were stowed. In a few minutes the ship’s canvas was reduced to reefed topsails, spanker, and fore-topmast staysail. By this time evening had set in, though the long twilight of that latitude prolonged a sickly radiance.

But even this contraction of sail was not sufficient. The thick duck tugged at the yards, as if it would snap them in two. Every moment I expected to see the spanker go.

“We must take in that sail,” said the captain finally, “or she will tear herself to pieces. All hands in with the spanker.”

In an instant the men were struggling with the huge sheet of canvas; and never before had I been so forcibly impressed with the power and usefulness of discipline. In an incredibly short interval the gigantic sail, notwithstanding its struggles, was got under control, and safely stowed.

The ship now labored less for awhile, but, as the storm increased, she groaned and struggled as before. The captain saw it would not do to carry even the little sail now remaining, for, under the tremendous strain, the canvas might be continually expected to be blown from the bolt-ropes. And yet our sole hope lay in crowding every stitch, in order to claw off the English coast! The sailor will understand this at a word, but to the landsman it may require explanation.

Our danger, then, consisted in having insufficient sea room. If we had been on the broad Atlantic, with a hundred or two miles of ocean all around us, we could have lain-to under some bit of a head-sail, or fore-topmast sky-sail for instance, or a reefed fore-sail. But when a vessel lies-to, or, in other words, faces the quarter whence the wind comes, with only enough canvas set to steer her by, she necessarily drifts considerably, and in a line of motion diagonal to her keel. This is called making lee-way. Most ships, when lying-to in a gale, drill very rapidly, sometimes hundreds of miles if the tempest is protracted. It is for this reason that a vessel in a narrow channel dares not lie-to, for a few miles of lee-way would wreck her on the neighboring coast. The only resource, in such cases, is to carry a press of sail, and head in the direction whence the wind comes, but not near so close to it as in lying-to. This is called clawing off a lee-shore. A constant struggle is maintained between the waves, which set the vessel in the same track they are going themselves, and the wind, which urges her on the opposite course. If the canvas holds, and the ship is not too close to the shore under her lee, she escapes: if the sails part, she drives upon the fatal coast before new ones can be got up and bent. Frequently in such cases the struggle is protracted for hours. It is a noble yet harrowing spectacle to see a gallant ship thus contending for her life, as if an animated creature, breasting surge after surge, too often in vain, panting, trembling and battling till the very last.

The captain did not appear satisfied with taking in the spanker; indeed, all feared that the ship could not carry what sail was left. Accordingly, he ordered the topsails to be close-reefed. Yet even after this, the vessel tore through the waters as if every moment she would jerk her masts out. The wind had now increased to a perfect hurricane. It shrieked, howled and roared around as if a thousand fiends were abroad on the blast.

In moments of extreme peril strong natures gather together, as if by some secret instinct. It was in this way that the captain suddenly found himself near the old topman, whom I had been conversing with in the early part of the evening, and who, it appeared, was one of the oldest and best seamen in the ship.

The captain stood by the man's side a full minute without speaking, looking at the wild waves that, like hungry wolves, came trooping down toward us.

"How far are we from the coast?" he said at last.

"Perhaps five miles, perhaps three, sir!" quietly replied the man.

"And we have a long run to make before we get sea-room," said the captain.

"We shall all be in eternity before morning," answered the man, solemnly.

The captain paused a moment, when he replied,

"Our only hope is in the topsail-clews—if they give way, we are indeed lost—God help us!"

"Amen!" I answered, involuntarily.

Silence now ensued, though none of us changed our positions. For myself, I was occupied with thinking of the female passengers, soon, perhaps, to be the prey of the wild waters. Every moment it seemed as if the topsails would give way, she strained so frightfully. It was impossible to stand up if exposed to the full force of the gale. So we sheltered ourselves in the waist as we best could. The wind as well as spray, however, reached us even here, though in diminished violence, the latter stinging the face like shot thrown against it. It seemed to me, each minute, as if we made more lee-way. At last, after half an hour's suspense, I heard the surf breaking, with a noise like thunder, on the iron-bound coast to the eastward. Again and again I listened, and each time the awful sound became more distinct.

I did not mention my fears, however, for I still thought I might be mistaken. Suddenly the captain looked up.

"Hark!" he said.

He stood with his finger raised in the attitude of one listening intently, his eyes fixed on the face of the old sailor.

"It is the sound of breakers," said the seaman.

"Breakers on the lee-quarter!" cried the look-out at this instant, his hoarse voice sounding ominously across the night.

"Breakers on the lee-beam!" answered another.

“Breakers on the lee-bow!” echoed a third.

All eyes peered immediately into the darkness. A long line of foam was plainly visible, skirting quite round the horizon to leeward.

“God have mercy on our souls!” I involuntarily ejaculated.

The captain sprang to the wheel, his eye flashing, his whole frame dilated—for he had taken a sudden and desperate resolution. He saw that, if no effort was made, we should be among the breakers in twenty minutes; but if the mainsail could be set, and made to hold for half an hour, we might yet escape. There were nine chances to one that the sail would split the instant it was spread, and in a less terrible emergency he would have shrunk from the experiment; but it was now our only hope.

“Keep her to it!” he shouted; “keep her well up. All hands to set the main-course!”

Fortunately we were strong-handed, so that it would not be necessary to carry the tack to the windlass, notwithstanding the gale. A portion of the crew sprang to man this important rope; the remainder hurried up the rigging, almost disappearing in the gloom overhead.

In less than a minute the huge sail fell from the yard, like a gigantic puff of white smoke blown from the top. It struggled and whipped terribly, but the good ropes held fast.

“Brace up the yard—haul out the bowline!” thundered the captain.

“Ay, ay, sir!” and it was done.

“Haul aft!”

The men ran off with the line, and the immense sheet came to its place.

This was the critical moment. The ship feeling the additional propulsion, made a headlong plunge. I held my breath. I expected nothing less than to see the heavy duck blown from the yard like a gossamer; but the strong fabric held fast, though straining awfully.

“She comes up, don’t she?” interrogated the captain of the man at the helm.

“Ay, ay, sir—she does!”

“How much?”

“Two points, sir!”

“If she holds for half an hour,” ejaculated the captain, “we may yet be saved.”

On rushed the noble ship, seeming to know how much depended on her. She met the billows, she rose above them, she struggled perseveringly forward. In five minutes the breakers were visibly receding.

But hope had been given only to delude us. Suddenly I heard a crack, sharper than an explosion of thunder, and simultaneously the course parted from its fastenings, and sailed away to leeward, like a white cloud driven down the gale.

A cry of horror rose from all. "It is over!" I cried; and I looked around for a plank, intending to lash myself to it, in anticipation of the moment for striking.

When the course went overboard, the head of the ship fell off immediately; and now the wild breakers tumbled and roared closer at hand each moment.

Suddenly the captain seized my arm, for we were holding on almost side by side.

"Ha!" he cried, "is not that dark water yonder?" and he pointed across our lee-bow.

I looked in the direction to which he referred. Unless my eyes deceived me, the long line of breakers came to an abrupt termination there, as if the shore curved inwards at that point.

"You are right—there is a deep bay ahead," I cried, joyfully. "Look! you can see the surf whitening around the cape."

The whole crew simultaneously detected this new chance of escape. Though unable to head to the wind as before, there was still a prospect that we could clear the promontory. Accordingly, the next few minutes were passed in breathless suspense. Not a word was spoken on board. Every eye was fixed on that rocky headland, around which the waters boiled as in the vortex of a maelstrom.

The ship seemed conscious of the general feeling, and struggled, I thought, more desperately than ever. She breasted the huge billows with gallant perseverance, and though each one set her closer to the shore, she met the next wave with the same stubborn resolution. Nearer, nearer, nearer we drilled toward the fatal cape. I could now almost fling a biscuit into the breakers.

I had noticed a gigantic roller coming for some time, but had hoped we might clear the cape before it reached us. I now saw the hope was in vain. Towering and towering, the huge wave approached, its dark side almost a perpendicular wall of waters.

"Hold on all!" thundered the captain.

Down it came! For an instant its vast summit hovered overhead, and then, with a roar like ten thousand cataracts, it poured over us. The ship was swept before it like a feather on a gale. With the waters dashing and hissing over the decks, and whirling in wild eddies under our lee, we drove in the direction of the cape. I held my breath in awe. A strong man might almost have leaped on

the extreme point of the promontory. I closed my eyes shuddering. The next instant a hurrah met my ear. I looked up. We had shot by the cape, and miles of dark water were before us. An old tar beside me had given vent to the cheer.

“By the Lord!” he said, “but that was close scraping, sir. Another sich would have cracked the hull like an egg-shell. But this craft wasn’t made to go to Davy Jones’ locker!”

And with all the coolness imaginable, he took out a huge piece of pig-tail, leisurely twisted off a bit, and began chewing with as much composure as if nothing unusual had happened.

A year ago, when in New York, I met the captain again, unexpectedly, at the Astor. We dined together, when I took occasion to ask him if he remembered our winter night’s experience in the Irish Channel ten years before.

“Ay!” he said. “And do you know that, when I went out to Liverpool on my next trip, I heard that search had been made all along the coast for the fragments of our ship. The escape was considered miraculous.”

“Sir,” I replied, “I’ve had enough of the Irish Channel.”

TO MRS. E. C. K.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

LADY, when first upon my listening ear
Thy song harmonious fell, subdued, entranced,
And spell-bound by the strain, my spirit glanced
Adown Time's darkening track, and as it hung
Upon the magic numbers, seemed to hear
The lay that erst to Lycidas was sung,
By Siloa's rapt bard, whose visual orbs
Were quenched in the intenser brilliancy
Of Truth's divinest radiance, that absorbs
All lesser brightness; thus I mused of thee;
But when I saw thee, fair as Hope's young dream,
Freshness like Morning's on thy brow and cheek,
Through which the soul's celestial light doth beam
As through a sculptured vase, I felt how weak
Are images of manhood's pride and fame
That birth-right's priceless value to proclaim,
Where genius, wit, and poesy divine,
Make woman's heart of love their best and holiest shrine.

VALENTINE HISTORIES.

BY S. SUTHERLAND.

FLORENCE HASTINGS sat alone in one of the spacious apartments of her uncle's stately mansion in —— square. The luxuriously cushioned sofa was drawn quite close to the cheerful grate-fire, while the pale cheek of its occupant, and the slight form almost hidden in the folds of a large shawl, betokened an invalid. And such in reality was our young heroine. Fresh in her memory, and consequently in its effects upon her personal appearance, was a lingering and dangerous illness, and barely three weeks had elapsed since the crisis was safely past, and she had been pronounced convalescent.

Books and writing materials were now scattered carelessly upon a table beside her—but they did not claim her interest. She seemed in an unusually nervous, restless mood. At times her eyes would wander around the apartment with a strangely dissatisfied look, (for every thing before her wore an appearance of splendor very agreeable to the gaze of the beholder,) then she would bury her face in her hands, while something glittering and dewy—something greatly resembling *a tear-drop*, would trickle slowly through those slender fingers. Could it, indeed, be a tear-drop? What cause for sorrow had Florence Hastings, the young and accomplished heiress? Florence was an orphan. At the early age of ten years she had lost both the tender father, and the sweet mother who had watched over her steps in infancy, and since that period she had felt too deeply that there was no one to whom she could look for the true love and sympathy for which her spirit pined. Her uncle and guardian, absorbed in the duties of an extensive mercantile establishment, troubled himself little about his niece. He was well assured that her own goodly inheritance amply supplied all her desires—and the morning salutation with which he honored Florence as she took her accustomed seat beside him at the breakfast table, and the gracious smile of approbation when he beheld her at evening bending over her studies in the parlor, were generally sufficient to relieve his mind of all scruples concerning the duties of personal intercourse. On this point, however, no one who knew Mr. Hastings would have rested any blame upon him. He was to all a man of few words—naturally cold and calm in manner. His wife resembled him greatly in every respect—being of a quiet,

placid temperament, which no emotion was ever observed to ruffle—pursuing the tenor of her way by rule rather than by impulse. So in this case, at least, it was plainly evident that “Love’s delight” had not consisted in “joining contrasts.” Casual observers might have said that a similar description would apply to Mr. Hastings’ niece—but in doing so they wronged her. Florence was, indeed, reserved, and apparently cold, but it was from habit and education—not by inheritance. Once she had been a sunny, glad-souled child, whose bounding footstep and merry laugh resounded gayly through a home where she was tenderly loved and cherished—but she was sensitive, too, beyond her years; and when the light of that pleasant hearth was forever extinguished, and she sat in affliction and desolation of spirit by the fireside of those who till then had been strangers to her, the chilling atmosphere of her new home effectually checked the return of that animation of manner, which, from the fortunate inability of childhood to retain a lasting remembrance of sorrow, might have been expected. So the gleeful laughter of the once happy-hearted little Florence was hushed, and her joyous, springing step exchanged for a slower and more measured tread. It was a mournful thing for one so young and gentle and loving in spirit as Florence, to be obliged to repress all exhibition of the sweet, frank impulses of her nature, and live on with no voice to whisper words of encouragement and affection. Yet the orphan succeeded in moulding her manner in accordance with her new and strange existence. A weary task it was, and oftentimes did her rebellious soul

“Beat the bars
With burning wing and passionate song,
And pour to the benignant stars
The earnest story of its wrong.”

But the “benignant stars” alone looked down upon these struggles; no human ear ever caught the moan of that fettered and wounded spirit. Mrs. Hastings never dreamed, nor is it to be supposed she would have *cared*, that the quiet and apparently passionless child who came with such seeming carelessness to receive her customary good-night kiss, would have clung to her fondly, and returned the caress with impassioned earnestness, had it been impressed upon her brow with the slightest token of feeling.

Till Florence had attained her fourteenth year her education had been superintended by a governess who came daily to her uncle’s dwelling, and with whom, being devoted to books and study, she had made rapid progress. But for many reasons which I have not space here to enumerate, it was at length thought advisable to send her to a celebrated seminary located in the neighborhood of her residence. About the same period, Mr. Hastings’ family received an addition, by the arrival of a niece of his wife’s, who had also been

consigned to his guardianship. Ida Hamilton was about a year the senior of Florence, and a bright, frank, gay-spirited creature, who had passed her life hitherto under none but genial auspices. She was exactly what Florence would have been had her soul always dwelt in the kindly atmosphere of affection. At the school which they attended together, Ida was called "the Sunbeam," and Florence "the Iceberg;" and the society of the former was courted by all, while the latter was uncared for, though none dared to think her neglected, for they said she was cold and proud —

"Proud of her pride,
And proud of the power to riches allied;"

and when in the hour of recreation she sat apart from all, apparently absorbed in a book, and paying little heed to what passed around her, what token had they for suspecting that it was the indifference of a heart only too proud to seek for sympathy where she believed she would meet with no return. Ida Hamilton had been an orphan from infancy; but the place of her parents had been supplied by near and kind relatives, who had petted and cherished her as their own. Her first grief had been her separation from these relatives, when by the ill health of one of its members the family circle was broken up, and a residence in the South of Europe advised by the physicians. Ida was, meanwhile, left to the care of her guardian, Mr. Hastings; and deeply as she at first mourned the departure of her beloved friends, hope painted in glowing colors her reunion with them at some future day, and so by degrees the young girl became reconciled to the change. For awhile she felt, indeed, a restraint upon her happy spirit, for the constraint and formality which seemed the governing powers of her aunt's domestic circle formed a vivid contrast with that free-hearted and universal cordiality of feeling to which she had been accustomed. But it was scarcely to be supposed that she would long be daunted at the unpromising aspect of things around her. Confiding, affectionate and yielding to those who loved her, Ida was "as careless as the summer rill that sings itself along" with those who had no claim upon her heart, and possessed withal of a certain independence of manner which rendered all caviling out of the question. If Mrs. Hastings felt any surprise when her niece gradually cast aside the awe with which her presence had at first inspired her, as usual, she gave no manifestation of it. But the servants, well-trained as they were, looked exclamation points at one another when, while engaged in active duties, they heard Miss Ida's lively sallies to their master and mistress, and *talked* their astonishment when, while in their own distinct quarters, they caught the sound of her voice as it rang out dear and free in laughter, or warbled silvery and sweet, wild snatches of some favorite song.

It may be supposed that with such pleasant companionship the life of Florence Hastings had become more joyous. But it was not so. Though for more than three years Ida Hamilton and Florence had been domesticated beneath the same roof, upon the morning on which my sketch begins (the ever memorable Fourteenth of February, 1850,) they were to all appearance scarcely better acquainted than upon the day of Ida's introduction to Mr. Hasting's dwelling. Bending daily, as they had done, over the same studies, they had never sought one another's sympathy; and when they left school, it could scarcely be expected that the bond of union would be more closely cemented. Mutually calculated though they were to become warm-hearted friends, beyond the common civilities of life, no intercourse had subsisted between them. Ida never jested with Florence, or strove to provoke a smile by the thousand little witcheries that she sometimes practiced upon others—not excepting her stately uncle and aunt, and at intervals even in this case with success. Florence often wished that she had but possessed a sister like Ida; her heart throbbed with a deep, irrepressible yearning whenever that little, soft hand by chance touched hers; but she had learned too perfectly the art of keeping her feelings in check to betray them now, even "by faintest flutter of a pulse, by lightest change of cheek, or eyelid's fall."

As I have said, Florence was but just recovering from a lengthened and dangerous illness, from the effects of which she was still weak. During that illness she had been constantly attended by Mrs. Hastings; and while deeply grateful for her care, she had, though unobserved, moments of irritability when the immobile features of her aunt were an absolute annoyance. And it was enhanced by the striking contrast of Ida's bright face, who daily paid a ceremonious visit to the sick-room—Ida, who was never cold to any one but her! Then she would wish that Ida Hamilton would not come near her at all—she was never so wretched as after the reception of her unconscious visiter; and yet when Ida delayed her coming an hour later than usual, she was restless and uneasy! And these spells of feverish excitability greatly retarded her recovery. It was the return of one of them upon the present occasion, by which the tears that filled her eyes may be explained.

Among the various manuscripts lying upon the little table before her, and bearing the signature of Florence Hastings, was the following, characteristic of her present emotions, and upon the surface of which the ink was still moist. She had evidently penned it but a few seconds previously.

This world is fair, with sunshine and with flowers,
That fragrance to its happy wanderers bring;
And while with listless step I roam life's bowers,
Fain would I pluck the blossoms where they spring;
Ah! must I check the wish and pass them by —

Must sunless ever be *my* spirit's sky?

And yet they deem me reckless of the love
Of kindred spirits, while they gaze with pain
At the strange picture of a mind above
All thoughts of waking warm affection's strain;
Oh! can they think my proud, high heart would *show*
The wish for blessings it may never know?

Watchful and wary of each look and word,
Lest they, earth's joyous ones, should chance to learn
The feelings that within so oft are stirred,
That such emotions in my bosom burn,
Yet here unseen, unheard, I must give way,
And for awhile to anguish yield the sway.

Alone! What weary thoughts at that word throng,
Vainly some refuge from their weight I crave,
Yet it shall be the burthen of my song
Until I rest within the quiet grave;
No brighter hope hath my sad spirit known —
And I must still live on unloved—alone!

They call me cold and reckless of the love
Of kindred spirits, while they gaze with pain
At the strange picture of a mind above
All thoughts of waking warm affection's strain;
How can they dream my proud, high heart would show
The wish for blessings it may never know!

Florence was suddenly aroused from her melancholy reverie by the sound of footsteps approaching the door of her chamber. In another instant there was a low knock—and hastily dashing aside her tears, and assuming, as if by magic, her wonted exterior, she bade the intruder enter. It proved to be a servant, who placed a small package in her hand, saying, as she did so, “A Valentine for you, Miss Florence.” The latter started with pleasurable surprise; who in all the wide world could have taken the trouble to write *her* a valentine? But the query was answered by a single glance at the superscription. It was strangely familiar—it was Ida Hamilton's! Just as she broke the seal the servant withdrew, saying that she had been requested to call in half an hour for a reply.

When the package was unclosed, the following verses met the gaze of the astonished and delighted Florence. They were entitled “A Supplication to Florence.”

Hearest thou my spirit chanting
At the portals of thy heart?

'Tis to cross that threshold panting—
Pining—bid it not depart.

List not to its prayer unheeding,
Entrance though it seeks to win—
When it rises softly pleading,
Prithee, prithee take me in!

From a world of care and sadness,
From its shadows and its sin,
For Love's sake, with love and gladness,
Prithee, prithee take me in!

Ah! within that mansion holy,
May its nobler life begin?
Turn not from its pleadings lowly,
Prithee, prithee take me in!

Accompanying this playful but deeply earnest little strain—*doubly* earnest, as coming from Ida to Florence—was an explanatory letter. Ida Hamilton wrote thus:

“It must, doubtless, seem very bewildering to you, Florence, that I should have taken the liberty of addressing a Valentine to one between whom and myself there has not hitherto existed an intimacy sufficiently familiar to warrant the presumption. But when, in excuse for my boldness, I plead my sincere wish for a nearer intimacy, my earnest desire to call you by the holy and tender name of *friend*—you will forgive me, will you not, *dear* Florence?”

“For the past three years, dearest Florence, your image has haunted and troubled me—haunted me, because, from the moment of our first meeting, I have felt my heart irresistibly drawn toward you—troubled me, because the belief of others, and their oft-repeated assurance that you were totally destitute of warmth of character, could not consequently be aught but a source of pain. For this I must also crave your forgiveness, for I know now that in having for a time given credence to such assertions, I did you a grievous wrong.

“For the last few months I have watched you closely, Florence, though you little dreamed yourself the object of my scrutiny. I have ascertained that you are not the statue-like being you have been represented, and, indeed, appear—that you are in reality

‘Not cold, but pure—not proud, but taught to know
That the heart’s treasure is a holy thing.’

“You are not aware that once, when you imagined yourself quite unobserved, I beheld you bending tearfully over the miniature of that dear parent whom God so early recalled to his heavenly mansions—that I saw you press your lips to it wildly and passionately; and though you spoke but the simple word “Mother!” the tone in which that word was uttered, was the revelation that I sought. And from that moment I found it easy to realize how the chilling atmosphere of my aunt’s domicil had operated upon your gentle heart, while I felt that had *I* been transplanted to my present abode at an earlier and more impressible age, I, too, should have learned to wear a mask similar to that which concealed your ardent and sensitive spirit. And the discovery that brought such joy to my soul, gave new life to its former yearnings for your friendship. But toward myself you had never evinced the slightest token of preference—wearing in my presence the exterior which deceived all others; and I could not offer advances which I feared might be intrusive and unwelcome. So I strove to content myself with a silent interest in all your motions, and never until your recent illness allowed myself to imagine that the affection of a faulty, wayward heart like mine, would prove to you an acceptable gift. The occasion to which I refer was during one of my visits to your sick chamber, when, as I rose to leave you, you clasped my hand for the first time with a pressure, while as I spoke formally enough, my pleasure at seeing you recovering so rapidly, a faint color suffused your cheek. It faded instantly, however, and your wonted self-possession returned; but not before my heart had experienced a thrill of delight at the hope, delusive though it may have been, of winning your regard at some future day. It is that hope which has given me courage for my present proceeding—it has emboldened me to ask whether we may not become friends—become *dear* friends, Florence?

“In conclusion, I would say to you that I have to-day received a letter from a distant relative, who lives at the South, urgently pressing me to come and reside with her till the friends of my early youth return from abroad. She writes to me in a spirit of genial, heart-breathed kindness, very welcome to my thirsting soul—and her letter is different, indeed, from the precisely-worded epistle in which my aunt invited me to become a member of *her* household. It rests with you, Florence, to tell me whether I shall go or stay. My present abode has never been a congenial one; but *your* friendship would cast a heart-glow around it, and render me perfectly content to remain where I am.

"I await with impatience your answer. If it should prove that I have had but a pleasant vision, too bright and sweet ever to be realized, be at least frank with me, Florence, as I have been with you.

"IDA."

Florence Hastings closed that precious letter, upon which, as she read, her tears had fallen thick and fast. To her it was the first of those moments in life

"When such sensations in the soul assemble
As make it pleasure to the eyes to weep."

And with scarce an instant's delay, she traced the following reply.

"Do not leave me, Ida. Heaven bless you for your generous avowal—for your sweet offer of affection! Oh! if you could but imagine how intensely happy it has made me! I have always loved *you*, though I scarcely dared confess it even to myself, for I never dreamed that I could be an object of interest to any one. My life has hitherto been so sad, and dark, and desolate; and my proud efforts to conceal from view the yearning for sympathy and appreciation that possessed my soul, have given me an apathy of manner which could not but prove repelling to those with whom chance brought me in contact. *You* alone have read me aright—you alone know that I am not what I seem; that discipline and not nature, is shadowed forth in my outward demeanor.

"Come, then, to me, darling, and let me reveal myself to you *more* fully. Let me fold you to my bosom, and then, while I confess how precious to my soul is the promise of your true and earnest friendship, you will forget that to *you* at least I have ever seemed

"THE ICEBERG."

Florence had just finished her answer when the servant came for it, and this time her voice trembled perceptibly, as she repeated to the messenger her desire to see Miss Hamilton as soon as she had perused it.

Five minutes elapsed; Florence, meanwhile, impatiently pacing the apartment, her usually colorless cheek deeply flushed, and her dark eyes glowing with an excitement that was destined speedily to end in happiness the most perfect she had known since early childhood. At length there was a light, hurrying tread upon the stair; nearer and nearer it drew—and in another instant the door of Florence's apartment was hastily unclosed, and Ida Hamilton stood

before her! There was a quick burst of tears on the part of each; then Florence Hastings sprang forward and clasped her newly found friend to her heart, returning her caresses with impassioned fondness, and in tones that thrilled to the inmost soul of her companion, murmuring, "Ida—my own Ida! Darling, darling Ida!"

The Iceberg was irremediably *thawed*.

There is a cosy family party assembled in the well-lighted parlors of Mr. Gordon's dwelling, in —— street. It is the anniversary of his wedding-day. Upon the festival of St. Valentine, exactly nine-and-forty years ago, (for Mr. Gordon has passed the allotted "three score and ten,") as his wife, he brought to his then humble abode a lovely and sunny-souled maiden of eighteen, now metamorphosed into the gray-haired matron by his side, who has proved his genial partner through all life's joys and sorrows—the still blithe and sweet-voiced Grandma Gordon. From time immemorial, the members of Mr. Gordon's family, from far and near, have gathered together upon this especial occasion. His own immediate household had consisted originally of five sons and as many daughters; and though some of these now rested beneath the sod, in their place had arisen a numerous flock of grandchildren—and a prouder boast still, he had lived to pet, and I had almost said *spoil*, no less than two bright-eyed and most wonderful *great-grandchildren*—to wit, Master Benjamin Franklin Gordon, or little Bennie, as everybody calls him, a promising young gentleman of some three or four summers, and Helen Gordon Bond, a most precocious young lady, who is now gliding rapidly onward toward her second birthday. Both these important juveniles are present upon this particular occasion. Grandfather Gordon, himself a silvery-haired, benevolent-featured old man, (in appearance precisely such a grandsire as the genius of a Waldmuller would have delighted to immortalize upon canvas,) was seated in a capacious and well-cushioned arm-chair by the fire. Occupying with becoming dignity the post of honor upon his knee is little Helen, while Bennie Gordon has perched himself upon one arm of his grandfather's chair, and is teasing him for the information whether the little toy-watch he holds in his hand—his first assumption of manliness—is wound up or wound *down*.

It will be, perhaps, proper to introduce the reader to a portion of the assembled family group. Yonder, upon the sofa, sit the two elder sons of Mr. Gordon, busily engaged in a discussion upon the merits of last year's Art-Union exhibition. Alfred, the senior, is the *genuine* grandfather of little Bennie.

That lady, who is just about leaving her station at the piano, is the parent of little Helen. She is a sweet, fair creature, so childlike in appearance, that it is

difficult to recognize her as a wife and mother. She has just been singing, “Be kind to the loved ones,” with a grace and feeling that touched all hearts.

Next we behold a group of some half a dozen little girls, huddled together in a corner, in most sociable proximity to one another. Katie Wilmot, at present the “leading member,” a rosy, chatty little curly-pate, is detailing most eloquently her experience of Santa Claus’s last donation visit, while the others are patiently waiting their turn to relate how lavishly he supplied their stockings.

Those two maidens of “sweet sixteen,” or thereabouts, seated upon the ottoman, with their arms very lovingly entwined round one another, are Mabel Wilmot and Fanny Gordon, light-hearted school-girls and affectionate cousins—inseparable companions whenever a happy chance throws them together. But, alas! their opportunities of intercourse have as yet been “few and far between,” for Mabel’s home is in the country, many miles distant. The cousins have recently, however, laid their plans for removing this obstacle to their intimacy. They talk of becoming voluntary old maids, and of coaxing grandfather to build for their sole occupation an “Old Maid’s Hall.” Mabel has repeatedly declared her determination never to be such a goose as to get married; while Fanny, in one of her frequent letters to Mabel, has written, “Is it not a glorious thing to be an old maid? And what further recommendation can a lady need in the eyes of society if it is known that she is *an old maid!*” It may be well if their plans are eventually put into execution, for rumor says, though Mabel Wilmot disclaims the assertion with a most indignant toss of her glossy ringlets, that a certain Mr. Merritt, the high-souled, noble-looking, and wealthy rector of B——, has lately, for the first time, been suspected of *interested motives* in his intercourse with a member of his flock; while the bright eyes and witching smile of Fanny Gordon seem to argue for the future a prospectus of hearts beguiled, one of which may eventually cause the overthrow of the projected building.

A youth of nineteen or so, who is at present busily engaged entertaining several younger cousins, is Mr. Harry Gordon, a theological student, with whom social qualities and professional abilities, will always be happily blended. He is amusing his juvenile companions with a game of his own invention—a sort of play upon names, of which the following may be taken as examples:

What well known scriptural name might a mother use in requesting her son to escort home two young lady visitors?—Jeroboam. (“Jerry, bow ’em!”)

If an old gentleman told his son to crowd into an already well-filled omnibus, the name of what conspicuous personage present would form the command?—Benjamin. (“Ben, jam in!”)

The names of what popular authors of Great Britain might a person, while gazing at a large bonfire, with propriety repeat?—Dickens, Howitt, Burns. (“Dickens! how it burns!”)

The second of these was received with especial applause—not forgetting to mention the brilliant sparkle of Grandfather Gordon’s eyes at this original mode of bringing his pet, Bennie, into notice; while the third particularly attracted the laughter and approval of a group around the centre-table, consisting of Mrs. Gordon, the mother of Harry, Amy Carter, her niece, and Mrs. Clinton, her sister. Amy is an orphan, and has been so from infancy. But the tenderness of her grand-parents, with whom she has always resided, has shielded her from the evils of orphanage. She is a blithe, happy-hearted girl of seventeen, the very soul of mirth and music. She is grandma’s especial darling; and the dear old lady never gazes into that lovely, sunny face, never hears that sweet voice warbling its merry carols, but she thinks of her own bright youth, and says, with complacent fondness of her treasured grandchild, “She is just what *I* was at her age.” It is Grandfather Gordon’s firmly expressed opinion that Amy, more than any other member of their household, resembles his wife as he first knew her. Cousin Harry calls his favorite Amy the Household Witch, because she has managed to wind herself so closely about the hearts of all her relatives, that every eye invariably brightens as her light footstep is heard approaching. But this evening Amy seems for once herself to have been bewitched, for she has found an absorbing object of interest in a spirited volume now lying open before her, entitled, “Greenwood Leaves,” by Grace Greenwood. Amy Carter has long felt an appreciation of the authoress, and to-night is not the first time that, with all the fervor of a young, warm, generous heart, she has wished her God speed in her journeys through Authorland. Mrs. Clinton, who sits close beside her, with one of Amy’s hands resting lovingly in hers, appears to be equally interested in a splendidly bound and illustrated volume of Mrs. Osgood’s poems. She has just finished reading to her sister, Mrs. Gordon, a brief essay upon the productions of her favorite poetess, cut and preserved from a popular newspaper, and from which the ensuing is an extract.

“The poems of Mrs. Osgood are not a laborious balancing of syllables, but a spontaneous gushing forth of thoughts, fancies, and feelings, which fall naturally into harmonious measures; and so perfectly is the sense echoed in the sound, that it seems as if many of her compositions might be intelligibly written in the characters of music. In all her poems we find occasion to admire the author as well as the works. Her spontaneous and instinctive effusions appear in a higher degree than any others in our literature, to combine the rarest and highest capacities in art with the sincerest and deepest sentiments,

and the noblest aspirations. They would convince us, if the beauty of her life were otherwise unknown, that Mrs. Osgood is one of the loveliest characters in the histories of literature or society.”

And it was pleasant to see what a beautiful glow of sympathy and enthusiasm illumined the countenance of the reader as she concluded that most happy and fitting tribute to genius.

Mrs. Clinton is the youngest child of Grandfather Gordon. When only eighteen, she became the wife of one to whom she was devotedly attached, and two years afterward bent wildly over the death-couch of her idolized husband. Ten years have passed since then, and time has softened the sorrow which at first seemed too grievous for human endurance. Though now past her thirtieth birth-day, Mrs. Clinton looks much younger. You would scarcely suppose her more than two-and-twenty; and though not what the world calls a beautiful woman, it would be difficult to deny that there is something striking and noble in her appearance. She is somewhat above the medium height, with a form of faultless symmetry, and a step and carriage, though stately, yet eminently graceful. The contour of her head is certainly superb, and its effect upon the observer greatly enhanced by the arrangement of her abundant soft, brown hair, which is always wound about it simply, and with a grace the more perfect, because, while perfectly natural, it is unconsciously artistic. But her features are decidedly irregular and unimpressive; and it is only when those large, gray eyes are lighted, as upon the present occasion, from within, when some inner chord is touched, and the usually pale cheek is flushed and animated with the fire of feeling, that you are ready to accord to her the power of fascination. But once meet that peculiarly soulful look, and it will reflect itself continually, and haunt you forever after. You will probably gaze frequently again upon the same immobile features, but expressionless they will seem never more. By those to whom she deigns to reveal herself, Mrs. Clinton is worshiped as the personification of all that is lovely and lovable and intellectual. And there are many also who have caught accidental glimpses of that beautiful, noble, and impassioned spirit, and who would give worlds for the slightest token that the deep interest with which she inspires them is returned. Mrs. Clinton has had many offers of marriage; she has turned coldly yet tearfully from the homage of many a true and manly, ay, and gifted heart; for though she has long since laid aside the weeds of widowhood, her *soul* is still arrayed in mourning-garb for the husband of her bright, fresh youth. She is one of those beings, few and rare, indeed, with whom, having once passionately loved and survived the object of their attachment, no compensation, however heart-offered, could induce one moment's oblivion of the past, or the most remote thought of yielding to another that place in their

holiest affections which has been occupied by the departed. Though shut out from a sphere of usefulness which she might truly have called her own, the years of Mrs. Clinton's widowhood had not been inactive. As she recovered from the effects of that well-nigh overwhelming affliction, her little niece, Amy, was approaching the most interesting stage of childhood. Her beautiful, bright face, and the daily revealings of a mind unusually intelligent, together with the sweet orphan's naturally winning and bewitching ways, won more and more upon the heart of her aunt. And so, when Amy Carter was nine years old, Mrs. Clinton begged that her niece might be altogether withdrawn from school, and that she might herself be allowed to superintend the little girl's education. So from that time Amy dwelt beneath the spiritual dominion of her aunt; and never was pupil more docile, or preceptress kinder or more fondly beloved. And Amy's devotion to Mrs. Clinton is still as ardent and enthusiastic as in the days of her childhood. Wherever the latter has stationed herself, you may be sure that the former is not very many paces distant. Mrs. Clinton sometimes laughingly, but lovingly, styles Amy her shadow; and her eyes are often suffused with happy tears at some unobtrusive mark of the young girl's earnest affection.

But upon the foregoing imperfect daguerreotypes, gentle reader, I have already lingered longer than my time admits; for, after all, my principal object in asking you to bear me company within the precincts of this pleasant household, was, that we might inspect some of the Valentines in yonder daintily-wrought basket resting upon the table, beside which fair Amy Carter is seated.

(As a particular secret, dear reader, I will whisper to you that the authorship of most of these little friendly missives is ascribed to Mrs. Clinton.)

The first Valentine within our reach is addressed to Harry Gordon.

When on your downy couch you lie,
And thoughtful heave the pensive sigh,
Or muse on conquests—Cupid's bow
 Oft bent by thee—
Ere slumber comes—just then bestow
 One thought on me.

And if your fancy can but paint
A modest maid, not *quite* a saint,
In stature small, in visage fair,
 Mild and discreet,
'Tis she would free your mind from care
 With whispers sweet.

Upon the reception of which, it may be as well to mention, our anticipated

doctor of divinity had laid his hand most impressively upon his heart, in token of his appreciating divination of a passion so divine.

Next we have a Valentine upon the tiniest of all tiny sheets of gilt-edged note-paper. It is inscribed to little Helen Bond.

Little Helen—list awhile,
And I'll strive to wake a smile
On thy pure and dimpled cheek,
As I tell thee of a freak
That thy dainty spirit played,
Dreaming not 'twould be betrayed.
Little one—when thou to-day,
Cradled in sweet slumber lay,
To a very distant goal,
Lo! thy truant spirit stole.
To my study, love, it came;
And I hope thou wilt not blame,
That with eager, wild delight,
Greeted I a guest so bright!
With a sweetly joyous shout,
First it gayly skipped about,
Chanting forth a song of glee,
That awhile it might be free!
Then it nestled at my side,
Welcomed there with love and pride,
When it touched my silent lute,
Asking why its chords were mute?
And with eyes upraised to mine,
Pleaded for a Valentine!

Little Helen—not in vain
Did thy spirit seek the strain;
Not in vain, love, did it stray
From its native haunts away;
For I roused my lyre again,
Singing to a soft refrain
Prayers and wishes, warm and fond,
For thy Future—Helen Bond!
And such prayers are and will be
Gushing from my soul for thee
Every day and every hour,
Rare and lovely little flower!
Long may they who guard thy bloom
Live thy life-path to illumine;
And may hearts as true respond
E'er to thine, sweet Helen Bond!
Where thy fairy feet fall lightly
Ever may *their* eyes beam brightly,
And those voices meet thine own,
Cherishing its faintest tone.
So will Love and Happiness,

Spirits bright, that reign to bless,
O'er thee wave their magic wand,
Darling little Helen Bond!

Here are two Valentines written upon the same sheet of paper—not for economy's sake, gentle reader, but to convey an idea that the parties addressed are as they profess to be—one in spirit. The first is inscribed to Mabel Wilmot, and the following is its language.

Mable, dear Mable! pray beware,
Or else you'll fall into a snare;
Laid down, I'm very much afraid
For you—a volunteer—old-maid!

He waits but till you're free from school,
To take you 'neath his lordly rule;
For then he hopes to hear you say,
You'll "love and honor and obey!"

'Tis naught to you, though wealth and *merit*
Beyond a doubt he does inherit;
You're bound to live and die a maid,
Demure, respectable and staid.

So, Mable, darling, *do* beware
Of that gay sportsman's cunning snare,
And as your hand and heart's his mark.
Just bid your heart *emit the spark!*

Upon the opposite page are traced the ensuing lines to Fanny Gordon.

Sweet Fanny! deep within my "heart of hearts,"
A true and holy sentiment hath birth,
Which there must ever dwell till life departs —
Respect and reverence for thy modest worth!
Like the dear violet, blooming in the shade,
Scarce daring e'en to court the sun's soft rays,
Shrinking and trembling when by chance betrayed
To the wild ardor of some earnest gaze.
Thus art *thou*, Fanny! and thus will the light
Of thy fair spirit burst from its disguise
With sudden glory, and the vision bright
Shall thrill all hearts with love and glad surprise;
And startled souls shall *thy* bright soul allure
To kneel and worship at a shrine so pure!

You should have seen, dear reader, with what exuberance of glee Katie Wilmot received *her* Valentine, which is the one we are now about to unfold. You should have caught the sound of her merry, ringing laughter, and the

gayly triumphant tone in which, holding her newly-gained treasure to view, she exclaimed, “Sister Mabel—Cousin Fanny, can you guess who this is for? Ah, you can’t guess—you wouldn’t dream of such a thing? It’s for me—for *me!*” Then you should have witnessed how joyously the little fairy clapped her tiny hands together, and the impromptu polka which she accomplished round the apartment after the following all-important little missive was read to her.

TO KATIE.

Within my heart, you darling elf!
I’ve caged your little frolic self,
There will I hold you tight and fast—
And so you see you’re caught at last;
While this resolve I’ve made sincerely,
To kiss and pet and love you dearly;
You need not struggle to get free,
You’re snugly locked—Love has the key;
And once within his power, you know,
He never lets a prisoner go!

You saucy witch! you need not pout,
And vow you’ll surely raise a route,
Unless within one minute more,
I summon Love to ope the door!

Now plead not with that coaxing smile,
Just to be free *a little while*;
You waste your cunning, for in vain
You strive to break Love’s silken chain.
Whene’er he plays the jailor’s part
He’s “up to” every dainty art,
And though you think he’ll let you off,
When well you know you’ll laugh and scoff
The moment when, on loosened pinions,
You wing away from his dominions;
From that wild dream you’ll soon awaken,
To learn you’re wofully mistaken;
Love never yet betrayed a trust,
So, for your comfort, stay you must!

Ah! by this time I see you’ve found
You’re really safely caught and bound;
So, having tamed you down in season,
I’m sure you soon will list to reason,
And cease for liberty to pine,
My true heart’s captive Valentine!

Yes, Katie Wilmot was *very* proud of that; and she might have been heard from time to time, through the evening, repeating with peculiar satisfaction

what seemed to be her two favorite lines,

While this resolve I've made sincerely
To kiss and pet and love you dearly!

These three appropriate little verses, addressed to Amy Carter, next demand our attention.

The "Household Witch," *thy* winning name,
Because o'er all around thee,
To weave Love's magic spell the aim,
Which true as Truth has found thee!

Then as through future years thy smiles
Illume this favored dwelling,
All shadows by thy frolic wiles
And witchery dispelling.

By wile and smile in every niche,
All needless gloom suppressing,
Remaining yet the Household Witch,
Still prove—*the Household Blessing!*

Dear Amy Carter! The ardent, impulsive kiss which your lips imprinted upon that well-known handwriting, told how precious was this pleasant tribute; that you recognized and blessed the traces of your childhood's loving friend, of your girlhood's guardian angel!

One more poetical heart-effusion and our recording space is filled even to overflowing. It is inscribed to Mrs. Clinton.

Though I turn, I fly not,
I cannot depart;
I would try, but try not,
To release my heart;
And my hopes are dying,
While on dreams relying,
I am spelled by art.

Thus the bright snake coiling
'Neath the forest tree,
Wins the bird beguiling
To come down and see.
Like that bird the lover,
Round his fate will hover,
Till the blow is over,
And he sinks—like me!

Ah, Mrs. Clinton! when you read that token of a never-fading attachment,

your sorrowing spirit murmured in tones of subdued melancholy, "For years he has followed me, and though I have never encouraged his attentions, it has seemed as if I could not be forgotten—as though he could not bear to give me up. Yet I can never be grateful for his love, I must only regret that it has been bestowed upon me. I can make him no return—for still with me

"Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb!"

And so with "tears, radiant emanations," welling from the innermost depths of your soul, and glistening in your eyes, with intuitive delicacy, you placed that avowal of disappointed affection in your portfolio, deeming it there so safe from observation that not even Amy, your darling, would ever catch a glimpse of it. But, unfortunately, on the way to your own apartment, it escaped from its hiding-place, and was picked up upon the stair by one of your little nieces, who transferred it to the general Valentine-receptacle in the parlor. By and by you will doubtless ask yourself with regretful wonder, how it came there.

But the day is already too far spent to admit of a longer sojourn with the Gordons. And it is solely the fault of the recorder, gentle reader, if you are not able to bid them adieu with the firm conviction that theirs is one of those "homes of America" to whom Miss Bremer referred when she said so sweetly, "wherever there is a good husband and father, a true wife and mother, dutiful children, the spirit of freedom and peace and love, and that beautiful feeling of noble minds which makes them confer happiness on their fellow-creatures according to their gifts and wishes, there also would I fain be myself, to see, to enjoy, to shed tears of delight that paradise still is to be found on this poor earth."

THE VALLEY OF SHADOW.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

WHEN daylight ends, where night begins,
(May Jesus save us from our sins!)
There lies a narrow, shadowy vale —
(Mark me, I but repeat a tale
Which once, I know not how, or when,
Came mystically within my ken:)
A dark, sepulchral, silent vale,
Lying beyond the ultimate pale
Of distant Time—beyond the din
Of human tongues—by which the Djin,
And Ghoul, and Afreet, hating light,
Come in the noiselessness of night
To chant unearthly notes and bars
To the unquiet, pensive stars —
To carol many a carping tune
In mockery of the mourning moon —
By which the jackal and the lynx
Make curious queries to the Sphynx,
Who never drops her stony eyes
From contemplation of the skies
To heed the rout, whose awful howls
Alarm the fiery-visioned owls,
That, at the decadence of day,
Flit round and round in search of prey.

Without a stream, without a tree,
The vale has been and still will be —
Though obelisks with many a trace
Of many an immemorial race,
With many a mighty pyramid
In which lost histories lie hid,

Rudely engraved on silent stone,
For countless centuries unknown,
Point, here, and there, and yon, to where
God and his angels dwell in air; —
And thistles rise and grow and bloom,
And cypresses, those trees of gloom,
Frown everywhere along the pale
Which is the entrance to the vale; —
But nothing—nothing *moves* within:
There is no tumult and no din: —
Shut out by hills that scarcely show
A rift of sky to those below,
The dwellers in this lonely spot
Rest even by memory forgot: —
Recumbent, in a sunless rest
They lie, with hands across their breast,
So motionless of hand or head
That he who gazed would deem them dead,
Or sleeping, when their toil was done,
Until the rising of the sun.
They have no mind, thus left alone;
Strike them; you will not hear a groan;
An icy torpor fills their veins;
They have no mortal cares, or pains,
Or sense, as we have; theirs is life,
If sleep be life, with nothing rife
Which we who love the setting sun
And crimson sky and crystal run,
And all things else that God has made —
We, who would moulder in the shade,
Can contemplate or understand
Like these inhabitants of the land,
These rigid and insensible blocks
Of clay, as cold of heart as rocks:
Still, so the legend sings, whose tune
Dropped, dew-like, from the tearful moon,
When sky and earth shall pass away,
When space becomes eternal day
The Dwellers of the Vale will rise
Beyond what once have been the skies,
Radiant, before immortal eyes,

To live and love in Paradise!



THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

[WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.]

BY C. F. ASHMEAD.

There is a game,
A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day.
BYRON'S MAZEPPA.

THE Lady Arabella H—— was the reigning belle and beauty of a court not excelled, in the long annals of its previous history, for accomplished and fascinating women. Many stars, of no little magnitude, sparkled in the regal diadem of female loveliness, but she outshone them all. In the graces of her person, in wit, in accomplishments, she appeared without a competitor—not to say without a rival. Her own sex reluctantly yielded the palm to her indisputable pretensions, and the other proudly crowned her with its leaves. She was the Venus of the day.

Countless suitors knelt at her feet—from the gay nobleman to the grave statesman—for in the versatility of her attractions lay some charm for all. But the lady was strangely cold to the accents of love. One gallant after another retired with his suit rejected, and despair in his heart: and it might have been believed that the exquisite temple of her form enshrined a soul callous to the passion it was so peculiarly fitted to inspire.

A brilliant ball was in progress. It was graced by the presence of royalty, and the arrangements and decorations were worthy of the distinguished visitors. Beauty and fashion, and taste, conspired to lend a magic to the festive scene. Conspicuous among the admired of her sex shone the graceful figure of Lady Arabella H. Her loveliness on this evening surpassed itself: and there was a languishing tenderness in her eyes that bespoke a softer mood than her wont, and lent hope once more to her despairing suitors. With renewed energy, these crowded around her to seek her smiles, while new aspirants for her gracious favor added the meed of their respective homage. One gallant alone remained aloof from the idol of universal worship. This was the young Lord R—,

remarkable for his handsome person, his general accomplishments, and more than all, his noble soul. It was but recently that he had appeared at court after an absence abroad. On his first return, he had seemed to share in the fascination caused by the charms of the Lady Arabella. But by degrees, he had shunned her society: and on this evening, he evidently avoided passing within the charmed circle of her blandishments. His very glances appeared schooled to prevent their resting on her, as he stood dejectedly within the door, with his eyes cast upon the ground.

“What aileth thee, my lord, that thou holdest thyself to-night beyond the attraction of yonder dazzling orb?” inquired Sir Charles G—, advancing close beside him.

“I may not approach without being singed by its fire, from which I have already suffered more than enough for my happiness.”

“By my troth, then, the star is resolved to approach thee: for lo! the lady nears us now, and takes her station not far from thy side, attended by some of her satellites.”

Lord R. did not trust himself with a single glance to ascertain the correctness of the assertion: but turned his face toward the ante-room.

“Thou art too diffident of thyself,” continued Sir Charles. “Attack the peace of the haughty belle even as she hath thine, and she will surrender her hand at thy discretion.”

“You flatter, my friend. How dare I to entertain hope, when so many have been rejected by her with less than indifference? Nay, there remains no alternative for my happiness save to shun her altogether.”

A stifled sigh here arrested the attention of the speakers, and the fair being who was the subject of their remarks passed within the door-way in which they stood. She leaned on the arm of a young nobleman who regarded her with looks of anxiety. A sudden indisposition had that instant seized her, and she was retiring to seek her recovery apart from the crowd.

“Leave me here alone,” said she to her companion, when they had reached the recess of a window in the ante-room. “It is but a slight faintness, and I shall be myself again presently.”

The gallant obeyed, and the lady occupied the ante-room in solitude.

Giving way to a burst of tears, she murmured, “Alas! he whom alone I love of all that seek my hand hath declared that he will in future shun me altogether; and yet the very declaration implies that he is not indifferent to me. Untoward fate! how hast thou permitted a misapprehension so cruel?——”

A succession of sobs interrupted her voice, and her soliloquy sunk into

inaudible words. But her unhappy train of thought continued, and she remained for a considerable time with her emotion deepening rather than diminishing.

At length, by an effort, she recovered in some measure her self-possession. The surprise her absence from the dancers would occasion now suggested itself to her mind, and she had arisen for the purpose of rejoining them, when two persons entered the ante-room.

The projection of the window hid her from their observation: and it was fortunate for her that this was the case; for, on recognizing in one of the intruders the graceful figure and handsome countenance of Lord R., her former emotion returned with increased violence. Smothering her sensations to prevent her attracting their attention, until the effort almost choked her, she sank back again upon her seat, where the damask window-curtains afforded her an effectual screen from discovery.

Entirely unconscious of her presence, the two gallants drew a small side-table near the window, and sat down to a game of draughts.

The gentleman who accompanied Lord R. was the same with whom he had recently been conversing, and he had, with the charitable design of diverting his friend's melancholy mood, suggested a trial against himself of the noted skill of Lord R. at the game in question—he being himself also a scientific and accomplished player.

They went through five or six successive games, and Lord R. was every time the winner.

As they played, the Lady Arabella, whose situation gave her an opportunity of viewing the board, though, as has been said, it was such as to prevent her being herself observed, gradually became interested in the moves, enlisting all her sympathies on the side of the successful combatant.

“Conquered completely,” said Sir Charles at length, pushing back the board and rising from the table. “You are more than a match for me, and yet I have ever been counted no mean player.”

“I have never met any one able to beat me since the first dozen games I played as a tyro,” replied Lord R., as he followed the example of the other in leaving the table, and linking his arm within that of his friend, they made their exit from the apartment.

It was not until some little time after their departure that our heroine arose from the seat she occupied. But when she did so, it would have seemed, from her countenance, that some bright and sanguine idea had struck her, possessing the power to dispel her previous desponding state of mind.

When she again appeared in the ball-room, Lord R. had quitted the scene. But her hope, whatever it was, evidently extended beyond the present into the

future: and the reader, who is acquainted with her sentiments, may augur, from the beaming smiles which throughout the remainder of the evening she shed around her—too bright to be the result of aught else than heartfelt confidence and joy—that she had discovered some delicate mode of communicating her preference for him whose love for her, the words she had so lately heard from his own lips, left her no room to doubt.

The Lady Arabella suddenly grew extraordinarily partial to a pleasing, though not heretofore engrossing amusement. Hoyle had not at that day been published; but practice was her teacher, and she became an astonishing adept at Draughts. A passion emanating from so admired a source soon spread throughout the court circle, until checker-boards took the place of dancing and music, and conversation, in every festive concourse. For the remainder of the season, nothing else was in vogue. The ball-room continued empty, the drama remained unnoticed, and the worshipers at the shrine of Pleasure sought her only at the table of the fashionable game. The lady who was skillful at draughts, was deemed something more worthy to aspire to distant rivalry with the Lady Arabella, and the man who excelled at the same, was thought more fitting to become, however unsuccessfully, her suitor.

The excitement in the metropolis, caused by the retirement of lords and ladies to their country residences, was at its height. The atmosphere exhaled the balmy softness and fragrantcy of an English June; and a succession of delicious days witnessed the arrival of a party of the first noblemen of the realm at the Castle of ——.

This castle was beautifully situated on the margin of a winding lake, surrounded by the most bewitching and graceful mountain scenery. Art, moreover, lent its aid to increase the attractions of the spot, and gardens, groves, grottos, arbors, and fountains, appeared at every turn in rich and tasteful variety. It was a residence worthy of a divinity. And such, indeed, Fortune had placed in it, for the magnificent domain was the inheritance of the father of the Lady Arabella, while his daughter was the goddess of the place.

It was a singular mandate which here congregated around her the chivalry of the day. She had caused it to be known that she desired her suitors, one and all, to meet her at this particular crisis, in trial of their skill against her own, at the late fashionable game of draughts. He who should prove her successful antagonist, the proclamation declared, was to take his revenge in claiming her hand. Three months had been given them for practice, and the time had at

length expired. The aspirants day by day were arriving in numbers, and the castle became filled with guests.

England might well have been proud of the flower of her manhood, as they showed on this occasion. Stately and stalwort forms, and haughty brows, and eyes of intellectual fire, were to be seen among the motley but graceful crowd.

At length, the day which limited any further arrivals dawned. It was the same that was to decide the fate of those visitors already assembled.

At an early hour, clad in a dress of simple white, with a bodice of blue satin, the Lady Arabella descended among her palpitating guests.

“I am ready, gentlemen,” said she, with one of her radiant smiles. “I will retire to the adjoining colonnade, and let him who wishes to make the first trial join me there. When a single game with him is over, another can take his place. There is but one suggestion I would make,” she added, “which is, that those who are deemed the most skillful players remain until the last.” So saying, she turned and departed.

The colonnade which the Lady Arabella had thus dedicated to the singular contest, was situated so as to receive the breeze from the neighboring lake. A fountain of pure water, placed near, likewise contributed to refresh the atmosphere, while the picturesque mountain scenery in the distance delighted the eye, and the songs of birds in an adjoining grove made melody to the ear.

After a few moments’ consultation among her suitors, our heroine was speedily followed into this pleasing retreat, first by one and then by another in rapid succession. The only interruption the routine experienced was that caused by the necessity of her taking some refreshment. In this manner, the day wore away, and each of her antagonists retired in turn, crest-fallen and vanquished.

It was almost twilight, and there now remained but one gallant to be tested. He had unanimously been voted the best player present; and had therefore, according to the Lady Arabella’s suggestion, been preceded by all his companions. As he entered the colonnade with an embarrassed, though graceful step, the lady blushed, and her eyes grew soft and tender. Intent upon the great stake before him, these indications were lost upon the nobleman, who took his seat at the board. In fact, he dare scarcely trust himself with more than a glance at the fair being opposite him, lest the dazzling vision should disarm his skill.

But for the first time throughout the day, the gentle combatant played carelessly. Her eyes were riveted upon the countenance of her opponent, rather than as previously, fixed upon the board. Her moves seemed made without foresight, resembling those of a beginner more than an adept, and she failed to

crown a single king. In a word, the meanest antagonist might have won the game at issue, and in a quarter of an hour her opponent gained an easy victory.

“Dare I,” asked he—gathering some suspicion of a preference on her part, which alone could have led to this result, after the skill she had previously manifested towards his rivals—“dare I presume to claim the rich reward?”

His voice grew lower—he drew his chair to her side, and ventured to raise his eyes to her countenance.

It beamed sweet affection; and as she extended her hand to meet his, the nobleman grasped the treasure as one which that gesture made willingly and confidently his own.

The victorious gallant was Lord R., and ere another winter, the Lady Arabella H—— became his bride. Draughts went out of fashion in the *beau monde*, but, during their hours of privacy, the game continued, throughout their life-time, a favorite recreation of the happy pair whom it was instrumental in bringing to a blissful union.

THE “STILL SMALL VOICE.”

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE stars were weary—all the summer night
They held high revelry through heaven's blue halls,
And danced along their wanton wanderings
To the weird chiming of the “Sister Seven,”
Now, slowly paling like young beauty's cheek
Returning from the midnight festival,
Their glances faded, lest they should behold
The gentle dalliance of the earth and sky.

The silver lute of the young morning star
Thrilled faintly into silence, as the dawn
With red lip kissed the mountain's snowy brow,
Which, bathed in softest slumber, blushed to own
The gentle pressure. As the waves of light
Broke o'er the margin of a darkened world,
In golden ripples, faintly they revealed
Bright uplands, where the spirit of the mist
Hung low upon the bosom of the hills,
And wept soft dewy tears, while o'er their crests
Swept her long tresses of the wreathing cloud,
With white peaks flashing through their tangled curls,
Like jewels crushed in the disheveled hair
Of maniac beauty, in some gentle hour
Of quiet sadness; and more faintly still,
Gleamed through the shadows at the mountain's base,
Where smiling valleys dimpled Nature's cheek,
And laughing meadows cradled singing streams.

On Horeb's mount a holy man of God
Stood forth to view the fragrant strife of morn,
Sunshine with shadow—rosy day with night —

And sleeping Death with glory-wakened Life.
A close dark mantle wrapped his agéd form,
His brow uncovered, though a snowy lock,
Stirred by the breeze of morning, waved above
Its frozen marble; while the gathered shades
Of many years hung, like a coronal
Of withered leaves, around it—and his eyes,
Strange, deep, and fathomless, gleamed forth beneath
Its deadly whiteness, like two liquid flames.
From the recesses of a marble tomb.
Mystic and subtle as some charmed perfume,
A sense of pleasure thrilled upon his heart,
As quick, faint pulses of the scented breeze
Brought balmy odors from the dewy flowers,
Waved the plumed monarchs of the forest proud,
And wafted on the islets of the cloud
Through liquid sapphire, where they seemed to float
Softly and dreamily, and full of love.
He bowed and worshiped—and “the Lord passed by.”

The sky was changed—and hoarsely, from afar,
A sound of waters, and of mingled winds,
Through forests raging, crept upon the ear;
And, driving o’er the azure fields of heaven,
Cloud after cloud came rolling swiftly on,
Black Pelion upon gloomy Ossa piled.
Like giant towers they gather, and from point
To point along their frowning battlements
Red signal-fires are flashing far and free.
Hark! the deep watchword of the rushing storm!
The thunder-spirit calls his squadrons dark,
Far through the trackless void of scowling space,
And lightning rends the cloudy canopy,
As prophet’s vision tears aside the veil
That shadows o’er the future, and beholds
Beyond unfolded naught but dim, and wild,
And fearful mystery. Then the sullen roar
Of elemental conflict crashing fell —
A mingled din of crushing thunderbolts,
And sadly moaning winds, and heavy drops
Of rain, as though the demons of the storm

Wept o'er the ruin which their fury wrought.

'Twas past—and o'er the eastern mountains rolled
The cloudy banners, and the chariot wheels
Of burning levin—by the tempest led,
(As some great conqueror from battle won,)
The serried hosts of falling waters passed
Beneath the rainbow's bright triumphal arch;
And Nature shouted as the wing of peace
Fell softly o'er the wild and wasted track
Of elemental war. "The Lord was not"
Amid the rushing armies of the storm,
Its fierceness was the shadow of his frown,
Deep-veiled, yet dark, and terribly sublime;
And, as upon its far retiring verge,
The glorious rainbow brightened, 'twas a dim
And faint reflection of His mercy's smile!

Again the spirit of a fearful change
Came stealing o'er the blue and tranquil heaven —
A hollow, rushing murmur filled the air,
And the low sobbing of the rising wind
Grew deeper, till in howling gusts it whirled
Dark wreaths of earthy fragments to the sky,
As though the maddened gnomes were hurling death
Against the vapory armaments of air;
And lurid flames with blue and ghastly glare
Gleamed o'er the face of Nature till it blanched,
As though the warning of the last dread trump
Had smote her guilt upon a coward heart.

The earthquake rising from his burning lair,
Deep in the bosom of a rock-ribbed world,
Shook everlasting hills from out his path,
Like a roused lion flinging from his mane
The dewy drops of morning. At his tread
The pale earth trembled, and anon there came
A crushing down of rocky battlements,
Which, for a moment, high and quivering hung,
On cloud-crowned pinnacles, then thundering fell
Far down the dark, immeasurable void
Which yawned beneath them like the livid lips
Of fierce, insatiate hell. He tore away

The iron nerves from that strong mountain's heart,
As though the destiny of a conqueror lay
Deep hid within it, and the hour was come
When he must march to seek it, in a last
And wild death-revel. As this passed away,
In racking throes, which might have seemed the strong
Convulsive shudder of dissolving worlds,
The earth moaned feebly, as a dying child
Will murmur faintly in its fever-dream —
Then darkness gathered round it, like the deep,
Black jaws of cold annihilation.

It came—it vanished—and “the Lord was not”
Throned high upon the earthquake's blasting rage;
But, at the echo of His chariot wheels,
The iron land tossed like the ocean waves,
And mountains dashed aloft their crested heads
As surging billows flout a stormy sky.

The air was stagnant, cold, and dark, and dull,
Heavy as morn to aching senses, when
Some dreamer wakes to feel a load of care
Pressed back upon his memory, and hastes
To close his eyes, that he may cast it off,
And dream once more of happiness and hope.
Like molten lead along the sullen sky,
Gray clouds hung drooping, for the summer wind
Seemed frozen, and its restless wing was dead.

Strong, swift, and chainless as some maddening thought,
There came the spirit of a change, which seemed
To wave aloft the banner and the sword
Of a destroying angel—withering winds
Rose, winged with lightning, and the brazen sky
Was one red desert, peopled with a host
Of burning shadows, lurid shapes of hell,
That wildly mingled with the falling stars,
And whirled in flaming chaos up to heaven!
Clouds heated to a whiteness writhed and tossed
Along the horizon's verge of liquid fire,
And, from their snowy foldings rent and torn,
Gushed forth a stream of meteors, like deep gouts
Of crimson blood from Beauty's mangled bosom.

Bright glowed the valleys, and the eternal hills
Seemed towering to the brassy vault of heaven
In gorgeous pyramids of living flame —
A mighty holocaust, and offered high
On the red altars of a crumbling world
To some fierce god of elemental fire.

It flamed—it faded—but “the Lord was not”
Upon the burning pinions of its strength;
His glance, which withers dynasties and thrones —
His passing breath, where hangs the fate of kings
And mighty nations, kindled up the sky,
And lightened o’er a terror-stricken world.

Noontide poured down upon the sleeping earth
And dreaming waves a long and fervid kiss
Of panting passion, and the Orient’s heart
Glowed in its languid atmosphere of love.
The storm, the earthquake, and the flashing fire.
Had left it placid as the orbéd brow
Of slumbering Beauty—through the fragrant air
There came no sounding sweep of angel wings,
No frowning fury rushing on to tread
The wrathful wine-press of avenging God;
But the rich music of a “still, small voice,”
From the far arches of the vaulted sky
Stole slowly earthward, and as though the breath
Of God were sweeping o’er the Æolian line
Of universal being, till it thrilled
A new creation into loving life,
Hushed was the chiming of each starry sphere,
The universe of harmony was dumb,
For in the music of that “still small voice,”
Was blent the omnipresence of the Lord.

The prophet shrouded up his lofty brow
Deep in his mantle, and his soul grew still
With silent worship, as his thirsting heart
Drank the rich murmur of that mystic tone
Which told the mighty presence of his God!

The true existence of a gifted soul
Is like that prophet’s vision, and it seems

A dread reality, to which his trance
Was but the faint foreshadowing. The hues
Of morning sleep upon enchanted earth
When the young soul exulting presses on
To chase the pleasures of its opening day.
Its dreams are fairy cloudlets, flushed with hope,
Wrought into beauty by the singing wind,
Which bears them on its wing so joyously;
While the glad revel of its morning song
Fills the blue arches of its summer heaven.

The strong day deepens, as the spirit speeds
Along the crowded thoroughfares of life,
But apprehension's vague, dim, shadow flits
O'er thought's bright beauty; strange and fitfully
Gray tints of doubt will mingle with the hues
Of rainbow light, with which it used to paint
The future's glory—and the Right and Wrong
Will struggle fiercely in the wavering heart,
Like light and shadow 'mid the wreathing folds
Of cloudy columns driven by the storm.

It grovels with the herd of Mammon's slaves,
And drops of poisoned anguish from the heart
Will start and thicken on the pallid brow.

Deep disappointment, like the serpent's fang,
Strikes through the spirit sharply, and the cry
Of midnight whirlwinds shrieking on the wold
Is not so weird and fearful. Tempest-tossed,
The soul must wander on its weary way,
Till, from the caverns of its being, rent
By strong fatality, a first, great love
Bursts on its raptured vision, as of old
A mighty angel rolled away the stone
Which shrouded o'er the sepulchre of God,
And clothed in living glory, as a robe,
Came forth the Crucified! How soft at first
The voiceless breathing of that atmosphere —
How sweet the stillness where no breezes sigh
Save that of Love's impassioned oracle!

Anon 'tis broken, and the future sobs

A low, sad warning of the storm to come.
'Tis Passion's earthquake rising in its might,
To scatter thought, as gathered cloud on cloud,
It hangs around the pinnacles of mind,
Perchance deep-freighted with some glorious truth,
Which, could it melt away in genial showers,
Would bless and beautify a desert world.
As some strong column, God-erected, on
The mountain's misty summit, the young heart
Sways to and fro between the Right and Wrong —
The first may triumph, or the last may win,
It matters not, wild Passion's dreams is past,
The soul is stagnant—but it sleeps no more.
Cradled in heaven, but entombed in hell,
Then comes the torture of its aching void,
Silent, beneath the suffocating press
Of bitter, sullen agony it lies.

The spirit sickens with its loneliness —
And thirst of *power* dissolves the icy spell,
Which bound its pulses into leaden sleep;
Then mad Ambition withers down the wrecks
Of disappointed Passion, as the crash
Of thunder follows in the lightning's path;
The myrtle-wreath, now trampled and despoiled,
Is dashed aside to grasp a laurel crown.
The meed of genius, and of victory!

The past becomes a broken altar-stone.
But from the ashes of its cold despair
The strong soul rises into glorious life,
Like a young Phoenix flaming into birth.

Sweet rainbow-tinted fancies have decayed,
But lofty thoughts like gorgeous banners wave
In triumph o'er the citadel of Mind —
Though tossed, perchance, upon a sigh which tells
Of ruined hope, and desolated love;
The eloquence of passion-parted lips
Has softly faded, like the rich perfume
Of burning incense—but a vaporous flame
Of proud defiance scathes the listening world.
Thus goaded on to action by the fire

That madly rages in a wasted heart,
It struggles on to win the dust of time,
To strew it o'er the amaranthine leaves
Of an immortal coronal; its fame
Flashes, a meteor through the changing sky
Of popular opinion, ever urged
“*Onward—still onward*”—by the iron hand
Of strong, resistless Destiny. The storm,
The rocking earthquake, and devouring fire,
Have done their work upon the heart and soul;
Have torn away the sweetest bloom of life
And flung it wantonly upon the world —
Corroding Care has shed its poison dew
O'er Pleasure, which is foam upon the wave —
And Shame's red plague-spot flashes in the heart,
While Pride and Passion's flaming lava-drops
Fall hissing through its purest depths, to change
Their sweets to bitter burning.

O'er the fount,
Erewhile so wild and troubled, sweeps a spell
And “peace, be still,” is in its music tone.
The “still, small voice,” which breathes of “love divine,”
Steals o'er the spirit like the singing rain
To blossoms by the summer lightning crushed.
Shrouded in beauty, flows the fountain calm.
In dewy light the feelings sparkle on,
For every wave of thought is full of prayer.
Within its holy sanctuary hushed,
So softly beats the bosom purified,
So sweet the slumber of a soul forgiven, —
While blended with its harmony of thought
That angel “voice” is sounding peacefully,
With waning life alone to pass away,
And fade into the melody of Heaven!

Memphis, 1850.

“L'INCONNUE.”

TO THE FLOWER HEARTS-EASE.

RENOUNCE thy name, deceitful flower,
Nor boast an art beyond thy power;
Dost thou such consequence assume,
That yieldeth no such rich perfume?
The jessamine and fragrant rose
Surpass thee far, yet humbler those:
Nor does the woodbine e'er pretend
To cheer or to console a friend.
Cease, cease to promise happiness—
What widow's desolate distress,
Or aged parent's troubled soul
Hast thou been able to control?

Thou pretty groveler on the ground,
No spell for sorrow can be found
In thee—a gaudy, rich attire
Is all thy votaries admire.
When varied colors, gay and bright,
Can give a joyless mind delight,
My muse shall celebrate thy fame—
Till then, false flower, renounce thy name.

Burlington, N. J.

LIFE'S LESSONS TEACH CHARITY.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

Turn thy eyes back upon thyself, and see thou judge not the doings of others. THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

"WE missed you so much at Mrs. Fenton's last evening, Cornelia; why did you not come?" asked Miss Lee.

"Because Miss Enna had just come to us, and was not well; nor did I feel very well myself."

"Mrs. Fenton told us Miss Duval had partly promised to come also," said Miss Ellen Lee, a younger sister of the first speaker.

"So I did," I replied; "when Mrs. Fenton called at Miss Clemson's yesterday morning, I told her if I felt well enough in the evening I would come."

"What a very pleasant young person Miss Clemson is, Miss Duval," drawled out young Colton, a dangling beau of the Miss Lees, "my sisters go to school to her, and I had no idea their *school ma'am* was such a nice young woman."

The young ladies giggled at this would-be witty and patronizing remark, to which I only replied with a cold assenting bow of my head.

"I have never met with her before," said Miss Ellen Lee, "but I really liked her very much."

"She converses very well," said the elder Miss Lee. "We had an opportunity of judging last evening, for she did the most of the talking."

"She's one of your talking women, I believe, but that's her business, you know," rejoined the dandy, in an affected languid tone of voice, as if the exertion of talking was too much for a person of gentility. A sharp retort trembled on my tongue, but I checked myself, as my eyes passed over his insipid, characterless face; and I returned with such animation to a little drawing I was making for Cornelia's mother, that I snapped off the end of my pencil.

"I did not know that Miss Clemson visited this winter in society," said

Cornelia. "Is she not in mourning?"

"Oh! no," exclaimed Miss Ellen Lee, "she is not in mourning, for she was dressed beautifully last evening, she had on a light silver-gray silk, very rich and expensive looking;—any thing but mourning."

"She does not approve of mourning," said the elder sister, "and although her brother and his wife died only a few weeks since, I suppose she does not approve of observing any of the customs of society on such occasions, no matter how sad they may be."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Knowles, a purse-proud *parvenue* woman, "persons not properly in society, like Miss Clemson, are excusable in differing from its usual customs; it matters little what they do."

I quietly permitted the conversation to proceed, for I felt too much contempt for the company, to take any trouble to defend my dear friend, Mary Clemson. I knew their remarks proceeded from willful malice, and that it would be of little use to set them right. My little pencil sketch, however, from my repressed temper, was growing quite as spirited under my quick, impulsive touches, as the original, from which I was copying it—the only good that resulted from the gossip; and I should have remained silent, had not my friend, Cornelia Payne—who was not acquainted with Miss Clemson, joined in the conversation, and animadverted pretty severely on Miss Clemson's want of feeling.

"She might dress as she pleased," said Cornelia, in reply to a flippant remark of Ellen Lee's, that Miss Clemson dressed very expensively and extravagantly for one in her position and circumstances; "dressing is a matter that belongs to one's own taste, and so far as circumstances and means are concerned, that is nobody's business; but I think it argues a want of feeling, a coldness of heart, when one who has recently gone through so much trouble, can so readily throw it aside and make their appearance at an evening party."

"Oh, Miss Clemson prides herself upon being above all such weaknesses," said Miss Hill, another young lady present. "Little Sallie Foster, one of her pupils, told me the other day, that Miss Mary had given her quite a lecture because she cried at the prospect of a rainy day, which would necessarily put off a May party, and said she could scarcely conceive of the necessity of shedding tears, no matter how great the trial might be."

My memory quickly recalled the scene Miss Hill alluded to. I had been visiting Mary Clemson the week before, and had been present at the conversation with little Sallie Foster. The remark quoted had been meant to apply merely to temporal trials; and as the sobbing Sallie left the room, I remembered the touching, sad expression of my noble, strong-minded friend's

countenance, as she turned to me, and said, "Heaven grant the poor child may never have real trials to weep for."

"It's well she is strong enough to overcome natural feeling," said Cornelia Payne, in reply to Miss Hill's remark, "that is, well for her own worldly comfort, I mean, but I do not admire such unfeeling persons."

This was going a little too far for my patience, for I respected and loved Cornelia Payne, though I knew her to be somewhat uncharitable, and harsh in her judgments of others.

"Cornelia," I said, "Miss Clemson is not unfeeling; she has as warm and sensitive a heart as any one I know."

"Oh, we forgot," exclaimed the Misses Lee in a breath, "that Miss Clemson was an intimate friend of Miss Duval's."

"Yes," I said, looking at Mrs. Knowles, "my mother knew Miss Clemson's mother, when she was the rich heiress, Miss Fleming; and your father Mrs. Knowles, made Miss Fleming's carriage, which was the talk of the town, at the time of her marriage with Mr. Clemson. I have heard my mother frequently speak of it. You remember it, do you not, Mrs. Payne?" I asked, turning to Cornelia's mother.

"Perfectly well, my dear," replied this gentlest of all gentlewomen, smiling at my sudden arousing. My tongue was now unloosened, and I felt ready to measure swords, or the more feminine weapon, darning-needles, with them all. I continued —

"I must scold my pretty, thoughtless friend, Mrs. Fenton, for deceiving Miss Clemson. She assured us that only Mrs. Fay and ourselves would be with her last evening; and you, Cornelia, were only invited, because I had promised you and your mother to commence my visit here yesterday, and Mrs. Fenton wanted to secure me, to accompany Mary Clemson. Mrs. Fenton has been one of Miss Clemson's most attentive friends, and Mrs. Fay knew Mary's mother when she was a girl. Mrs. Fay wanted to see Miss Clemson on business, and was too infirm to go to her; she wishes Miss Clemson to take charge of her nieces, the Miss Foresters."

"What, our cousins the Foresters?" exclaimed the two Lees. "Why I think Aunt Fay might have consulted with mamma about it," continued the elder one, "however, it will be a great thing for Miss Clemson to have them, for the girls are immensely wealthy."

"Yes, Miss Lee." I replied, trying to be very calm. "But who would have thought, when your aunt, the now rich Mrs. Fay, and your mother kept the fashionable boarding school, at which Miss Fleming was educated, that Miss Fleming's daughter would in turn be governess to the nieces of Mrs. Fay and

her sister. Life has many strange reverses, Mr. Colton.”

Poor Steenie Colton, colored to the roots of his faded hair and whiskers. I suppose he thought I was going to tell him of his respectable old grandfather, who had kept a very nice meat and vegetable store, but I spared him, for I felt I had said enough to my discomfited gossips.

“Now tell me, Miss Lee,” I asked, “who all were at this evening party of Lizzie Fenton’s.”

“It was no evening party, Miss Duval,” replied the young lady sulkily. “Neither Ellen nor I have said so. Mr. Colton went in with us during the evening to see Aunt Fay.”

“Excuse me,” I said, “but did you go by invitation?”

“Why, Miss Duval?” inquired the younger one pertly, as her elder sister answered me in the negative.

“Because,” I replied, “my friend has been accused of heartlessness and want of feeling by one whom I respect, and to clear Miss Clemson in Cornelia Payne’s opinion, is all I care for. Others may think as they please of her, but Cornelia can appreciate such a noble good woman as Mary Clemson.”

The conversation naturally flagged after this, and soon the morning visitors bade us good day.

“Bravo!” cried Cornelia, after they all left, clapping her little hands on my shoulders. “Bravo! Captain Duval, why you have routed my poor little gossiping brigade completely, put them all to flight.”

“They are the most disagreeable people that visit us,” said Mrs. Payne; “as for those silly Miss Lees, I wonder, Cornelia, how you can endure them.”

“Oh, my dear mother,” replied the daughter, “it takes all sorts of people to make up the world. You know old Patsie tells you that every day. But, Enna, I must know this paragon of yours; we will call on her together.”

I was about to remonstrate with Cornelia for her harsh and hasty judgment, during the preceding conversation, but the entrance of some other visitors prevented me.

I loved and respected Cornelia Payne; she was one of my dearest friends, and, unlike most girls of her age—we were only nineteen then—she had a strong, decided character. Her oddities did not spring from affectation, nor did her warmly expressed opinions proceed from a spirit of arbitrary obstinacy. She was true and sincere, and had a good, strong mind. She had faults,—who has not? And her principal fault was a sad one, she was harsh and uncharitable in her judgments of others. She had never known trouble or temptation; and honest, firm, and upright herself, she always judged every one by her own

standard—a standard that had never been tested by a single trial. Whenever we remonstrated with her, her replies were such as “Nine times out of ten appearances are the best to judge by,” or, “There is so much cant and affectation, so much petty falsehood in society, that it makes one forget there is such a virtue as charity,” or, “There are certain bounds to charity beyond which it ceases to be a virtue, and becomes a weakness, and a cowardly shield to vice,” which replies generally silenced me.

The evening following the conversation which opened this sketch, we were all assembled in the *cozie*, comfortable library. Some friends had called in, and, according to the too usual custom, the conversation turned upon the absent. The subject of discourse was the conduct of two persons, a husband and wife, with whom the company assembled were sufficiently acquainted, to feel interested in their well or ill doings. A few weeks previous the husband had made a most disgraceful failure, and had been detected in various dishonorable transactions; whereupon his wife, with whom he had always lived happily, apparently, left him, and returned to her family; and since her desertion of him, her friends had made application for a divorce. This was commented upon pretty severely, and almost every one blamed the wife for her heartlessness; and circumstances were mentioned to prove the uniform kindness and lavish indulgence of the husband in the days of his prosperity. My friend Cornelia was almost the only one of the party who defended her.

“That’s so like you, Cornelia,” said her cousin, Harry Peters, laughing, “you always lake ‘the forlorne hope’ in an argument, and seize up the cudgels for the minority.”

“You are unjust, Harry,” replied Cornelia, a little piqued, “I always take the side of my opinion, and defend that which I think honest and right. I scarcely know Mrs. Barclay, therefore, neither am I prejudiced, for she is no favorite of mine; she always seemed to me a cold, selfish woman, even when everybody, and you particularly, Harry, admired her so much. But I do say, that I do not excuse, I uphold her conduct in this matter. Even thus should I have acted had I been thus placed, guided by a strict sense of duty. I could love as devotedly and truly as any of you, but my love would wither away, under the scorching breath of dishonor and crime.”

The conversation grew very animated, and all spoke at once, to express their decided opposition to Cornelia, but she stoutly defended her position.

“True, Cornelia,” said her mother, “your love might be weakened, but would that change of feeling justify desertion?”

“It would not be desertion, mother,” replied Cornelia, “it would be fleeing from the plague spot of sin. No one has a right to subject their spiritual nature

to the degrading influence of daily association with crime.”

This was what Harry Peters playfully called, “one of Cornelia’s grand, solemn, rhetorical conclusions,” which generally silenced all further debate, without convincing any one; but often, in after hours of sorrow, Cornelia’s figure and countenance, as she looked during this conversation, would come before me, with painful distinctness. In her earnestness she had arisen from her seat, and her fine, tall figure seemed dilated with indignation, while her beautiful face was stern and severe as that of the avenging Archangel.

Poor Cornelia! *then*, she knew not what trouble was. Her father was a prosperous merchant, and her mother was a gentle, delicate woman, who rarely interfered with any one, except to do some sweet office of love. Cornelia was a complete contrast to both of her parents; for her father, a bright, joyous, warm-hearted man, was even weakly indulgent to others. They were a loving, happy family, and Cornelia, although stern and severe to what she called error, was enthusiastic in her love for her family, ready to sacrifice any thing for them, if occasion required. I always felt improved in spirit as well as in body, after a visit to them, for they all seemed to enjoy life so healthily and properly. Possessing ample means, and in the midst of a pleasant circle of friends, they appeared to be exempt from humanity’s penalty—trouble. But sunshine dwelleth not always with us, and every light hath its shadow.

I had not been many days with my friends when I observed that the kind, good natured father was not in his usual spirits. It was in the spring, following the winter of 183—, a sad winter to commercial men in —; and long will it be remembered as a season of trying reverses. Mrs. Payne did not notice the change in her husband; his health was not so strong as usual, which would have accounted for his heaviness had she noticed it; then, fortunately, her younger children monopolized her attention; but Cornelia, I very soon saw, both noticed and felt the change in her father’s manner.

One pleasant, soft morning, Mrs. Payne being too much engaged with some home duties, to accompany us on a shopping or visiting excursion, Cornelia and I concluded to take a long drive out of the town, that we might enjoy the refreshing spring air. The trees were just budding, and Nature was unfolding a light, tender green mantle of foliage. We took long breaths of the delicious air, and it seemed as if the heavy cloud, which hung around us all in town, was dispelled completely, under the genial influence of the youthful spring. Cornelia was brighter, and as we pointed out to each other striking bits of the landscape, or noticed the graceful branches of the trees, and the delicate hues of the blossoms, we chanted aloud, passages from the old English poets, who so particularly rejoiced in, and welcomed so melodiously, the “Coming of the longed-for May.” How vividly does my memory recal every word uttered

during that drive. I remember quoting with gleeful spirit, a verse from Herrick, which is full of that bounding, flowing melody that is heard in wild wood and dell, Nature's own music.

“Rise and put on your foliage and be seen
To come forth like the spring time fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.”

As the horses' heads turned homeward Cornelia's gayety faded away, and after a few moments of serious silence, she looked up and said,

“My dear, own Enna, I am very much afraid we are about to have some heavy trouble to contend with.”

“Why, Cornelia?” was my reply, for as this was the first time she had spoken to me of her presentiment of sorrow, I did not wish to add to it, by letting her know that I likewise had observed the cause for it. She told me that she could not tell why she anticipated this trouble; that she knew nothing certain, but she had, like myself, noticed a change in her father—something of moment she was sure must be resting heavily on his mind, for he had not had his usual spirits for some time.

“At night,” said she, “when my dear mother is asleep, I hear him walking his dressing-room sometimes until day-dawn. Mother says he is not well, but I am very confident that it is not sickness of the body that affects him; it is, I fear, sickness of the mind; and yet how foolish, if it be pecuniary difficulties, to grieve so much about it and keep it from us.”

“He knows, dear Cornelia,” I replied, “how unfit his family are to bear reverses of fortune. You alone are able to bear up against loss of means.”

“That's true,” she sighed, “God only knows what is coming, but I pray He may send strength when the dark hour of trial does burst upon us.”

Poor girl, she did not know how much her father needed her prayer at that very moment, for the hour of trial had arrived to him, and strength was indeed wanting.

At dinner Mrs. Payne received a note from her husband, in which he said, that he would not be at home, until late in the evening, as he was very busy at the counting-house. The meal was a silent one, for even Mrs. Payne looked serious, and expressed her anxiety for her husband's health, which she feared might be injured by over-exertion. As we arose from the dinner table, Mrs.

Payne put her arm affectionately around Cornelia, and said,

“Come, my daughter, give us some of your beautiful music, something that is very brilliant to enliven us, for we are rather heavy this evening.”

I knew well that Cornelia was unfit for any exertion, and as we entered the gay, light drawing-room I seated myself at the piano, and asked Mrs. Payne if my music would not answer the purpose as well as Cornelia’s. Cornelia’s eyes expressed such a world of thanks, that I felt quite repaid for the effort—for effort it was—and soon after I noticed that she quietly slipped out of the room. Mrs. Payne was passionately fond of music, and I sang and played for her, nearly two hours. She was a fine harpist, though she seldom played, but I even prevailed upon her, to play with me some harp duets. While we were in the midst of a brilliant piece, the waiter entered, and said that Mr. Payne wished to see me in the library.

“Mr. Payne at home?” inquired Mrs. Payne.

“Yes, ma’am,” answered the man, “he has been in some time, but has been busy with some gentleman in the library.”

“Some news for you from home, Enna, dear,” said Mrs. Payne quietly. “I suppose Mr. Payne thinks we have company with us, we are so musical, and he feels too tired to come up.”

“Very likely.” I answered with forced calmness, glad that her easy, happy disposition prevented her from feeling the sad apprehensions which had chilled my heart at the summons. I knew, from the expression of the waiter’s face, that something was wrong, and as I reached the lower hall he said to me, as he left me,

“Miss Cornelia’s very sick in the library, Miss Enna.”

I opened the library-door, and Heaven grant such another sight may never be presented to me again. On a lounge lay Cornelia, partly insensible, and before her knelt her father, not in trouble for her sickness only, but in anguish, deep, heart-rending anguish. In low tones he besought his child to open her eyes, to look at him, and tell him she did not despise him. I saw the insensibility was passing off, and I raised her head and moistened her lips with some water. As I took the water from the table, I saw on it a case of pistols, over which I hastily threw my handkerchief, though chilled and trembling with fear of I scarcely knew what. When I raised Cornelia, and Mr. Payne saw her returning consciousness, he shrank, like a guilty thing, behind a large, old-fashioned screen, that stood partly in front of the lounge. Cornelia stared wildly around.

“Where is father?” she exclaimed, and before I could answer, she darted from the lounge, and was about leaving the room, when she heard his low,

suppressed groan; quick as thought she was beside him. She covered his hands, that hid his face, with kisses—she soothed him with every affectionate endearing word, and as he cowered to the ground, she raised him as a mother would a child. They sat on the lounge together, her arms encircled him tenderly, while her lips rested on his brow, that was wrinkled with heavy lines of anguish.

“My dear, dear father,” she said, “have you forgotten your daughter, your Cornelia, who could not live without you? Come, come, I was only a little sick; it is all over now, and Enna Duval is here, to take care of us both. Come, cheer up; think of mother, and Tom, and Cassy, and all the dear ones. We are all left to you yet.”

Thus she tenderly soothed him, and I, seeing that she was so much stronger, thought I had better leave the room. As I put my hand on the door, Cornelia gave a low cry of alarm, I turned and saw that Mr. Payne was in violent convulsions. In a little while the best physicians in town were summoned, and Mr. Payne declared to be in great danger, for his disease was a raging brain fever. For days we watched beside his bed—Cornelia and I—for with nervous anxiety she kept every one from her father that she could. He raved incessantly of disgrace and crime, and during his agonized ravings, my poor friend would weep bitterly. I never saw such devoted tenderness as Cornelia displayed during this fearful illness. At one time death seemed almost inevitable, but as Mr. Payne possessed a good constitution, and had always been a man of regular habits, he rallied under this sickness, which would have proved fatal to most men. But when the delirium left him, and he opened his languid eyes beaming, though dimly, with the light of reason, their expression of anguish was painful indeed. Cornelia was beside him, her arms around him, and the sweetest, tenderest words of love fell from her lips to greet his returning senses.

“Then, my daughter,” he said in a low, feeble whisper, “you do not hate and despise your father.”

No words could express the deep love of Cornelia’s embrace, and with soothing, tender expressions she sought to quiet him, which succeeded, for he sank back in her arms with a calm, peaceful smile on his sad, care-worn face.

Mr. Payne grew gradually better, dear reader, and during the hours of convalescence, when I was at different times alone with him, he told me the sad scene which had occurred previous to his sending for me to the library. He had been staggering under a load of business difficulties for some time, as Cornelia had suspected, but could not bear to look upon his affairs as they really were. He could not summon strength and courage to come to his wife, and tell her that all the fine fortune her father had left, was gone, that she and

her children were penniless. Day after day he struggled on,—difficulties increased, and in a moment of desperation, to relieve himself of a pressing demand, he added the crime of forgery to the load of debt; hoping to relieve himself before he should be discovered.

This happened on the day, at the very time of our drive, when Cornelia was praying for strength. He had some days before written to a business firm in a neighboring town for assistance. Upon them he had some, yes, great claims, for ten years before his capital had established them in business; and he anxiously looked for an answer to his demand, in order to relieve himself before any one could discover his weak act. Late in the afternoon he received, instead of the frank, friendly aid he expected, a cold, short refusal. He staggered home. The enormity of his offence increased upon him, and as he reached his home, the consciousness of having added disgrace to poverty, almost set him wild. He went first into the library, which was in the lower part of the house, because, as he said, the sound of music and gayety that came from the drawing-room, maddened him. He had scarcely entered the room when the hall-bell rang, and the servant ushered into the dimly lighted library, a gentleman; and as he heard his name announced, Mr. Payne shuddered,—it was the very name he had used unlawfully, a few hours before. It was a young merchant of great property, which he had inherited from his father.

“I have come, Mr. Payne,” said the young man, as the servant closed the door, “to return to your hands a paper which you must destroy. No human being knows of it, but you and myself—and believe me, my dear sir,” he added, in a voice trembling with feeling, as the guilty man buried his face in his hands, groaning aloud, “believe me, I am certain, that great, great must have been the temptation—the trial that goaded Hartley Payne to such an act; and I thank God! it was upon me—upon the son of Jacob Hallett you did it. You befriended my father in the dark hour of poverty, you helped him up on the stepping-stone to fortune, and had you come to me in your emergency for this money,—that and double, and thrice treble the amount, should have been freely yours.”

Young Hallett then tore the note into a thousand pieces and burned it.

“I thank you,” said Mr. Payne in a hoarse voice, “you have saved me from disgrace which is worse than death; but you must leave me now, and when I am more composed I will express to you my gratitude.”

“Not until you will promise me,” answered young Hallett, “that you will let me come to you to-morrow, and give me the satisfaction of assisting you in your trouble.”

Mr. Payne took the kind young man’s proffered hand, and pressing it,

assured him, in broken words, that he would accept his offer; and young Hallett seeing that Mr. Payne was really suffering from the humiliation and mortification which his presence caused him, left him.

Mr. Payne walked up and down the room once or twice. He felt like a maniac. The crime he had committed stood before him in letters of fire. Maddened with remorse, he opened an escritoir, and taking from it a case of pistols, which were loaded, he laid it upon the table. Calmly he snapped the spring of the case, and throwing back the lid, took out one of the pistols, which he held deliberately to his head. As he did this, he heard a low shriek beside him, and with a strong grasp, the pistol was taken from his hand. He turned—and beside him stood Cornelia.

She had been in the library all the while. She had come there from the drawing-room after dinner, to watch for her father's return, and had fallen asleep on the lounge, which was hidden by the large old screen that stood between it and the door. Her sleep was heavy from exhaustion, and she had not awakened until Mr. Hallett had entered; this aroused her, and with chilling horror she heard the whole conversation between them. After he left the room, she lay stunned, and was only aroused by the click of the escritoir lock. This startled her, and she sprang to her feet, just in time to save her father's life. The revulsion was so great, that she sank to the floor, insensible, and then it was he sent for me.

Mr. Payne knew Cornelia's stern, severe opinions; he remembered also how she always shrank from all those who had been guilty of even venial sins, and he felt more keenly, the mortification of his crime before her, than before any other living being. But so beautifully, so tenderly, and respectfully did she bear herself toward him, that one might have fancied she had forgotten every thing but the fear of losing her father. He grew stronger, and as soon as his health was restored he courageously examined his affairs.

Young Hallett, who during Mr. Payne's sickness had been an excellent and efficient friend, was of great service. Every thing was given up, the magnificent town house, the carriages and horses, the plate, and every luxury; but my friends looked very happy in their pleasant country home, and though quite humble was their style of living, they scarcely seemed to miss their former splendor.

Even the tender, delicate Mrs. Payne, who had been born and reared in luxury, and for whom we had all trembled, bore the reverse of fortune as brightly and philosophically as Cornelia. But the most beautiful sight was the great change that had taken place in my friend Cornelia's character. All sternness, all severity had vanished, and the gentlest spirit of Christian, loving charity displayed itself in every word, every act of hers.

“Sweet are the uses adversity,” I often repeated to myself, when looking at her. Toward her father she always displayed the most delicate and affectionate respect, and the children no longer found in her a stern, close judging Mentor, but a kind, loving, indulgent companion.

Three years after, a gay party assembled at Mr. Payne’s little country house. It was the wedding party of our dear Cornelia, who was the bride of Mr. Hallett. She is now the mistress of a fine establishment, and had the satisfaction of seeing her father once more comfortable. He was for many years associated in business with his son-in-law, and no one ever knew or dreamed that the highly respected Hartley Payne, of the wealthy firm of Hallett & Payne, was once on the verge of disgraceful ruin.

BALLADS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO. NO. IV.

BY HENRY KIRBY BENNER, U. S. A.



Death of Najira.

AN INCIDENT OF MONTEREY.

(FROM THE MEXICAN OF FERNANDO GARCIA.)

It was morn on the Mother of Mountains,^[1]
While, curling like incense, away
Rose the mists from the Eden-like valley,
In which lay our loved Monterey: —

In the distance was green San Domingo,
Where, wearied, in silent repose,
Slept the ranks of the resolute Saxon,
The files of our conquering foes.

On the edge of the hills, in our eyry,
Like statues, we silently stood —
Our cavalry guarding the mountain,
Our infantry watching the wood.
We gazed on our beautiful city,
We thought of the stain on our name.
And we swore that the sun of our country
Should never descend on our shame!

Like a knight, in his saddle Najira^[2]
Sat, watching the foeman with smiles,
As they mounted the rugged sierra,
And marched through its craggy defiles;
And he laughed, as he turned to the vultures
That circled and soared overhead,
Coming down from their nests in the mountains
To fatten and gorge on the dead.

On, like wolves, came the reckless invader:
We heard the huzzas of their men,
Now low, in the depth of the forest,
Now loud, when they formed in the glen;
And we saw the bright gleam of their muskets
Flash and fade through the emerald trees.
And the crimson and white of their banner
As it rippled and flowed on the breeze.

Arising erect in his stirrups,
Najira looked round on his band,
And his eye flashed as brightly and keenly
As the brand that he held in his hand:
“For your altars—your country, her honor!
Your daughters, your sires and your wives,
Be warriors—be heroes,” he shouted,
“And conquer, or yield up your lives!”

On they came, and we looked on our leader,
Who paused ere he gave us the word;
His dark eye was pregnant with passion,
His hand clutched the hilt of his sword;
But a moment, and down, like the whirlwind,
Steed and man, in the pride of our might.
We plunged on the ruthless invader,
And swam in the hell of the fight!

Our noble, chivalric Najira,
Over rock, through defile and ravine,
Wherever the danger was darkest,
Wherever a foeman was seen,
Led the charge, as, in old, Alvarado
And Cortez, again and again,
Led the Spaniard to conquest and glory
Over many a Mexican plain.

And his men, full of ardor, with vivas,
Pursued where the enemy fled —
The hoofs of their horses disfiguring
The faces and forms of the dead;
And ever the shout of Najira
Was heard in the din of the fray,
As he swooped, like his own native eagle,
With fire-flashing eyes, on his prey.

Full of terror the traitorous Texan,^[3]
That stain on the Mexican name,
Gave way in dismay, as Najira
Plunged on in his passion for fame.
As, pursuing, he wheeled round the mountain
And swept like a storm through the gorge,
From an ambushade, deep in the forest,
Their guns flushed like sparks from a forge.

Their cannon swept o'er us and through us;
Their rifles rained death on the field:
We had sworn by the Mother of Jesus
To conquer, but never to yield:
Down, down, where he fought fell each hero,

Horse and man, one by one, where he stood;
And the sands of the rugged sierra
Were crimson with Mexican blood.

Like a lion at bay rode Najira:
Not one of the troop that he led
But was stretched on the side of the mountain —
Thick strown with the dying and dead.
His coat and his saddle were bloody;
He reeled in his seat as he strove
To strike once again for his country,
Once again for the land of his love.

All alone, all alone did he battle.
Disdaining to yield, or to fly;
He had failed, as he promised, to conquer,
And nothing was left but to—die!
“Surrender! surrender!” his foemen,
Full of wonder, entreatingly cried,
As, defying, he galloped his charger
Along the sierra’s steep side.

Down, down, at each stroke an invader
Sank wounded, and gasping, and dead,
As he galloped from foeman to foeman,
His sword, waved in scorn, overhead.
But the bullet at last rent his bosom,
And down, from the cliff to the plain,
Rolled the form of the dying Najira,
The bravest and best of the slain.

Weep, weep, for the gallant Najira!
For never will Mexico own
So heroic, so gallant a soldier,
So fearless, so faultless a son!
On his tomb lay your chaplets of laurel,
And, Maidens of Mexico, pray
For the soul of the knightly Najira —
Pray, Maidens of Mexico, pray!

NOTES.

[1] The Sierra Madre.

[2] Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Najira, (pronounced Nah-hee-ra,) led the Guanajuato regiment in its attack on General Worth's division, on the morning of the 21st September. He was as brave as the Chevalier Bayard, the knight "*sans peur, et sans reproche*." RIPLEY, in his "War with Mexico," says of him, that—"In spite of wounds he refused to surrender, and struggled on, until, at length, he fell from his horse, and rolled, dead, down the side of the mountain."

[3] "The traitorous Texan," an epithet which is purely Mexican, as the ballad is supposed to be the product of a Mexican bard. The retreat of the Texan regiment, however, is a historical fact; but the Mexican lancers paid dearly for their short-lived triumph: not a man of them (I quote Ripley) survived.



LOITERINGS AND LIFE

ON THE GREAT PRAIRIES OF THE WEST.

BY J. M. LEGARE.

A LOVE STORY OF THE PRAIRIES.

ABOUT the year 1820, among the Sioux, on Teton river, was a young chief whose reputation had extended throughout the West, and excited the envy and wonder, not only of the warriors of his own nation, but of every tribe, from the Chippeways, who paddle bark canoes on the western lakes, to the root-digging Shoshones at the base of the Rocky Mountains; and far and near the hearts of the young Indian girls were taken captive by the rude chivalry which added brilliancy to his invariable success. Like many other heroes, with his early history was mingled not a little of the fabulous and superhuman, and what was most singular, was, that there appeared to be some grounds for this belief, it being well known that he was not a Sioux by birth—a hunting-party of that tribe having found him, when a mere infant, lying in the open prairie, partially wrapped in a white buffalo-robe, a string of grisly-bear's teeth around his neck, and an eagle-feather in his little clenched hand—all unmistakable evidences of exalted birth. The tradition did not stop here, for if the testimony of some was to be credited, a great war-eagle was perceived soaring away into the blue, from whose talons, beyond doubt, the child must have dropped. One thing was certain, the insignia of a chief about the young stranger admitted of no dispute, and accordingly as a chief and with no small care was he reared.

But now that Ta-his-ka ("the white buffalo," a name given him by the Sioux, from the robe in which he was found) had grown, young as he was, to be the most prominent warrior and successful hunter from the Pacific to the Mississippi, it appeared that his parentage was not so celestial as had been by some imagined, for the Pawnees formally demanded the chief as one of themselves; and to prove their priority of right, described minutely a scar on his hip, which, whether really what they claimed it to be, or a mark of which they had obtained secret information and craftily turned to account, was found to be as they had described. The only result of this extraordinary proposal was a storm of words in the Tepe-wah-kah (council-house) of the Sioux, directed

against the audacity of the Pawnees, and an amount of hate cherished between the two tribes which filled some of the lodges with scalps and others with wailing as well on the Teton, as in the vicinity of the River Platte. Ta-his-ka himself both in the council and on the prairies was foremost in opposing the Pawnees, and the trophies torn from these last were neither few nor bloodless when the young chief headed a hunting party whose search was more frequently after the hunters of the buffaloes than the herds themselves. But the latter were not readily baffled, and bringing all their ingenuity into play to entrap his person, succeeded at last one day in decoying Ta-his-ka into a ravine, where his braves were every man slain, and he himself, while performing feats worthy of a copper-colored Achilles, stunned by an arrow and disarmed instantaneously. Overjoyed at having in their possession one whose presence they superstitiously believed to be a pledge of good luck to their lodges, the captors hastened homeward, guarding him with the utmost vigilance, but always refraining from binding his limbs, as they did not despair now by large promises and offers to induce him to acknowledge his Pawnee paternity. Accordingly, the chiefs loaded him with honors and caresses, and made him proffers of squaws, horses, lodges, robes, and, in short, every thing which constitutes savage wealth; to all of which he listened with a contemptuous indifference and total silence, which was sufficient answer in itself. At this time there existed among the Pawnees a custom probably derived originally from the Mandans, remains of whose villages are to be seen even so low down the Missouri as the mouth of the Platte, the words used to designate it being found in the latter tongue; this custom was to select every alternate ten years the most beautiful female child of the tribe, who was placed under the strict guardianship of two old squaws, without whom she left the medicine-lodge neither day nor night, and between whom she was obliged to sleep until her term of years expired, in order that she might be a pure sacrifice to the Evil Spirit during the feast of green corn, at the termination of the ten years, when, in the midst of barbarous ceremonies, games, etc., the victim suddenly disappeared no one but the medicine-men knew where. This doomed girl was called MAH-PEN'KE'KA-MORSE,^[4] (wife of the Evil Spirit,) and they supposed, caused the fiend to abstain from injuring the tribe to which he was related by marriage. Now as Ta-his-ka was believed to be in some sort supernatural, one of the divisions of the medicine-lodge was assigned him, and the partitions in an Indian house being neither so impervious to sight nor bodily passage as plastered walls, a most unheard-of thing took place—the appointed squaw of the Evil One yielded up her heart and person to the illustrious prisoner, eluding nightly the vigilance of her duennas. As for Ta-his-ka, he loved for the first time, and with all the resistless passion of a wild but earnest soul; thus, although he was brought every moon before the council of chiefs, and the

former offers renewed only to be answered by the same stern silence, (for no man had heard him speak since his capture,) he made no attempt at escape, contenting himself with merely food enough to sustain life, and scorning to touch the prairie delicacies daily set before him.

So light were, meanwhile, the feet of the girl, or so heavy the eyes of her ancient guardians, that none dreamed of the secret intercourse; and even when the condition of the former could no longer be concealed, strange to say, the medicine-men overlooked the proximity of the handsome captive, and concluded their evil-divinity willed to bestow on their nation one of his own offspring, who might in time assume the place proffered to the obstinate Ta-his-ka. But when the infant proved to be a girl, they were at a loss to determine whether their hero was to be born of this squaw, when arrived at woman's years, or whether by the preference shown to the present wife above all precedent, it was his wish to protract her existence.

While they still debated the matter, an end was put to their discussions in rather a startling manner; maternal affection and love for the chief from whom she had been parted some weeks, got the better of prudence, and in the act of bearing the infant to her husband, (for the marriage rites are simple enough in the Great West,) a cry from the former at last aroused the duennas, and the whole was as clear as day even to their purblind eyes.

What a commotion was then in the village! the old witches were immediately put to death, and the unfortunate three reserved only until preparations for their torture could be made on a scale equivalent to the crime. All apathy had suddenly disappeared from the noble face of the Sioux chief, his voice was found, and dauntlessly acknowledging his child, offered to lead them against whomsoever they desired, if they would give him the Ka-morse for a squaw. But the tide had now turned as strongly against him as it had formerly flowed in his favor, and his proposal was received with rage and horror. They both bound his limbs, and surrounded the hut to which he was removed with a circle of braves who slept as near to one another as might be reached with the arm; but the White-buffalo was now at bay, and resistless as of old. In spite of these precautions, on the second morning after the discovery, one of the warriors was found stiff, with a knife in his heart, and despoiled of his weapons, two others at the entrance of the medicine-lodge as effectually silenced, and the two squaws who had been bound, one on each side of the young mother, strangled in their sleep, the cords cut, and their captive flown; in short, Ta-his-ka had gnawed through, or found means of severing his bonds, and after liberating his wife and child, had carried them off on his own horse, deliberately selected. Such a feat astounded the Pawnees, but quietly recovering from their stupor, every horse was bestrode, and the whole body of

warriors gave chase; the trail of the fugitives being easily found and pursued. After many hours of vain pursuit, however, and when they had found time to consider the hopelessness of recapturing on the open prairie a warrior noted for his own craft and endurance, as well as the wonderful strength and size of his steed, they resolved to refrain from farther pursuit, but to send after the fugitives an enemy, which, with the high southern wind then blowing, must overtake them before the sun went down—a terrible messenger on the prairies, indeed—*fire*.

It was already past mid-day and Ta-his-ka had repeatedly turned his face to speak encouraging words to the young wife, while with covert uneasiness he watched the volumes of pale smoke rolling up from the line of horizon far behind, and now that they had entered one of those vast luxuriant bottoms so dreaded, even by the Indians, in autumn, although nothing but the sky overhead could be perceived, through the parted tops of the tall grass and reeds, it was no longer to be hidden even from the terrified Ka-Morse, that a dimness had spread above not occasioned by clouds, and that the scent of fire grew every moment less faint and uncertain. The bottom lands to which I have referred as so pregnant with danger during conflagrations on the prairies, can scarcely be called such, as they extend for leagues, and are not to the eye sensibly lower than the greater portion of the surrounding plain; yet that there is some depression may be deduced from the frequent humidity of the soil, and the wild luxuriance of the grass, rising to the height of eight or ten feet, and matted together about the stalks with innumerable pea-vines, from which causes a horseman can pursue no other route than the trails made by the files of buffaloes, and as these are often tortuous and winding in the last degree, it sometimes occurs that Indians or traders have found themselves enclosed between these combustible hedges, turning in every direction, when the whirlwind of fire behind would leave them little prospect of escape in a straight line and on the open prairie. And in this imminent risk must we leave the fugitives, and allow Jean, now that he comes into the simple narrative as an actor, to continue the story in his own words as nearly as I can recall them.

“Voilà!” cried Jean, standing up in his stirrups and reaching as high as he could with the hand, from which he had let fall his rein, “de grass was tall *comme ça*, oh, vere tall, and I could see not’ing mais smoke, smoke, and hear de rattlin’ *terrible* ven de fire leap into de canebrake like de—what you call?—volley ob de ten thousands mousquets. Den de little deer and de big deer, and de bears, and de painters, was all runnin’ deir best to save deir hide from scorchin; and de prairie-hens drop down and rise up and drop down agen—and it was all like one big oven! *Mais—hola! j’ai oublié* de buffalo, which was more worse dan all—he bellow and tear along on dis hand and on dat—*je la*

confesse, I was vere much afraid dat a big bull would choose de trail I was in, and punce mon cheval in de hind part wid his horn!

“Presently, I look behind—*ah, miséricorde!* de grass was carry by de win’ en avant, all in de blaze, and w’ere it fall, it was one new fire *immédiatement!* Den I say to myself, Ah, Jean Moreau, *mon brave*, you will be roast alive, and dere is no help for it—and de beautiful skins will be lost in dis dam fire! *mais*, at de word, something say, not loud out, but softly—‘Quelle sottise! why you not pray, eh? better dan curse!’ Eh bien, good, I say—I will pray! *Mais, I have not any prayers!* Enfin, je remembre—je dis in de voice haute, ‘Malbrouc s’en va t’en querre;’ and—what do I see? Oh, quelle joie—de grass not so high, and in de front a short hill! I gallop up—I am on de pieds—I am strike a light—I blow vere softly, den more hard—de grass is in one blaze—de win’ take de fire—de black spot is dere w’ere I stan, and—I am save! Den I feel de heart vere light, I smile at myself—I smile at de horse, I rub my hand, and walk about—eh bien, *I was vere confortable!* Presently I look; oh, misericorde! voila—voila de diable—misericorde! and I run to hide, for I was vere much scare; but dere was no place to hide. Den I look agen, and it was not de diable, mais one Ingen vere burn, and on de face in de grass. I make haste, I pull him out ob de fire—dere was one leetle drop in de canteen—ah, ha! dat bring back de life.

“Mais w’en de life was com’, he would have lose it *immédiatement*, if I had not hold on to de horse. ‘Hola!’ I say, ‘you burn your own self, but you not roast *mon cheval—non, non!*’

“Den he look at me hard, and strike his breast, and talk in Ingen.

“Hist! de chief and his squaw and little one saw de fire yonder. Look! de prairie lies black, and de chief is here, but de squaw and little one are in de belly of de chief’s horse!’

“‘What is dat?’ I cry, bien surpris. ‘Dans son ventre! oh sacre! malheur—quel diable of a horse! Mais, what for you let him eat up your squaw, eh?’

“*Non, non!*’ he cry; ‘w’en de fire was vere close, he kills son cheval, and in de skin roll up de squaw, voyez?’

“Ah, dat was better—bien good! j’étais satisfait, moi!”

This was the most stirring part of Jean’s narrative, and therefore to save time and patience, I will relate the remainder, not in his but my words. The night was so dark, from the smoke obscuring the sky, that none but an Indian could have found his way back to where Jean had sat composedly, after watching the chief disappear toward the south on the former’s horse. Back he came, however, after the lapse of some hours, with a cheerful whoop, bearing in his arms his wife and child, the green skin having protected them while the

fierce element swept over their heads.

The brave (for as yet Jean was ignorant of even the name of his companion) professed to be acquainted with the prairie thereabouts, and led them half a mile to an island in a moist hollow, which had not been touched by the conflagration; and here they all supped on the jerked meat which Jean chanced to have with him, all game being effectually frightened away. There is no need of following them on their journey, which was generally in the neighborhood of the Missouri, for the sake of the deer and buffalos which had fled for refuge to the wooded ravines and valleys intersecting the banks, the young squaw and child riding, while the men walked at her side. Not far from the mouth of the Teton river they parted company, Jean to proceed to the station of the American Fur Company, and Ta-his-ka to rejoin his tribe, the former insisting on the horse being retained for the use of the young mother, whose slender frame had begun to waste away under a continuance of fatigue and excitement, for which the peculiar nature of her former life, so different from that of ordinary Indian girls, had rendered her totally unfit. There Jean learned for the first time the name of the chief—one long familiar to his ears—and the events already narrated.

He had not been more than a week at the company's fort, when, with marks of the deepest grief and rage stamped on his countenance, Ta-his-ka presented himself before him; the child lay mutely in his arms, but no squaw—where was she?

"Ee-ohk paze!" (dark-dead,) was the laconic answer, but accompanied by a twitching of the mouth-corners, which showed how the fierce spirit was moved. It seemed that the numerous enemies jealousy of his fame and power had created among the Sioux, had taken advantage of the White-buffalo's prolonged absence, to spread the most injurious and unfounded reports of his deeds, and growing bolder by degrees, asserted openly that Ta-his-ka had abandoned his tribe, delivered up the warriors who followed him to the knives of the Pawnees, and, won over by their gifts and promises, become a Pawnee himself. Thus when the chief re-appeared, he was charged before the council of braves with treachery of the most abhorrent kind, and his Pawnee wife cited as a proof of their accusations; and but for his well-remembered strength and resistless fortune, which no one cared to dispute, even his proud and indignant denial would scarcely have delivered him from his former companions on the war-path.

But the frail flower from the Platte had drooped and died on the return, and it was his wish now to leave the child in charge of some one to whom it might be safely intrusted. Jean related the circumstances to the wife of one of the company's officers, who immediately adopted the infant until the chief should

return to claim it. Thus it was that Wah (snow) had surprised us by the correctness of her English in the chief's lodge; for even after he had become once more a powerful chief, he contented himself with occasional and secret visits to the station, and did not carry her home until about a year previous to our visit. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. Ta-his-ka crossed the river and wandered on until he arrived at a village of the Ioways. These people pleased him, and they were equally gratified by the presence of a warrior whose feats in their hunts or games appeared every day more marvelous; for, until the Pawnees, who had traced the fugitive to his retreat, claimed his person with threats, they were ignorant of the renown of their guest. The Ioways were too proud of their acquisition to pay much heed to the repeated menaces of the ambassadors, and their principal chief dying about that time, they chose the Sioux by acclamation to lead them against the Pawnees of the Platte. The old fire now returned to Ta-his-ka's breast—he was once more the terrible *medicine* chief, ("Wakon,") and the scourge of his old enemies, who, losing more scalps in each skirmish than they could hope to regain while the White-Buffalo led on, presently petitioned that the hatchet might be buried, and conducted themselves with a crafty obsequiousness Ta-his-ka took no pains to conceal his contempt of; and, in fact, as in the instance occurring the night of our stay in his village, by stern opposition to their evil plottings, occasionally brought to light the smouldering hate lurking in their breasts. The story of *Wah*—the snow-flake—which I heard nearly two years afterward, if less wild than that of her mother, the young Ka-morse, was more touching, and more tinged with delicate romance—one of those gentle episodes in the stir of prairie life, like the soft down under the bristling feathers of the fierce war-eagle's wings.

[4] Mandan.

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

An extract from a Poem delivered by W. H. C. HOSMER before the Literary Societies of Hamilton College, July, 1848.

IF we were chained forever to the Real,
God's benison would be indeed withdrawn;
Without rich glimpses of the bright Ideal
In vain would morning dawn.

Upward, on pinions of sublime devotion,
The soul would cleave its native sky no more,
But loathsome grow—a pool devoid of motion,
Foul to its weedy floor.

Our grosser nature ever strives to win us
From worship of the beautiful and bright,
And deaf are many to the voice within us
That whispers "*seek the light!*"

Not they alone work faithfully who labor
On the dull, dusty thoroughfare of life;
The clerkly pen can vanquish when the sabre
Is useless in the strife.

In cloistered gloom the quiet man of letters,
Launching his thoughts like arrows from the bow,
Oft strikes at Treason, and his base abettors,
Bringing their grandeur low.

Armed with a scroll, the birds of evil omen
That curse a country he can scare away,
Or in the wake of Error marshal foemen
Impatient for the fray.

Scorn not the Sons of Song! or deem them only
Poor, worthless weeds upon the shore of Time;
Although they move in walks retired and lonely,

They have their tasks sublime.

When tyrants tread the hill-top and the valley,
 Calling the birth-right of the brave their own,
Around the tomb of Liberty they rally,
 And roll away the stone: —

Or, roused by some dark peril, they have written
 Words that awe Guilt behind his guarded wall,
Or, by the lightning of their numbers smitten,
 Beheld the Bigot fall.

Though fierce, unbridled passions, running riot,
 Hiss like Medusa's vipers in the breast,
The witchcraft of harmonic sound can quiet
 The turmoil into rest.

Who through the chieftain's castle-hall is stealing
 With the light foot-fall of some beast of prey,
While vengeance hushes every softer feeling,
 Nerving his arm to slay?

Where is his home? To flame its roof was given,
 And heavy clouds above the ruin lower—
While the dread foe, by whom his soul was riven,
 Unwarned, is in his power.

Where are his kinsmen? Ask the fox and raven
 That feed upon their corpses gashed and red;
And will he now turn back a trembling craven—
 What, what arrests his tread?

Young Annot Lyle, her Highland clairshack waking,
 Trills an old ballad to remembrance dear—
And dagger-hilt his rugged hand forsaking
 Brushes away the tear.

Lo! the proud Norman and his host are flying,
 While in pursuit, with fierce, triumphant cheers,
That drown the groans of horse and rider dying,
 Press on the Saxon spears.

What stays their flight? The song of Rolla rising
In angry swell above the dreadful roar —
Again they charge!—the bolts of death despising,
And Harold's reign is o'er.

Dread Power of Song! whose voice can thus awaken
Notes that consign an empire to the grave;
Or, when recoils a host by panic shaken,
From rout the valiant save.

The fearful mantle that the seer is wearing
Derives from thee its tints of living fire —
And higher mounts Philosophy when sharing
The wealth of thy attire:

And in the distance to thy vision brightly
Gleam happy homes beyond this land of graves,
As airy domes and towers at sunset lightly
Rise from Sicilian waves.

When History, her task but ill-achieving,
Fails some far epoch faintly to illumine,
Her thread the muse, like Ariadne weaving,
Conducts us through the gloom.

She fronts the sun—and on the purple ridges
The virgin Future lifts her veil of snow —
Looks westward, and an arch of splendor bridges
The gulf of Long Ago.

She speaks, and, lo! Italian sunlight flashes
Over the dark expanse of northern skies —
Death hears her thrilling cry, and cold, gray ashes
Take mortal shape, and rise.

When factions vex a state, and new abuses
Bring to her drooping banner-fold disgrace,
And Mind, forgetful of its nobler uses,
Grows sensual and base —

When the gray fathers of a nation falter,
Muffling their faces for the funeral knell.
A lightning-flash, from her poetic altar;
The darkness can dispel.

Then honored be the Bard!—a heavenly mansion
Alone could be the birth-place of an Art
That gives to deathless intellect expansion,
And purifies the heart.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MISS M. J. WINDLE.

(Continued from page 255.)

CHAPTER X.

The sun was slowly sinking to the west
Pavilioned with a thousand glorious dyes;
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest,
Along the mountain's soft declivities.

CROLEY.

YOUNG STANLEY'S congratulations that he alone knew of the communication held by Lucy Ellet and her sister with the mysterious creature whom he had seen, were not destined to be of long duration. The lady of the vapor was soon beheld by various other persons of the village at different times—and the *Haunted Rock* became an object of universal dread. The rumor, moreover, speedily grew rife that the object of her visitations was to hold unholy intercourse with the young nieces of the governor of the colony. These, therefore, from having been the idols of all classes in the place, became subjects of curiosity and vague apprehension.

Superstition, when not arrayed in her full horrors, had charms which makes us regret her banishment in a state of society enlightened by reason and education. Her system of imaginary terrors had something exciting to minds fond of feeding upon the marvelous. This is especially true with regard to the lighter forms in which she sometimes appeared when fortune-tellers were introduced as part of the amusements of the age, and their auguries regarded as serious and prophetic earnest. But as we have seen, none of the lighter forms by which imagination works upon her subjects were here indulged as the food of a wild and wayward fancy. Their belief, though not less erroneous, was founded on the records of that page which cannot lie, and which warned them of the existence of one great and mighty spirit of evil, wandering to and fro in the earth, and seeking to decoy the souls of mankind to his abode of darkness.

The object of this dread was no other than he who had once stood high in Heaven, and afterward became prince of the powers of Hell.

Recollecting that the wiles of this same adversary practiced upon the mother of our race, had become the means of expelling her from the bowers of Paradise, and bringing “death into the world and all our wo,” it is not surprising that Lucy and Jessy Ellet were now regarded with suspicion on all hands. The gossips, like the sybils, after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined their information, which passed through a hundred channels, and in a hundred different varieties in the village of L. The rumors to which their communications gave rise were strange and inconsistent. The result was that the society of the sisters became as much avoided as it had been previously sought after. Closer observation, however, caused the chief blame to rest upon Lucy, who was seen daily, at sunrise and sunset, wending her way to the haunted spot.

It was some weeks after Stanley’s first sight of the phantom lady that twilight overtook him on an evening ramble. He had carefully, since the time we have described, avoided bending his steps toward that vicinity in any of his walks. Accordingly, on this evening, he had turned off at the outskirts of the village, at a place where another road met that leading to the fearful spot. Having been occupied with reflections of a deeper cast than are common to youths, he had remained until the slow departing sunset reminded him to retrace his steps. On approaching the place where the two roads met, he was startled by the sight of a light figure emerging into the main path. The thought of the strange lady of the mist instantly suggested itself to the mind of the youth. A new moon had just risen behind the dim embodiment, and shed her soft rays upon the spot where it stood. The last beams of the setting sun were almost lost beyond the distant hills, and nothing but the soft light of that evening-queen lit the scene.

Stanley advanced to meet the spectral shape—it turned—a pair of dark eyes flashed from beneath a silken hood, and the clear voice of Lucy Ellet sounded in his ears.

“Well met, Master Frank Stanley,” it said; “you have avoided me of late, as have all our villagers.”

“After what I have been witness to, Miss Lucy,” began Stanley —

“Believe me, Frank, the interview you beheld between myself and the Lady of the Rock was pure as the intercourse above.”

“I beseech you, Lucy Ellet,” exclaimed the youth, earnestly, and not heeding her words, “for your own soul’s sake, for your young sister’s sake, cease these suspicious visits to yonder mysterious spot!”

“Oblige me, then, in relieving me of my duty toward that unhappy lady, by assuming the task hitherto performed by myself, and I will go thither no more.”

“I would do aught but perjure my own soul, to have thee and thy sister reinstated in the opinion of our little community, to say nothing of saving ye both from future destruction. Yet,” continued he, “if I also must hold frequent converse with that visionary form, I dare not —”

“Out on thee, Frank,” interrupted the young lady, “I had thought thee a brave youth, afraid of nothing but sin.”

“And is it not sin to hold constant speech with a spirit-messenger of Satan?” inquired the boy.

“I will request thee to have no speech of her; I would merely depute you to bear, morning and evening, a little basket resembling this, (and she drew one from beneath her shawl,) place it on the rock—wait until the unknown lady appears to remove it, and replace it with another—then return to the village. Do this to oblige me, Frank, and save me the necessity I shall otherwise be under of continuing the visits so execrated. More confidence I cannot put in you at present; but will you not have faith that I would not instigate you to the performance of an act that was otherwise than noble.”

“Lucy Ellet,” said Stanley, looking on her steadily, “there is that in your manner and your words which shows me that you are actuated by some generous principle in this singular affair. What this mystery may be, time must prove. I will do your errand.”

“The Lord reward you,” replied Miss Ellet. “The basket, then, shall be placed under the large willow-tree at the end of your father’s orchard, that we may not seem to have any connection in regard to it. You must always replace on the same spot the one you will receive at the rock; and I will cause it to be removed and replenished in time to have it there again ready for your next visit. But here we are within the village,” added Lucy, “and had better not be seen together, lest it might excite suspicion. You will find a circuitous path to the rock in yonder direction,” she continued, pointing to the left, “and had better use it in your excursions, that you may be the more likely to escape notice.” So saying, and without giving the youth time to reply, Lucy parted from Stanley, and soon after turned into her uncle’s house.

The boy proceeded on his way with an undefinable sentiment of approval in his bosom. Some instinct had prompted him, notwithstanding all his preconceived notions of horror at the abandonment of the young Ellets to the power of the Lady of the Rock, to accede to Lucy’s proposal that he would supply her place in her daily visits to that mysterious being; and so far from

feeling any reproaches of conscience in remembering that he had given her his promise to that effect, he rather enjoyed all the elation of spirit experienced by one who generously sacrifices himself to suspicion for a noble cause. Something in Lucy Ellet's manner convinced him that feelings of the same kind had actuated her conduct in this strange affair, and he thought of her now more with admiration than with reproach. "Yet what," said he to himself, startled at the change a half an hour had wrought in his views, "if this approbation of myself and Miss Ellet be only a suggestion of the arch tempter to place me in his power?" But no, the idea was dismissed in a moment as incompatible with his feelings of satisfaction in what he had pledged himself to undertake.

Stanley rose at sunrise on the following morning, for the purpose of commencing the fulfillment of his promise. Seeking the willow-tree in the garden, he found the little basket prepared for him, and assuming the charge of it, set out upon his walk. He speedily turned into the winding path indicated by Lucy Ellet, and pursued his way. The morning beams were just breaking, and their light glanced upon the dewy grass beneath his feet, and caused it to sparkle as though his tread were upon myriads of diamonds. The waking birds were chanting their matin lays, and the insects humming in every brake and dingle. Every thing gave promise of one of those days in the latter end of May when spring seems resolved to triumph over summer, by contrasting her superiority in beauty and freshness with that sultry season so soon to appear, at the same time that she might almost vie with the latter in the genial heat of her noontide sun.

But the balmy morning and the day it presaged were alike lost on our hero, whose mind was filled with reflections concerning his singular mission. He walked on, rapt in thought, till he approached the foot of the hills. He there paused, despite his conclusions of the previous evening, overpowered with a doubtful feeling regarding his errand. He was about to minister to the shadowy spirit whom he had twice beheld upon that insecure summit. What fearful spells might she not weave around him by thus doing her will? He ascended a short distance, and turned to look behind him. A scene of more complete solitude, having all its peculiarities heightened by the serenity of the weather, the quiet composure of the atmosphere, and the perfect stillness of the elements, could hardly be imagined. He could descry nothing of the scenes he had left, save the valley beneath him, and the spire of the village church in the distance. Should he return home or proceed? He remembered his promise to Miss Ellet, and again applied himself to continue his ascent. He drew near the ominous spot—climbed a few steps higher—touched the rock, and placed the basket upon its base.

Slowly and gradually appeared the form of the lady of the mist. It was not without something like alarm that Stanley beheld this mysterious being standing close beside him. She had been about to speak, but seeing the boy, cast her beautiful azure eyes on him with a look of surprise, exchanged the basket for another, and with a pensive smile, disappeared from his view.

Had all the spells he had dreaded in his approach to the spot been concentrated in that look and smile, the change in the feelings of young Stanley could not have been more instantaneous. Surprise succeeded to his former superstitious sentiments of awe, for he had discovered that the Lady of the Mist was no vague embodiment as he had deemed, but a gentle shape of human flesh and blood. Where or how she had vanished, however, was still a mystery; but he was so overpowered with a sense of his discovery, that he turned to descend without attempting to make any investigation, and reached the village to encounter a day of great agitation.

CHAPTER XI.

Through solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires
Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven
With equal rage from every point of heaven,
Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar.

BARLOW.

Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse.

BYRON.

Several topics of excitement began at this time to prevail in the village of L., in addition to that connected with the haunted rock. One was the projected marriage of Lucy Ellet very shortly to Mr. Elmore, to whom she had been for some time betrothed; another, the reappearance of Messrs. Brooks and Dale in the village, where they took up their abode for a short period; and a third, the threatened incursion of some of the neighboring Indian tribes.

To guard against this last evil, the inhabitants were obliged to appear at all times armed, and prepared for repelling hostilities. A fast was likewise appointed by the governor of the colony, and public worship held daily to offer up prayer in view of the impending danger. At such times, a guard of men, with muskets ready for immediate use, was stationed without the building, to repulse any attack of the savages, and give the word of warning to those

engaged within. In this way, as the situation of the village was in itself strong, owing to the hills that surrounded it, the inhabitants trusted that they were fully prepared to resist any sudden attack.

Things were in this state, when, on a certain day, the morning beams had shone on the unpretending spire of L. for five or six hours, and the people had assembled in the building beneath as usual. The lengthy prayer with which the Puritans were wont to commence their exercises had concluded, and, just as every voice was attuned to the melody of a pious psalm, a loud and unusual noise was heard.

The worshipers of that humble meeting-house paused to listen with ears erect and faces filled with boding expectation. It was the terrific yell of the approaching Indians. This was speedily followed by the appointed signal from the soldiery stationed without, and at the instant that the report of the musketry rang in the air, the congregation started from their seats in terror. Each man rushed for his arms, and crowding to the doors and windows, found the building completely surrounded by savages. The females, remaining in the interior, shrieked in the extremity of their alarm.

The scene that followed is not easily described. A fearful struggle, of course, ensued. Heaven, too, at that moment, added its terrors to the scene. A furious thunder-storm arose, and amidst the most vivid flashes of lightning, and awful reverberations, the rain began to descend in torrents. The villagers now yielded themselves completely to terror, and abandoning the conflict, prostrated themselves on their knees, and resorted to prayer. The Indians took fresh courage from this circumstance, and commenced firing the meeting-house. For a little time the rain prevented their efforts from taking effect. But at length, as the strong army of a battle will rout the less powerful, so did the fiercer element dispel the weaker.

The fire was finally triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the consuming building, while huge flakes of burning materials went driving on the wind, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over the neighborhood. The lurid glow lit up the air, and showed with terrible distinctness the waving crowd that stood around. The rain, however, prevented the progress of devastation further. But the shouts of the Indians resounded far and wide, as they turned to continue their work of destruction by setting fire to the other dwellings in the village.

At this crisis, the villagers, as if animated by a sudden and simultaneous impulse, arose from their knees, and betook themselves again to the defensive. Previously, in their resistance, wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts had been blended in such a manner as completely to destroy any thing like unity of action. But now, in concert, and disposed according to the best military

arrangements, they advanced a second time upon these invaders.

The Indians, in confidence of their approaching triumph, had uttered the whoop of success, which called their warriors from the adjoining vicinity to behold the approaching scene. In surprise, therefore, notwithstanding this addition to their forces, they found themselves resisted with a power and a skill such as they had never before witnessed. But their previous success had given new spirit to an enemy already sufficiently audacious, and continuing their war-cries with redoubled ferocity, they pursued the attack. The combat raged for about half an hour, when the Indians were utterly defeated, and betook themselves to flight.

At that moment the clouds of heaven suddenly opened, shedding the blessed light of the returning sun upon the village; and it might have been seen that the recent victory had been obtained through the means of a stranger, who had appeared and aroused the people from their panic of fear, assumed the command, arranged and ordered them in the best military manner, and thus enabled them to repel and rout the Indians, and save the village. This person was a man of dignified and majestic bearing, and with an interesting beauty and pallor of countenance.

The parting clouds had scarcely permitted the gleams of renewed sunshine to fall upon the rescued spot, and the inhabitants began to realize their safety, and look around to return thanks to the skillful and unknown commander to whom the rescue was due, ere it was discovered that he had mysteriously vanished. Awe and amazement filled the minds of the spectators, for they were utterly unable to account for the singular arrival and sudden disappearance of this remarkable person. After many unsatisfactory conjectures, the only conclusion they could arrive at was that the Lord had sent an angel to their deliverance.

It was on the evening of the day on which this attack took place, that Frank Stanley was proceeding on his second errand to the rock. As he walked on, he pondered deeply upon the discovery he had that morning made. The recent scene of excitement in the village had banished the thoughts of it throughout the day from his mind. But now his curiosity recurred to the subject with all the strength with which that feeling fixes upon a mystery but partially solved. The stranger who had so singularly appeared during the conflict with the Indians and put them to flight, seemed somehow associated in the boy's mind with the Lady of the Rock, and he could no more join with the villagers in believing the one an angel of the Lord, than he could now in supposing the other an evil spirit.

The more perplexed the more he reflected, Stanley one moment resolved at all hazards to penetrate the singular mystery, to overcome on his present errand

the internal and undefinable feelings which would restrain him from accosting the lady, and offering her any further assistance in his power, and discovering the place of her retreat. Yet to press himself on her confidence might be impertinence, and as she had in the morning disappeared without noticing his presence, it was evident that she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confident, and probably she was involved in no difficulties where he might be useful. The next instant, therefore, he resolved to suppress all desire to penetrate the secret, dismiss his disquieting and fruitless conjectures, and without attempting to invade the manner and place of the sudden disappearance of the fair but living vision, await the period when time should throw light upon the subject.

He was thus divided in his own determinations when he reached the woods at the foot of the hill where his purposed visit lay. At that moment he became startled from his reflections by the rustling of leaves. Remembering the assault from the Indians in the morning, the youth paused, and leaned forward to listen, holding his breath, and condensing every faculty in the single sense of hearing. Silence, however, seemed restored to the disturbed foliage, and reigned as completely as though it had previously been unbroken. The boy pursued his course, supposing the noise he had heard simply to have been occasioned by a sudden gust of wind. But he had not proceeded many steps when the sound was distinctly perceptible of approaching voices, speaking in the deep tones of the savages. He turned, and ere many minutes elapsed, the forms of three Indians were visible. "Dog of the pale faces!" was their exclamation, as they rushed upon him. The youth was entirely alone—cheered by no friendly eye, emboldened by no encouraging voice, and so sudden had been the event that his mind was wholly unprepared for the emergency. Yet, perceiving at once his danger, and determined to make one bold effort for his life, he burst from them ere they were aware of his purpose, and bounded off with the swiftness and alertness of a deer. There was but one breathless moment, the Indians raised the cry of alarm, and pursued hotly after him. As soon as a favorable instant presented itself, he darted through an opening and ascended the hill. A bullet grazed his clothes, and several branches from the bushes at his side, but not one harmed him.

Stanley knew too well the nature of the struggle in which he was engaged to lose one of the precious moments. Accordingly, he kept his way up the acclivity, which, though neither very high nor very steep, was yet sufficiently toilsome to one contending for life to render it painfully oppressive. There, however, he was obliged to slacken his speed to recover breath. The violence with which his heart beat showed how great had been his exertions. He must proceed again, however, for the footsteps of his pursuers were near.

He started off a second time, but his strength was exhausted, and ere he had gained the summit of the second hill, he fell prostrate upon the ground. He rose, proceeded again for a few moments at his former swift pace. By degrees this slackened—the Indians were within a few yards of him. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket—but he knew it could only destroy one of his enemies, and there would still remain two to contend with. Generously, therefore, he refrained from using it, and prepared to resign himself into their hands, and yielded himself up a prisoner with a dignity that was remarkable for his years.

Dragging him to a glen which intervened between the two hills, they bound him tightly, and then turned apparently to make some consultations respecting the manner of his fate. The prospect of death is terrible at every period of life; but in the first spring-tide of youth, with all the capacities of pleasure astir and eager for gratification, to be forcibly snatched from the untasted banquet is peculiarly trying, even when the change comes in the form of a natural death-bed. But to sit, like young Stanley, in horrid uncertainty in regard to the mode in which life was to be extinguished, was a situation to break the boldest spirit; and the unhappy captive could not restrain the tears which flowed from his eyes. We have seen that although he was a brave youth in any danger which could be met by action, yet withal, he was strongly imaginative and apt to be led away by the exaggerations of fancy—exaggerations likely to act more or less upon the soul of any one who is in suspense and passively awaiting an approaching calamity. This agony of mind continued until the feelings of the youth arose almost to a state of frenzy. He started up, and struggled so violently to become freed from his bonds, that it almost seemed that they should have burst by the force of his strength, as did the withes of Sampson. But the cords were of too firm a texture, and, after an unavailing struggle, the boy fell back exhausted.

The Indians were evidently now preparing some torture, which would put the sufferer to severe bodily anguish. As Stanley lay and looked on, overcome with his late violent exertions, the scene swam before him. At this instant he became aware of an interruption to the preparations of the savages, and had just time to recognize the mysterious stranger of the morning, to whom the preservation of his native village was due, and behold him fall upon the enemy, when he became insensible.

CHAPTER XII.

Can no rest find me, no private place secure me
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee.
Guides thee from death? the country's laid around for thee.

WOMEN PLEASED.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On a smooth surface of a Summer sea,
And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?

PRIOR.

A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate —
I've seen the last look of her heavenly eyes;
I've heard the last sound of her blessed voice —
I've seen the fair form from my sight depart —
My doom is closed.

COUNT BASIL.

When young Stanley first returned to consciousness he found himself in a place whose shaded artificial light seemed very grateful to his eyes, aching as they were in sympathy with his throbbing brain: without arousing himself sufficiently to consider the nature of his situation, further than to know that his limbs were free, and that he was lying upon a comfortable bed, he fell into a heavy and unnatural slumber. During this lethargy, which lasted many hours, sudden starts, the perspiration which stood upon his brow, the distortions of his countenance, and the manner in which he flung about his limbs, showed that in his dreams he was again encountering the terrors from which he had escaped. This lasted for several hours, but, at length, fatigue prevailed over nervous excitement, and he relapsed into a soft untroubled repose.

After some time, he sighed, stirred and awoke. On looking round, he found himself in a place surrounded by walls of stone, with an opening on one side, blockaded by a piece of rock, and leaving a single crevice through which a faint ray of daylight fell. The floor and ceiling of earth, showed that it was under ground; yet it contained various articles of rude furniture, and the moss bed on which he lay was soft and pliable under his weight. The brands of a falling fire had been carefully raked together in one corner, and were burning with a feeble and wavering flame, which cast faint, flickering shadows upon the dark walls.

Continuing his inspection more closely, the boy saw the figure of an aged man, seated upon a stone, bending over the pages of a large Bible which lay

open upon his knee. His countenance was majestic and dignified. His brow had a care-worn and anxious expression, yet withal an air of calm resignation inexpressibly sublime. His locks were almost completely white, though his dark and intelligent eye still retained much of the fire of early youth, while the hale cheek, and undaunted presence indicated patience and content in the greatest suffering that can befall humanity.

Stanley neither spoke nor moved; but remained with his eyes riveted on the attractive countenance before him with a species of holy awe. As he gazed, the old man arose, kneeled, and poured out the aspirations of a pure spirit in fervent petitions to that Power whose support he evidently needed.

While he was yet praying, a manly form entered at the opening of the cavern. The stranger wore a military cloak. He stood in the shadow until the aged man had ceased and risen, then dropped his cloak and approached the latter, and Stanley knew him for the mysterious deliverer of the village, and the person whom he had seen when he lay bound by the Indians, to fall upon them, and effect, he felt certain, the preservation he had experienced. He was a specimen of manly beauty; and the proud and lofty forehead, the deep-set brow and eyes, the expressive lip, addressed themselves to the interest of the youth.

Overcome with surprise, the boy still remained immovable, and the old man addressed the stranger. "Has she not yet arrived? the sun is high—it must be noon-day."

"It is reason enough for her detention," replied the other, in a half impatient voice, the tones of which were deep and clear, "that I have gone forth to meet her. All objects that I seek elude my pursuit: there is a curse upon my every pathway."

"Give not way to repinings, my son, turn thine eyes upon the blessings that remain to thee, which far exceed the deserts of the best of men."

"Talk not to me of blessings, my father," replied the other. "If there crawls upon the earth a living being deserving of pity, I am that man. My food no longer nourishes me, my sleep fails to refresh me, my devotions do not comfort me—all that is necessary and cheering to me has turned to poison. Vegetating on the same spot, fancy, feeling, judgment and health gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed—I have been a man more sinned against than sinning."

"He who is immured in a living grave like this," he continued, after an instant's pause, "may well wish for one yet more calm and sequestered. Let us go forth, and challenge the death that awaits us. Hunted by bloodhounds, our fate is doomed. Rather, then, let it come at once than hold us longer in this state of misery."

“William,” said the old man, “would’st thou rashly cast away the boon of life that God has given thee? Canst thou be fated to death simply because the word of a vindictive king has gone forth against thee? Nay, my son, let us abide the Lord’s time, and endure here unto the end, that we may obtain a crown of rejoicing hereafter. And,” he added, while a tear dimmed his eye, “would you leave Alice and your child?”

“William,” pursued the aged man, “you forbade me but now to tell you of blessings. But, surely, thou art strangely unthankful for thine—even for the incalculable blessing thou hast in that noble-minded woman. Hath she not accompanied us hither, and cheered and sustained us with her angel presence?”

“My father, drive me not to frenzy,” exclaimed the other. “You have struck the chord which another touch would break. It is the sight of her, dearer to me than life itself—immured in this ghostly hiding-place, and day by day, growing thin and waxing pale, and smiling in the midst of misery, that is more than I can bear. And it is I who have brought this evil upon her. But for me, she might now have been blooming in increasing beauty in some brilliant destiny beyond the seas. Never were the bright prospects of opening life more cruelly dashed. And can she, frail as she is, much longer sustain the effort by which she has met this stroke of fortune? Will not the reaction, when it comes, be too terrible to be borne? Oh, God, the thought of her is agony!” and he covered his face with his hands.

A female form entered. She advanced into the cave, and throwing off a cloak and hood, Stanley recognized the mysterious Lady of the Rock. For a second, she regarded the younger of the two without speaking. “My dearest William,” said she, at length, as drawing close to him, she laid her hand in a sympathetic manner on his arm, “why do you yield thus to grief?”

As if her touch and voice were magic, the unhappy exile raised his head to meet her glance. “I grieve for you, my Alice,” he replied, after gazing on her anxiously for some moments, and throwing his arm around her passionately, “to see you bereft of all the appliances of comfort, and to behold your noble spirit display its courage in mild submission, and generous efforts to support the hearts of others. How cruel doth the decree of Fate seem that you, so pure, so gentle, so lovely, should be visited thus heavily.” Unable to endure his own thoughts, he broke abruptly away from her, and paced heavily up and down the cave.

“My dear husband,” she said, approaching him, and looking in his face; “do not think of my lot. Believe me, it would have been but too happy if it could have alleviated the bitterness of yours, or soothed one sorrow of my father’s heart. Come hither, my parent, I have news of encouragement for you both. There is reason to trust that our troubles will be but short-lived. Our

friends have great confidence in the effect of a personal appeal from me to Charles II. Nay, look not thus distressed, my father: it is for your sakes that I leave those who are dearer to me than life itself. I will present myself at the throne of the king, and petition him for your pardon: and Heaven grant that if we meet again on earth, it may be in circumstances of peace and safety."

"Alice, thou shall not leave us!" exclaimed Heath. "Death were far preferable to life in this gloomy cavern uncheered by your presence. I will go forth and yield myself up to my pursuers, if thou talkest again of thine absence."

"Nay, William, I shall not leave you in this place. The marriage of Lucy Ellet will occur to-night, and Mr. Elmore has kindly offered you both an asylum in his house until my return, or for the remainder of your lives, should it be necessary. The remote and secluded nature of the spot will withdraw you from the intrusions of impertinent curiosity."

At that instant, the voices of men were heard without the cavern, and a fearful suspicion dawned suddenly on the minds of all present.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed young Stanley, starting from his couch, "your pursuers are seeking you: keep a profound silence, or your voices will betray you."

"Let them find us," said Heath, aloud. "I am weary of eluding them, and am glad my hour is arrived."

"William, dear William, be silent," whispered the lady, bending toward him with a look of unspeakable terror, as a deep flush mantled the cheek that a moment back was so pale.

"Alice, I tell you it is useless——"

"Hush, love, for my sake, for your child's sake," urged the lady in his ear, as her countenance became agonized.

The voices without now grew so audible that words could be distinguished. The old man clasped his hands in resignation, and his half-parted lips murmured, "The Lord's will be done!" Alice threw one arm around the neck of her husband, with a gesture of unutterable love as though she would shield him, and placed the other hand on his mouth, while she trembled in every limb.

"The entrance of their asylum is well hidden," said one of the voices. "It will be a day's work to discover it."

"Let us spend the day at it then," replied the other speaker, in a gruffer and harsher tone. "We will not give up the search until we find it."

And they seemed approaching the mouth of the cavern. A moment of intense and breathless anxiety to the inmates elapsed. They stood still and

silent as the rocks around them, suspending every, even the slightest external motion, and would have ceased to breathe, had nature permitted such an intermission of her functions. More torturing their suspense than the long, lingering seconds in which a duellist beholds his adversary's pistol wavering over his heart or brain. Their discovery seemed inevitable. In a few minutes, however, those outside passed on, and after a short time their voices grew fainter and fainter, until they were lost in the distance.

"Seize the opportunity of escape ere their return," said Alice, breaking the death-like stillness that had been preserved. "Quick father, William, the moments fly. Make your way toward the house of Mr. Elmore. I will linger here to baffle the inquiries of your pursuers."

"Come, my son," said the old man, rising with a sudden energy. "The Lord has opened another door of salvation for us. Dost thou hear!"

"Nay, I will not again fly for my wretched life," said Heath. "I will passively await my fate."

"William, William," exclaimed his wife, in an agony of heartfelt urgency and sweetness, "I pray you, by whatever is dear in our past association together—by all the claims, I will not say of the continued love you but this day professed for me, but by those of an affection on my part which would endure all things for your sake—to use the proper means for your preservation. Depart without delay;" and an expression of unanswerable entreaty beamed in the eye of the suppliant.

"I will do aught that you ask, beloved one, even to the prolonging of my life of wretchedness," rejoined her husband, as he imprinted a kiss on her brow, and drew her with him toward the door of the cave.

"Let me be your guide," said Stanley, advancing and addressing Heath. "It will be some small return for the service you have rendered me."

"I had almost forgotten, in my affliction, to see to you, kind youth. But you have slept long, and appear to be recovered."

"Thanks to you, sir, I am living and well," answered the boy. "But time grows apace. Will you accept my services?"

"Nay, I am acquainted with the whole neighborhood. You will do me a greater favor to remain with this deserted lady, and see her safe in the hands of friends."

With a countenance of perfect calmness, the heroic wife and daughter endeavored to hasten the moment of separation.

"Farewell," she said, casting her arms around the old man, while a smile was on her lips. "Farewell; we may be parted for years, perhaps for ever,"—

and she made a violent effort to repress her distress.

“Bless me and forgive me, my parent, ere you depart.”

“Thou hast, thou hast my blessing, my suffering dove; and for my pardon, how canst thou ask it, who hast never done me an offence since God made me parent to so noble a child? May the Lord be to thee a rock of shelter, and a path of deliverance from affliction.”

The old man here turned away, and began to descend the hill.

“You must not linger longer, William,” said the lady, turning to her husband, who stood with his eyes fixed upon her face. “Farewell; our fortunes look dark, it is true, but mayhap the same bright morning will yet dawn for us. And if not, we are not still denied the glorious hope that in the darkest moments of separation clings to humanity—the anticipation of reunion in the future.”

“Farewell,” said Heath, folding her in a long embrace to his heart, while his cheek trembled, and a tear dimmed his manly eye. “My beloved wife, farewell:—my Alice, my own one, adieu.” And drawing his cap over his brow, and tightening the folds of the cloak he had resumed, he broke away, and followed his aged companion.

The lady watched the fugitives until they were out of sight, and Stanley remained by her side silent, judging it best not to disturb her feelings at the moment with any ill-timed remark.

While they stood, he had time to examine the entrance to the cavern, which had eluded his discovery so completely on his former visits to the rock. Nothing could be more concealed than its entrance. The opening, extremely small, lay in the face of the cliffs, directly behind a large gray rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who employed it as a place of retreat. The space between the stone and cliffs was very narrow, and might easily escape not only ordinary observation, but the minute search of a mind not perseveringly active. The boy did not marvel when he perceived its secret position, that it had previously been unnoticed by him: for it might have eluded the attention of those who had stood at its very opening. As he was still engaged in admiring its security, the lady turned and said to him, “Let us return within till I make the necessary preparation for my departure.”

“I leave this spot,” said she, as they entered, “endeared by many sad associations, never to return to it again.”

“You are likely to leave it in a way you do not imagine,” said a man, springing in at the opening. He was speedily followed by another, and they both stood within the cave.

“How is this?” said the latter, looking surprised and disappointed—“a woman and a boy.”

Alice turned, at first much startled: but when a moment was past, she prepared herself to receive the intruders with the perfect confidence which a woman never fails to feel in the mildness and reason of a man, however rude. Moreover, having nothing to fear for her husband and father, she found little difficulty in retaining her self-possession, supported by her inherent dignity.

One of them, who was distinguished from his companion by much superiority of mien, lifting his hat respectfully, addressed her: “It is unpleasant to question a woman, especially one of your appearance; but, madam, where are your companions?”

“I am unable to inform you,” said Alice modestly; “yet I must say that in my present situation I could have wished to be spared the pain of confessing my ignorance.”

The harsh features of the elder contracted into their sternest look, and it was evident how much he was disturbed by the cool manner of her reply. Alice gazed at his lowering features for a moment in perfect composure, as if she had naught to fear from his intentions.

“Perhaps you can give us the information we desire?” said he, turning to Stanley.

“Like this lady, I must confess my ignorance of their whereabouts, if you allude to Messrs. Lisle and Heath.”

“Pardon us, fair lady of this grotto,” replied the younger cavalier, “but we will be obliged to search its inmost recesses.”

“True, perhaps they are here, and this coolness may be assumed,” said the other: “let us proceed to make a thorough investigation.”

“I will vacate the premises for you, gentlemen,” said Alice, drawing her arm through Stanley’s, and leaving the cave. After which, at a slow pace, they proceeded together toward the village.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair:
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side;
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

MRS. HEMANS.

A calm and cloudless evening followed the exciting morning which had been experienced in L. The fairest moon of May shone above the ruined meeting-house, which lay in blackened rubbish upon the ground. Her soft light lit up the white dwellings and shrubbery of the village with a holy beauty, until they stood out in bold relief against the surrounding hills, which, in like manner, stood out in similar relief against a sky sparkling with myriads of stars. The herbage sent up its sweetest fragrance, and the air was balmy and delicious. In short, the earth and sky seemed wedded in harmony, and formed a fitting emblem of the marriage-tie about to be celebrated.

The laws regulating wedlock in the colonies were suited to the infant state of society, and threw but few obstacles in the way of the connection. Agreeably with this banishment of all unnecessary form, it was not usual to celebrate their nuptials in places of public worship.

This was peculiarly fortunate in the case of Lucy Ellet, whose marriage having been fixed for this evening, would have had to be deferred, had it been the expectation to celebrate it in the village meeting-house. The arrangements, however, had been made for the performance of the ceremony in the house of her uncle, and the unpleasant affair of the morning was not permitted to retard a matter of such vitality. Lucy's nerves, too, being of that firm kind which no shock could shatter or disturb beyond the passing moment, there was no necessity for deferring the period.

The hospitalities of her uncle's house were thrown open to the villagers—not, it is true, by great displays, such as grace nuptial feasts at the present day, but by means of that unpretending welcome and abundance of cheer, which appeals at once to the heart and appetite of the guest. The best parlor was graced with vases of the freshest spring flowers, and tasteful green branches interwoven with white roses—the whole answering to the idea of a fitting place for a marriage scene.

The gate leading to Governor H—'s house was besieged by vehicles of almost every shape and description. The company had assembled about eight o'clock, and were awaiting the entrance of the bridal train, when their attention

was diverted by the appearance of Jessy Ellet, the young sister of the bride, holding by the hand of a lady, who, from the fact that she was a stranger, as well as from something striking in her aspect, elicited an unusual degree of notice. Care, more than time, had made inroads upon a face still exquisitely lovely; and the extreme simplicity of her attire served to adorn the melancholy and touching beauty of her countenance. There was something elevated in the sadness of her expression, as though her hopes lay scarce any longer upon earth, but were removed into a scene where disappointment and sorrow could never come. But withal there was occasionally a lustre in her eye, and a beaming smile upon her lip, that proved her capable of the deepest and strongest earthly attachments.

This was evinced in her manner toward the child, upon whom she frequently bestowed these momentary marks of affection. Retiring to a distant part of the room, it was evident that she sought to escape observation. Curiosity, however, had been excited, and every eye remained fixed upon her. As she seated herself, and the little Jessy clung to her, and looked up into her face, to make some childish sally, a strange resemblance became perceptible between the two. Upon the brow of each there was the same mild and placid expression; the same azure eyes, and the identical peculiar smile, changing the expression of the whole countenance.

The bustle attending the arrival of the guests had subsided, and the minister, with his features settled into a suitable degree of solemnity, stood waiting with becoming dignity the entrance of those upon whom he was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. The door opened, and a group moved slowly forward. Lucy was in front, leaning on the arm which Henry Elmore had given her as much for her support as from motives of courtesy. She appeared attired in a manner suitable to the simplicity as well as the importance of the ceremony. A dress of simple white concealed by its folds the graceful proportions of her slender form. Under it was a vest cut in the fashion of that period, in such a manner as to give the exact outline of her shape. A few orange blossoms were carelessly entwined in the raven braids of her hair, showing more spotlessly by the contrast.

As they drew near to the expecting clergyman, Lucy's step, which had been slightly unsteady, grew firmer. Although she exhibited the least composure of the two, yet she showed the most intentness on the solemnity before them, and raising her eyes toward the clergyman, she kept them fixed on him throughout the ceremony with sweet and earnest attention.

In a moment, the low, solemn tones of the minister were heard. As he delivered the usual opening homily, he paused frequently and long, giving to each injunction a distinct and marked emphasis. After performing the

ceremony, when he came to the closing words, "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," he lifted his voice as though he were addressing the guests: And when the blessing was pronounced, for a few moments not a sound was heard in the room. The minister advanced first, and congratulated the pair, followed by the guests, who also approached and made their compliments.

The enjoyments of the Puritans were of a very quiet nature. They neither jested, heard music, nor drank healths, and yet they seemed not the less to enjoy themselves. Political leanings had not then contributed their bitterness to private life: but religion being the chief topic of their thoughts, became also the principal subject of their conversation.

Throughout the evening, therefore, metaphysical and doctrinal subjects were discussed, creeds and sects compared, and their own views fortified by Bible authority among the elder gentlemen; the merits of different preachers balanced by the more advanced ladies; while the young people of both sexes, without entering into the discussion of subjects of that nature, yet tempered their remarks on more ordinary matters by many a scriptural phrase and pious expression.

A tone of cheerfulness, however, prevailed over all, except when an eye occasionally rested on the stranger lady, of whose melancholy look the faintest token of liveliness seemed a mockery. This lady was not introduced to any of the company, but remained throughout the evening in the recess she had first chosen. She kept the hand of the fair child, who seemed fascinated by her presence, and continued riveted to her side. Every kindness and attention was paid her by her hosts. Frequently Governor H. and his wife approached her and conversed; and the bride at one time during the evening remained seated with her more than an hour. Several persons made attempts to satisfy the curiosity her presence and appearance excited, by questioning those whom they had seen speaking with her. But their queries were evaded, and they obtained little or no satisfaction. For several days succeeding she continued to form a subject of much gossip and surmise. Not afterward, however, being seen in L., her existence was soon forgotten.

A table groaning with every variety of excellent cheer, and in the greatest abundance, was provided for the company. Fish, flesh and fowl, cake of all kinds, and sweetmeats in profusion, graced the board. Nothing was wanting that trouble and good housewifery could supply. This repast was partaken of at an early hour, and the company returned to their homes.

CHAPTER XIV.

I, that please some, try all: both joy and terror
Of good and bad;—that make and unfold error—
Now take upon me in the name of Time
To see my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the ground untried
Of that wide gap.

WINTER'S TALE.

The course of our narrative obliges us to pass over sixteen years ere we again introduce its characters to our readers. To those of them who may happen to have lived nearly twice that period, the interval will not appear long.

Lucy Ellet had removed on the day following her marriage to the house of Henry Elmore, situated about five miles distant from New Haven. It was a cheerful country residence, fitted up with much neatness. Around it, lay a perfect wilderness of flower-gardens, amid which a refined taste had caused to be erected little summer-houses, which afforded points of view over the distant bay of New Haven. Attached to these grounds was a large farm, over which Lucy soon learned to preside with much matronly grace and dignity. The house itself had been originally small; but shortly after the marriage of the owner, it had been enlarged by the addition of a wing at the back part. This was not exactly adjoining the main building, but connected with it by a corridor. With regard to the purpose for which it had been added nothing was known in the neighborhood with any certainty. Many stories had been circulated concerning its object, and a belief had at length become current that it was haunted by spirits. There were those, indeed, who stated that they had beheld through the opening of a curtain at the window a strangely emaciated face, with sunken eyes of an unnatural lustre, and a look that was not of earth.

The mystery that was attached to this portion of the building, and the tales that were circulated in relation to it—together with the former reports that had attached to Lucy Ellet and her young sister—rendered its inmates avoided and unpopular throughout the neighborhood. No distress or mollification, however, seemed to be felt at this circumstance by Henry Elmore and his wife, who showed no disposition for the society of their neighbors, and who no more exchanged visits with any other persons than Governor H. and his wife, (who still resided in L.,) visits which were mutually given and rendered as often as the distance that intervened between their homes allowed.

Jessy Ellet, now grown to womanhood, resided with her sister. She had retained the exceeding beauty of her childhood, but exhibited what appeared a wildness of character to those who were incapable of understanding the

superiority of her nature. She possessed a certain elevated independence, and ardent feelings, forming a character that few could love, and still fewer could understand. With the enthusiastic feelings we have described, the love of natural objects was to her a passion capable not only of occupying, but at times of agitating her mind. Scenes upon which her sister looked with a sense of tranquil awe or emotion, and the recollection of which became speedily dissipated, continued long to haunt the memory of Jessy, in moments of solitude and the silence of the night. Although she had no selfish pride or vanity, yet there was an air of superiority in her every gesture, which, taken in connection with the other traits we have mentioned, contributed to gain her the character of the eccentric young lady. There was, however, a life and animation in her gayety, a fascination in her manners and expression, whether of language or countenance, a touchingness also in her purity of thought, which, in conversation with the very few persons with whom she associated intimately, gave her society a charm.

The parlor of Lucy Elmore's house was a neat and comfortable apartment. All its arrangements bespoke the skill of a refined female genius—which genius was, in fact, her tasteful and fastidious sister. It was Jessy who had on this dark autumn-day caused the sofa to be wheeled out opposite the fire; she it was who had a few weeks previous directed the graceful looping of the dimity and silk curtains in the windows. The inventive mind of the same guardian divinity had likewise anticipated the more modern fashion of the centre or sofa-table, and induced her to keep a piece of furniture of that description constantly replenished with various new specimens of literature and art. The geraniums and other house-plants in the windows owed their flourishing condition to her training hand; and many other little accessories to the tout ensemble of the room, giving it an air of exceeding home-elegance and comfort—felt rather than perceived—were the results of her care.

It was the evening. Henry Elmore was in his little study, and his wife had taken a book in her hand, and retired to the mysterious wing of the house where her sister knew she always spent an hour every morning and evening, though for what purpose she had never inquired, perceiving that Lucy desired the object of these visits to be secret.

Jessy was seated alone in the parlor we have described. She had drawn near the table, and bending over a volume of poetry which lay open before her. One fair hand was engaged in playing with the ringlets of her hair, and the other lay upon the classic page. The fire had given a slight flush to her cheeks, usually perhaps a shade too pale; and, as she sat thus, it would have been difficult to imagine a more beautiful object. Sea and land might have been searched, and they would have produced nothing half so interesting or half so lovely.

A slight knock at the door interrupted her reading, and a young man of polished manners and handsome exterior presented himself. The new comer was about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing in his manner and looks a good deal of the martial profession. Notwithstanding the great change which the lapse from youth to manhood makes in his sex, it would not have been difficult for any who had known him in the former period, to trace in the countenance of the visiter the lineaments of his boyhood. There was the same brow, surmounted by its chestnut curls—the latter, it may be, a shade darker and a fold thicker; there was the same hazel eye, with its peculiarly thoughtful expression, and a lip which had preserved the native frankness of its smile. In short, the person entering was—but, reader, we will not anticipate Jessy Ellet in calling him by name.

She seemed slightly startled on recognizing him, but rose with a blush and extended her hand. No hue of rising or setting day was ever so lovely in the eyes of the young man as that blush was in his recollection, nor ever did enthusiastic visionary or poetic dreamer discover so many fanciful forms in the clouds.

He advanced and took her offered hand with more of tenderness than courtesy in his manner, for he held it a moment ere he resigned it.

Some little time had elapsed in a few commonplace remarks, when the gentleman drew his chair close to Jessy's side. "Miss Ellett," said he, "I have come this evening emboldened to pour into your ear the story of a long and devoted attachment."

"Mr. Stanley," interrupted the lady, blushing deeply, while the small hand which lay upon the edge of the table might have been seen slightly to tremble, "I cannot allow you to place yourself at the disadvantage of uttering any thing you might regret when you become acquainted with what I must have to reply in regard to any declaration of this kind."

"Do not, I beseech you, Miss Ellet, say aught to dash my dearest earthly hopes. I had flattered myself —"

"I know what you would say," rejoined the young lady, again interrupting him. "You mean that you had hoped—" and she hesitated an instant, "that you were not altogether indifferent to me. But what avails it whether or no this be the case, when I have that to reveal to you which may make you instantly withdraw your proffered affection?"

"No revelation that you could make would have the power to effect a change in the feelings of one who has known you so well."

"Nay, wait until you hear what I have to tell. Know, then, that I am not what I appear."

"Your language is enigmatical," said her lover, looking at her bewildered; "but if it were possible for any human being to surpass in internal graces the loveliest outside, in that way I can believe that there is truth in your words."

"I thank you for the compliment," said Jessy, smiling in acknowledgment. "But it is not in regard to my personal graces, either external or internal—for I have too much vanity, I assure you, to suppose that there is aught that can be said in disparagement of either—but in regard to my outward position I speak. I pass for the niece of Governor H., and the sister of Lucy Elmore. Now I am confident that I am neither."

"What is it you say?" said her lover, looking at her in astonishment.

"Mr. Stanley," continued she, "do you recollect the melancholy-looking lady who was present at Lucy's wedding?"

"I do," said he, "and can tell you more than you have probably ever known. She was the mysterious Lady of the Rock, and the noble wife of the exiled regicide. I shall never forget her touching beauty, nor the heroic fortitude with which she hastened the flight of her husband and father on the day when their hiding-place in the cave was discovered. But what were you going to say of her?"

"I felt drawn to her by yearnings of a peculiar kind, and a strange sympathy such as I have never known before or since for any human being. At parting with me, she dropped no tear on my face, but pressing me to her heart with a lengthened and agonized caress, whispered these words in my ears, '*my daughter, remember your mother!*' Mr. Stanley," she continued, looking at him steadily, "do you see no singular resemblance in me to that strange lady? Methinks I can behold a marvelous likeness."

As she spoke, a curious similarity in the beloved being before him to that unhappy lady, whose image was impressed upon his memory, struck him in the most forcible manner, thrilling him in addition to Jessy's words with the suspicion they suggested.

"She was my mother," continued Miss Ellet. "I know it by an instinct that cannot err. Look, too, how little coincidence of looks, no less than taste, exists between myself and my uncle's family. Lucy, too, although affectionate and kind, resembles me in nothing. I am a mysterious and lonely being."

"There maybe truth in what you surmise," replied Stanley, who had been pondering deeply during her last remarks; "but call not yourself lonely, unless you positively decline the companionship of one who desires no higher pleasure in life than to share it with you."

"You do not shrink from me, then, because I am thus shrouded in mystery?"

“Nay,” said he, venturing to take her hand, “nothing that could be either surmised or proven in regard to your parentage, could change the feelings or wishes of my heart toward you. Jessy, I sail in a few days for England, to be absent for six months, and would know my fate from you ere I depart?”

There was a pause of a few moments of that expressive kind which such an occasion only witnesses, and Stanley gathered from its stillness that he might deem his suit not rejected.

Some time longer passed, in which the lovers remained alone conversing. Their language was of that kind which none but those who have been in the same situation can properly repeat, and which, therefore, the inexperience of the historian prevents being here repeated.

At length Lucy made her appearance, not like one who had been dealing with spirits, but full of cheerful interest in those earthly beings whom she encountered. Time had passed lightly over her, and she looked as young and blooming as on the night of her marriage. The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly. Stanley mentioned his intended visit to England, and the conversation turned for a while upon the mother country. The hour for family prayers arrived. Henry Elmore read a chapter of the Old Testament in a deep, solemn voice, and all standing up, he prayed fervently.

The house being some miles distant from the town of New Haven, the guest was shown to a room above the parlor.

A cheerful fire burned in the hearth: the bed was curtained and quilted with white, and every thing invited comfort and repose. The occupant, however, was too full of his late happy interview to feel inclined to sleep, and he threw himself into a large easy chair that stood near the fire. He sat there long, in a deep reverie. After other reflections more intimately connected with his blissful emotions, his thoughts reverted to the revelation Jessy had made to him of her suspicions in regard to the Lady of the Rock. His own mind had readily received these suspicions until, in reconsidering them, they amounted almost to a certainty. What, then, had become of the lady, and what was the fate of her companion? She had announced in his hearing, in the cavern, her intention of going to England for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain their pardon. But she had never returned, nor had he heard her mentioned since the excitement caused by her appearance at Governor H.’s had subsided. There had been no rumor of the apprehension of the regicides, and it was therefore possible that they still remained hidden. Young Stanley now recalled what he had likewise overheard in the cave, about the exiles having been offered a home with Mr. Elmore. He had been absent prosecuting his studies, when the mysterious wing was attached to the dwelling, and in that way had missed hearing the reports to which it gave rise, or it is possible he might have

surmised differently in regard to it, from the ordinary conclusion. At his return, the gossip had pretty much subsided into a steady avoidance of the family, so that none of the rumors had ever reached him. It was hardly possible, then, he thought, as he had seen or heard nothing of the outcasts, that they could be residing with Mr. Elmore. Jessy, too, had never named any such inmates to him: nor, this evening, when he had mentioned them in connection with the lady for whom she had expressed such interest, had she evinced a knowledge of their being. They had not, therefore, he concluded, repaired to Mr. Elmore's; whither had they gone?

Casting aside his reflections, after a considerable length of time, Stanley rose from his seat and began to prepare for bed. Walking to a window, he beheld a light in what seemed a house or room opposite. It seemed strange to him that there should be any dwelling situated in this manner in regard to the house he was in—since it was in the country. He was about to persuade himself that it was merely the reflection of his own room, when he saw standing facing him the aged man of the cave. Convinced now that his own imagination was at work, and had conjured up the likeness of one of those who had just occupied his thoughts to so great an extent, he turned away, and hastened to court repose.

[Conclusion in our next.]

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

BY MISS MARY MACLEAN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

ON a sultry noon in summer,
When the very air was still,
Young Jessie from her cottage
Came, sighing, to the rill:—
Her graceless lover, Donald,
With his laird, Sir Vasavour,
And a troop of gallant gentlemen.
Were hunting on the moor;
And many a day and night had passed
Since he had sought her door.

But when the simple maiden
Drew slowly toward the spring—
So heavy with her loneliness,
She had not heart to sing—
She saw a stranger kneeling,
And paused, with modest fears,
But the cadence of her footstep
Had reached his eager ears—
And Jessie lay in Donald's arms,
While he kissed away her tears.



THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine by G. J. Anderson

HAPPINESS—A SONNET.

BY RICHARD COX, JR.

THOU gilded phantom of the cheated brain,
Through days and nights of long-successive years
We follow thee—through sunshine and through tears,
With beating hearts and eager eyes, in vain
We wait thy coming! now thou art anear,
And now afar-off straying, and again
Dost give as something of thy bliss to feel,
That we, contrasting thy sweet self and pain,
Might know thee worthy all our woes to heal.
Thou art the essence of a joy supreme,
Too pure to dwell upon this earthly clod —
The real presence of the Christian's dream;
Thy dwelling is where mortal never trod,
Thy home is Heaven! and thy creator—God!

HOME: OR A VISIT TO THE CITY.

A SOUTHERN STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD BEADS."

CHAPTER I.

Far from the mad'ning crowds ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the even tenor of their way.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

ABOUT thirty miles from Savannah, on the banks of the river of that name, is a pretty little village, which, with its small white houses nestled away in the thick green woods, is something like a hail-stone which has fallen in a cluster of green leaves. Scarce a quarter of a mile from the village is the modest residence of Mrs. Delmont, which is in itself a little paradise of beauty. Shaded by the stately sycamore, the magnolia, with its deep green leaves, the catalpa, with its silver blossoms, and the luxuriant orange-tree, it stands unrivaled for the romance of its situation for miles around; while the cape-jessamine, the japonica, the oleander, and many other rare and beautiful flowers lend their radiant hues to ornament the latticed piazza, which is covered over with the fragrant honeysuckle, together with jessamines of every hue. In this beautiful and peaceful retreat Mrs. Delmont had resided since the death of her husband, which had taken place when her children, of whom she had three, were very young.

William, her only son, was a sunny faced boy of eight years old. Rosa, two years older, had the blue eyes and golden hair of her mother; while Clara had her father's dark eyes and shining hair, which clustered in dark brown ringlets around her fair face.

Clara had just completed her eighteenth year, and was a tall, graceful and beautiful girl; she had been carefully trained by her affectionate mother, and well did she repay that mother's anxious care, for in her bereavement she was her comforter and assistant in many things, and in nothing more than in undertaking the education of her little brother and sister, a useful, although we

cannot agree with the poet in styling it a “delightful task,” yet one that Clara was well qualified to perform, as she had herself received a finished education, although she had never left her native village: and she was thus occupied one morning, when Mrs. Delmont entered the room with an open letter in her hand, and addressed our heroine in the following manner:

“My dear Clara, your cousin Mrs. Cleveland writes that she, with Mr. Cleveland and their three children, will be here next Wednesday evening, to spend a fortnight with us, after which they wish you to accompany them to their city residence, and remain there for this winter.”

“Oh, mamma, that would be delightful,” exclaimed Clara. “I know I will enjoy my time with cousin Florence; and then, you know, the city is so gay a place. I would be too happy to go.”

“So I think, my dear,” replied her mother, “and therefore if you wish it I have no possible objection; but how can you leave Mr. Seymour?” added she, archly.

“Why, ma,” exclaimed Clara, blushing deeply, “what is Mr. Seymour to me?”

“Ah, Clara,” replied Mrs. Delmont, “I know what he is to you, better than you are willing to acknowledge to yourself. But seriously, my dear child, you must decide at once, so that I may write an answer to your cousin’s letter.”

“Of course, mamma, I should be delighted to go.” And Mrs. Delmont retired to write the letter, while Clara indulged herself in a long walk, in order to meditate on the news, and to anticipate the delights of a visit to the city.

On the appointed day, after assisting the cook to make a rich plum-cake, and some delicate tarts, she repaired to the parlor, which she had taken great care and pains to assist her mother in furnishing as handsomely as their circumstances would allow, and arranged with faultless taste the brilliant flowers which her little brother and sister, who were now entirely in the spirit of preparation, had gathered, and placed the nuts they had cracked in a silver basket on the carefully polished table, fastened back the snowy curtains, with white chrysanthemums interspersed with their rich green leaves, adjusting them so as to throw the most advantageous light on a beautiful painting which she herself had executed. From the parlor Clara proceeded to the apartment which she intended for her cousin: it opened on a grove in which were several rustic seats and boxes of flowers, and through an opening in the trees the broad river was seen to glide calmly on through banks now dressed in the brightest colors of an American autumn. The furniture of this room was Clara’s peculiar taste, and it well accorded with the simplicity and purity of her own mind. The counterpane, curtains and toilet were white as a snow-drift; the curtains being

on this occasion looped up with crimson roses, and the toilet beautifully embroidered by Clara's own hand, and on it were laid a handsome Bible and Prayer-Book; and she finished her preparations by taking a rich and antique China vase, frosted with silver, which she prized not a little, and placing it on the table, filled it with the choicest flowers the garden afforded.

"Oh, mamma," cried Clara, "come here;" and throwing open the parlor-door, she exhibited the apartment; "come here and see how you like my arrangements for cousin Florence; are not those flowers beautiful?"

"And will not Cousin Florence admire our new carpet, mamma?" said little Rosa.

"I dare say," said Clara, "it is handsomer than Cousin Florence's, as it is in all probability so much newer."

"Yes, my dears," said Mrs. Delmont, smiling at the simplicity of the young girls, while she was careful not to destroy their pleasant anticipations by undeceiving them. "Yes, my dears, every thing looks very sweet and pretty; those flowers are really beautiful, and I give you a great deal of credit for your good taste. Come, daughters, and show me your cousin's room."

"Here, mamma," said Clara, opening the door, "does it not look quiet and beautiful?"

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Rosa, "look at those roses on the window-curtains. Sister Clara, how did you fasten them so prettily?"

"Really, my dear Clara," said Mrs. Delmont, "I congratulate you on your success. I do not think you will see a prettier room in Savannah. Recollect, Rosa, to have some plates in the parlor to eat those nuts in, as I fear the children will soil the carpet with them."

"Oh, Cousin Florence would not let them soil our pretty carpet, I do not think, mamma," said little Rosa, as she tripped off for the plates.

The sound of wheels was now heard in the distance, and Clara and her mother hastened to meet their cousin, whom they had not seen for several years.

It was late in October, and the soft breath of summer was chilled, but not frightened away by the coming winter, and the vines that draped the windows still perfumed the air with the rich fragrance of their clustering blossoms. A gentle melancholy, peculiar to autumn, overspread the scene, which seemed the very habitation of beauty and happiness: when Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland drove up the long avenue, and alighted at the gate of Primrose Cottage, as Clara had called Mrs. Delmont's house, in memory of one of her favorite books, the dear old Vicar of Wakefield.

Mrs. Cleveland was the wife of a flourishing merchant in the city of Savannah, where she had resided since her marriage, which had taken place about five years previous to the commencement of our story; and was an amiable though an exceedingly indolent woman, and indulged her children to such an extent that they were, in consequence, extremely annoying to every one by whom they were surrounded. As soon as Mrs. Cleveland entered the house complaining of excessive fatigue, she was ushered by Clara into her neat apartment, which, however, we are sorry to say, did not long remain so, for the lady immediately threw herself on the bed, caused her trunk to be unpacked, insisted upon the children's dresses being changed, while the mother, the children, and their nurse, seemed to vie with each other in the attempt to fill every chair and vacant place with such articles as were not in immediate requisition, which gave to the room so disorderly and careless an appearance, that it would never have been recognized as the same sweet looking apartment which Clara had prepared that morning for their reception.

"Ma, I want something to eat," whined George, the eldest boy.

"Well, my darling," replied his mother, "Cousin Clara will get you some bread and honey;" and Clara immediately left the room in quest of refreshments for the children, who, when they were obtained, immediately placed them upon the new settee, which Clara had re-covered expressly for this occasion, an arrangement which did not tend greatly to improve its appearance.

"George," said Mrs. Cleveland, "little Lucy has been teasing for flowers the whole evening, give her those on the table;" and the child, in his haste to hand the flowers, turned the honey over on the settee, and what was still more annoying, threw down Clara's beautiful vase and broke it into twenty pieces. Tears filled the eyes of our unphilosophizing heroine at this unfortunate accident, but her cousin only remarked:

"There, now, you careless boy, you have broken the pretty vase, but don't cry now pet; come kiss your mother; Martha, (to the maid) take up those pieces of broken china, I am afraid they will hurt the children's feet; Cousin Clara, do you recollect who it is that says, 'Crystal and hearts are only valuable for their fragility,' quite true."

Tea was now announced, after which the whole party adjourned to the parlor, where the children commenced throwing the nuts over the floor; regardless of the plates, a proceeding at which little Rosa was greatly scandalized; particularly as Mrs. Cleveland, instead of admiring the carpet, merely remarked, "Really, Johnny, it is well your aunt's carpet is not a very elegant one, or you would soon spoil it."

"How much better it is, Cousin Clara, to have a plain carpet, children are

so ruinous, and yet they are so sweet one cannot scold them.” Clara thought that if the sweetness of such spoiled children, as they were, was their only protection, it was a coin that would not pass current with every one.

We will not linger over the remainder of Mrs. Cleveland’s visit to Primrose Cottage, nor describe the many annoyances to which her children subjected Clara and her mother, nor will we tire the reader with the many pleasant anticipations which the former entertained of her visit to the city, which, in her simplicity, she imagined to be the most delightful place in the known world.

CHAPTER II.

I remember its waking sigh,
We roamed in a verdant spot
And he culled for me, a cluster bright
Of the purple forget-me-not.

BALLAD.

It was the last evening of Mrs. Cleveland’s stay; and Clara was dressed with peculiar taste. An observing eye could also have discovered, that the freshest and rarest flowers decked the flower-pots; and that Clara from time to time looked anxiously from the window; who could she be expecting. But the mystery was soon solved, by the appearance of a very handsome young man, who invited Clara to join him in a walk, a request which she readily granted; and, accordingly, they soon left the domestic circle, for a quiet stroll on the banks of the placid Savannah.

It was a lovely evening, the sun was setting in autumnal splendor; the broad river, gilded by its last rays, rolled majestically on; the tinkle of a bell was heard in the distance; the ground was carpeted with leaves of the brightest colors; and through the now nearly bare trees a beautiful view was obtained of the various windings of the river, and of the little village, with its small white houses and their latticed porches, shaded by magnificent sycamore, cypress, and magnolia trees. When we are happy, autumn brings no melancholy to our hearts, but the mournful sound of the wind, the fading leaves, and the hazy beauty of the landscape, is fraught with sadness to one already anxious and dejected; and on this evening Edward Seymour’s handsome countenance was clouded with apprehension; for in addition to his grief at parting with Clara, he could not banish from his mind the gloomy possibility, that every bright hope he had cherished through the balmy gales of spring, and the sunny hours of summer, would vanish with the flowers and leaves of autumn. But, the reader will inquire, did not Clara sympathize with his feelings, and soothe his fears?

To a degree, she did; but although Clara loved him, and would not have given him, or any other friend, up for the whole city of Savannah, yet, like a giddy girl, she was so much dazzled by its perspective gayeties that she could not be so deeply affected at leaving him as she would have been under other circumstances.

They returned to the house just as the stars began to appear; and sat alone in the moonlit piazza; for Mrs. Delmont, with a mother's judicious care, had so arranged things that the children could pursue their boisterous sports in the back yard, while she sat with Mrs. Cleveland in her own room. An hour passed delightfully away, and when Edward regretfully arose to take his departure, he gave to Clara a fresh bouquet of orange flowers, which he had brought for her, and as he did so, kissed the little hand that trembled in his own. A tear sparkled in Clara's eye at this token of his affection, but her feelings of sadness were quickly dissipated by the bustle of packing for her journey, in which she was engaged, as soon as Mr. Seymour had taken his departure.

The next day was cold and rainy, and it was late when the travelers arrived at the place of their destination, and Clara retired to her apartment much fatigued with her ride, as she had carried Johnny, a troublesome child of three years old, in her lap the whole way, not because there was no room for him elsewhere, but merely because the "little darling" wouldn't ride any where but with "Cousin Clara," whose new riding-dress he also chose to daub with molasses candy.

The next morning, when Clara arose, she was informed by a servant that breakfast was ready, who at the same time requested her to excuse "master and missus, as they were too much fatigued with their journey to come down." Accordingly, Clara descended to an elegantly furnished breakfast-room, which, however, was extremely cold, on account of the very small fire; and the handsome furniture seemed much tarnished by the children, and the breakfast-table was much disordered, as is always the case when, as they did on this occasion, any members of the family take their breakfast in their own room.

No one was at the breakfast-table but the two eldest children, whose company was not very agreeable, as they did nothing but quarrel with each other, and call fretfully to the servants for articles which were not on the table; and during her solitary meal Clara could but compare the pleasant breakfast-room at Primrose Cottage, with its neat carpet of domestic manufacture, its snowy curtains, and its blazing fire, with the cold and comfortless apartment in which she now sat; nor could she avoid drawing a like comparison between her own dear mother's quiet and cheerful neatness, and the sweet-tempered voices of her little brother and sister, with her cousin's careless self-indulgence, and the fretful ill temper of her children; yet, while Clara made these comparisons,

not very flattering to her cousin, she also reflected that Mrs. Cleveland had just returned from a journey; and it was natural to suppose that the house would be in some confusion, and the children tired, and in consequence fretful, immediately upon their return.

CHAPTER III.

But I was a gay and a thoughtless girl,
And I cast them all away,
And gathered the dandelion buds,
And the wild grapes gadding spray.

BALLAD.

“Clara, my love,” said Mrs. Cleveland one morning to our heroine, “you have now been here for some weeks, and have received several calls, not half so many though as you would have, had I the industry to return visits that I owe to some of the most agreeable of my acquaintances; however, we will to-morrow return those which have been paid; and do, my dear, wear the new silk which you thought me so extravagant in making you purchase, merely because, like a little country girl that you are, you thought that it did not accord with your means.”

To this proposal Clara readily acceded, but could not avoid thinking that her cousin might have exerted herself sufficiently to return the calls she mentioned, if it were only on her account. Accordingly, on the following morning Clara, dressed with much care, descended to the parlor, looking beautifully.

“Dear me, Clara,” exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, “how charmingly you are dressed, are you going out?”

“Why, my dear Florence, have you forgotten our arrangement to make calls this morning.”

“Calls! how provoking that I should have forgotten all about it; and what is still more so, have sent the carriage driver into the country, to purchase some necessary articles for family use; which, however, I could easily have done without, had I recollected our intended excursion. Never mind, Clara, my dear, you shall not be disappointed, for after dinner we will go shopping, for I have some purchases to make which you shall assist me to select.”

But the walk did not afford much pleasure to Clara, for it was nothing more than a continued search for articles in which Mrs. Cleveland was too fastidious to be pleased, and they returned home in the evening, Mrs. Cleveland much

fatigued, where they found that Mr. Cleveland had just arrived before them.

“Well, Clara,” observed he, as they took their places at the tea-table, “you have me to thank that after your long walk, you have not to be kept up to-night till ten o’clock with company: Mr. Hambden and Mr. Lester asked leave to call, but I saw you and Florence out, and concluded that you would be too much fatigued to see them this evening; so I made some excuse. They are very fine young men, by the way, and you must attempt a conquest the first time you happen in company with them.”

Now, although Clara had no idea of attempting a conquest, yet naturally fond of company, she would have been glad to have seen the gentlemen mentioned, and wished that Mr. Cleveland had not been so solicitous for her comfort; she therefore made no answer, but Mrs. Cleveland exclaimed,

“Why, Cousin Clara! don’t you recollect the very handsome and *distingué* looking young man you met this evening, and admired so much; well, that was Mr. Lester; I have no doubt the impression was returned. Henry, why didn’t you let them call?”

“Why, my dear, I thought that you and Cousin Clara were so happy in each other’s company, that I disliked to introduce any one else into our quiet circle; I think, now that Cousin Clara is with us, we ought to be quite sufficient for our own happiness: for when I am engaged in business I feel assured that my Florence is not alone, and I hope that her cousin will become so much attached to the city, that she will hereafter spend every winter with us.”

“Indeed I perfectly agree with you, my dearest Henry, and I now see that you were quite right in acting as you did, for I am quite sure that Cousin Clara enjoys herself with us. As for me, her company is such an acquisition that I shall scarcely leave the house this winter, but shall reserve all my dissipation for the time when I shall be compelled to lose her, and seek for amusement abroad. Clara, my dear, whenever you wish to retire Mildred will give you a candle; I am going now to sit in my own room, you know the dear children will never go to sleep without mamma;” and so saying, she retired to her own room, accompanied by her husband, after which Clara went to her apartment, which was rendered chilly, by the small fire having nearly gone out; as it had been hastily kindled by a careless servant.

“After all,” soliloquized Clara, throwing herself on a chair in her cheerless apartment, “after all, it is not so very delightful in the city as I anticipated. Dear Cousin Florence is very kind and affectionate, and yet it seems to me, that she is a little thoughtless, and although I would not mention it to any one, yet I think she considers my comfort and amusement very little, and is so domestic herself, that she thinks I ought to be so too, never considering for a

moment that she has a husband and children to interest and occupy her mind, while I am left to my own resources. Dull as my cousin seems to consider my own home, I am beginning to wish I had never left it; there every one studied my tastes, and sought to promote my happiness; here I am completely thrown into the shade. But one thing I have learned, and that is, that whoever has a happy home should never sigh for the gayeties of a city life, for they may feel assured, that they will enjoy more true happiness at their own home, in partaking of the pleasures which it affords, and performing the duties which it enjoins." As our heroine pronounced these words her eyes fell on an open drawer, where, crushed and faded, were carelessly thrown the bouquet of orange flowers which Edward had given her, and while her now fast falling tears dropped over the neglected token, how bitterly did she chide herself for the light value which she had attached to her last precious interview with *him* to whom, however she might strive to conceal them even from herself, she now felt that she must ever cherish sentiments of the sincerest affection.

CHAPTER IV.

In early youth when Hope is new,
The heart expands with love and joy,
Each prospect wears a brighter hue,
And pleasure seems without alloy.

E. M. B.

"My dear Florence," said Mr. Cleveland, as he entered the room, some days after the circumstances related in the preceding chapter; "Mr. Preston is in the parlor, and if you and Cousin Clara wish to see him I will take you out."

"Certainly, Henry," replied Mrs. Cleveland, "I will go as soon as I can change my dress. Wait for me, dearest Clara, I am always so terribly afraid of Mr. Preston."

Clara's heart beat tumultuously at the thought of meeting Mr. Preston, who was an eminent literary character, and nearly related to Edward Seymour, and Clara knew that the latter would not only be pleased to hear from his cousin and early instructor, whom he had not seen for a considerable length of time, but had expressed an anxious wish that she should see and become acquainted with him. Meanwhile Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by Clara, went to her own room and proceeded to arrange her dress, a task in which she, indeed, seemed desirous to be expeditious, but which she in reality, loitered over for such a length of time, as almost to exhaust our heroine's patience. At length, when the last ribbon had been fastened, and the last ornament arranged, Mrs. Cleveland

said, "Well, Cousin Clara, I am ready; yet, stop one moment, and let me pacify my little Lucy, she is so fretful." But the one "moment" was extended to several, and as Mrs. Cleveland turned to the door, her husband entered it and informed her that Mr. Preston had just gone, as he was compelled to leave the city that day, and the boat was just starting.

"Really, my dear," added he, "it is a pity you did not make more haste, I never saw Mr. Preston so agreeable." Without waiting to hear Mr. Cleveland's comments, or Mrs. Cleveland's regrets, poor Clara turned, disappointed, to the window to catch a glimpse of one so nearly connected with her lover.

Thus the winter passed fleetly away, and although Clara certainly spent some portions of her time agreeably, and made some very pleasant acquaintances, yet, on the whole, she was much disappointed with her visit to the city; during which she was not only deprived of many novel and amusing scenes, highly interesting to young persons, by her cousin's indolence and want of thought, but was, by the same culpable negligence, prevented from seeing many of the curiosities of the place, from a view of which she had promised herself much amusement, as her residence in the country had hitherto precluded her from any thing of the kind; while Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland erroneously imagined that whatever was stale to them must necessarily be so to our heroine. Besides these sources of vexation, Clara had one, which Mrs. Cleveland, habitually careless in money matters, could not sympathize with more than she did with her other annoyances, and this was the state of her purse, as Mrs. Cleveland, with characteristic thoughtlessness insisted upon Clara's purchasing whatever was handsome or fashionable, without regard to expense.

In accordance with this habit, Mrs. Cleveland one morning addressed Clara in the following manner:

"At last, my dear cousin, we are to have an excellent performance by the Thalian Association; and I have been anxious for you to see one, ever since you have been with us; you know there has been only one this winter, and then I could not go because the children were so cross, but the little rogues shall not prevent our going this time. By the way, my dear Clara, Mrs. Dawson has some elegant head-dresses, and we must go down this evening and get one for you."

"But, Cousin Florence, you don't recollect that I have several already, and one that I have never worn."

"La, Clara, you wore that to Mrs. Armand's party."

"But the wreath of white roses, cousin."

"Oh, Clara, that is too simple altogether."

"To tell you the truth, Cousin Florence, the sum of money mamma gave me when I left home was, I thought, much more than I should need, but I now find that it is nearly expended, and if I purchase these superfluities I must exceed that sum, and you know that our circumstances are limited."

"Pshaw, child, what of that? you can get all you want from your mother's business man."

Now, our heroine ought to have had moral courage enough to have firmly declined making the unnecessary purchase, but it must be recollected that she was very young, and being always accustomed to depend on her mother in such matters, it will not be wondered at if she quietly gave up the point.

As soon as the head-dress, which was a very handsome one for six dollars, was purchased Mrs. Cleveland turned to a ribbon-box, and selecting a very pretty piece insisted upon Clara's purchasing it: "Yes, Clara," said she, "it is only four dollars."

"Really, I do not think I need it, Cousin Florence," replied our heroine.

But Mrs. Cleveland would hear no objections, so the sash was purchased, and Clara with her cousin left the shop. When they returned home the sash was much admired by every one; but Mrs. Cleveland discovered that it was too long, and cutting off the superfluity, saying that, "it would make beautiful pin-cushions for the fair which Clara expected would take place shortly after her return home."

But Mrs. Cleveland might have spared herself the trouble of assigning any use to the ribbon, for Johnny having risen in haste from the dinner-table, his hands were in such a state as, after having possessed himself of the ribbon, soon to render it unfit for pin-cushions or any other purpose. "Johnny! you mischief," exclaimed his mother, "Cousin Clara'll whip you." She would have been mortified had she known that Clara felt very much inclined to do so.

The evening at length arrived, which Clara hoped so much to enjoy; but here again our heroine was destined to disappointment, for immediately after tea, Mrs. Cleveland observed,

"Really, my dear Clara, I am very sorry, but Mr. Cleveland has gone to the Odd Fellows Lodge, he expressed his intention before I said any thing about the performance; and though he would willingly have staid and gone with us, yet I did so much dislike to disconcert, even the least of his arrangements, that I said nothing about it. Never mind, my love, there will be many more performances before you leave Savannah."

Clara knew that she must shortly return home, and that it was probable there would not be another performance before she left town, and when she thought that she could not gratify her little brother and sister, as she had

promised, with an account of the many beautiful things which she expected to see there, and thought—shall we confess it—of her new sash and head-dress, she retired to her own room, and indulged in a girlish burst of tears.

In a few moments a knock was heard at the door, and hastily drying her tears, she opened the door, when a servant entered and gave her a letter from her mother, which informed her that, Mr. B—, an old friend of the family, would visit Savannah in the course of a few days, and that if Clara felt disposed, it would be an opportunity for her to return home; at the same time, she desired her to consult her own inclinations on the subject. Clara's eyes sparkled at the thoughts of again being with the dear ones at Primrose Cottage, and she retired to rest, determined to accept Mr. B—'s protection home.

On the following morning, when Clara entered the breakfast-room, Mrs. Cleveland exclaimed, "My dear Clara, what do you think, Mrs. Wellwood's ball, that has been so much talked of, comes off next Wednesday evening, and cards have just been left for us; now I will tell you what we will do this very morning, we will go to Dawson's, and you shall get one of those beautiful robes, they are just twelve dollars, and how sweet you will look, for I will tell you, Clara, what I never did before, that there are few girls in Savannah with half your attractions. Now, will it not be delightful?" Clara hesitated a moment, but considered that the enjoyment of the ball would not be adequate to the expense, besides preventing her return home with Mr. B—, she therefore replied:

"In consequence of a letter I last night received from mamma, I shall find it necessary, my dear cousin, to return home before that time."

"Oh, Clara!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, "how can you leave the city for that dull place?" And Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland added many arguments and entreaties to prevail on her to remain; but Clara had made her decision, she therefore affectionately but firmly insisted upon adhering to it; and the few remaining days of her stay were spent in taking leave of her friends, and making preparations for her journey.

CHAPTER V.

The wild rose, eglantine and broom
Scattered around their rich perfume. SCOTT.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home.
Quoted from recollection.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in March, when Clara, after taking an affectionate leave of her cousin, whom, despite her little foibles, she tenderly loved, was seated by her old friend and commenced her homeward journey.

March, in our southern clime, is not always rude and boisterous, but has many a gentle day, when Nature is dressed in as lovely a garb as she wears at any season of the year, and such a day was the one of which we speak; the woods were covered with fresh green leaves, the marshes and banks of the streams were gay with the yellow jessamine, the dew-drops sparkled like diamonds in the morning sun, and the cooing of the turtle-dove, the cheerful notes of the mockingbird, and the fresh country air that fanned her cheek, were to Clara like friends of her early days. The sun was just setting when from a winding in the road Clara obtained a glance of Primrose Cottage, as it stood imbosomed in trees arrayed in the freshest green—of the river, whose banks, where she had pursued her childish sports, were now decked with wild flowers of every hue, and finally, of the group of expecting friends, who at the sound of wheels had hastened into the piazza, and Clara's heart beat high as she recognized Edward, the foremost of the party.

Clara was soon out of the carriage, and in the arms of her mother, nor did Edward neglect to press her hand very tenderly, as he handed her from the carriage, after which she was conducted into the house.

"And, now, which do you like best, *Home* or the *City*, sister?" asked little Rosa, when Clara had reached her own room, and was removing her traveling dress, and arranging her hair.

"Home, my dear Rosa," replied our heroine, "there I enjoy myself much more than I ever have during my visit to the city, and yet, mamma," added she, "if I had a house in Savannah, I would have young ladies to visit me, and I know I would make these visits delightful."

They now returned to the parlor, where they had left Mr. Seymour, and after tea, Clara sat once more with Edward in the fragrant vine-covered piazza, before mentioned, where the moonbeams sparkled on the seat they occupied, through a richly blossoming mass of yellow jessamine—that dear seat, which seemed intended for the very use of which it was made, namely, that of Edward's offering his hand, and of Clara's accepting the offer, which was sealed by—no matter what it was sealed by, gentle reader, only accept that patient lover, whom you have been so long trifling with, and you will soon find out for yourself.

SPRING SNIPE SHOOTING OF 1850.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "WARWICK WOODLANDS," "MY SHOOTING BOX," ETC.

IT is a singular thing, and one which elucidates the great research necessary, and the extreme difficulties encountered, in the attempt to establish facts of natural history with regard to birds of passage, that this beautiful little bird, the general favorite of the sportsman and the epicure, well known to all classes of men, and a visitant, in some one of its closely allied varieties, of every known nation, is still a mystery, as regards some of its habits, and continues to baffle the inquiries of the most learned and inquisitive ornithologists.

Its habits, the nature of its food, and therefore the necessities of its existence, render it an inhabitant of temperate climates, and of regions in which the moist and loamy soil, from which it derives its sustenance of small worms, insects, and the like, is not frozen during the period of its visitations so hard as to preclude its boring with its delicate and sensitive bill for its semi-aquatic prey of worms and larvæ.

Still, as extreme cold prevents it from obtaining subsistence, extreme heat would appear to be still less congenial to its tastes or temperament; for, whereas it lingers in the north until autumnal frosts seal up the marshes and the soft stream margins against its probing bill, it flies from its winter quarters in the rice-fields of Carolina and Georgia, and the farther morasses of Texas and New Mexico, the instant that opening spring admits of its return to the fresh meadows and pure rivulets of the north-east.

The winter quarters of this bird, then, are fairly ascertained, ranging from Carolina southward until almost the northern limits of the Tropics; thence, so soon as the blue-bird begins to pipe in the apple-trees, the shad to appear in the rivers, the willow-buds to turn yellow, and the frogs to croak and chirrup, with us to the northward, the snipe is seen everywhere, hurrying, according to the progress of the season, singly, in whisks of ten or twelve, or in huge flights, ever, ever, northwardly. In Maryland, in Delaware, in southern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, he is wont to appear from the 1st to the 20th of March; in New York and New Jersey northward, from the 15th of March to the 20th of

April, remaining for a longer or shorter period according to the steadiness of the weather, the state of the ground as regards wet or drought, and the geniality of the season. In mild, soft, temperate, moist seasons, with a prevalence of westerly weather, he will linger with us into the lap of June; and in such seasons, more or less, he woos his mate, nidificates and rears his young among us, from the Raritan and the Passaic northward and eastward to the Great Lakes, and throughout Michigan, Wisconsin probably, and Canada west, up far into the Arctic Circles.

Still, those which breed with us in the United States, and even in the Canadas, are but as drops of water to an ocean, to those which rush on the untiring pinions moved by amatory instinct to the far breeding grounds of Labrador, Symsonia, and Boothia Felix, where it is *supposed* they resort to rear their young in hyperborean solitude, thence to reissue, in the summer and the earlier autumn, and re-populate our midland meadows.

In the neighborhood of Amherstburg, Canada west, they appear very early; often in February of mild seasons, always in March; and there may breed, and remain until banished by severe cold. I shot one there myself last autumn, the last bird of the season, very late in November, I believe on the 28th or 29th; and with the plover, the Hudsonian godwit, and the Esquimaux curlew, they were seen there this spring in the first days of March.

Around Quebec, I have shot English snipe on the uplands, in fallow fields and rushy pastures—for the grass in the morasses does not begin to shoot in those far northern latitudes, so as to afford them shelter, until much later in the year—in the end of April and the beginning of May; but they arrive there only by small scattered whisks, or single birds, tarry a few short days, and flit onward to their unknown destination.

This, then, is their mystery—that in no known land are they perennial; in no ascertained region—so far as I can learn—are they positively known to breed in the vast concourses which must breed somewhere, in order to supply the prodigious flights which issue yearly from the northern regions of three continents, Europe, America, and Asia, to fill the warmer countries, and to be slaughtered literally by myriads, season after season, without undergoing much if any visible diminution of numbers.

Ever, in all places, in all countries, in all continents, which they visit in spring, they are seen pressing northward still, from March until May; no one being able to say here ends their tide of emigration, this is their chosen resting place.

Their breeding season is from the middle of May to the beginning of July; on the 4th of which month I have shot young birds, with the pin-feathers

undeveloped, as large as the parents—these birds having been hatched on the ground whereon I killed them. Indeed, it is my opinion, that all birds which tarry in our latitudes beyond the 10th of May, either *do* breed with us, or would do so but for the persecution of the pot-hunter—all which intend to steer farther north having departed ere that time.

About the 15th of July the returning hordes, young birds and old together, full grown and in fine condition, begin to reappear in the marshes of Quebec and its vicinity, which may be said to be the extremest northern point from which we have continuous and authentic annual information of their appearance. At that time the slaughter of the snipe on the marshes of Chateau Richer, and of the islands farther down the St. Lawrence, is prodigious. There they linger until the frosts become so severe as to drive them from their feeding-grounds, which generally takes place early in September, from which time, throughout that month, all October, and a portion—more or less according to the season—of November, and even December, every likely swamp, morass, and feeding-ground of Canada west, of the western, midland, and eastern states, from which they are not persecuted and banished by the incessant banging of pot-hunters and idle village boys, swarms with them, in quantities sufficient to afford sport to hundreds, and a delicacy to thousands of our inhabitants, if they were protected from useless and unmeaning persecution, by which alone they are prevented from being as numerous among us as at any former period.

For I am well assured, that, unlike the woodcock, which, breeding in our midst, and dwelling with us for months at a time, is annually slaughtered while breeding, hatching, or immature, and is thus in rapid progress toward extirpation—the snipe, unmolested in its breeding-grounds, is not diminished in its numerical production, but is rendered scarcer in thickly settled districts, nigh to large towns, by incessant harassing, which drives it to remoter and securer feeding-grounds.

I do not mean by this, however, to assert that the abolition of spring snipe-shooting would not be an advantage—on the contrary, I am convinced that it would; although well assured that no such measure can be hoped at the hands of our legislators; for, as the snipe ordinarily lays four eggs, the destruction of each one of the breeders on their way northward, of course diminishes the stock of the coming season by five birds.

So much for the times and places of the snipe's migrations. Of his appearance or characteristics—so well is he known—it is almost useless to speak! It may, however, be well to observe that although commonly termed the ENGLISH SNIPE, our bird is a thorough *native American*, differing from the bird of Europe in being about one inch smaller in every way, and in having two

more feathers, sixteen instead of fourteen, in the tail. In other minute, but still *permanent*, and therefore characteristic distinctions, it differs from the Asiatic and Antarctic snipes; although in their rapid, zigzag flight and shrill squeak when flushed; in their irregular soaring through the air in gloomy weather; in their perpendicular towering and plumb descent, their drumming with the wing-feathers, and bleating with the voice, during the breeding-season, all the species or varieties so closely resemble each other that they are far more easily confounded than distinguished by the unscientific sportsman.

The American bird has, however, two or three habits, during early spring-shooting, which I have never observed in the European species, nor seen noticed in any work of natural history; the first of these is frequenting underwood and bushy covert abounding in springs and intersected by cattle-tracks, and occasionally even high woods, during wild, stormy, and dark weather, especially when snow-squalls are driving; and this is a habit of the bird meriting the attention of the sportsman, as in such weather, when he finds no birds on the open and unsheltered marshes, he will do well to beat the neighboring underwoods, if any, and if not, the nearest swampy woodlands; by doing which he will oftentimes fill his bag when he despairs of any sport. The second habit is that of alighting, not unfrequently, on rail-fences, or stumps, and even on high trees, which I think I can safely assert that the European bird *never does*; and the third is the utterance, when in the act of skimming over the meadows, after soaring, bleating, and drumming for an hour at a stretch in mid air, of “a sharp reiterated chatter, consisting of a quick, jarring repetition of the syllables, *kek-kek-kek-kek-kek*, many times in succession, with a rising and falling inflection, like that of a hen which has just laid an egg.”^[5]

There is no JACK SNIPE in America, though many persons ignorantly and obstinately assert the reverse; the true Jack Snipe being a northern bird of Europe and Asia, visiting the milder climates during the hard weather. It is an exact counterpart of the English Snipe, only about one-half smaller; it never utters any cry on rising, and rarely flies above one hundred yards, often dropping within fifty feet of the muzzle of a gun just discharged at it, although unwounded. The bird which is here confounded with it, is the PECTORAL SANDPIPER, a bird about one-third smaller than the snipe, of a lighter brown, with a short, arched bill, and a feeble, quavering whistle. It is found indiscriminately on the sea-shore, and in upland marshes; I have shot it from Lake Huron to the Penobscot, and the Capes of the Delaware; it lies well before dogs, which will point it, and is a good bird on the table. It is known in Long Island as the “Meadow Snipe” and the “Short Neck,” in New Jersey, and thence westward, as the “Fat Bird,” or “Jack Snipe” indiscriminately. It is not a snipe at all, but a Sandpiper, *Tringa Pectoralis*.

The only other true snipe ascertained to exist in America, is the RED BREASTED SNIPE, *Scolopax Noveboracensis*, better known as the "DOWITCHER," an unmeaning name, adopted and persevered in by the Baymen, or as the "Quail Snipe." At Egg Harbor the gunners call it the "Brown-back." It is found only on the salt marshes, and is never hunted with dogs but shot from ambush over decoys.

It appears, then, that the coming and stay of the common snipe in our districts, in spring, is very uncertain, and dependent on the state and steadiness of the weather. Some seasons, they will stay for weeks on the moist, muddy flats among the young and succulent herbage, growing fat and lazy, lying well to the dog, and affording great sport. Sometimes they will merely alight, feed, rest, and resume their flight, never giving the sportsman a chance even of knowing that they have been, and are gone, except by their chalkings and borings where they have fed. Again, at other seasons, they will lie singly, or in scattered whisps on the uplands, in fallow fields, even among stunted brushwood, lurking *perdu* all day, and resorting to the marshes by night, leaving the traces of their presence in multitudes, to perplex the sportsman, who, perhaps, beats the ground for them, day after day, only to find that they were, but are not.

This variance in the habit of the snipe it is, which makes him so hard a bird to kill; for, although he is perplexing from his rapid and twisting flight to a novice, I consider him, to a cool old hand, as easy a bird to kill as any that flies. The snipe invariably rises against or across wind, and in doing so hangs for an instant on the air before he can gather his way; that instant is the time in which to shoot him, and that trick of rising against wind is his bane with the accomplished shot and sportsman, for by beating *down the wind*, keeping his brace of dogs quartering the ground before him, *across the wind*, so that they will still have the air in their noses, he compels the bird to rise before him, and cross to the right on the left hand, affording him a clear and close shot, instead of whistling straight away up wind, dead ahead of him, exposing the smallest surface to his aim, and frequently getting off without a shot, as it will constantly do, if the shooter beats *up wind*, even with the best and steadiest dogs in the world. The *knack* of shooting snipe, as some people who can't do it choose to call it, is no other than the knack of shooting quick, shooting straight, and shooting well ahead of cross shots—this done with a gun that will throw its charge close at 40 to 50 yards, with 1½ oz. of No. 8 shot, equal measures of shot and of Brough's diamond-grain powder will fetch three snipe out of every five, which is great work, in spite of what the cockneys say, who pick their shots, never firing at a hard bird, or one over twenty paces away, and then boast of killing twenty shots in succession. *Verbum sap.*

The great difference of the grounds to be beaten in different weathers; the difficulty in determining which ground to assign to which day; the immense extent of country to be traversed, if birds are scarce or wild, or if there are many varieties of soil, covert, and feeding in one range, and the sportsman fail in his two or three first beats in finding game, and therefore have to persevere till he do find them, these, and the hardness of the walking in rotten quagmires and deep morasses, affording no sure foot-hold, and often knee-deep in water, these it is which make successful snipe-shooting one of the greatest feats in the art, and the crack snipe-finder and snipe-killer—for the two are one, or rather the second depends mainly on the first—one of the first, if not the first artist in the line.

It is from this necessity of beating, oftentimes, very extensive tracts of land before finding birds, and therefore of beating very rapidly if you would find birds betimes, that I so greatly prefer and recommend the use of very fast, very highly-bred, and very far-ranging setters, to that of any pointer in the world, for snipe-shooting in the open—apart from their great superiority over the pointer in hardihood, endurance of cold, powers of retrieving, beauty and good-nature.

Of course, speaking of dogs, whether setter, pointer, dropper, or cocking-spaniel, it is understood that we speak of dogs of equal qualities of nose, staunchness to the point, and steadiness at coming to the charge the instant a shot is fired. No dog which does not do all these things habitually, and of course, is worth the rope that should hang him; and no man is worthy the name of a shot or a sportsman, who cannot, and does not, keep his dogs, whether setters, pointers, or cockers, under such command that he can turn them to the right or left, bring them to heel, stop them, or down charge them, at two hundred yards distance if it be needful.

If these things, then, be equal, as they can be made equal, though I admit a setter to be more difficultly kept in discipline than a pointer—the fastest setter you can get, is the best dog for snipe-shooting; his superiority, in other points, infinitely counterbalancing the greater trouble it requires to break and control him. I am well aware that it has been said, and that by authorities, that the best dog over which to shoot snipe, is an old, slow, broken-down, staunch pointer, who crawls along at a foot's pace, and never misses, overruns, or flushes a bird.

And so, in two cases, he is; but in one case, no dog is just as good as he is, and in the other, the argument is one of incapacity to use what is best, and therefore is no argument.

If birds are so thick on the grounds, and so tame that you can fill your bag in walking over one or two acres at a foot's pace, a very slow pointer *is* better

than fast setters—but no dog at all, your walking up your birds yourself, which you can do just as quickly as the dog can, is better than the slow pointer. Indeed, on very small grounds, very thickly stocked, it is by far the most killing way to use no dog, but to walk up the birds.

If a man is so weak and infirm of purpose, or so ignorant of the first principles of his art, as to be unable to control his setters, he must, I suppose, use a slow pointer; but it cannot matter what dog such a man uses, he never can be a sportsman.

If there be a hundred birds lying, and lying well on one acre of feeding-ground, the birds can be killed without a dog, or with a slow dog, as you will; any man who can pull a trigger must fill his bag.

If there be a hundred birds scattered, wild, over five hundred acres of ground, where are you with your slow dog, or your no dog? Just no where. While you are painfully picking up your three or four birds with your slow pointer, your true sportsman, and slashing walker, with his racing up-head and down-stern setters, will have found fifty, and bagged twenty-five or thirty.

There are ten days in a season when birds are wild and sparse, for one when they are congregated and lie hard; and the argument comes to this, that when birds can be killed with ease, even without a dog at all, a slow pointer is the best; when they are difficult to find, and hard to kill, even by a crack shot, the slow pointer is no where, and of no use, while the racing setters will fill the bag to a certainty.

For my own part, I can say to a certainty, that I have had more sport, and killed more birds, by many, many times, when birds have been widely scattered, and difficult to find, and when I have walked half or a quarter of a mile between every shot fired, than I ever have when birds have lain close, and jumped up at every pace under my feet; and for a simple reason, that the places in which birds so rise and lie, are rare and of small extent, and the days on which they do so few and far apart.

Therefore I say, *friend*—for all true sportsmen I hold friends—choose well thy day, when the air is soft and genial, the wind south-westerly, the meadows green with succulent and tender grasses, and moist with the deposit of subsiding waters—select thy grounds carefully; in such a time as I have named, the wide and open marsh meadows; but if the wind be from the eastward, cold, squally and snow laden, then try the bushy, briary brakes, where cattle poach the soil, and the marsh waters creep, or the verge of the meadows, under the lea of the maple swamp, or at the worst the very grounds where you would beat for woodcock in July—begin from the farthest windward point of thy beat, casting thy brace of *setters* off from thy heel, to

the right and left, and so often as they have diverged one hundred yards, taming them with a whistle and a wave of the hand, so that they shall cross continually before thy face, down wind of thee, at some thirty paces distant; and so persevere—if birds be plenty and lie well, walking not to exceed two miles the hour; if they be rare and wild, four miles, or by 'r lady! five, if thou mayest compass it. If one dog stand, while the other's back is turned, whistle, that he shall turn his head, then hold thy hand aloft, with one quiet "*toho!*" but no shooting; if he be broke, he shall stand like a carved stone. Then walk up to the point leisurely, be sure that thou go *down wind*, making a circuit if needs be, with thy gun at half-cock, the ball of thy thumb on the hammer, and the nail of thy fore-finger inside the guard, but not upon the trigger. When the bird rises, cock your gun, and down him! If thy dogs do their devoir, they shall drop to the charge unbidden; if they do not, raise thy hand with an imperious gesture, and cry coolly and calmly "down charge;" but however ill they behave, nay! even if they run in and eat thy bird, move not till thy gun is loaded; then calmly walk up to them, drag them, pitilessly scourging them all the way, to the place where they should have charged, and rate them in the best of thy dog-language. I say "scourging them *pitilessly*," because that is, in truth, the merciful course; for so one or two whippings will suffice, instead of constant small chastisement and irritation, which spoil a dog's temper and break his spirit, without conquering his obstinacy, or gaining the ascendancy over him.

If, on the contrary, they charge as decent dogs should and do charge, so soon as thy gun be loaded, lift them, with a "Hold up, good lads!" and cast them gently onward, checking them with a "Steady, dogs!" if they show disposition to be rash, until they point the dead bird, if killed, or draw on him, if running. Then, with a "Toho! Steady!" walk to their point; pick up the bird under their noses, praising them the while, or bid them "Fetch!" according to the circumstances of the case; but if they retrieve the bird without pointing him, or even after pointing him, until told to "fetch," let chastisement not hide her head.

This, rest assured, friend is the way to do it.

For the rest, whether thou wear fen-boots, or shoes and trowsers, or, as I use, by deliberate preference, arch-boots, corduroy shorts, and leggins, suit thine own fancy; but let thy shooting-jacket be roomy on the chest and shoulders, and well supplied with ample pockets. Let thy gun be—for my choice—of 31 inches, 12 or 14 gauge, $7\frac{3}{4}$ to 8 pounds. Let thy powder be Brough's diamond grain, or John Hall's glass—on no account any other—thou mayest get it of Henry T. Cooper, in Broadway, New York—thy shot No. 8—thy caps Starkey's central fire, or Moore & Gray's, or Westley Richards'—by

no means *French*, or Walker's, the first of which *fly*, while the latter are, I think, corrosive. Forget not to have in thy pocket a dog-whip, a stout knife, a yard or two of strong cord, a pocket-flask, replenished, as thou wilt, with old Otard, or as I recommend thee, Ferintosh or Glenlivat whisky—stick in the seam of thy waistcoat a strong darning-needle, headed with sealing-wax, it is the only true and responsible gun-picker; and so, good sport to thee, and health and temper to enjoy it!—as good sport, gentle reader, as I trust myself to enjoy this coming week of April, the rain-gods and the river-gods permitting, and the nymphs remembering us, as their long-time adorer, in their kind orisons.

The Cedars, March 25, 1850.

[5] Frank Forester's Field Sports of North America. Vol. i. p 161.

SONNET.—FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

WHAT is it to the fields of heaven
Light hath given,
Radiance glowing, unexpected,
And from soft imbosomed bowers,
And od'rous flowers,
Hath sweet Spring to us directed?

See! by gentle May upholden,
Beech-tree olden
Joyful welcomes springing leaflet;
Spring the flowers of glorious tinting,
Fair imprinting
Meadows kissed by smiling wavelet.

Ah, 'tis Lilla, ever charming,
Soul-disarming,
Gathers flowers, her hair adorning!
Dearest Lilla, dost discover
With thy lover
Spring and Summer now returning?

Flows for thee the tiny river,
Cheerful giver,
Early green and freshness bringing;
Springs for thee the joyous morning,
Heaven adorning,
All the air with praises ringing.

Shepherds, shepherds, to the chorus!
See, before us,
Binds with flowers her hair dark flowing —

While our hearts all homage will her —
Dearest Lilla,
Sing her name with praises glowing!

THE FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of this institution was held on the first of last month, at the new galleries, No. 663 Broadway, in the rear of the Stuyvesant Institute. It is extremely gratifying to the friends of Art to know that this excellent nursery of artistic talent has now suitable buildings for its accommodation, and the display of the productions of the painters of New York. It was only last fall that definite arrangements were made for the construction of this building, and already, as if at the bidding of the genii who ministered to the wants of our youthful friend Aladdin, it has sprung into existence. This result has been effected by the constant exertions and devoted attentions of the building trustees, Messrs. Durand, Cummings, Ingraham, Edmonds, Sterges and Leupp. The new edifice is situated in the heart of the fashion of the metropolis; the galleries are five in number, all intercommunicating, well lighted, airy, spacious and elegantly neat. The *coup d'œil* of the whole, when filled with works of art for exhibition, will present one of the most animating and beautiful scenes which the city can afford. The artists of New York have a right to be proud of this edifice, and we do not doubt that the public will be equally proud of those splendid productions with which they will adorn its walls. At the advanced period, when we write this article, it is impossible to give any definite account of the present exhibition; but the notes of preparation, the foreshadowings and the glorious promise of an array of talented names, are the tokens that it will be of unusual brilliancy. Every exertion will be made to give *éclat* to the opening, and more pains will be bestowed on this display, that its *debut* before the public may be dazzling and defiant of criticism.

We learn from the New York papers, and from other sources, that all the artists of that city will offer “tastes of their quality” to the public. Huntington, who has been exhibiting nearly all his prominent works for his own benefit, states in the catalogue that his latest efforts have been retained privately for the opening of the new gallery. Durand has a new work, of which report speaks in the most rapturous terms; this, with others of his elaborate and highly finished compositions, will be displayed. Cummings, Ingraham, Gray, Edmonds, Elliott, Cropsey, Stearns, Kensett, Gignoux, Cafferty, Edouart, Audubon, and others, will contribute portraits, compositions, landscapes, etc. In fact, the artists have determined by every means in their power to make the first exhibition in the new building both brilliant and attractive. We hope by our

next number to be able to speak more fully of this exhibition.

THE PHILADELPHIA ART UNION.—It is but a few years only since the first plan of an Art Union was suggested in Germany, and already they are in existence wherever the beautiful is venerated and art admired. In this country we have Art Unions in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Newark and Cincinnati. The Philadelphia institution differs from all the rest in its mode of distribution, and follows, we believe, in every respect the London one, which has been by far the most successful ever started. In New York the managers purchase pictures and distribute them. Under this arrangement it frequently happens that the person who draws a prize is disappointed, because he has not obtained some particular picture in the collection which pleased his fancy. The Philadelphia plan is to divide the proceeds of the subscription money into various sums, which are allotted to the subscribers, who with the certificates, when successful, can choose any picture which may suit their taste, provided it is by an American artist, and on exhibition in some accredited gallery of art in the country. The annual distribution of the Philadelphia Art Union takes place on the 6th of this month, and we are pleased to learn that its prospects are most flattering. The engraving for this year is from HUNTINGTON'S celebrated picture of "Mercy's Dream," which will be executed in a mixed style of line, stipple and mezzotint by A. H. RITCHIE, of New York. This composition is derived from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, where Mercy relates to Christiana the sweet dream she had in a solitary place, where she saw a winged messenger approaching, who placed a crown upon her head, and invited her to a golden gate, etc. The landscape of this picture is clothed in the first shades of evening, and the figures of Mercy and the Angel form the attraction of the work. In calm, spiritual expression, anatomical precision, delicacy of coloring, and perfect keeping, there is no modern work which can surpass this.

The Free Gallery of this Institution, located at No. 210 Chestnut Street, has doubtless had a most beneficial influence in disseminating a taste for Art, and preparing the public for its just appreciation. The walls of this gallery have been constantly supplied with much-admired pictures, and a crowd of visitors are always in attendance. We hope hereafter to find much pleasure in referring to the new pictures exhibited in this gallery. The effects which are dependent upon the success of the Art Union, are shown by the great impetus which has been given of late years to many extremely varied branches of manufactures and commerce by a judicious encouragement of the Arts of Design. It has been found, more particularly in Europe, that numerous classes, hitherto considered as inoperative and useless, have been supplied with employment, and entire

districts revived, as it were, by the establishment of certain manufactures, whose excellence depended mainly upon the skill of the artist. The surest means of effecting this result, is to create a public taste, and not merely comply with it as it exists at large; and it may be brought about by offering rewards for the best designs, by the publication of the best specimens of Art at cheap prices, by the erection of free galleries of painting, and chiefly by the encouragement of Art Unions. With such objects in view, and such results to achieve, the multiplication of these institutions in our country must be regarded as a cheering indication of the true progress of the age, and the precursor of a widely diffused love of the Beautiful in Art, which cannot but tend to the general improvement of the useful arts. All such results must be effected by our citizens at large, for we cannot expect legislative aid, and hence it is that we feel the necessity of impressing upon the public attention the operation of the Art Unions, as the great popular plan for fostering talent, infusing a love for the beautiful in Nature and Art, and cultivating those studies which invariably mark national progress in civilization, refinement and general happiness.

NEW JERSEY ART UNION.—We announce with great pleasure that an association of the friends of art in Newark have drawn up the programme of an Art Union, and made a stirring appeal to the citizens of the State for encouragement and co-operation. A free gallery will be opened immediately at Newark, and pictures purchased for distribution among subscribers. For the present, no engraving will be contracted for, and this heavy item being dispensed with, will increase the sum to be appropriated for the purchase of paintings. We most cordially wish the enterprise success, and trust that our New Jersey friends will be prompt in sending their names to THOMAS H. STEPHENS, the Corresponding Secretary, at Newark.

GLIDDON'S PANORAMA OF THE NILE.—This magnificent work has been exhibited in New York and Boston with great *éclat*. Mr. GLIDDON is favorably and extensively known as a lecturer on hieroglyphical literature, and has rendered popular throughout our country, the wonderful discoveries and theories of the Champollionists of ancient mythological history. As a work of art, the superiority of this panorama cannot be doubted, when we mention the facts, derived from the Boston Transcript, that while such artists as WARREN, BONOMI, and FAHEY, in England, aided by numerous assistants, conceived and

executed the painting; Martin, the famed depicor of “Belshazzar’s Feast,” volunteered the exquisite moonlight, sunset, and other transparent scenes, where the effects of fire, light, and heat are produced with magical skill, CARBOULD volunteered the magnificent Arabian horses, and Weigall the boats, and similar objects that actually seem to spring forth from the canvas. The spectator of the panorama begins his supposed voyage at Cairo, ascends the eastern bank of the Nile to the second cataract, and descends on the western bank, as far as the location of the Sphinx. The interest is not in the ancient associations alone, but Turks, Arabs, Bedouins, Nubians in their variegated costumes, Mohammed Ali and his court, the manners, customs, and usages of oriental life, with the various geological, botanical, zoological, and even atmospherical singularities of the land are faithfully depicted. Even the music which accompanies the exhibition is characteristically of Eastern origin, and novel airs of Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, etc., are introduced. The whole may be considered as a work of infinite attraction, and of a high order of art.

LE ROI D’YVETOT.—This comic opera, by ADOLPHE ADAM, is but little known in this country, except the overture, and it is very recently that it has been presented, for the first time, to a London audience. It was first produced October 1849, in Paris, at the Théâtre Royal de l’Opéra Comique, and made a very decided impression. It is founded on the political *chanson* of Béranger, and of course the caricatures of royalty, and the hits at the nobility, are the very life of the drama. The music is full of vivacity and elegant melody. It is somewhat singular that ADAM is an expert organist, and composes a fugue or a comic strain with equal facility; his sacred compositions are very grand, and he has a remarkable skill in adapting music to the most fantastic ideas and expressions in a libretto. Many of his works in the *opera buffa* are well known in our country—the “Postilion de Lonjumeau” and “Le Brasseur de Preston,” in particular, while the mournful sweetness and touching simplicity of his ballet music, in “Giselle,” have been often felt and enjoyed. We live in hopes that some day we may hear “Le Roi d’Yvetot” —

——the king

In history little known,
Who thought that glory, useless thing,
Would not become his throne.
A cotton night-cap graced his brows,
Which Jeannette, mistress of his house,
Gave him as crown. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

MEYERBEER'S "PROPHETE" was given fifty times at the Grand Opera in Paris, when it was withdrawn for a time, as Madame VIARDOT had to visit Berlin, to fulfill an engagement. Madame CASTELLAN, so well remembered in this country, sang the part of *Berthe* in this opera.

VERDI has selected the subject of Shakspeare's "Tempest," for the libretto of his next opera. The genius of VERDI will luxuriate in the storm of the elements and the fierce contentions of passion, but he will never be able to illustrate the spirit of the "*dainty Ariel*," or the innocent devotedness of *Miranda*. We should think, however, that he will construct a magnificent composition upon the many sublime themes and graphic word-paintings of the great bard.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Scarlet Letter, a Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this beautiful and touching romance Hawthorne has produced something really worthy of the fine and deep genius which lies within him. The "Twice Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse," are composed simply of sketches and stories, and although such sketches and stories as few living men could write, they are rather indications of the possibilities of his mind than realizations of its native power, penetration, and creativeness. In "The Scarlet Letter" we have a complete work, evincing a true artist's certainty of touch and expression in the exhibition of characters and events, and a keen-sighted and far-sighted vision into the essence and purpose of spiritual laws. There is a profound philosophy underlying the story which will escape many of the readers whose attention is engrossed by the narrative.

The book is prefaced by some fifty pages of autobiographical matter, relating to the author, his native city of Salem, and the Custom House, from which he was ousted by the Whigs. These pages, instinct with the vital spirit of humor, show how rich and exhaustless a fountain of mirth Hawthorne has at his command. The whole representation has the dreamy yet distinct remoteness of the purely comic ideal. The view of Salem streets; the picture of the old Custom House at the head of Derby's wharf, with its torpid officers on a summer's afternoon, their chairs all tipped against the wall, chatting about old stories, "while the frozen witticisms of past generations were thawed out, and came bubbling with laughter from their lips"—the delineation of the old Inspector, whose "reminiscences of good cheer, however ancient the date of the actual banquet, seemed to bring the savor of pig or turkey under one's very nostrils," and on whose palate there were flavors "which had lingered there not less than sixty or seventy years, and were still apparently as fresh as that of the mutton-chop which he had just devoured for his breakfast," and the grand view of the stout Collector, in his aged heroism, with the honors of Chippewa and Fort Erie on his brow, are all encircled with that visionary atmosphere which proves the humorist to be a poet, and indicates that his pictures are drawn from the images which observation has left on his imagination. The whole introduction, indeed, is worthy of a place among the essays of Addison and

Charles Lamb.

With regard to "The Scarlet Letter," the readers of Hawthorne might have expected an exquisitely written story, expansive in sentiment, and suggestive in characterization, but they will hardly be prepared for a novel of so much tragic interest and tragic power, so deep in thought and so condensed in style, as is here presented to them. It evinces equal genius in the region of great passions and elusive emotions, and bears on every page the evidence of a mind thoroughly alive, watching patiently the movements of morbid hearts when stirred by strange experiences, and piercing, by its imaginative power, directly through all the externals to the core of things. The fault of the book, if fault it have, is the almost morbid intensity with which the characters are realized, and the consequent lack of sufficient geniality in the delineation. A portion of the pain of the author's own heart is communicated to the reader, and although there is great pleasure received while reading the volume, the general impression left by it is not satisfying to the artistic sense. Beauty bends to power throughout the work, and therefore the power displayed is not always beautiful. There is a strange fascination to a man of contemplative genius in the psychological details of a strange crime like that which forms the plot of the Scarlet Letter, and he is therefore apt to become, like Hawthorne, too painfully anatomical in his exhibition of them.

If there be, however, a comparative lack of relief to the painful emotions which the novel excites, owing to the intensity with which the author concentrates attention on the working of dark passions, it must be confessed that the moral purpose of the book is made more definite by this very deficiency. The most abandoned libertine could not read the volume without being thrilled into something like virtuous resolution, and the roué would find that the deep-seeing eye of the novelist had mustered the whole philosophy of that guilt of which practical roués are but childish disciples. To another class of readers, those who have theories of seduction and adultery modeled after the French school of novelists, and for whom libertinism is of the brain, the volume may afford matter for very instructive and edifying contemplation; for, in truth, Hawthorne, in *The Scarlet Letter*, has utterly undermined the whole philosophy on which the French novels rest, by seeing farther and deeper into the essence both of conventional and moral laws; and he has given the results of his insight, not in disquisitions and criticisms, but in representations more powerful even than those of Sue, Dumas, or George Sand. He has made his guilty parties end, not as his own fancy or his own benevolent sympathies might dictate, but as the spiritual laws, lying back of all persons, dictated to him. In this respect there is hardly a novel in English literature more purely objective.

As everybody will read "The Scarlet Letter," it would be impertinent to give a synopsis of the plot. The principal characters, Dimmesdale, Chillingworth, Hester, and little Pearl, all indicate a firm grasp of individualities, although from the peculiar method of the story, they are developed more in the way of logical analysis than by events. The descriptive portions of the novel are in a high degree picturesque and vivid, bringing the scenes directly home to the heart and imagination, and indicating a clear vision of the life as well as forms of nature. Little Pearl is perhaps Hawthorne's finest poetical creation, and is the very perfection of ideal impishness.

In common, we trust, with the rest of mankind, we regretted Hawthorne's dismissal from the Custom House, but if that event compels him to exert his genius in the production of such books as the present, we shall be inclined to class the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury among the great philanthropists. In his next work we hope to have a romance equal to *The Scarlet Letter* in pathos and power, but more relieved by touches of that beautiful and peculiar humor, so serene and so searching, in which he excels almost all living writers.

Latter Day Pamphlets. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 1. The Present Time. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The reader of Carlyle will find nothing new in principle, and little new in phraseology, in this pamphlet, but it is still fresh and racy, and exhibits the author hammering as lustily as ever on his old anvil, with his old tools. The picture given of the poor simple Pope, with the New Testament in his hand—the pitying contempt with which Lamartine is alluded to—and the view of American democracy—will be found the most readable portions of the pamphlet. Lamartine, with his fine French phrases and sentimentalities, looks small enough as subjected to the surly tests of such an Icelandic critic as Carlyle—"a most eloquent, fair-spoken literary gentleman, whom thoughtless persons took for a prophet, priest, and heaven-sent evangelist, and whom a wise Yankee friend of mine discerned to be properly 'the first stump-orator in the world, standing, too, on the highest stump for the time.' *A sorrowful spectacle to all men of reflection during the time he lasted, that poor M. de Lamartine*; with nothing in him but melodious wind and soft sowder, which he and others took for something divine, and not diabolic! Sad enough: the eloquent latest impersonation of Chaos-come-again; able to talk for itself, and declare persuasively that *it* is Cosmos! However, you have but to wait a little, in such cases; all balloons do and must give up their gas in the pressure of things, and are collapsed in a sufficiently wretched manner before long." The

wise Yankee friend alluded to here is, we suppose, Mr. Emerson.

Carlyle, though he seems with De Tocqueville, to consider Democracy inevitable in Europe, still despises and hates it, and thinks that even in America it is nothing more than “Anarchy *plus* the constable.” His view of the United States, sufficiently contemptuous as a whole, closes with a bitter, sardonic jest, which we think will make the tour of the world, and injure us more than a thousand Trollopes and Basil Halls. He asks, “What great human soul, what great thought, what great, noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there?” We might answer this question easily, but Carlyle answers it in a sufficiently provoking manner—“What have they done? They have doubled their population every twenty years. They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, *eighteen millions of the greatest bores* ever seen in this world before—that, hitherto, is their feat in History.”

As regards Great Britain, Carlyle considers that the only practical way to remedy its evils, is to reject all cant about liberty and constitutional government, and enslave the lower classes. He accordingly recommends to the English government a plan of enforced labor, and puts an imaginary speech in the mouth of the Prime Minister, addressed to the “floods of Irish and other Beggars, the able-bodied Lackalls, nomadic or stationary, and the General Assembly, outdoor and indoor, of the Pauper Populations of these Realms.” This speech sounds well enough as a joke, provided a man can view a horde of men as he would so many horses, but it is ridiculous as a practical exposition of principles. It is certain that in one hour after a British minister had made such a declaration, army, navy, and party would melt away from him, and he would be on the gallows or in Bedlam. As a politician, Carlyle is little more than a philosopher of sneers and negations, without one positive practical principle. His idea of government implies a falsehood in fact, reposing on the monstrous assumption that civilized society is composed of a vast collection of men, little better than brutes, who would endure the tyranny of a smaller number of despots, little better than Carlyle.

Modern Literature and Literary Men: Being a Second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By George Gilfillan: New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Emerson has remarked that “it makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or no.” We hardly think that there is a true man behind the best of Mr. Gilfillan’s sentences. He has a mind of much

sensitiveness to his own merits, and some to the merits of others, and welters readily into the expression of both; but his inspiration seems to spring from presumption and whisky-punch. The reader is teased into attention by Mr. Gilfillan's confident manner, without having his attention rewarded by intimacy with Mr. Gilfillan's nature. There is merit in his occasional thoughts, and truth in his detached remarks, but the impression of the whole is of a slush of shining words. The subject is only an occasion for the author to pour out his own memories and fancies, and thus to exhibit himself. The movement of his mind is half-way between a strut and a reel, and his faculties are ever in a state of pert intoxication. He paws rather than handles a great poet, and we never witness his approach to a Milton or Wordsworth without a shudder. Having in his intellect no presiding will or even principle, his compositions are an anarchy of opinions and terms, without any intellectual conscientiousness or austere regard for the truth of things; and their popularity is the result of that sack of the dictionary which has made so much of our popular literature a mere debauch in words.

Cosmos: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German, by E. C. Otté. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

The noble head of Humboldt which adorns the title-page of this edition gives at once a favorable impression of his capacity to treat even the vast subject which here has tasked his powers. The head is high, broad, massive, and *roomy*—spacious enough for knowledge as universal as his, and strong enough to use that knowledge, and not be used by it. The work promises to be one which will leave its mark on the century. Even in England it is acknowledged by some men of science to be the greatest mental product of the time. The advantage which Humboldt holds over most savans is his appreciation of the two aspects under which nature may be viewed, and the two uses she serves. He combines the philosopher and the poet, looking for beauty as well as truth, and seeing also that there is a point where they unite. “Cosmos” contains a vast amount of generalized knowledge to satisfy the understanding; but it is also replete with gorgeous descriptions of natural scenery to fill and stimulate the imagination. We know of few works which can be more profitably read by enthusiasts either for the exclusively scientific or the exclusively poetic method of observing nature.

The East: Sketches of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. By the Rev. J. A. Spencer, M. A. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 8vo.

This work is elegantly printed and appropriately illustrated. The field of the author's travels is of exceeding interest, and the mere title, "The East," is sufficient to stir the imagination and kindle the curiosity of all "the West." Mr. Spencer is a scholar, a Christian, and, we may add, well versed in English Composition, but he has chosen to preserve the epistolary form in which he recorded his first impressions, and this he has done without having in his letters much of that familiar charm which is the justification of the practice. If the traveler be Lady Montagu, or Horace Walpole, or Gray, or Cowper, or Byron, or even Lord Chesterfield, we should be inclined to wish to read his letters rather than his formal "tour;" but few writers are gifted with a genius for epistolary composition; and Mr. Spencer is not one of the few. There is much in his volume which might have been omitted with positive advantage. His style is the very reverse of epistolary, and yet he says a great many things having all the unimportance of chat without its raciness. With this exception we think the book an excellent one, containing valuable information clearly conveyed.

The Optimist. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the most delightful of Mr. Tuckerman's many volumes of essays. It contains twenty-two papers, on as many subjects, is written in a style which evinces a graceful mastery of the resources of language, and is no less fluent in thought than in expression. Perhaps the most pleasing quality of the volume is its wealth of illustration. The writer's mind is not only affluent in comparison and imagery, but his literary culture is so extensive as to give him a command of those sources of fascination which come from felicitous allusions to the world of authors and books. The object of the volume is finely stated, in an elegantly written preface, to be the search for the good in life, as that good is exhibited to one who can comment kindly on society, and interpret the true and beautiful in common experience. The best papers in the volume are those on New England Philosophy, Art and Artists, Lyric Poetry, Eye-Language, Flowers, Costume, Music, and Conversation. The volume should be on the shelves of every man who has the heart and imagination to enjoy the English essayists, for to that goodly company it is a positive addition.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A New Edition, to which is added a Complete Index of the Whole Work. In six volumes. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Vols. 1 & 2.

This is a cheap reprint of the latest and best edition of Gibbon, and when completed will place one of the greatest historical productions in the world within the reach of the most limited means—the price of the whole not amounting to four dollars. Milman’s edition is in some degree founded upon Guizot’s French edition, and includes the principal notes of the latter. Both Milman and Guizot have gone carefully over Gibbon’s authorities, and while they have thus been enabled to correct his misrepresentations, they have also added much which he overlooked, or which has been brought to light since the period in which the history was written. Of the book itself, it may be said, that in the combination of vast erudition with philosophic thought, it is the object of emulous despair to all succeeding historians. The subject is the greatest within the range of historical composition, and Gibbon has so nearly exhausted it that even a philosophical historian like Guizot is contented to be but an annotator when he approaches it. The general reader, after many repeated perusals of the work, continually returns to it for the depth and acuteness of its reflections, the richness and weight of its style, and that masterly irony, sapping a solemn creed with “solemn sneer,” which, though sometimes an expression of the author’s moral deficiencies, and in a few instances disgracefully disingenuous, is still a weapon which makes falsehood and prejudice wither when it merely gleams, and perish when it strikes.

A Few Thoughts for a Young Man. A Lecture, delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. By Horace Mann. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

The author of this eloquent lecture is known principally for his great services to the cause of popular education—a cause which he has adopted with his whole soul, and into which he has thrown whatever of fire there is in his blood and of intelligence there is in his brain. The present address flames with the peculiar characteristics of his genius—vehement, rapid, and epigrammatic in style, large, generous, independent and original in thought. We disagree with some of the positions he has assumed, but we know of few books which

contain, in so small a space, so much to breathe energy and aspiration into the souls of young men as this warm gush of blended thought and knowledge, from a soul eminently energetic and aspiring itself.

The Modern Housewife. By Alexis Soyer. Edited by an American Housekeeper. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This book we can commend to all ladies who are, or hope to be, housewives. It simplifies the whole art of cooking, and has a receipt for every dish which the Heliogabalus imagination of man has conceived. It has been edited, seemingly with great care, by some gentleman amateur of the table, and contains directions for the food equally of rich and poor, the dyspeptic and the ostrich stomach.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D. D. LLD. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LLD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 3 vols. 12mo.

The first volume of this important work has just been issued, containing long extracts from the doctor's early diary and correspondence, and full accounts of his life and writings to the year 1814. As the biography of a good and eminent man, furnishing, as it does, the means of understanding the process according to which his character grew into such large proportions. The work promises to be one of the most valuable of the season.

The Red Rover. By the author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," etc. Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated with a New Introduction, Notes, etc. by the Author. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

We well recollect the excitement in the novel-reading world produced by this book on its first publication. The rush on the circulating libraries was continued for a couple of months, and even boys were considered behind the age, unless they had read it. In its present cheap and elegant form, and enriched by the revision of the author's maturer judgment, we hope it will have another term of popularity.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By Alonzo Gray, A. M. Illustrated by 300 Wood Cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is designed as a text book for academies, high schools, and colleges, but it is well adapted also for the general reader. Principles are stated with equal clearness and accuracy, and the examples and illustrations are happily selected. The author evidently understands the avenues through which scientific knowledge must pass in order to reach the learner's mind.

Hume's History of England. Vol. 6. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This volume is the last of the Boston edition of Hume—an edition which places one of the most valuable and fascinating works in the language within the reach of readers of the humblest means. We are glad to see that the same enterprising house, intend to issue an edition of Gibbon in the same style, and at the same low price.


FOREIGN ENDORSEMENT.—It must be amusing to the subscribers of Graham's Magazine, to see the American Press praising the story of "The Village Doctor," published in "Blackwood's Magazine" last year as the *first* translation of that excellent French story. The article appeared in "Graham's Magazine" more than two years before, i. e. in the October and November numbers, 1847, and had therefore been read in this country by at least one hundred thousand readers, before it was copied by the weekly press in this country from Blackwood.

The truth is, the American Magazines contain every month articles which would make the fortune of a London or Edinburgh periodical, which are passed over in silence, but the most inferior article of English stamp is endorsed as something extraordinary, merely because it *is* English. This should be corrected.

Mr. Leonard Myers, who translated the story of "The Village Doctor" for us, has just had published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., a capital story from the French, called "Money-bags and Titles." It is a very creditable volume in every respect; the story is well told and contains some admirable hits at the follies of the age. It can be sent by mail, and is published at the price of fifty cents the

volume.

A CAPITAL STORY.—The Saturday Courier has been publishing, for the past few numbers, a story of more than usual excellence, called “Linda,” by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, whose stories heretofore in this admirable family paper have made so much stir among readers of light literature. Her story of the “Mob-Cap” ran through several editions, and is still praised as one of the most effective articles that ever appeared in a periodical. Mr. M’Makin will find that “Linda” is destined to make a fresh demand for articles from the able pen of this lady, and we are sure he will receive the thanks of his hundred thousand readers for his liberality in thus catering to their refined taste.

 Our correspondent, Richard Coe, Jr., is about to publish a volume of his beautiful poems—a neat edition for the centre-table at the price of one dollar per volume. His address is 33 Church Alley, Philadelphia, where any of his friends will be supplied.

NO JOY I'LL SEE BUT IN THOSE SMILES.

WRITTEN BY
JOSEPH A. NUNES.

COMPOSED BY
JAMES BELLAK.

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Andante.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords and single notes, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The vocal line enters in the second measure. The lyrics are: 'I'll think of thee, that thought a - lone can never from my mem' - ry flee In ev' - ry breeze I'll find a tone That whispers nought but love and'. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

p

I'll think of thee, that thought a - lone can never from my mem' - ry

flee In ev' - ry breeze I'll find a tone That whispers nought but love and

I'll think of thee, that thought alone
Can never from my mem'ry flee,
In ev'ry breeze I'll find a tone
That whispers nought but love and

thee And ev' - ry sound that greets my ear, And ev' - ry ob - ject that I

see, Will be to me more sweet, more dear, When mingled with the thought of

thee.

thee
 And ev'ry sound that greets my ear,
 And ev'ry object that I see,
 Will be to me more sweet, more dear,
 When mingled with the thought of thee.

Should fortune smile, and hope be bright,
 And from the world be nought to fear,
 Oh! what can add to that delight
 But the one thought that thou art near.
 Then pleasure, with its thousand smiles,
 Will vainly strive this heart to free:
 No joy I'll see but in those smiles,
 No rapture feel away from thee.

And when existence's span is run
 And death impatient waits for me,
 My soul, as to its earthly sun,

Will turn a lingering look on thee:
E'en when the last sad scene of life
Shall mingle with the shades of death,
My spirit, in its latest strife,
Will bless thee with its parting breath.

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious type-setting and punctuation errors have been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals available for preparation of the eBook.

page 298, captain sprung to the ==> captain [sprang](#) to the
page 298, crew sprung to man this ==> crew [sprang](#) to man this
page 303, Florence Hastings sprung forward ==> Florence Hastings [sprang](#)
forward
page 304, soulfull look, and ==> [soulful](#) look, and
page 306, reader, with what exhuberance ==> reader, with what [exuberance](#)
page 308, some of her satelites ==> some of her [satellites](#)
page 310, eyes were rivited upon ==> eyes were [riveted](#) upon
page 316, consciousness, he shrunk, like ==> consciousness, he [shrank](#), like
page 316, succeeded, for he sunk ==> succeeded, for he [sank](#)
page 317, she always shrunk from ==> she always [shrank](#) from
page 318, To batten and gorge on ==> To [fatten](#) and gorge on
page 341, of Amherstbergh, Canada west, ==> of [Amherstburg](#), Canada west,
page 341, by incessant harrassing, which ==> by incessant [harassing](#), which
page 345, country, sung the part of ==> country, [sang](#) the part of
page 346, and whom libertinism ==> [and for whom](#) libertinism

[The end of *Graham's Magazine* Vol. XXXVI No. 5 (May 1850) edited by
George Rex Graham]