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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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LE FOLLET

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Fleurs de Chagon ainé, *r. Richelieu, 81—Dentelles de* Violard, *r. Choiseul 2bis*

8, Argyll Place, Londres.

Graham's Magazine

D. Bydgoszcz, pinx. A.L. Dick

THE BRIDGE & CHURCH OF S^{T}. ISAAC.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, April, 1849. NO. 4.

THE POET LI.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE CHINESE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE. H. BUTLER, AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA," "MAID OF CHE-KI-ANG," ETC.

PART I.

Do not draw upon you a person's enmity, for enmity is never appeased—injury returns upon him who injures—and sharp words recoil against him who says them.

Chinese Proverb.

On the green and flowery banks of the beautiful Lake Tai-hoo, whose surface bears a thousand isles, resting like emeralds amid translucent pearl, dwelt Whanki the mother of Lí. *The mother of Lí!* Ah happy distinction—ah envied title! For where, far or near, was the name could rank with Lí on the scroll of learning—receiving even in childhood the title of the "Exiled Immortal," from his skill in classic and historical lore!

Moreover, he was of a most beautiful countenance, while the antelope that fed among the hills was not more swift of foot. Who like Lí could draw such music from the seven silken strings of the Kin! or when with graceful touch his fingers swept the lute, adding thereto the well-skilled melody of his voice, youths and maidens opened their ears to listen, for wonderful was the ravishing harmony.

Yet although the gods of learning smiled upon this youthful disciple of Confucius, poverty came also with her iron hand, and although she could not crush the active mind of Lí, with a strong grip, she held him back from testing his skill with the ambitious *literati*, both old and young, who annually flocked to the capital to present their themes before the examiners. For even in those days as the present, money was required to purchase the smiles of these severe judges. They must read with *golden* spectacles—or wo to the unhappy youth who, buoyant with hope and—*empty pockets*, comes before them! With what contempt is his essay cast aside, not worth the reading!

Sorely vexed, therefore, was poor Lí—and what wonder—to know that he might safely cope with any candidate in the "Scientific Halls," yet dare not for the lack of *sycee* (silver) enter their gates, lest disgrace might fall upon him.

Yet Lí was of a merry heart—and, as all the world knows, there is no better panacea for the ills of fortune than the spirit of cheerfulness. Thus, although poverty barred the way to

promotion, it could not materially affect his happiness—no more than the passing wind which for a moment ruffled the surface of the lake, yet had no power to move its depths.

Now it happened that one day taking his nets Lí went down to the lake, and as he cast them within the waters, not knowing any one was near, he broke forth into a merry song, which sent its glad burthen far off to the lips of mocking Echo, like Ariel, seeming to "ride on the curled clouds." Now it also chanced, that within a grove of the graceful bamboo, which skirted the path down which Lí had passed on his way, walked the great Mandarin Hok-wan.

"*Hi!* by the head of Confucius the fellow sings well!" he exclaimed, as the song met his ear, (for, as we have said, Lí had a voice of rare melody,) and forthwith issuing from his concealment, Hok-wan seated himself upon the bank and entered into conversation with the young fisherman.

If the mere melody of the voice had so charmed the mandarin, how much more was he captivated by the wit and learning of the youth, who, thus poorly appareled, and humbly employed, seemed to share wisdom with the gods! Hok-wan stroked his eye-brows in astonishment, and then bidding Lí leave his nets, he bore him off as a rare prize to his own house, where he that day feasted a numerous company.

First conducting Lí to an inner apartment, he presented him with a magnificent robe richly embroidered, together with every article necessary to complete the toilet of a person of distinction, and when thus appareled, introduced him into the presence of his guests. And truly Lí walked in among them with all the stateliness and hauteur of a man who feels that he is conferring an honor, instead of being honored, as no doubt Lí should have considered himself, in such an august assemblage of grave mandarins. With what an air he seated himself at the sumptuously loaded table! where, according to Chinese custom of the higher classes, the various dishes of meats, soups, fish, preserves, etc., were all nearly hidden by large bouquets of beautiful flowers, and pyramids of green leaves.

And now no sooner had Hok-wan delivered with all customary formality the speech of welcome, and drained to the health of his guests the tiny goblet of crystal, embossed with gold, than rising to his feet, and joining his hands before his breast, in token of respect to his host, Lí called a servant, and bidding him take a part from all the good things spread before him, said:

"Carry these to the dwelling of Whanki, the mother of Lí. Say to her that as the sands on the lake shore, countless are the blessings of the gods, who have this day smiled upon her son. Bid her eat—for although from hunger he should gnaw his flesh, and from thirst drink his blood, yet not one morsel of this banquet shall pass the lips of Lí unless his aged mother be also sustained by the same delicacies."

At hearing which, all the mandarins, and Hok-wan himself, loudly expressed their admiration. Such is the esteem which the Chinese entertain for filial piety.

This duty discharged, Lí attacked the dainties before him like a hungry soldier, yet seasoning all he said and did with so much wit and humor, that the guests laid down their chop-sticks and listened with wonder. With the wine, Li grew still more merry—his wit cut like hail-stones wheresoe'er it lighted, and at his jovial songs the grave dignitaries forgetting their rank, (somewhat washed away by copious draughts of *sam-shu*,[1]) snapped their fingers, wagged their shorn heads, and even rising from the table embraced him familiarly. At length, when after an interval of a few hours their hilarity was somewhat abated, during which the guests walked in the beautiful gardens, or reclining upon luxuriant cushions, regaled themselves with their pipes, or in masticating their favorite betel-nut, Lí made bare his bosom before them, and to their astonishment they found it was only a needy scholar whose praises they had been

shouting.

A needy scholar!

How firmly they clutched their fobs, lest a *candareen*[2] might jump into the pocket of the needy scholar. But of advice they were as profuse as grass-hoppers in August.

"Go to the capital—go to Kiang-fu," (Nankin the ancient capital of the empire,) "thou wilt perplex the learned—thou wilt bewilder the ignorant!" said one.

"*Hi!* this fellow Lí will yet stand with honor before the emperor," cried another.

"Appear boldly in the 'Scientific Halls' before the Examiners," said a third, "and never fear but thy name shall be cried at midnight from the highest tower in the city,[3] as the successful Lí, with whom no other candidate can compete!"

"When the wind blows over the fields does not the grass bend before it!" said Hok-wan. "When the great Ho speaks will not inferiors obey! the learned academician Ho is my brother—to him then you shall go—one word from him, and even the judges themselves shall cry your name."

"Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth, or gold from brass clippings," thought Lí, as he listened to these remarks—"a few candareens now would be better for me than all this fine talk—truly I must be a fool not to know all this stuff before. Yet by the sacred names of my ancestors, I *will* go to the capital, and that, too, ere another sun ripens the rice-fields—furnished with a letter to the illustrious Ho, I may dare admittance."

Giddy with wine, and with the excitement of high hopes for the future, at a late hour Lí was borne in a sumptuous palankeen to the humble dwelling of Whanki.

The poor old soul at first knew not the gay gallant who stood before her, so much had the gift-robes of the mandarin changed his appearance.

"*Heigh-yah!* but, Lí, thou art as fine as a magpie," quoth she, raising her head from the pan of charcoal, over which she seemed to be simmering something in a small dish—"*Heigh*—and now I look at you again, I see you have drank of that cursed *sam-shu*—forever abhorred be the name of I-tih![4] with all thy wit dost thou not know the wise saying of Mencius—'*Like a crane among hens is a man of parts among fools*.' (It may be inferred, I think, that the good old Whanki was something of a scold.) And while thou hast been guzzling, see what I have prepared for thee—what had *I* to do with birds-nest soup, and with shark's fins, and with pigeon's eggs from the table of Hok-wan! My poor Lí will be too modest to eat with the great company, I said to myself, and I will not eat them, but warm them up to comfort him when he comes back—look, here they are," (lifting the dish from the fire) "and yet thou comest home like a well-fed, stupid swine!"

"Now tu-h, mother," answered Lí, "if thy son has been drinking with fools, they wore fine feathers—and now embrace me, for I am going to the capital."

"Lí, thou art drunk—go to bed—the capital indeed! Ah cursed, cursed I-tih!" exclaimed the old woman.

But when at length Lí convinced her that he was neither drunk nor crazy, but in reality about to start for Nankin, as a candidate for honors in the Scientific Halls, and with a letter to the great Ho in his pouch, Whanki knocked her head reverently before the shrine of the household gods in token of gratitude.

The remainder of the night was passed in preparations for the journey, and just as the golden ripples of the lake danced in the rays of the rising sun, Lí tenderly embraced his aged parent, and set forth on foot for Nankin, more than a hundred miles distant.

"Ah, the blessed bug," quoth the old woman, gazing after him so long as she could catch a

glimpse of his large bamboo hat, "he will not want for rice any day—no *sycee* has he in his pockets, but such a tongue in his head, as will bring him food and honors."

Whanki was right. In every hamlet he passed through—in every cottage by the wayside, Lí found a shelter and a welcome—the good people considering themselves amply repaid for their hospitality if the young stranger would but touch the strings of the *pipa*, or recite to them odes from the Shoo-king.

In this manner he reached the capital, and crossing the marble bridge over the great canal, upon the eastern side, entered the city at the Gate of Extensive Peace. Going into the first barber's shop which offered, Lí carefully plucked *out* his beard, (hear this, ye exquisites of modern days!) shaved his head anew to the crown, and plaited his long black hair with red ribbons. Then entering an adjoining tavern, he exchanged his dusty, travel-worn garments for the rich dress presented him by Hok-wan, which he had preserved with great care for the occasion, and holding up his fan, to shield his eyes from the sun, stepped forth into the busy streets, to look for the dwelling of the illustrious Ho.

And next, within the Hall of Ceremony, in the elegant mansion of Ho, behold Lí in the presence of the great man himself—for with the same audacity which marked his behavior at the dinner of Hok-wan, had Lí given the door-keeper a vermilion card, leading Ho to expect a visiter of rank. Advancing three steps to meet him, Ho bows low to his stranger guest—then with graceful ease Lí also advances three step, and bows still lower—Ho again gravely steps forward and makes another salutation—upon which Lí again does the same—with a still lower bending of the body, Ho once more advances—whereupon Lí, nearly touching the marble pavements with his forehead, steps forward yet another three steps! By this time their united and solemn paces had brought them near the couch upon which visiters are expected to repose themselves. And here again the same formalities were gone through with, as to who should first be seated thereon. But *being* seated, Lí at once burst forth with such a flow of wit and fancy, that Ho was completely captivated ere he knew the name or business of the daring youth!

Now this was a capital stroke of Lí. For the academician cared not so much for any dignitary under the Emperor Supreme, as he did for a man of learning, or even for one who could tickle the moments as they flew with witty jests, provoking laughter. Ho saw at once that Lí not only possessed this recommendation, but that his knowledge could also ring on as many topics as there were bells to the Porcelain Tower. When, therefore, he had perused the letter of Hok-wan, which, after securing his ground, Lí put into his hand, and after having listened to the history which the youth gave of his hard struggles, of his poverty, and earnest desire to come before the judges on the day of examination, than Ho, embracing him, bade him be of good cheer.

"Now, by the sacred Budha!" he exclaimed, "learning like thine shall win its crown without the aid of propitiatory gifts, save to the gods themselves. Know, O Lí, that Yang and Kau, who enjoy the smiles of the great emperor, are this year the examiners. To them shalt thou go, with no favor but my name—humble as it is, it shall cause thine to be enrolled among the *literati* of the Imperial Academy!"

No doubt Ho manifested great vanity in this, in so much as hinting that his "*humble*" name could balance with gold in the scales of avarice! Nevertheless Lí was delighted, and immediately set about piling up such a cloud castle as spread over his whole heaven of glory.

And now the day of examination approached, and confident of success, Lí boldly presented himself for admission.

Offering the memorial of Ho, which was to insure him, as he supposed, the favor of the judges, he was much surprised to see those great men, Yang and Kau, after turning over the

missive with elevated noses, expressive of their contempt, cast it from them with scorn.

"*Heigh!* the academician Ho thinks to cheat us with bubbles! He sends us a scrawl devoid of meaning, to bespeak our favor for an upstart without degree or title! Yes—*we will remember the name of Lí!*" Saying which, they cast looks of bitter disdain upon the needy scholar.

Then commenced the tedious formula of the examination. The candidates, hundreds in number, were all obliged to undergo the strict search of the officers in attendance. Their robes, pockets, shoes, and even their nicely plaited queues were examined, to see they had not secreted some essay or composition of some kind, which they might substitute for one written on the spot without preparation, when the examiners should command them. This done, they were all seated on long benches with their paper and pencils ready for the trial—the doors and windows in the meanwhile being closely barred and guarded, that no one from without should have the power of smuggling any written paper into the hands of the students.

At a signal-gun the theme for composition was given out, and, like the velvet feet of butterflies, the pencils of the rival candidates glided smoothly and fleetly over the tinted paper. With perfect composure and ease, Lí wrote off his essay in the most beautiful characters, without a single erasure or omission—handling the subject with great skill and judgment, and gave it into the hands of Yang.

"*Heigh!*" said Yang, without giving himself even the trouble to glance over it, but drawing his pencil derisively over the fair and beautiful characters, "I remember the name of Lí! What stuff is here—why the fellow is only fit to grind my ink!"

"To grind your ink!" quoth Kau, "say rather he is only fit to lace my buskins!"

And laughing loudly at their own wit, the great judges Yang and Kau turned their backs upon the unfortunate Lí.

Overwhelmed with mortification and rage, he rushed to the lower end of the hall, and there was obliged to remain until evening, as not until then could the doors be thrown open to give egress to any one. Here he had the vexation of listening to the jibes and sneers of those around him, and of seeing others promoted to honors, who were as far inferior to him as owls to eagles! What a bitter day for poor Lí! and when at length dismissed with renewed contumely from the Scientific Halls, he rushed into the presence of Ho, swearing loudly that he would one day ride over the necks of the proud Yang and Kau, "and by the head of Confucius when I do—*Yang shall grind my ink, and Kau lace up my buskins!*" he cried with bitterness.

Ho was terribly indignant at the treatment of his *protégé*, as well as incensed for the insult he imagined his own dignity had received. But, although he was himself high in favor with the emperor, Yang and Kau stood still higher, therefore he dissembled his anger, lest his head might pay the forfeit, should those two powerful courtiers incense the emperor against him.

When he found Lí preparing to return home, he embraced him kindly, and bade him tarry yet another year in the capital.

"In the end thou wilt surely succeed, O Lí. The next year the examiners will not be the same, and thou may'st then be certain of success," said Ho. "Remain with me until the time comes round—thy days and nights shall roll off bright and rosy as morning clouds—wine, wit, and music, yes, and the smiles of women, shall make thee forget the insults thou hast received."

But Lí remembered his aged mother, sitting solitary in her humble home by the side of the lake, and his resolution strengthened.

"Know, O Ho, that an old mother waits for Lí afar off. Summer and harvest will come, but Whanki has no one to sow her rice, and desolation will sit in her dwelling. The fish sport and gambol amid the waters of the lake—Whanki has no strength to draw them forth, therefore

hunger and death will await her! What profit, O wise Ho, should I gain if my aged parent suffered! Would not the gods curse the race of Lí!"

"Noble youth, take this purse—it is heavy," exclaimed Ho—"hasten to relieve the necessities of thy mother—a happy mother in so dutiful a son—then return without delay and await the examination. I promise thee, thou shalt not this time lack a present for the greedy judges—though, by Budha, I would like to give it them at the dagger's point!"

Accordingly Lí bade farewell to his generous friend, promising to return as speedily as possible.

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[1] A deleterious liquor distilled from rice.

[2] A Chinese coin.

[3] The custom of announcing the names of the successful candidates at the examination.

[4] The god of intoxicating liquors.

PART II.

A man who has a tongue may go to Rome.
Chin. Prov'b.

Within the "Tranquil Palace of Heaven," Hwant-sung sat upon the Dragon's Throne, with all his court prostrate before him.

There was evidently "something rotten in the state of Denmark," for the clouds which veiled the august features of the Celestial Monarch were black as night—thunder might soon be expected, and low in the dust his humble courtiers awaited the outpouring of his terrible wrath.

Before his footstool knelt the Premier Yang, bearing in his hand an official document inscribed with curious hieroglyphics.

"By my ancestors," exclaimed the emperor, with a wrathful look from one to the other of his trembling courtiers, "a wise court is sustained by the bounty of Hwant-sung! say rather a pack of idiots, asses, dolts, fatted dogs! What! shall we become a jibe in the mouths of foreign nations! Shall barbarian kings mock the court of Nankin! *Hi!* Is there not one then of my learned counsellors—not one of my renowned warriors can decipher me this scroll! Tremble, then, ye hounds! Yang, I command thee to make known to us the purport of the missive which the foreign ambassadors have brought to our court."

At this order well might Yang turn pale—for there was no more meaning to him in the characters on which his eyes were fixed, than in the slimy trail which the green lizard draws upon the sand. Over and over he turned it—now on this side, now on that—watched narrowly and jealously meanwhile by all around—for when was one high in favor with princes also the favorite with the mass! At length, nine times reverently knocking his head before Hwant-sung, Yang said:

"Let not the displeasure of Earth's Glory, before whose frown the whole world stands affrighted, annihilate his slave that the gods have not granted him power to do the will of his majesty in this thing. He cannot read."

Then did Hwant-sung call up one after another of those whose scholastic lore was famed throughout the empire. In vain. Not one could understand the mysterious scroll. At which, becoming exceeding wroth, Hwant-sung swore that unless within three days his ministers could make known to him the signification of the embassy, their *offices* and *salaries* should all be taken from them—and if in six days they were still in ignorance, their *death* should release the empire from so many stupid owls!

Then did the academician Ho humbly present himself at the foot of the throne.

"Will the emperor deign to open the ears of graciousness while the humblest of his slaves speaks? Know then, O mighty sovereign, there arrived last night at my house a man in whom all knowledge seems to centre. His mind, keen as the lightning, penetrates the most hidden mysteries—there is no science, no art, which he hath not already mastered. Command then that he appear before thee to make plain that which doth perplex thy majesty's servants."

Hwant-sung rejoiced greatly at this information, and bade Ho bring the learned scholar at once into his presence.

But when Ho, eager with joy, related to Lí the good fortune he had secured him, that audacious youth positively refused compliance with the commands of the emperor! offering as an excuse, that as he was but a poor scholar, without title or degree, he dared not presume to appear before so much majesty.

With this answer then the unhappy Ho returned to the palace, not doubting but the rage of Hwant-sung would vent itself not only upon Lí, but also upon himself.

Kneeling before the monarch, Ho exclaimed reverently—

"Will your majesty once more graciously listen. At the last examination, this man of whom I have spoken was turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace—his essay rejected by the Premier Yang and the General Kau. Will it then please thee to bestow some favor upon Lí, that he may with more propriety come into this august presence?"

"It shall be done," exclaimed the emperor. "We confer upon Lí the title of Doctor of the first degree, together with the purple robe and yellow girdle. Go bring him before us."

With this mark of royal patronage, Ho retraced his steps with all the alacrity of a lover, and made known to Lí the gracious favors of the emperor, supposing, doubtless, that the student would rejoice as one long blind now suddenly restored to light, or as a famished man at a feast. But lo! coolly putting on the robes of office, as if he had but just cast them aside, with the air of a prince, Lí signified to the great academician Ho his readiness now to obey the mandate of the emperor.

Entering the hall of audience with all the grace and ease of a man bred in courts, Lí advanced to the throne, and after paying the customary homage, rose to his feet and looked proudly around upon the assembly of grave men and gallant courtiers.

The knees of the Premier Yang smote each other, as he recognized the youth he had treated with so much contumely now suddenly brought into notice—and well did Kau now *remember the name of Lí*—and it seemed as if hot pins tore his flesh, into such agitation did that name now throw him.

Hwant-sung received the new doctor with condescension, and placed in his hand the document which he was required to make plain.

But Lí, casting a meaning glance upon Yang and Kau, said:

"Can an indifferent scholar like myself presume to know more than these learned men! Know, O mighty emperor, thy servant was deemed unworthy of favor by thy commissioners Yang and Kau—surely, then, they must be more wise than Lí."

Charmed with the boldness of the youth, the emperor graciously smiled upon him, and motioned the two mortified examiners to withdraw.

Then standing erect, his head thrown back, yet in an attitude of careless ease, Lí opened the important missive, and without even glancing his eye over it to understand more fully its nature, read it aloud from beginning to end, in a clear, melodious voice.

It proved to be a demand from the king of Po-Hai, couched in the most insulting language, requiring the emperor to restore a part of Corea, consisting of no less than a hundred and eighty towns, and also demanding tribute from the time of its "*usurpation*" (as the memorial expressed it) by the Emperor of the Tang Dynasty. Thus, but for the skill of Lí, the empire would have been plunged in irretrievable disgrace through the ignorance of its ministers.

The countenance of Hwant-sung grew black as midnight as he listened to this insulting claim, and but for the bold remonstrance of Lí, he would have ordered the bearers of the embassy to instant death.

"May it please your majesty to summon the boorish ambassadors before us," cried Lí boldly, "I will myself confer with them, and teach them how to respect the mighty Emperor Hwant-sung."

Immediately, therefore, the ambassadors were brought before Lí, who conversed with them in their own language with the same haughty bearing as if he himself were emperor, interpreting as he did so to the indignant Hwant-sung. At length Lí dismissed them, saying:

"To-morrow his sovereign majesty, to whom your prince is but an earth-worm, will indite an answer to your insulting embassy. Retire—and tremble as ye walk! Thank the gods that the gracious emperor deigns ye to live."

The audience chamber rang with acclamation, as the ambassadors obsequiously withdrew in compliance to the orders of Lí, and all the courtiers pressed forward to compliment the young doctor—while the emperor, embracing him, conferred upon him at once the rank of academician, and ordered apartments to be prepared for him in the palace of the Golden Bell.

With continued graciousness, he also directed a sumptuous banquet to be got in readiness, and at which all the learned men and wits of the court were expected to appear. Wine was poured for the guests by beautiful young girls of the "*golden lilies*"[5]—ravishing music swept around them, while at intervals of the feast, the emperor sent from his own apartments a choice theatrical corps for their entertainment.

Now did it seem that all the trials of Lí were over, his poverty but a dream long past, and that now upon the pinnacle to which his ambition had pointed from early youth, he stood ready to hurl back in the teeth of his enemies the disgrace which, only a few months before, they had heaped upon the name of Lí.

The feast wore on even into the night—the wine circulated freely, and in the same breath the courtiers exalted the name of the emperor and of the young academician. What wonder that under the attendance of such charming cup-bearers Lí should have drank more freely than was consistent with his new dignity! How from such hands could he resist the tempting goblet!

The result was, that when the next morning the emperor repaired to the Hall of Audience to treat with the embassy from Po-Hai, the academician Lí was not in attendance—nay, did not make his appearance until after being twice summoned by royal mandate!

The courtiers with whom Lí had feasted the night previous, shook their heads and looked significant. The Premier Yang and the General Kau resumed their usual boldness of demeanor, for no doubt this upstart, this vagabond Lí, would find the anger of their Celestial Monarch more than his head was worth—decapitation would certainly follow such contempt of royalty!

To be *twice* summoned—what audacity!

At length Li walked carelessly into the hall—his dress somewhat disordered, and his feet thrust negligently into slippers. But for those who were hoping his ruin, what rage to see the emperor not only extend his own royal hand in signification that he would raise him from the ground, but also condescend to inquire after his health!

"I think, learned doctor, the wine was to thy fancy, yet methinks the fumes are still troubling thee! Ere we proceed to our public duties I would have thy wits clearer."

Saying which, Hwant-sung ordered a plate of hot-spiced fish-broth to be brought from the royal kitchens, that its effects might dissipate the evils of last night's debauch.

And when with unprecedented condescension their sovereign even took the chop-sticks, and himself cooled it for the palate of Lí, amazement almost turned them to marble.

When his majesty deemed the senses of his new favorite sufficiently restored, the ambassadors were summoned into the hall.

Upon the top of the platform, near the foot of the "Dragon's Throne," was placed, by the order of Hwant-sung, a cushion or divan of the Imperial Yellow, embroidered with gold and silver, and upon a tablet formed of mother-of-pearl, and richly set in a band of emeralds, was a cake of perfumed ink—a sheet of flowery paper—a hair-pencil set in a gold tube, together with a small *jade* stone, with which to rub the ink.

Waving his hand condescendingly to Lí, the emperor spoke: "Ascend the platform, learned doctor, and repose thyself upon the cushions at my feet, while I indite to thee our answer to these slaves."

"May it please your majesty," replied Lí, "my feet are not in proper dress to approach so near the 'Glory of the Earth.' Will it please thee to command new buskins to be brought thy servant, that he may with decency ascend the platform."

This bold request was no sooner proffered than it was granted. And then, with a significant glance to the spot where stood Yang and Kau, pale with rage and envy, the audacious Lí again addressed the emperor:

"The humblest of thy slaves would not be officious—but he has one more request to lay at the feet of his gracious sovereign. At the examination this year, thy servant was repulsed by Yang, and turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace by Kau! Will it therefore please thee to command the Premier Yang to *grind my ink*, and the General Kau to *lace my buskins*!"

Never, perhaps, was an audience-chamber so insulted! Even the awe which, in the presence of the Celestial Monarch, rendered the courtiers less men than jackals, failed in this case to suppress a murmur of indignation which passed from one end of the hall to the other.

But Hwant-sung, well pleased to punish the injustice of his commissioners, immediately ordered them both to approach and do the bidding of Lí!

To disobey was death. They wanted courage to die, therefore preferring disgrace, they obsequiously advanced. Kneeling, *Kau laced the buskins of Lí*, who then ascended the platform, and while reclining at his ease upon the soft cushion at the feet of the emperor, Yang stood at his side assiduously *rubbing his ink*!

Thus did Lí accomplish his revenge, and triumph over his enemies!

Taking the pencil, he now, with rapid and easy strokes, proceeded to indite the answer, which the emperor vouchsafed to the Po-Hai embassy, and while he did so, Hwant-sung bent over him in astonishment, beholding the characters which he traced with so much rapidity to be identical with those which had so perplexed his court.

Then standing erect upon the right hand of the "Dragon's Throne," in clear distinct tones,

Lí read aloud the imperial answer—the ambassadors trembling with fear as they listened.

"And now return," exclaimed Lí, "and teach your king that foxes may not war with lions, nor the cuckoo steal into the eagle's nest! He is like a vexed grasshopper striving to combat the mighty chariot about to crush him, or like a fly in the jaws of the dragon! When the mighty Hwant-sung, at whose name fear sits in the hearts of all nations, shall send a handful of men to seize upon the petty territory of Po-Hai, blood shall flow a thousand *li*!"[6]

Kneeling reverently before the throne, and knocking their heads in token of submission, the ambassadors then withdrew to relate to their king that the "Celestial Empire was upheld by an Immortal from the skies!" who stood ever by the throne of the Dragon, and to whom all men did reverence.

From that day the star of Lí was in the ascendent, and for many years he enjoyed the undivided confidence of the emperor, and attained a rank in the scale of letters, which renders the name of Lí celebrated in Chinese literature. Many volumes of his beautiful poems and other works are still preserved in the Imperial Libraries.

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[5] Small feet.

[6] Leagues.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

(*Continued from page 164.*)

Mr. Gillespie and his daughter had retired below when the sweeps were gotten out, and had now returned to the deck. Unconscious of danger, they looked admiringly upon the shining and beautiful scene. Nearly abreast the island of Porto Rico, in full view, lay basking in the beams of the setting sun, the dark, rich green of its luxuriant growth of cane, here and there varied by groves of the cotton-tree, amid which were seen clustering the settlements of the planters. Astern, but farther distant, Cape Engano stretched far to seaward, while inland, ridge over ridge, wooded to their summits, rose the picturesque mountains of St. Domingo. The numerous vessels in sight, mostly running before the wind, varying in size, in rig, and in the color of their canvas, enlivened the view, while nearer, the frigate in her towering proportions was borne majestically toward them.

"Oh, Edward! what a glorious sight!" said the maiden to her lover, who had stepped to her side, as she gained the deck. "Look, father! look at that splendid ship, doesn't she cleave the waters 'like a thing of life?' But what is the matter, Edward? You are silent, and seem dejected, do tell me?"

"In a moment, dearest," he whispered, as he left her to approach the captain, who had beckoned to him.

"Mr. Talbot," said the last, "my little craft is in great peril, and less than an hour must decide her fate. The Spaniard will not be silent much longer, and I advise you to get the passengers below."

"I was about to propose it," replied Talbot, and returning to Miss Gillespie's side, said, "summon your fortitude, Mary, the ship which you admire so much, is a Spanish frigate, and is endeavoring to capture the vessel we are in."

"Oh, how unfortunate! and will they harm us? Can they hurt you and father and Frank? Good God! what is that?" and she shrieked as the ship luffed to the wind, and fired a shot, which went plunging across the bows of the schooner.

"Come below, dearest! come quickly! Help me, Mr. Gillespie, for she has nearly fainted."

The maiden and her father were conducted to the most secure place below, when, resisting the entreaties of his mistress, Talbot returned to the deck, which Frank had refused to leave.

At the first report of the frigate's gun, the captain had called out, "Edge her away, quarter-master, keep her off a point; let the guns alone," he added, addressing some of the crew, "let them be, it would be worse than useless to fire them—the 'Bird' must now trust to her wings alone."

The little vessel was in fact at the very crisis of her fate. The last shot had told that they were within reach of the guns of the enemy; they felt that their only avenue of escape was through a gauntlet of fire, and that the loss of a single spar would certainly insure their capture. It seemed perfect madness for such a wee thing to abide the wrath of the huge leviathan, panoplied in thunder, and possessing almost the power of annihilation. But, in the forlorn and

desperate hope of sustaining the enemy's fire for a few moments, without material injury her captain steadily pursued his way, but cut his anchors from the bow, and threw four of his guns overboard. If the wind had been light, the schooner's chance would have been a fair one; but the breeze instead of lulling, seemed to freshen as the sun went down. As it was, however, there was a bare possibility of escape, for already the little vessel, lightened of so much weight, began to increase her velocity—still there was an abiding, a stunning fear of being sunk or disabled by the broadside of the frigate. The latter had already opened her fire, and near the chase, the fierce, iron hail had fairly lashed the water into foam, but the schooner was yet materially unharmed, when a voice more potent than that of gunpowder, hushed the loud artillery.

Unobserved by either, a light and fleecy speck, more like a wift of smoke than a fragment of a cloud, had risen over the land, and swift as a meteor shot across the sky. It was what sailors term a "white squall," and it had caught the chaser and the chased wholly unprepared. Almost simultaneously it struck them both. The frigate's fore-mast and main-topmast went by the board, and every sail that was set, was blown into perfect shreds. The "Humming Bird," light and resistless, felt the blast but to succumb before it—she was whirled over and capsized in an instant. A number of the crew, entangled in the sails and rigging were immediately drowned. The remainder clambered to the upper-rail, to which they clung with the tenacity that endangered life. In a paroxysm of anguish, Talbot had thrown himself down the cabin-hatchway as he felt the vessel going over, and at imminent hazard had rescued Miss Gillespie, but her father and the servant-maid perished. Frank had been saved by one of the seamen, who held him firmly with one hand, while with the other he clung to the shrouds.

As soon as the survivors were assured of their immediate safety, they looked around to see if there were any hopes of being rescued from their position before the night set in. The frigate had driven past them, and under a single after-sail was hove-to, clearing her hull of the wreck. To the westward, distinct in the reflected light of the sun, which had descended, were several vessels again unfolding to the breeze the canvas which they had wisely furled to the passing gust. Some of the larger ones were again standing boldly out to seaward, while the others like affrighted wild-fowl, were hovering toward the shore. They were all too distant, and the air was fast becoming too obscure for them to see the wreck, or the unfortunate beings who were perched upon it.

On the first recovery from her swoon, the grief of Miss Gillespie for the loss of her father was almost inconsolable. It required all the endearment and entreaties of her lover and her brother to prevail on her to struggle against the spasms which threatened her very existence.

The survivors strove to cheer each other, but the indiscreet cry of one that he saw the fin of a shark cleaving the surface of the water, led them to fear that they were environed by yet greater peril. In about two hours the moon arose, and her clear, chaste light silvered the crests of the waves, as they curled to the now gentle breeze. She had risen scarce more than her diameter, when the watchers on the wreck discovered two or three dark objects which seemed to creep upon the water. Their hopes and their fears were equally excited, but presently they heard the splash of oars, and they knew them to be boats from the frigate. As eager now to be taken as before to escape from capture, by shouts and cries they attracted the notice of those who sought them. They were soon removed to the frigate; the lady and her brother being led to the cabin, and the remainder, including Talbot, promiscuously confined on the lower deck.

Under jury-foremast and new main-topmast, the frigate was the next morning standing under easy sail, along the southern side of St. Domingo.

Repeatedly but ineffectually Talbot had endeavored to convey a message to Miss Gillespie, and spent the night in sleepless anxiety on her account. He knew not into whose hands she had fallen, and whether her youth and beauty might not, in the hands of unprincipled men, tempt to ruffianly treatment. Her brother was with her, it was true, but although spirited, he was young and feeble compared to the strong men around him.

Early in the morning, Talbot had asked to see the officer of the watch. He was told that he could not communicate with any one but through the officer of the marine guard, who would not make the rounds for three or four hours. Talbot impatiently waited for him, and it seemed an age before he made his appearance. When he did so, and was told that Talbot wished to speak to him, he superciliously asked, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I wish," replied Talbot, "to communicate through you to the commander of this ship, that I hold a commission as lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and that with the family of Mr. Gillespie, I was a passenger on board of the privateer."

"This is a singular tale," remarked the other, incredulously; "have you any proofs of your identity—where is your commission?"

"I haven't it; with all my baggage, it was, unhappily, lost in the schooner."

"This seems incredible," said the officer, "your dress, too, does not indicate the position you claim."

"I am aware of it," replied Talbot, "for I scrupulously avoided wearing any part of my uniform, that in appearance even, I might not be classed among the complement of that unfortunate vessel. But here is her commander, who, as well as his crew, will bear testimony to what I say."

"Let them answer for themselves," was the abrupt reply. "If they escape being hung as pirates, they will fare well." After a moment's hesitation, he added, "I will state what you say to Count Ureña, our commander, although I do not myself believe it; but let me advise you not to rely upon the evidence of these wretches," pointing to the prisoners, "if you have no other proof you will fare badly." As he said this, he turned upon his heel and walked away, Talbot with difficulty restraining himself from throttling him for his coarse, unfeeling rudeness.

Again, hour after hour passed away in fruitless anxiety. Every step upon the ladder which led from above, exciting a thrill of hope, only the instant after to be crushed in bitter disappointment. At length, about 2 P.M., an orderly, with a file of marines came to conduct him to the commander. With alacrity he obeyed the summons, and when he reached the gun-deck, from habits of association, he felt cheered at the sight of the long lines of massive artillery, the stacks of muskets here and there, surmounted with their bristling bayonets, and the bright sheen of the sharpened cutlases. As the cabin-door was thrown open by the sentry stationed there, he cast a quick and searching glance around the apartment, in the hope of seeing his betrothed. She was not there, and but for the guns projecting from either side, he could not have realized that he stood in the cabin of a man-of-war, so rich was its furniture and so gorgeous its decorations. Gracefully festooned across its entire width, and partially concealing the white and highly polished lattice-work of the after-cabin, was a deep curtain of crimson embroidered and fringed with gold. On either side, in the recesses between the guns, were magnificent couches canopied and covered with the same material, intertwined with white. Between the forward and the after gun, on each side, were collections of flowers and fragrant plants. A large mirror in an arabesque frame, was inclined over a rose-wood sideboard, laden with massive plate and a profusion of crystal. A richly chased silver lamp was suspended over a table, the cover of which was of white cloth, like the curtain, fringed with gold. Around were a

few rose-wood chairs, and from several cages were heard the cheerful and melodious notes of canary-birds. The deck was covered with the finest matting. On the couch, in the recess to the left, was seated a man of middle age and rather delicate features, except the chin and under lip, which were massive and sensual, and a peculiar glance of the eye, which gave a sinister aspect to an otherwise singularly handsome countenance. He was spare in figure, and to a casual observer, even as he sat, it was perceptible that he stooped, and his whole appearance indicated a frequent participant in the orgies of dissipation. Before him stood the officer of marines, who had just made his official report. At a signal from the latter, Talbot advanced toward the count, who said, "I understand, sir, from the officer of the guard, that you declare yourself to be a lieutenant in the navy of the United States, but that you have no evidence to sustain you. How can you expect me to credit the assertion of a stranger under such suspicious circumstances as you must admit your present position to be?"

"You have a lady on board, sir, my affianced bride, who, with her brother, is here under the same circumstances with myself, they will tell you that I am not an impostor."

"Your affianced bride," said the count, not heeding what he had last said, "you are then the friend for whom she has been so restless and uneasy?"

"I knew that she would be so," replied Talbot; "may I ask now to see her, that she may corroborate what I have said?"

"Not so fast," exclaimed the count, "that you have gained the affections of the young lady is no proof of your being what you profess, indeed, you may have won them under an assumed name and character."

"It ill becomes you, sir," cried Talbot, highly incensed, "it ill becomes you to insult a man who for the time being is in your power; but I warn you that if I, or those with me, are unnecessarily detained or harshly treated, you will be held to a severe accountability."

"And by whom, sir," exclaimed the count, turning pale with rage, "by a man who has no other vouchers to a most improbable tale, than a horde of pirates, a mere boy, and a love-sick maiden?"

"The proofs are sufficient, sir, for any impartial mind, but I see plainly that you have some purpose in seeming to disbelieve them—what that purpose is your conscience best can tell."

"What mean you, sir, by this insolence; but I know how to curb and to punish it!"

"Insolence! and punish!" contemptuously answered Talbot, "those are words used by cowards when addressing slaves. I defy alike your malice and your power. You may maltreat me, but a day of reckoning will surely come. I demand to see Miss Gillespie and her brother," he added, as his ear caught the sound of stifled sobs in the after cabin.

The count pulled a bell-rope by his hand, and at the summons, the sentry who had admitted him, opened the door and looked in, while from another door, the steward entered and stood obsequiously by his master. The latter, pointing to the door, said,

"Mr. Manuel, take out your prisoner and confine him apart from the rest; sentry, let them pass."

Talbot hesitated a moment, and then said, "I am unarmed and helpless, and it would therefore be madness to resist you—but, in the name of humanity, I ask you, can you listen unmoved to the distress of the unhappy lady within there; as a man, an officer, and a nobleman, I appeal to you in her behalf. She has recently lost her father, as you know, and, save myself, her young brother is now her only protector."

"She will be sufficiently protected, sir, without your interference—take out the prisoner, Mr. Manuel."

The above conversation had taken place in Spanish, which Talbot spoke fluently, but when he found that for some sinister purpose, he was not to be permitted to see Miss Gillespie, he advanced toward the lattice-work and called out in English, "Mary, dear Mary, be upon your guard! Frank, do not leave your sister for a moment; I fear that she is in the hands of a villain."

"That I will not," cried the boy, who vainly tried to force the door, while his sister sobbed convulsively.

The count, who, although not understanding the language, comprehended the import of the words, with a gesture of frantic impatience, motioned the officer to lead his prisoner away.

Talbot, satisfied that the danger was lessened by the timely warning he had given, without resistance, submitted to be led from the apartment.

When left alone, the count remained for some time in a thoughtful attitude. "If I could but speak their horrid language," he said, soliloquizing with himself, "or if she understood mine, I should certainly succeed, for as to this would-be bridegroom, I can easily get rid of him, and of the brother also, if he prove intractable. Let me see! can I trust Gonzalez? From the expression of his eye sometimes, as well as from his never speaking of her, I fear that he knows all about his unhappy sister; and yet I must trust him, or abandon all, for he is the only interpreter we have. There is no help for it; I cannot give up the game so freshly started—but I will be wary and watch him closely." He slightly touched the bell, "Send Gonzalez to me," he said to the attendant, who obeyed the summons. A few moments after, a young man of 23 or 24 years of age entered the apartment, and bowing to the count, awaited his commands in silence. From his spare figure, he looked taller than he really was. His hair and moustaches were glossy black, curling in their rich luxuriance. His eye-brows, thick and bushy, formed one continuous arch, and the eye beneath, black and lustrous, was soft and subdued in its ordinary expression, but at times, in a single glance, would convey a startling idea of latent but indomitable energy. His features were almost femininely regular, and his voice musically clear and sweet. The count's fears were not without foundation; his secretary, for such was the position of Gonzalez, knew his sister's wrongs, and like a true Spaniard, thirsted for an opportunity to revenge them. His commander scanned him closely where he stood for some minutes, the young man at first returning his gaze with a look neither too humble, nor yet audacious, and then deferentially turned his eyes in another direction.

"What is the matter, Gonzalez? You seem of late unusually taciturn and moody."

"I think, señor, that my health is suffering from long confinement to the ship. I need recreation on shore."

"What mean you by long confinement—were you not on shore repeatedly last month in Havana?"

"No, señor! If you will recollect, I applied several times to go, but on each occasion you had important letters or despatches to write."

"Did you hear from home before we sailed?" and the count's look became intensely riveted upon him.

The young man slightly colored, "I heard indirectly, señor, that all were well."

"From whom?"

"From a muleteer who resides in the adjoining village."

"Did he give you any particulars?"

"None, señor, worth relating."

The count paused. He was dissatisfied, yet feared that by further questioning he might excite the very suspicions he wished to repress. Assuming a bland and conciliatory tone, he

said, “I have been to blame, Gonzalez, and will make amends. When we reach port, you shall have ample opportunities to recruit on shore. Should you need funds, consider my purse at your service.”

“Thanks, señor! my salary is more than sufficient for all my wants.”

“Well, should you be in need, remember my offer; but come nearer, I have now something confidential to impart. You are aware that the lady brought on board last night is now in the after-cabin.”

“I am, señor.”

“One of the prisoners, doubtless an impostor, assumes that she is his betrothed. I wish you to see her and ascertain how she is affected toward him.”

“It is needless, señor. At the invitation of Lieutenant Flores, I accompanied him in his boat last night, and in rescuing the prisoners from the wreck, witnessed how tenderly that lady clung to the man you speak of.”

“It may have been the convulsiveness of fear!”

“If so, señor, it would have subsided with the occasion that gave it birth; but it continued to the last, and while she evinced for the lad the solicitude of an elder sister, she seemed to regard the American as her chosen and sole protector.”

“How were they separated?”

“I understood, señor, by your orders,” replied the youth with an air of surprise.

“I mean,” said the count, somewhat confused, “how did they bear it?”

“He was at first disposed to resist, but a moment after submitted with an air of stern resignation.”

“And she?”

“She at first seemed bewildered, and could not comprehend the purport of the order; when she did so, she implored her lover, for such he must be, not to desert her, but after he had whispered a few words to her, she too submitted, and with such meek gentleness as moved the hardest hearts to sympathy.”

“Sympathy,” exclaimed the count, reddening; “where there is no real distress, there can be no occasion for its exercise. In common humanity, I am bound to protect her from the acts of an impostor.” There was a slight twitch of the secretary’s upper lip, but he said nothing.

“At all events, I wish you to converse with her, Gonzalez. Try if you cannot reconcile her to a short separation from her lover, and assure her that as soon as I am satisfied that he is what he represents himself, he shall be free.”

The secretary bowed in acquiescence, and the count rising, led the way into the after-cabin. It was fit for the boudoir of a queen. A carpet of the richest Persian dyes and softest texture was under foot. Except in front, the whole apartment was lined with fawn-colored tapestries; the windows framed into the after ports had party-colored curtains of fawn and cherry colors. An ottoman and several chairs were covered with embroidered damask corresponding to the tapestry; a small, richly-carved book-case was filled with handsomely bound books. There was a pair of globes upon stands, and a harp, a guitar, mirrors and candelabra, with a few small but exquisite paintings completed the equipment of this cell of a Sybarite.

With disheveled hair, and eyes inflamed with weeping, in all the abandonment of grief, Miss Gillespie lay with her head upon her brother’s breast, who, as the door was opened, threw his arms around, as if more perfectly to protect her. With a courteous air, and all the finished breeding of an artificial gentleman, the count advanced and paid his respects through the medium of the interpreter. “Had she sustained no injury from the accident of the night before?

Had she recovered from her alarm? Had she slept well? Could he do any thing for her?"

The three first questions she answered in monosyllables. At the fourth, she made an effort to speak, but maiden bashfulness overcame her, and she looked imploringly to her brother. The youth construed her feelings rightly, and said,

"We wish, sir, to see our friend, Mr. Talbot, who was, with us, a passenger in the schooner."

"At present it cannot be," answered the count, "but when we reach Havana, he will doubtless prove his character, and then you can be again united, but," addressing her, "so much beauty should not be marred by untimely grief. A few days more and your friend will be restored to liberty. Here I cannot make any distinction between him and the other prisoners. Let me therefore entreat you, Miss, to dry up your tears, and let a smile once more wreath itself upon your lovely cheek."

"Say to him," asked Miss G., of the interpreter, "that I am in deep affliction. Yesterday I lost my father, and now, when I am most helpless, I am by his act," (she looked toward the count) "separated from the friend whom that father had chosen as my protector through life. I am therefore in no mood to listen to compliments, which would be ill-timed from any one, most of all from him."

The count stifled his vexation and said, "I beg pardon for this intrusion. I will await a more seasonable time to express my sympathy and make a proffer of my services;" so saying, he withdrew, desiring Gonzalez to remain and gather the particulars of their history.

An unprincipled man, in his sphere possessing almost unlimited power, he felt himself baffled by an unarmed prisoner and a helpless maid. "Till now," he said to himself, "I thought Dolores beautiful, but her features want the intellectual grace and harmony of this northern houri. At all hazards, she must be mine. If all else fails, the drug must be resorted to. It is certainly the speediest and I know not but that it is the best; but I am neglecting my first precaution." He rung the bell for the steward, a dark, swarthy Italian, with the body of a man surmounted on the legs of a dwarf.

"Domingo," said his master, "go into the secret passage and watch Gonzalez, who is now with the lady. Note every thing that he does, and try to gather the meaning of what he says."

The steward obeying, disappeared through a panel that opened with a spring.

In about half an hour, Gonzalez came forth from the inner cabin, and stated what he had learned of the prisoners, which, as there was no concealment, is precisely what is known to the reader. When he had retired, at a peculiar signal from the count, the panel noiselessly flew open, and the steward reappeared before his master. His account was any thing but satisfactory, and the count's brow was darkened with deep mistrust, as he listened to the recital.

About sunset, Miss Gillespie, aroused by some incentive, sent to ask if her brother and herself might be permitted to walk on the upper deck. Assent was most graciously given, and the count himself escorted her. Finding that she would not converse, and that his presence was evidently irksome to her, he smothered his chagrin, and after a few turns, left the orphans to themselves.

It was an hour and a scene fitted to captivate the eye and refresh the soul; and such was its soothing influences, that Miss G. frequently found her mind wandering from the contemplation of the perils which environed her. The night previous, the ship, driven before the blast, was whirled with resistless velocity along a bed of seething foam. Now, the gentle wind borne from the land, wafted fragrance on its wing, and the sea, slightly ruffled, seemed to enjoy the refreshing embrace of its sister element; the ship, too, under a cloud of canvas, snow-white and

full distended, pressed majestically on, the spray, like fairy fret-work curling and combing beneath the bow and the rippling wake sparkled in the rays of the setting-sun. The gorgeous western sky was tinged with the hues of crimson and gold; the south was a boundless expanse of blue, the island of St. Domingo, lofty, picturesque and beautiful, bounded the northern and eastern horizon. The land, but little cultivated, seemed fertile in the extreme, and was covered with lofty and umbrageous trees, the tangled and luxuriant undergrowth seeming so interlaced as even at high noon to intercept the light of the sun. The near mountains were covered to their very summits with verdure, not the tawny verdure of a northern clime, but the brilliant green of the tropics, while the loftier mountains wreathed their bald and craggy tops with the clouds that floated in the distance.

The sun had gone down and the moon was up: still Miss Gillespie paced the deck with her brother. It was evident that she had some purpose in view, and by those who watched her, she was observed to cast frequent and furtive glances around. At length a figure that had been stealthily gliding along under the shadow of the bulwarks to leeward, suddenly stepped beside her, and whispered, "Lady, I have endeavored to see him, but failed. Some time tonight I will surely succeed. In the meantime there is but one resource. Take this powder, and when you go below, dissolve it, and take a part yourself, giving the remainder to your brother. If you would be safe, neither of you should sleep a wink to-night. Be careful of what you eat or drink. But, hush! there is a man's head raised above the rail—he has been observing us. I must away—but do not forget this." He handed a small folded paper as he spoke, and immediately disappeared.

Miss Gillespie had brought a book on deck with her, and by occasionally seeming to read it, had at first given a pretext for remaining. Into this book she inserted the paper, and soon after turned to leave the deck, when some one brushed rudely against her, and the book fell. The person, who, in her confusion she did not recognize, instantly picked it up, and in seeming eagerness to return it, let it fall a second time. Frightened almost beside herself, Miss G. now snatched it up and hurried below. Unfortunately, the paper was not to be found. So dreadful seemed the fate before her, that with difficulty she restrained herself from shrieking aloud. Frank cheered her all he could, although he had but a faint conception of the danger. They determined to deny themselves food and liquids of every description, hoping thereby to avoid the administration of an opiate. Alas! they knew not the infernal arts of the demon in human shape, who had them in his power.

That evening, as was his wont once a week, the count supped with his officers in the ward-room, and he remained until near midnight; but in the meantime his diabolical agent had not been idle.

About 11 o'clock Frank and his sister were sensible that they were inhaling an aromatic and fragrant vapor. At first they enjoyed it; but it soon occurred to them that they were fast becoming drowsy. With desperate exertions they endeavored to force the doors, or to obtain assistance by their loud and vociferous outcries. The breeze had unfortunately freshened on deck, and there was much tramping and running overhead, so that they were unheard, or if heard, unheeded. One would suppose that this agitation and fear would have proved an antidote to the insidious effects of the drug; but no! gently, imperceptibly, they felt their systems relax; they soon began to wonder at their alarm; a delicious langour enthralled them, and as volume after volume of the scented vapor rolled into the apartment, they surrendered themselves to its influence, and pressed in each other's arms, were soon wrapped in a profound and insensible sleep.

About an hour before, Talbot, to whom the night previous had been a sleepless one,

although racked with anxiety, had fallen into a light and fitful slumber, when he was instantly aroused by a hand being laid upon his chest, and a voice whispering in his ear, "Do not speak, but follow; imitate my motions as exactly as you can. For God's sake be cautious, you know not how much is at stake."

The speaker, who was lying beside him on the deck, then rolled over toward the hatchway; but when the sentry turned in his round, he remained perfectly still. This he repeated, slowly and cautiously; Talbot followed his example, until they reached what sailor's term the combings of the main-hatch, i.e. the elevated pieces around it, to prevent the water from running into the hold. He there waited for some time until he saw the sentry loiter at the furthest end of his round, when he quickly threw himself down the hatch, and crept on one side out of sight. As soon as Talbot had done the same, he led the way among the casks and barrels. When they had proceeded a little distance, he whispered, "The master's-mate of the hold, who is a fellow-townsman of mine, had this passage opened for me to-day. Had he refused, and he hesitated for a long time, that villain in the cabin would inevitably succeed in his plans."

"What plans?" eagerly asked Talbot. "I know not who you are, or whither you are leading me—explain."

"You will soon know me; but let it content you now that I lead you to save your mistress. But that I feared the interference of that ruffian, the steward, I would have gone alone."

"Lead on, then! lead quickly!" said Talbot, his fears strongly excited.

They resumed their way, groping along in the dark, and taking every step with the greatest caution. In a short while they distinguished the faint light admitted from the deck above through the fore-hatch. As soon as they had gained this opening, Gonzalez, for it was he, taking the opportunity when the sentry was furthest off, and had his back toward him, sprung quickly up, and blowing out the light in a lantern which hung to an upright timber, immediately returned to Talbot's side. As was anticipated, the sentry, supposing the light to have been extinguished by a flurry of wind, took the lantern down, and proceeded to the main-hatch, to relight the lamp. As he did so, they both, unperceived, succeeded in gaining first the gun and then the upper-deck. Then separating, each one quietly and undetected reached the quarter-deck, and again rejoining each other, they slipped through a port-hole to a narrow platform outside, called the main-chains, and there, in intense anxiety, concerted their future movements, for the most perilous part of their enterprise was yet before them.

CHAPTER III.

The convivial party in the ward-room had been broken up by a squall, and with the other sea-officers, the count had repaired to the quarter-deck. For a short time the wind blew with violence, and was succeeded by a heavy fall of rain. In less than an hour there was a perfect calm, and the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts as the ship moved with the undulations of a light ground-swell.

In the cabin, the solitary lamp, suspended from a beam, through the gauze-like vapor shed its soft light upon the rich and costly furniture, and revealed the forms of the sleepers, whose deep breathing alone proclaimed their existence, so immovable was their position—so much deprived did their bodies seem of the watchful guardianship of the spirits within them. The faint and silvery light, the attenuated vapor, the fragrant odors wafted from the flowers in front, the boy, with his noble brow undimmed by sin or sorrow, the lovely maiden, one arm upon her

breast, and one clasped around her brother, formed an atmosphere and a group in and around which angels might love to linger. But a serpent had stealthily glided in, and the count, with maddening pulse and gloating eye, looked upon his unconscious victim. Incapable of any feeling but that of a hardened libertine, no thought of the dire ruin he was about to inflict for one instant stayed his purpose. As the spider, after weaving its web, contemplates the struggles of the entangled fly, before clutching to devour it, so he stood, reveling in anticipation on the sensual feast before him. At length he approached, he gently touched, then breathed upon, and called them by their names, and then more rudely shook them. As he anticipated, they neither heard nor heeded him. The stillness was death-like and profound. He removed the boy from the girl's embrace, and she lay resistless at his mercy. For an instant longer he paused; he fondled her hand, he played with her tresses; he stooped to kiss her moist and parted lip.

The fiend-like purpose was frustrated: a crashing blow descended upon his head, and he rolled over and fell senseless on the deck. With one foot upon the prostrate form, and the massive bar again uplifted, Talbot stood over him, while from the doorway Gonzales looked on.

"Hold!" said the last, as Talbot was about to repeat the blow, "Hold! another stroke may finish him, and that is a task reserved for me alone." He advanced as he spoke, and proceeded to examine the wound. "It is a very severe contusion," he added a moment after, "and if it had fallen a little more direct, the blow would have been a fatal one. He is now wholly insensible, and unless my skill in surgery fails me, he will remain, for some days at least, in a perfect stupor. It is most fortunate. We need not now attempt an escape, for no one can suspect us, and before he recovers, we shall probably be in Havana. Let us place him in his room and retire; the vile, pandering steward will not dare to enter during the night, and in the morning, I will be hovering near. It is useless, no human efforts can awake them now," he added, as he saw Talbot endeavoring to arouse the maiden: "but they are safe, and that they may continue so, we must not lose a moment."

With a sigh, Talbot relinquished the hand of his mistress, which he had clasped within his own, and, pressing his lips to her fair forehead, turned to assist Gonzalez in removing the wounded man. They then effaced all traces of their presence, and retired as they had come, through the window of the quarter-gallery.

The next morning the table in the forward cabin was spread for breakfast; the steward, in passing to and fro, grinned leeringly as from time to time he looked toward the after cabin. One of the midshipmen of the watch came to report 8 o'clock. The steward tapped lightly at the state-room door, but receiving no reply, and not presuming to disturb his master, took it upon himself to report to the officers that the count said "Very well"—the usual reply. By 9 o'clock, he began to be uneasy, not that he apprehended any thing to have happened to his master, but that the lady might awake before the count had left her apartment. At the lattice-work, and to the key-hole of his master's door, he alternately placed his ear. At the last he thought that he distinguished a deep and smothered breathing; at the first he could hear no sound whatever. Satisfied that his master was in his state-room, he felt more easy.

At 10 o'clock, the wonted hour, the drum beat to quarters for inspection. When the first lieutenant came to make his report, the steward intimated that the count was indisposed.

"Has he directed that he should not be disturbed?" asked the officer.

The steward admitted that he had not.

"Have you been summoned to him in the night?"

"No, sir!"

"Then I must make my report." He advanced to the door and knocked, at first gently, and then louder and more loudly still. There was no reply; and the officer, turning the bolt, to the surprise of the steward, the door yielded to his push, and flew open. (That their mode of entrance might not be suspected, Gonzalez had unlocked it before retiring.) The count was found with his wrapper on, lying in a profound stupor, the blood clotted thickly over the wound he had received. The orphans were buried in a sleep which the surgeon pronounced unnatural; and the steward was suspected of having drugged them, and afterward attempted the life of his master. This miserable wretch was thrown in irons as the supposed murderer of the man in whose contemplated villainy he had been a willing and a free participant.

Light and baffling winds detained the frigate, and on the evening of the fourth day after the incident above related, she had just cleared the windward passage, and with Cape la Mole astern, was standing along the northern shore of Cuba, for the port of Havana. The count had laid in a comatose state since his accident, and his constant heavy breathing and frequent moans, showed how much pressure there was upon the brain, and how much he suffered. In the course of this day his respiration had become more regular and less oppressive, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he awoke to consciousness and a sense of pain. By degrees his recollection returned, and after making a few inquiries, to the surprise of every one, he ordered the steward to be released, and again summoned in attendance upon him. These two, the master, just rescued from the grave, and the servant who would have found an ignominious one had his master died, conferred for a long time together. After questioning his steward closely, the count said, "I am satisfied, Domingo, that it was not from your hand that I received the blow. I left you in the forward cabin, you could only have entered on the starboard side, and in that direction my head was turned, and I must have seen you. The blow was on the other side —probably from some one secreted there. Were you at any time absent from the cabin, after I went to the ward-room?"

"Not an instant, señor!"

"It is strange! Could he have entered by the quarter-gallery?"

"It must have been so, señor, although I can discover no marks."

"I suspect Gonzalez," said the count; "indeed, I am sure that he has been concerned, but then he had not the vigor to deal such a blow. That hateful American must have been the man. I will be deeply revenged!"

Late that afternoon, as Talbot, sitting aloof from the other prisoners, was grieving that Mary's persecutor had recovered his faculties before the arrival of the ship in port, and from which he feared the most serious consequences, he was accosted by the master's-mate, who said, in passing, "Courage, my friend, you will soon be at liberty—take a cigar to cheer you."

Talbot thanked him, and was about to decline, when he caught the eye of the officer, and noticed that he pushed a particular one out from the small bundle he held in his hand; Talbot took it, and watching his opportunity, opened his cigar unobserved. It contained a small slip of paper within its folds with these words. "We are strongly suspected, if not discovered; I know it from the searching examination I have undergone. We must fly and reach Havana before the ship if possible. Be on the alert for any opportunity that may present to slip up the main-hatch ladder, near which I will be hovering. Do not hesitate! Here you are absolutely within the power of the tyrant. He will throw you into the Moro Castle as soon as we arrive, and before your case can be investigated, months must elapse, and in the meantime, the lady will be lost to you forever."

This note agitated Talbot exceedingly. It was agonizing to think of leaving Mary and her

brother in the hands of their unprincipled captor; and yet, from his own experience thus far, he felt sure, that if he remained, he would be kept separated from her, and most probably confined in a dungeon until her ruin was completed. His only consolation was, that the count could not recover sufficiently to renew his nefarious designs before the ship had reached her port of destination. This consideration determined him to make his escape if possible.

There had been some water heated in the coppers, (anglice—boiler,) for the purpose of giving the count a prescribed bath. It so happened that while the cook's attention was drawn another way, a piece of meat was thrown in, which rendered the water greasy and unfit for its destined use. The master's-mate was therefore directed to have more drawn from the hold. Accordingly he came upon the lower or birth-deck, and as he stepped from the ladder, said, sufficiently loud for Talbot to hear, who was reclined beside it, "Look out!" and passed immediately on. The latter, taking the hint, but uncertain how to apply it, remained for a few moments in great suspense, when the master's-mate called the sentry forward to hold the light for him. As the latter moved forward, Talbot availed himself of the opportunity, and instantly hurried up the ladder, although yet uncertain if such were the plan concerted by his friends. He was very soon assured, however, for nearly abreast of him, from the shadow between two of the guns, a figure advanced a few steps and immediately retired again. It proved to be Gonzalez, and together they clambered out over one of the guns, and found themselves by the small skiff of the privateer, which had been saved and hoisted up immediately under the anchor in the waist. Fortunately, the wind had hauled nearly ahead, and with the yards sharp-braced up, the ship was sailing sluggishly along, with her head rather diagonally inclined toward the shore.

"We must remain quiet here," whispered Gonzalez, "until some movement be made on deck, in the noise of which we can lower the skiff undetected."

The wind was gradually freshening, and the ship began to plunge with the increasing swell. After a while the topgallant-sails were taken in, but it was an operation so quickly performed, that before the boat was lowered half the distance it was suspended from the water, the noise ceased, and they were obliged to hold on. In about half an hour after, which seemed to them an almost interminable space of time, they were cheered with the welcome order,

"Man the main clew-garnets and buntlines," preparatory to hauling up the mainsail. As the men ran away with the ropes, and clued and gathered the large and loudly flapping sail to the yard, Talbot and Gonzalez lowered the boat, and casting her loose, the ship passed by without any one observing them and was soon lost to view in the obscurity of the night. They had exchanged apprehended evils from human malignity for instant and appalling danger. The moon, struggling through a bank of clouds and shorn of her brilliancy by the opposing mist, cast her furtive beams upon the fretted sea. Instead of the prolonged and easy swell of the mid-ocean, the gulf, as if moved by adverse tides, whirled its waves about like some huge Briareus, tossing his hundred arms in the wildest and most furious contortions. The skiff was so light, so frail, and so difficult of trim, that they were every moment in danger of upsetting. The swell rapidly increased, and as they sunk into the trough of the sea, and shut out the faint horizon, the succeeding wave overshadowed, and its crest seemed to curl in anger above them. Sometimes a wave, like some monster rising from the deep, looked down black and threatening upon the tiny boat, and then rolling its seething foam along the sides, it rushed ahead, and gathering into a mass, seemed to await her coming. Thinly clad, and soon wet to the skin, as they rode upon the tops of the waves, they suffered bitterly from the coldness of the wind. In the hollow of the sea, they were sheltered one moment only to be more exposed the next. Sometimes riding upon the broken crest of a wave, they felt upon their bed of foam, as

insignificant and far more helpless than the gulls which, disturbed in their slumber, screamed around them. The oars were of little service, save to steady the boat in the dreadful pitchings and careerings to which it was every instant subjected. One managed the oars, or sculls rather, while the other steered and occasionally bailed. There could be no transfer of labor, for it was certain death to attempt a change of position. Although the current set along the land, the wind and the heave of the sea, drove them indirectly toward it. After five hours incessant fatigue, cold, cramped and wearied to exhaustion, they reached the near vicinity of the shore, and running along it for about a mile, in increased danger, for the boat was now nearly broadside to the sea, they made the mouth of a small harbor, into which, as their frames thrilled with gratitude, they pulled with all their might. As the peace and the joys of heaven are to the wrangling and contumelies of this world, so was the placid stillness of that sheltered nook to the fierce wind and troubled sea without. The transition was as sudden as it was delightful, and with uncovered heads and upturned gaze, each paid his heartfelt tribute of thankfulness.

On one side of the sequestered little bay, through the dim and uncertain light, they discovered two or three huts, embowered and almost concealed by groves of the umbrageous and productive banana, whose large pendent-leaves waving in the wind, seemed at one time to beckon them on, and at another to warn them from approaching. It was evidently a fishing settlement, for there were some boats hauled up on the shore, and a long seine was hung upon a number of upright poles. Pulling toward what seemed the usual landing, their light skiff grated upon the pebbly beach, and they leaped, overjoyed, upon the silent shore—silent and mute in all that pertains to human action or the human voice, but eloquent, most eloquent, in the outpourings of a rich and teeming earth, and the gushing emotions of thankfulness it awakened in the bosoms of those two weary and persecuted men.

[*To be continued.*

VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

To-day, with loud acclaim the welkin rings
In praise of deeds the shout of VICTORY brings:
To-morrow, not e'en Echo will repeat
The praise of deeds then canceled by DEFEAT.

TO MOTHER.

BY ANNIE GREY.

Oh! wake, my mother! wake! and hail
With me this dawning day;
Oh wake, my mother! wake and list
Thy daughter's fervent lay.

She comes to seek thy blessing,
And to whisper in thine ear—
That warmer glows her love for thee
With every added year.

Wake, mother! wake! while faintly steal
The sunbeams pure and bright,
And playful throw around thy couch
Their most bewitching light.

For this is a hallowed day, mother!
A hallowed day to me;
'Twas at its dawn, four years ago,
That first I greeted thee.

We love the sunbeams, mother,
And wheresoe'er they rest,
We feel their sacred influence,
As though some angel guest

Concealed itself 'mid golden rays,
That from God's holy shrine
Fall as night-dews or summer-showers,
Refreshing and divine.

We love the sunbeams, mother!
What beauties they awake,
When first from the clear eastern sky
All gloriously they break.

Oh! how the flowers delight to feel
Their warm kiss from above,
And brighten 'neath it as the heart
Beneath a kiss of love;

And merrier dance the waters,
When every ripple shows
A sparkling crown like diamond gems,
As carelessly it flows.

But wake, my mother! wake and list
The strain I have to sing;
'Tis not of these glad sunbeams,
Though joy around they fling,

But of a sunbeam brighter,
That cheers me all the while,
And never knoweth change, mother!
The sunbeam of thy smile.

How often, oh! how often,
When my heart feels lone and drear,
Its thrilling presence banishes
All thoughts of grief or fear.

How often, often, mother!
When I've mourned, but scarce knew why,
I've hailed its light, and soon forgot
The tear-drop and the sigh.

For thoughts of sadness will intrude
Upon my soul oft times;
They come and bid me ne'er forget
That there are purer climes.

And still I trust its radiance
May fall upon my soul
Through all my future hours and days,
As onward still they roll.

And, mother! oh, my mother!
When this dream of life is o'er,
When God calls back his wandering child
To Heaven's unclouded shore,

Amid the pure and golden beams
That fall around me there,
The gentle stir of angel wings
And harp-strings softly fair,

I'll not forget thee, mother!
Though fleeting years have flown,
But come sometimes and watch o'er thee
When thou art all alone.

Thou wilt not see me, but I'll come
Upon the summer breeze,
Or hidden lay amid the shade
Of young, green summer leaves,

And whisper in thine ear, mother,
Of what I feel too well,
But words of mortal dialect
Can never, never tell.

I'll whisper of my fervent love,
And breathe low thanks to thee
For all the tenderness and care
Thou hast bestowed on me.

And I shall hope to meet thee
In the sinless land on high,
Where we can lisp in tones of love
The language of the sky.

Oh! I shall be waiting, mother dear!
And watching all the while,
To greet again, with happy heart,
The sunbeam of thy smile.

ON A DIAMOND RING.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

Rare is the diamond's lustre, and the mine
No richer treasure hath than yellow gold;
Yet were its jewels of a price untold,
Still dearer charms this little ring doth shrine.
Circling thy taper finger, how divine
Its lot; oft to thy fair cheek prest,
And by such contact past expression blest,
Or sparkling 'mid those sunny locks of thine!
Oh! these are uses which might consecrate
The basest metal, or the dull, vile earth;
Enhance the diamond's price, or elevate
The clod to an inestimable worth.
Would that so dear a gem, which thus hath shone
Upon thy snowy hand, might ever bless my own!

THE RECLUSE. NO. I.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the series of papers (and they will have the rare merit of being short) which I am about to offer to the reader, I shall not so far follow the ill fashion of the day as to strive to be "original." I do not mean by this remark to signify that I shall not give my own thoughts in my own way. But I shall not twist the English language out of all shape and comeliness; I shall not Germanize and Frenchize and Italianize; I shall express my ideas in the simplest possible words; I shall always choose the Saxon rather than the Norman; I shall endeavor to write so that "he who runs may read." Were I a teacher of youth, I should recommend as the best models of style Swift and Southey, Addison, Steele, Channing, Sir James Macintosh, Irving, not Carlyle, Gibbon, Johnson, Emerson. I set plain Nature above gorgeous Art. The epithet "natural" conveys to my mind the highest praise of verse or prose. A style may indeed be eminently artistic, but still appear to be natural.

I have said enough to show the manner in which I shall try to convey my ideas. Fewer words will set forth the character of my matter.

I have no subject. I think, in my solitude, of many things. As thoughts occur to me I put them down. Though a Recluse, and having but little society except that of woods and fields, rocks and waters, I am fond of contemplating the events of the hour. Many of my topics will therefore be of immediate interest. They will at least have the charm of variety, and my "mode of treatment," to use an expression of physicians, the merit of brevity.

This is sufficient introduction. Courteous reader, I salute you.

I.—THE CROTON CELEBRATION.

Of all public displays, that which affected me most deeply was the celebration of the opening of the Croton river into the great city of New York. A day had been appointed by the powers in being. Arrangements were made for a mighty civic procession. It was a jubilee of Cold Water. The Temperance Societies figured chiefly on the occasion. Those trades which best flourish by the practice of temperance were numerously represented, bearing before them their symbols and instruments. I remember a printing-press on a platform, borne triumphantly along, working as it went, throwing off handbills, on which odes were printed, to the eager and amused crowd on both sides of the way. By the side of that printing-press sat, in smiling dignity, Colonel Stone, as everybody called him, then editor of the Commercial Advertiser. Kind-hearted, conscientious, hospitable, credulous, verbose gentleman! thou art sleeping as silently as those aboriginal lords of the soil whose lives thou commemoratedst!

I have seen a great many multitudes, but never so quiet, so orderly, so well-dressed, so happy a concourse as that which filled the windows and balconies and doorsteps, and absolutely covered the sidewalks, on the morning of the Croton celebration. Throngs of gayly clad women and children moved merrily about; for there was not a solitary drunkard that day in all the streets of the city to molest or make them afraid. An individual under the influence of any

liquor more potent than that which was gushing from a thousand fountains, would have been an anomaly too hideous to be borne. Braver than Julius Cæsar or Zachary Taylor must he have been who dared to took upon wine red in the cup on such a day as that.

I well remember the reflections which passed through my mind as I stood gazing on that happy and soul-comforting scene. The treaty of peace, as it might well have been called, establishing the North-Eastern boundary of the United States, settling a *questio vexata* of long continuance, which had again and again threatened war, had just been concluded between this country and Great Britain—thanks to the pacific dispositions and noble talents of the negotiators. Thinking of this, as I looked at the mighty civic array, at the procession, which was like an endless chain of human beings, the head of it, after having traveled through six miles of streets, meeting the tail of it, which had not yet drawn an inch of its slow length along, below the Park—as I looked at the smiling faces and the sporting fountains—I exclaimed to myself, How glorious a scene is this! How much worthier of a free people than the martial triumphs of old! A great good has been done. Energy and Skill have effected a stupendous work. Thousands and thousands are met together on an appointed day, to commemorate an achievement which shall prove a blessing to many generations yet unborn. Indeed, indeed this is more to be desired than the most complete of victories.

I went on thus with my cogitations. Let me suppose that these negotiations between two nations, strong in men and the resources of warfare, negotiations skillfully conducted to a most fortunate issue, and the establishment of a peace in which all the world is interested, had proved to be unsuccessful. Suppose that war had been declared, that we had no longer ago than yesterday received intelligence of a conquest on the sea, that a fierce battle had been fought, and that our ships had come into port laden with spoils and crowded with prisoners. How different to-day would have been our rejoicings! The outward demonstrations might, in some respects, have been the same. The streets would have been filled with multitudes of men; the bells of the churches (oh sacrilege!) would have pealed long and loudly; the flag of our country would have waved from many a house-top and "liberty-pole"—yet, in the midst of all this, there would have been distinguished the trophies of wo and of disaster. The cannon, which had dealed death to the brave, would have been borne through the streets, and the banners of the conquered trailed in the dust. Execrations would have mingled with shouts, and frowns of hatred with smiles of joy. Sorrow and anguish would have been comates with exultation and delight, and the hilarity of all hearts deeply subdued by the sad faces of many mourners.

And how different would have been our inward emotions! Instead of "calm thoughts regular as infant's breath," we should have experienced a tumultuous rapture, a demoniac triumph, an uneasy and restless joy, a trembling pride, a satisfaction with the present embittered by fears for the future. Now we rejoice with cheerful consciences. No "coming events cast their shadows before" to cloud the horizon of hope. We look upon a cloudless firmament above us and around us. We are indeed proud of the task which has been accomplished; but ours is a pride unmixed with any baser emotion—a pride honorable to humanity. Ah, how much more glorious is this than a victory! It is a sight to make the old young—a sight worthy of perpetual commemoration. It will be always recollected. We shall tell it to our children's children. From time to time our authors shall write of it—so that it may always live in the memory of the age.

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II.—ON A BIBLE.

Could this outside beholden be
To cost and cunning equally,
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxury of curious eyes—
Yet would I have my dearest look
Not on the cover, but the Book.

If thou art merry, here are airs;
If melancholy, here are prayers;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit;
If hungry, here is food divine;
If thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly wine.

Read then, but first thyself prepare
To read with zeal and mark with care;
And when thou read'st what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall be,
First in the Book, and next in thee.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them therefore with a song;
And, that thy music praise may merit,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit,
That, as thy voice doth pierce men's ears,
So shall thy prayers and vows the spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee
The very earth a Heaven shall be;
If thus thou readest, thou shalt find
A private Heaven within thy mind,
And, singing thus, before thou die
Thou sing'st thy part to those on high.

I have modernized the orthography of the foregoing quaint and beautiful stanzas, from the dress in which they are clothed in the second part of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, just published by John Wiley, bookseller, in New York. They are happily imitative of the style of the poets of olden time. They remind one of George Herbert—that "sweet singer in the Israel" of the English church, of Donne, of Wotton, and of other lyrists, who chanted the praises of our God. To my ear, much dearer are such simple, tuneful verses than the grandiloquent outpourings of the more modern muse. They come home, as it were, to one's child-like sympathies. They awaken the thoughts of "youthly years;" they freshen the withered feelings of the heart, as heaven's dew freshens the dried leaves in summer.

Let me recommend this most tender, most soul-touching of "late works"—these passages

from the Diary of Lady Willoughby. It is not a *real* "aunciente booke," but an imitation; yet, like certain copies of a picture by an old master, it may boast some touches better than the original. Chatterton's forgeries were not more perfect in their way, though this be no forgery, but what it pretends to be—namely, an invention. I feared, when I took up the second part of this remarkable production, that it would deteriorate in interest, that the hand of the *artist* would become manifest. But it is not so. Here, throughout, is the *ars celare artem* in perfection.

How touching a lesson do the feigned sorrows the Lady Willoughby present to her sex. What absence of repining! What reliance on the justice and mercy of God! What trust in the merits of her Redeemer! Her faith is never shaken. Her soul is never dismayed. With an expression holier than Raphael has imparted to his pictures of the Madonna, she looks upward and is comforted. Ever into the troubled waters of her soul descends the angel of peace. Perfect pattern is she for wives and mothers. Excellent example of a Christian woman.

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III.

Are not some of the prophecies being fulfilled in these latter days? Trace we not in the decay of old empires the tempest of God's wrath? Is not the arm of the Lord stretched out over the people and over the nations of the earth? Breaks he not thrones to pieces as if they were potter's vessels? Where are the kings and princes who were born and chosen to rule over men? "How are the mighty fallen!" Even now, as by the mouth of his holy prophet, Isaiah, may the Lord say, "Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen. To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdened, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

Truly has my mind, shut out as I am from commune with the busy world—truly has my mind been deeply, solemnly affected by the wondrous events which are passing in those realms, the pages of whose history are printed in blood. I see the hand of God in all. I trace the fulfillment of prophecies contained in the Book of books. I am oppressed by a sensation of awe as I read the words of inspiration and discern their truth in these latter days.

Was not the heart of Louis Philippe before his sudden and terrible overthrow as stout as the heart of the King of Assyria? Did not he, too, say of his monarchy, his rule and his riches—not only to himself, but even to the stranger in his land—

"By the strength of my hand I have done it and by my wisdom; for I am prudent; and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man; and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people."

And was he not likewise cast down? Was not a burning kindled under his glory like the burning of a fire? "And behold at evening-tide, trouble, and before the morning he *was* not."

"This is the portion of them that spoil us," shouted the people of France at the overthrow of the family of Orleans. "This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us."

ROME.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

In the heart of Rome eternal, the Coliseum stands sublime,
Lofty in the midst of ruins, like a temple built to Time.

Vast, colossal, 'tis with piles of broken arches reared on high,
But the dome is gone, and nothing roofs it but the summer sky.

And the walls are rent, and gaping wide, and crumbling fast away,
And the columns waste, but moss and grasses cover their decay.

When the sky of June was bluest, melting as the eye of love,
And the breezes from Campagnia bore the city's hum above;

Poring o'er the rich and classic authors of the Age of Gold,
Virgil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, Livy and historians old,

I imagined Rome restored as in the glorious days of yore,
Peopled by the great and mighty, as it shall be nevermore.

I beheld the Past before me, and the fallen circus rose,
And the leaning columns righted, and the ruins seemed to close;

Flags were streaming on the lofty walls, and standards of renown,
Plucked from out some hostile army, or some sacked and burning town;

Proud patricians filled the boxes, judges, senators, in white,
Consuls from remotest provinces, and hosts of ladies bright;

And the emperor sat among them, in his regal purple proud,
And below a countless sea of heads, the common plebeian crowd;

Wrestlers struggled in the ring, and athlete and equestrians bold,
And the steeds and dashing chariots raised a cloud of dusty gold;

Troops of sworded gladiators, Dacian captives, fought and bled,
And the lists were strewn with wretches lying on their bucklers dead;

And in the arena Christian saints and martyrs, old and gray,
Were trampled in the dust, and torn by savage beasts of prey.

Sick of this, I turned and looking out the arches in the street,
I beheld a mighty multitude, a crowd with hurrying feet;

Nobles with their flowing togas, simple artisans bedight
In their holyday attire and badges, maids with eyes of light,

Waving hands to lovers distant, and the little children clung
To their mother's gowns, and nurses held aloft their infants young,

And afar and pouring through the city gates a long array,
And in front, in his triumphal car, the hero of the day;

And his coursers champed their frosted bits and pranced, but all in vain,
Braced he stood, with streaming robe, and checked them with a tightened rein;

And a mournful group of kingly captives, dusty, drooping low,
Followed, fettered to his chariot, gracing his triumphal show;

Augurs and soothsayers, flamen, tribunes, lictors bearing rods,
And gray-bearded priests, with olive boughs and statues of the gods,

Shaking from their brazen censers clouds of incense to the skies,
Leading lowing steers, in wreaths and garlands decked, to sacrifice.

Sacred nymphs from temples near, in spotless white, and vestal throngs
Followed solemn, dancing mystic dances, singing choral songs.

Cohorts of the Roman soldiers conquering legions marched behind,
With their burnished armor shining and their banners on the wind;

And, with distance faint, the brattling drums, the trumpet's mighty blast,
And the clarion rung and sounded like an echo from the Past.

All at once the glorious vision melted, faded in the air,
Like a desert exhalation, leaving all its ruin bare.

And, in place of glory and the beauty of the olden day,
I beheld the Queen of Cities wasted, fallen in decay.

THE MISSIONARY, SUNLIGHT.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"Her presence makes thick darkness light—
Hope's rainbow spreadeth o'er her path;
Through her, weak souls are filled with might,
And Mercy triumphs over Wrath."

A sweet Sister of Charity, a faithful, never-wearying missionary, is the beautiful Sunlight, daughter of the proud monarch who reigns supremely over the broad dominions of the "upper blue!"

Six long, tedious months in her father's gorgeous palace, had the lovely maiden been constrained to mingle in the festal scenes which enlivened the monarch's dwelling during that dreary time when the poor earth lay helplessly beneath the iron hand of winter. How often from the palace-windows had she looked with eyes dimmed with tears, and most melancholy glances on the world that was subject during all those months to a *natural* kind of heathenish slavery! Despoiled of their rich garments the old princes of the forests stretched forth their naked arms toward her in supplication of her presence and charitable aid. A voice, to no ear audible save her own, crept up from beneath the winding-sheets which envelopes streamlet and river; and a wail that broke forth from the poor in their agony and want, reached her gentle heart, and her tears fell afresh. And even the children of gayety and fashion felt an irresistable yearning in their hearts to listen once more to her soft and gentle teachings!

But "'tis always the darkest the hour before day;" and while Sunlight was half-despairingly revolving in her mind all possible means by which she might again, without the utmost danger of sudden death, be enabled freely to wander over earth to beautify and bless it, the discerning old king, her father, saw how pale her cheek was growing, and how dimness was creeping over her bright eyes. He knew she wearied of, and longed heartily to escape from the heartless pomp and magnificence which surrounded her; so he resolved to carry into immediate execution a plan he had long been contemplating. He would make a sudden and strong attack on his old foe who was lording it so magnificently over earth! He would teach the rough, boorish chieftain, in a way he could not mistake, that there were other and mightier powers in existence than his own.

So he fought long and valiantly, and won the victory—a glorious one it was, too. In a few days many sharp, fierce conflicts had taken place, the glittering crown of winter was broken, his staff of office taken from him, and the disagreeable old gray-beard was forced to skulk away in silence and shame and confusion of face, to his bleak and fitting home at the North Pole.

(Would he were wise enough not to attempt again another short-lived triumph! But he is so Napoleon-ish in his nature, we may well have our fears on this point.)

When the king had returned to his palace the night of the last decisive victory—after he had thrown aside his golden armor, though weary from the conflict, he paused not a moment to rest till he had summoned his young daughter to his presence, and thus made known to her his will.

"To-morrow, my child, put on thy most beautiful and radiant garments, and let the bright

smile come back once more to thy face, for I have work for thee to do. I have subdued the army of King Winter, and now it shall be thine to make joy in the place where he has sown desolation. It is thine, to restore order and comfort and happiness and beauty in the dwelling place where he reigned in such a rude, uncivilized, mobocrastic manner. Ah! that light in thine eye tells me it is no ungrateful task I set for thee! it is very plain now, the cause of all thy sighing and tears for so long back; the old bloom will revisit thy cheek again I see. But remember, thy mission is one all-important. Do all things well, and nothing hastily—and now to rest! This shall be no gala-night, thou needest all thy strength for thy work; so haste to thy couch, and be stirring early in the morn."

When the maiden was thus assured of the fulfillment of her greatest hope, she bended down at the king's feet and said, joyfully, "Oh, my father, I bless thee for thy goodness. The dear earth, she shall swiftly know thy mercy, and array herself in glorious garments in which to honor her deliverer! To-morrow, to-morrow shall see that if thou, my father, art strong to make free, thy daughter is loving, and patient, and full of good-will to help and adorn the miserable captives thou hast delivered from bondage."

And early the next morning the lovely princess went forth alone, rejecting all offers of a body-guard, a most devout and devoted missionary, whose end and aim was to make glad the waste-places, and to cause the wilderness to blossom.

There were as yet, here and there, stubborn patches of snow on the ground, and a vindictive, sharp-voiced wind, a wounded straggler belonging to the white king's retreating army, and his chief object seemed to be to exhaust the patience of all who were within hearing wherever he moved, by his rude insulting speeches. But totally unmindful of him, and maintaining a most dignified silence, Sunlight passed by him, well knowing that he too would speedily be compelled to follow whither his master had gone.

Sometimes dark, threatening clouds would flit before her eyes, for a moment totally obstructing her vision, but a brave heart was that maiden's, and when these petty annoyances were passed, she continued on her way patiently and hopefully as before. An apparently hopeless and endless task was that Sunlight had undertaken. She must, as it were, perform the part of resurrectionist. She must breathe life into a breathless body, and call the seemingly dead forth from their graves. The labor seemed too vast for her gentle hand, it appeared almost impossible that she should accomplish it. She was alone, too, in a strange, unpleasant kind of silence. There was not the voice of even a bird to cheer her on, and stiff and mute the brooklets lay in their coffins of ice.

But she is very far from despairing. And her strength is, indeed, perfectly wonderful. Stealing with quiet steps along the banks of the little streams, she speaks to them some words apparently powerful as the "open sesame," for the waters begin to open their eyes, faintly the pulse begins to throb, and the heart to beat, and ere long they have wholly thrown off that cold shroud which enveloped them, while it in turn becomes part and parcel of their own rejoicing life. Then they set forth rejoicing in their strength, and glorying in their newly-gained liberty, careering through the just awakening fields, and astonishing them by the beautiful soft songs of thanksgiving they unremittingly sing. The princess is not alone then—one class of prisoners she has released, and their glad voices cheer and encourage her in her work of love.

Day after day she returns unweariedly to the great field of her pleasant labor, and day by day perfects the evidence of her progress. A most efficient co-worker whom she arouses and entices to join her in her work, is the gentle spirit of the summer wind. Encouraged and excited by her smile, he takes the oath of fealty, and heartily strives to aid his mistress. From the brow

of earth he wipes away the tears the stars have wept, and multitudinous are his kind unceasing offices, for she has promised him a dominion which shall spread over many rejuvenated forests, and freshly garmented fields!

In the old woods she lays her hand upon the myriad branches, and on the softening ground beneath which lie the buried roots. From every bough she calleth forth the tender buds, and ere long she spreads with kindly hands a rich, green mantle over all the forests. And in those "leafy-pavilions," the returning birds she has summoned from the south, build their nests, and sing merrily through the long, happy days.

Quickened into life by her presence and word, over all the barren fields the soft and tender grass springs up; the moss becomes aspiring, too, even the humble moss, and disowning its gray garments, it dons the more beautiful and universal green livery. A thousand thousand insects spring into sudden existence—the voice of the croaking frog is once more found in tune. Violets bud and blossom, the air grows increasingly more mild; even the wind learns a sweeter song; the heavens finding it impossible to resist the general rejoicing which follows the most successful labor of the missionary, put on a brighter and a more resplendant garment, and the dear Sunlight is filled with unfeigned rejoicing when she sees how speedily the regenerating influences of her glance are recognized.

It is spring-time then!

Weeks pass on, but Sunlight does not tarry in her work; the grand commencement she has made, but the work of perfecting is yet to be done.

Gradually she spreads a richer green over all the meadows; all along the banks of streams and lakes the grass grows long and soft—the leaves hang heavier and fuller on the forest boughs—a softer voice whispers through the day-time and the night—flowers blossom more richly and abundantly, and the air is filled with their fragrance. Sunlight has spread the perfection of beauty over earth, and filled with unutterable affection for the world she has beautified, more warm and tender grow her embracings—and in return the voices of all the earth go up in a fervent declaration of love and gratitude to the fair missionary who has so generously, so gloriously labored for them. The good, beautiful Sunlight! no wonder all creation loves her, and blesses her; no wonder that innumerable objects, on all other subjects dull and voiceless, discover a way in which to sing her praises!

It were idle to attempt a detail of all the *homes and hearts* that even in one day she blesses and enlivens by her presence; but let us for a few moments follow her in her wanderings, perhaps thereby we may gain a proper appreciation of the labors of this good angel.

It is morning, and she has just alighted on the earth; and see now where her light feet are first directed. On yonder hill there stands a lofty building—secure as a fortress, made of stone, and brick, and iron. It is a gloomy, comfortless looking place; the windows, though it is a warm summer morning, are fast closed, and bars of iron stretch over them! It is a prison-house; but, though its inmates are guilty criminals, the pure and high-born Sunlight does not disdain to visit them. She is looking through all those grated windows fronting us—will you also look in?

There is a criminal condemned to death—a hardened villain, whose unbridled passions have worked his ruin. He is yet far from old, not a gray hair is there in all that thick black mass which crowns his head! From his youth up his life has been a life of sin, and little remorse. Heaven has at last overtaken him, and he will soon fearfully expiate, in part, his guilt.

Yesterday, justice delivered to him the sentence; he listened to it as though he heard it in a trance, and ever since they brought him from the presence of the excited court, he has sat on that hard pallet, immoveable as now. His food is untouched—he has no time to feel the wants

of nature; his arms are closely, convulsively folded upon his breast; the black, large eyes, have a fixed and stony glare, in which it would seem few tears had ever gathered; firmly compressed are the pale lips; no prayer or sigh, or moan shall issue from them! He knows there is no way of escape for him—that on such a day, at such an hour, he will perish by the executioner's hand; and that dreadful fact it is which is constantly staring in his face, and writing such a record of shame and terror in his heart.

He feels no penitence—nothing but anger, that he has stupidly suffered himself to be overtaken by the hand of the law—that his crimes have been detected. It is not the fear of God that is before his eyes; it is not dread of the hereafter which so overpowers him, but hatred of his fellow men, and a desire to wreak his vengeance on them who have brought to light his guilt!

Through all the long, dark hours he has rested on his hard bed, listening to the "voices of the night," and not one softening thought has entered his heart, not one repentant sigh has he breathed. It seemed then as though nothing could arouse him as he so coldly beheld the reality, death staring him in the face. But now see, there is a faint glow on the narrow window-pane, and it grows brighter and brighter. Creeping slowly along the wall it reaches him at last—it falls upon his breast—it glances over his hard face, where sin has written her signature with a pen, as of iron—it looks into his stern eyes—that light arouses him, and while he returns the piercing gaze of the sunbeam, human feelings are aroused in his breast once more. He rises from the place where in his rage he had flung himself—he gazes round the contracted, miserable cell in which he is secured! Alas! and he has fallen so far that humanity acknowledges the justice of immuring him in a prison! and as he gazes on the gentle spirit whose presence fills his cell with light, the recollections of his far-off, innocent childhood—of his early home, from whence not a great many years ago he went with the blessing of his old mother sounding in his ears, steals over him—his heart is softening—his lips tremble—the stolid, hardened look has passed from his countenance—he is human again—he weeps! Blessed Sunlight! Fairest and holiest of the missionaries, who come from the halls of heaven to purify the earth, she has subdued him! Oh, we will hope that now, since the heart of stone has been changed to one of flesh, the good, redeeming work may not stop there; we will hope that when he is standing in his last hour upon the scaffold, when she comes to him again, it may be with a faith-supported heart that he will behold in her brightness a token of the blissful rest which awaits his repentant, pardoned spirit!

Close adjoining this cell there is another which likewise has its guilty inmate—a miserable, abandoned woman. She is sleeping. For her violation of the laws both of God and man she is now imprisoned.

She is sleeping, but hers is a troubled slumber, for conscience is at work night and day in the mind of that woman, accusing and condemning—yet she sleeps. She is dreaming of the husband of her early years—of the child in whom, when she was young and innocent, and of contented mind, her hope and joy centered; she is dreaming of her maiden home—of her bridal morning. The voices of her former, youthful friends are ringing in her ears; the innocent thoughts and hopes of girlhood fill her heart again. She wakens weeping—for in imagination she is standing once more beside the death-bed of her mother, listening to the words of warning and counsel that mother forces herself to speak when she beholds with all a parent's agony that the girl of her hopes is treading in the wild paths of shame and sin.

She wakens in tears, with a strange feeling of contrition that she has seldom or never felt before agitating her bosom, to see the Sunlight looking down with pitying glance upon her—to

see the good spirit whose mission it is to make glad and bright the earth, deigning to creep through those prison-bars to speak a word of counsel and hope to her. Thoughts of her husband, on whose honest name she has cast such dishonor, and of her deserted, innocent child, come to her full of most sorrowful reproach. A longing for the restoration of her lost virtue—a conviction of the peacefulness and happiness and exceeding reward attending goodness, ever make her unsealed tears flow more freely. Beside that narrow bed, on the stone floor of her cell, she kneels down in her sorrow and contrition, and on her knees she breathes forth such a prayer as never before went from her heart. And the dear Sunlight is witness of that prayer! She looks upon the kneeling penitent with joy—and from that now hallowed place she does not steal forth hastily, leaving the cell dreary and comfortless as before; she is there when the woman rises from her supplication, as though to assure of the smile of Heavenly forgiveness, which may yet await her. She remains to give encouragement to the hope that the corroding stains now resting on her soul may be ere long effectually wiped away—that reconcilement and love and peace, are yet for her on earth.

Near this woman's cell there is another where a youth, unjustly accused, singularly blameless and innocent in his life, is singing a morning hymn of praise and adoration. Hemmed in as he is by the prison-wall, deprived of that freedom which is the good man's *best* possession, confined with guilty men, and bearing himself the heavy imputation of crime, yet is he supported by the comforting knowledge of his innocence, and by the assurance that the eye which is strong to pierce the secrets of the heart, knows his innocence. The dreariness of his confinement does not fill his soul with terror; his faith is strong in the power and goodness of his Maker, and so it is with patience he performs the labor apportioned him, looking confidently for the hour of his release, and the honorable conviction of his uprightness in the minds of all honest men.

And when the kindly Sunlight appears before *him*, her presence but serves to foster these hopes. It is a sweet message of patience and faith she whispers to him, and after she has departed, through all the long day its remembrance strengthens and cheers him. Blessed be the good spirit who remembers to visit these sad, afflicted, guilty ones in the hour when they are well-nigh forgotten of all the world, and by their own kin!

Beyond the prison, on the same range of elevated grounds, just without the city, there is a cemetery—a quiet place where the dead sleep in peace. And thither Sunlight bends her golden, sandaled feet. How brightly her shadow lies on the white monuments, and on the grass and flowers. How quiet and holy is this place, there is no sound of the tread of living feet to disturb the rest of the slumberers; no human form at this early hour is treading in this solitary place to muse on the "vanity of all earthly things," or to weep over the departed! Oh, yes! there, by that newly-made grave, where the sod has been placed so recently, there, where the print of the feet of the funeral-train is yet fresh on the loosened ground, there stands a child with flowers in her hand; she has come to lay them on the grave of her mother! The Sunlight knew that she would meet her there, for every morning since the day the funeral-train paused there, and laid the loving mother in the dark, cold, "narrow house," the little girl has visited that grave, bringing with her to beautify it, and make it seem a rest more sweet and cheerful, the flowers from her little garden, which early in the spring her mother planted there. When the child goes back to the city, the vast crowds of life will have awakened, and the rush, and jar, and strife, will have begun; happy were it for all those multitudes, if a voice, gentle and holy in its teaching as has spoken to that young girl, whispered also to them, ere they mingled in the whirlpools of business and pleasure!

Then amid the dwellings of the city Sunlight wanders next. And by no means is she sure to honor first with her presence the mansions of the rich; for at such an early hour she would hardly receive a welcome there; perhaps, however, this is not the sole reason why the very first place which she chooses to enter is the cot of the humble laborer. Gently does she lay her fair hand on his rude, weather-worn frame, and tenderly she kisses his hard-browned face, as a loving mother embraces her infant. And if the man does not at once awaken at the call of her royal highness, she does not go away and leave him in *humanly* anger, but yet more lovingly does she caress him, thinking meanwhile to herself, "poor man, he was worn out by his hard work yesterday." And so at last by her patient gentleness she succeeds in awakening him—and when he rubs his eyes, and sees her waiting for him there, with her soft hand, on which the regal ring is glistening, resting so lovingly upon him, how he reproaches himself that he has dared to sleep while she was honoring his poor roof by her presence! and how fervent is the blessing with which his heart blesses her, as he hastens away to his labor with a light heart and renewed courage.

Later in the day, peeping into the small windows of the unpretending school-room, she beckons to the little children to come out and ramble with her among the fields, to hunt for the ripe strawberries in the grass, and to gather the violets, and lilies, and wild-geranium flowers which grow in the shady woods. A beautiful song she sings to the merry youngsters—a song whose burden has more of wisdom in it than many gather from their books in the coarse of years—a lesson of reverence of freedom, and of innocent love for nature.

Sunlight is not content with merely resting like a *visible blessing* on the head of the gentle girl whose breast is throbbing with a "love for all things pure and holy," she steals into her guileless heart, and makes *that* glorious by her smiling there; and the little one laughs while she lingers, because she fancies that all the future to which she looks forward, will prove as bright and joyous as the unclouded present. And as for the king's daughter, she knows when she hears that joyous ringing laugh which always welcomes her presence, that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive!

The bright-eyed maiden *loves* children, with all the earnestness of her soft, true heart, and how earnestly they return her love, let every man and woman and child answer! She is, indeed, like a kind and gentle elder friend to them—like a friend whose heart has not grown cold or hard from much mingling with the world, who knows how to sympathize with them in their simple joys, who listens to their merry voices with a tender interest, which time has not been enabled to make cold or false.

Well may the children love her, whose smile is the grand main-spring of their joy—the constant inspirer of their never-ceasing hope!

Look for a moment into this alms-house. Poor people, the wretchedly poor, who were rendered at last, by long destitution utterly unable to work with the rude elements of life, which lay like broken useless tools around them, are gathered here for rest, that they may gain strength for a renewal of their conflict! For a few weeks, and perhaps a longer time, they may dwell in this comfortable shelter, and partake of food, *not* gathered from the refuse of rich men's tables—they may partially rest from their hard, unsatisfactory, unproductive labor. Let us hope that Sunlight may not speak vainly to them now, as every day she livens up their new home, let us hope they may understand the cheering messages she brings to them, and as they learn more of the goodness and justice of their Creator *than they have ever yet had time* to learn, perhaps with more of hope and resignation they will endure their burden. It were well to go through necessity to a poor-house, even if we can find no other school in which to learn the

grand lesson of endurance and continuance in well-doing; there, perhaps, it would not be impossible to understand the messages dear Sunlight delivers every day to our unappreciating, slow-hearing minds.

Notwithstanding all our boasted democracy, there is scarcely a being on the face of the earth who embraces with quite such heartiness its principles, and so understands its precepts as—Sunlight. How graciously her hand is laid on the matted locks of those children of want; how lovingly and earnestly is her kiss imprinted on their toil-grimmed faces—how radiantly her smile envelops them. Ah! well-a-day! would there were in human hearts as much of genuine love! No sham-tenderness, nor aristocratic, cold-blooded, *repelling* fondness, is there in her embracing, stronger than a *human* heart's beating is that which proclaims the life that is in *her*!

See now in this other place, where helpless orphans are collected and cared for, children whose parents have died and left them helpless and dependent on the bounty of the world; Sunlight has not forgotten them either. Kindly hands and charitable hearts have gathered these little ones from hovels of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and nurtured by the good and the wise, in early manhood and womanhood they will be prepared to struggle for themselves, and to bear their own life-burden.

Day after day the affectionate Sunlight visits these assembled little ones, and adds her cheerful blessing to that which God has already pronounced on them, whose love has prompted them out of their abundance to support and comfort the destitute and friendless.

And there is another place teeming with human life, where this good friend of earth and her children comes daily, but where there are very few who may welcome her smiling approach, but few to know certainly of her departure when she is gone. This is the home for the blind.

How many are the fair young faces and graceful, gentle forms and innocent hearts, how frequent are the kindly words in that place; and yet, alas! how small the power to see and know the beauty of the world; how few the eyes to behold the approaching of the fair daughter of the sun! The blind live there, but Sunlight does not shun them! When she enters their dwelling-place unsummoned, and only attended by that glory with which God has adorned her, they may, it is a fact they often do, know that something blessed and heavenly is nigh, because they feel it in their enlivening senses, in the warmth of her caressing. But they may not touch her hand; and when they speak to her she does not answer them; and so they know she is not a mortal, but a spirit who may not speak with an audible voice to them—a spirit though which loves and blesses them!

Let us follow on further in her path, where polished doors are fastened against the intruding world. It is a home of fashion, but from the parlor windows no token of life are seen. The blinds are closed—the dwelling looks uninhabited. But there *is* life within, ay, and death, too! Around the silver door-knob, and circling the door-bell handle, where the hands of the wealthy and gay have so often rested, (but very rarely those of the poor and needy,) there is wound a scarf of crape, and mournfully the death-token flutters in the morning air. For two days scarcely a form has entered those doors; the sufferers within, however much they may have rejoiced in display in former days, have no wish that there may be spectators to their sorrow.

Yet there is one—a not often heeded guest, though a seldom failing one—who comes to them now they cannot shut her out; she longs to utter some soothing and consoling word. She penetrates to the very scene of their grief. She looks into the silent chamber where the father and mother are weeping over their only child—the child of whom they had made an idol, whom God, who hath said "thou shalt have *no* gods but me," hath taken away from them. They have with their own hands laid their child in her coffin, ere long they will see her borne away from

them forever; so it is with unutterable sorrow they stand beside that little one and gaze on her pale face. The blinds are closed, and the curtains partly drawn, but through an open shutter the Sunlight enters the darkened room, and drawing near to the bereaved parents, she lays her hand, oh, so gently on the forehead of the child!

The clustering curls which fall upon that brow seem almost illuminate beneath the pressure of that hand—and the mother's tears fall faster as she looks on the beautiful little one that will be so soon hidden away from the pleasant day-light and the hopes of life. But as the father looks, his sorrow is abated, his voice is lifted up, there is hope in its tone, he says, "Mary, let us weep no longer over our child, her spirit has already won a brighter crown than that the sunlight lays upon her head."

And the mother's grief becomes less wild, and humble is the voice with which she makes answer,

"God help us, it was his to take away who gave."

And now with more of submission under their affliction, with much of hope that cheered even in the midst of their bereavement, they will see their child laid in the funeral-vault to meet their eyes no more until the resurrection morning—and with chastened hearts, and more thoughtfully they will tread the path set before them, feeling convinced and thankful that sorrow has taught them a lesson of wisdom they never could have learned in a life like that they had lived.

Through the opened Gothic windows of the old church she is speeding, for what? To make beautiful by her presence the temple of the Lord. See! before the altar there is gathered a little group, and a maiden and a youth are answering the binding, "I will," to a question than which none more fraught with deep and solemn meaning was ever propounded to mortal man and woman.

The bridegroom has placed upon his companion's finger the uniting ring—she is his wife. You see she has arrayed herself gayly; it is the great festival of her life—may it not prove the adornment has been for the ceremony of the sacrifice of all the dearest and best hopes of her trusting young heart! Around these happy ones are gathered their most familiar, dearest friends; before them the "solemn priest," and, hark! with mingled words of warning, and of counsel, and of blessing, he pronounces them now man and wife. And upon the newly-wedded ones is resting the congratulatory smile of Sunlight! She bids them joy in their love, and gives the bridegroom the comforting assurance that his will not prove a cross and turbulent bride, for his wedding-day is calm and bright, and over all the sky there is not one speck of cloud!

But why does the Sunlight linger when the bridal party has gone forth? She is about the altar and chancel, as though there were others yet who would need her presence and her blessing there.

Ah! there are steps—another group is approaching the awaiting "holy man of God." A woman comes, bearing in her arms a child for baptism. The font containing the regenerating waters is there in readiness. Troops of invisible angels are nigh to listen to and make record of the solemn vows now to be made, and the spirit of the living God is there also, a witness, merciful in his omnipotence.

There are but few who accompany the woman—she comes in no pomp and state to dedicate her child to God in baptism; neither is the offering she brings adorned with the pride of wealth. The mother is poor—the child an heir of poverty. But will He therefore spurn the gift? "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The father of the child, the husband of the mother is dead—and her widow's weeds but

"faintly tell the sorrow of her heart." Therefore it is with so much the more trustful confidence she has come with her child to the altar, she will give him into the watchful care of the Almighty Father of the fatherless! With what a solemn earnest voice she takes upon herself, for the child, the vow of renouncement of the world and its sinful desires; and when the sign of the cross is laid upon the brow of her infant, and the holy waters which typify its regeneration are poured upon his head, it is with heartfelt gratitude she lifts her heart to heaven, with heartfelt confidence she implores his watchful love and care. And all the while on the uncovered head of the child the glance of the sunlight has rested, as if in token of the acceptance of the offering the mother has made, in token that the blessing and mercy of God would be upon that child for whom a holy vow was registered in heaven, which he must one day redeem, or else pay the fearful penalty.

And now the mother with her child and friends have left the church, and a sacred quiet reigns there once more; yet the priest lingers by the altar, still arrayed in his robes of office, and Sunlight also remains.

And, hark! once more the "deep-toned bell" is ringing now—tolling mournfully—no wedding-peal of joy is that, from out the heart of the strong iron is rung the stern tale that another mortal hath put on immortality! Now they come, a long and silent train, and foremost move the bearers treading heavily; "it is a man they bear"—an aged man, the measure of whose cup of life was well filled, reaching even the brim; and following after them are the children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the deceased, and the procession is closed by his many friends and neighbors. Of all that lengthened train there is not one who set out on the path of life with the dead man. One by one his early companions passed away, there are none who retain a recollection of that aged face when it was smooth, and of those locks now so very white and thin, as they were in earlier years; not one who shared the hopes of his childhood with him—few who mingled with him in the scenes remembered now as of the old, old time. Yet the mourners weep, and the bells toll mournfully.

The old man has finished his course with honor and with joy. Reverenced and loved, he has gone down to the grave—no, I must not say that, he has gone upward *to rest on the bosom of his Father*! In boyhood he was wild, and fearless, and reckless—his manhood, generous and upright, nobly redeemed his early days—and happy, and peaceful, and honorable, was his "green old age." And now he has "gone to his reward"—his race well run, his labor all fulfilled, it seems strange that any should weep. They have laid back the coffin-lid that the assembled people may once more look on their venerated friend. Oh, how peacefully he sleeps, and lovingly, as on the unconscious infant, the Sunlight, that messenger of consolation, looks upon the calm, cold face, and the mourner's grief is stayed as they behold the brightness which once more illuminates those lifeless features.

Upon the infant, dedicated to God in the days when he lies helplessly at the portal of life, on the maiden and the youth, entering on a state of existence, either supremely blessed or supremely cursed in its *eventuation*, and on the dead old man, whose race so long, and of mingled pleasure and hardship, is over at last; on these the faithful Sunlight has pronounced her blessing within the walls of the old church. But now all the human beings have gone away, the minister with the funeral train to the burial, and the sexton has fastened the church-doors and gone too; but still the Sunlight remains, and it seems as though she were kneeling before the altar now, craving God's blessing on all those who have this day stood within His courts, and before His altar, brought there by joy or sorrow to rejoice or to weep.

Not, however, within the sanctity of walls alone does the Sunlight make herself visible.

Through byways, and in the open street, where the stream of life goes rushing on violently, does she tread, brightening up by her presence dark and dismal corners, and enlivening the gloomiest and dreariest places.

In the intervening places between the high brick dwellings and stores she stations herself; there, like a priestess, she stands to pronounce a benediction on all who pass by her. On the blind old beggar, led by a little child, who pause a moment to rest in the sunshiny place, for they have walked on wearily amid a heartless crowd, that had but little feeling for the poverty-stricken old man, whom Heaven deprived of sight; and on the gaudily decked form of the shameless woman, as a reproach and condemnation; on the proud, hard man, whose haughty head and iron heart care little for the Sunlight or for Sorrow, whose honorable name has safely borne him through the committal of sins and crimes, which, had he been poor and friendless, would have long ago secured for him a safe place among convicts and outlaws! Little recks *he* of Sunlight. A blessing so freely bestowed on all, as is her smile, is not what he covets; so through shade and light he hastens, and soon enough he will arrive at the bourne. What bourne?

There go by the wandering minstrels, men from Scotland with their bagpipes—Italians with hurdy-gurdy—girls with tamborines, and boys with violins and banjoes—there are professors of almost all kinds of instrumental music, and vocal too, a great many of them there are, but sure, almost all of them, of winning coppers from some who would bribe them into a state of quietude, and from other some, harmony-loving souls, who delight in the dulcet sounds such minstrels ever awaken and give utterance to! And Sunlight blesses *them*!

And here comes an humble, tired-looking woman—a school teacher she is, whose days are one continued round of wearying, and most monotonous action. You would scarcely err in your first guess as to her vocation—it speaks forth in her "dress a little faded," but so very neat, but more loudly still in that penetrating glance of her eye, and in the patient expression of her features. Though she is evidently hurried, for she has been proceeding at a most rapid pace along the streets, you could tell she has some appreciation of the glory of Sunlight, for how she lingers whenever she comes near the places enlivened by her presence! Her feet, too, press less heavily the pavement, perhaps she feels as though she were treading on sacred ground!

Then, there comes another, a little, frail, youthful creature, with bright, black eyes, (which have obviously a quick recognization power for "every thing pretty,") a person of quick and nervous movement, a seamstress. She has not time often to pause and take note of the beautiful. Her weeks have in their long train of hours only twelve of daylight she may call her own! She, too, steps slowly, almost reverently, over the flags where the princess is stationed, and with an irresistible sigh thinks of earlier and happier days, when a merry country child she rejoiced in her delightful freedom, though clad she was then in most unfashionable garments, and almost she regretted the day that sent her into the great, selfish city to fashion dresses for the rich and gay. Poor girl! before she has half passed over the shady place which succeeds the glimpse of Sunlight, she has forgotten the hope which for a moment found refuge in her breast, wild as it was, that one day she might indeed go into the country again, and find there a welcome and a home; for must not Miss Seraphina's and Miss Victoria's dresses be finished that very night in time for the grand party; and the flounces are not nearly trimmed, and numberless are the "finishing touches" yet to be executed.

Alas! before night comes again, when she will go alone, and in the darkness, through the noisy street, in her weariness and stupidity, (for continued labor, you know very well, reader, will make the brightest mind stupid and weak,) she will hurry to her bed, forgetful of her bright

dream of the morning, unmindful of her prayers, in the haste to close her weak and tired eyes. But in the morning, perhaps, the Sunlight will give to the overworked girl another gleam of hope, another blessing.

And now goes by an interesting, white-gloved youth, fresh from "the bandbox," as you perceive. Let him pass on; for there is but little chance that Sunlight will be recognized by *him*, and so *we* will not waste our comments, for could he even see where lies the brightness, I cannot say but the inevitable eye-glass might be raised, and such a glance of idiocy and impudence be directed toward the gentle daughter of the mighty king, as would warrant her in annihilating him at once with a powerful *sunstroke*!

Here comes another, a benevolent, but solemn-featured, portly gentleman, who seems in musing mood, for he goes slowly along with head bent down. He is a judge, proceeding toward the scene of his trying duties, feeling the responsibility which rests upon him, and nerving himself to meet the solemn and affecting scenes and circumstances which may await him. Oh may it be that as he passes by those small illuminated places, that a stronger voice than he has ever heard before may find utterance in his heart, charging him to remember that the highest attributes of the Heavenly Judge are mercy and love, and that only as he employs them in his decisions, can he justly imitate his Divine prototype!

And now there is another going by, whose disappointment is legibly written on his face. Either of two doleful things has happened to him. His prayers have been unheard by his "lady-love," and she looks coldly upon him, or—scarcely less to be dreaded climax—his first attempt at literature has met with unqualified failure. Let him but bear in mind that "faint heart never won fair lady," or honor in the "literary world;" let him take one intelligent look at the sweet Sunlight, as so patiently she stands there before him, and small will be the danger of his ultimate defeat.

But—but how fast the crowd increases—it is growing late, and between the increasing crowd of fashionables, and of people of all sorts and conditions, we are really in danger of being soon unable to distinguish who of all the host stop for the blessing of Sunlight, and who unmindful pass by her. And indeed it were an endless task to impose on one's self the attempt to speak, or even to think, of the myriads who in their hours of sorrow, despondency, tribulation or joy, have had occasion to be thankful for the cheerful smile of glorious Sunlight!

Her mission—ay, never was there one so blest—and never was there so faithful a missionary! She comes with a message of love for the whole world! How perfectly she has learned that lesson taught her by our own, as well as her Almighty Father! How nobly has she obeyed his sublime precepts, how truly is she the joy-diffuser of the human race!

And now what remaineth to be said? But one thing only.

In a necessarily more contracted sphere of action may there not from *our* faces, and *our* hearts, go forth a beam of light that shall be powerful to cheer up a desponding spirit, or to encourage a drooping heart, or to give comfort to a sorrowing soul, or to increase the faith and courage of a lonely life?

Cannot the sunshine of a human face, in the dark forest of a sad heart, have power to make the old trees bud, and the birds to sing, and the violets to spring up and bloom, and the ice-bound streamlets to go free? From many a love-lit eye, from many a brow from which tender hands have erased the record of care, from many a rejoicing heart lightened of its dread burden, there comes to me an answer, "Yes—oh yes!"

Blessed forever be the sweet Sister of Charity, the angelic, untiring Missionary, the lovely princess—daughter of the Sun!—and, also, blessed forever be that human heart which doth

not disdain to learn the heavenly lesson Sunlight teaches, ay, twice blessed of God, and of man!

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

'Twas night; the gleaming starlight fell
On helmets flashing high;
The glancing spears and torrent swell
Of armed men sweeping by.

No clarion's voice was on the breeze,
No trumpet's stormy blast;
The hollow moan of distant seas
Was echoed as they past.

With measured step and stealthy tread,
In stern and proud array,
They sought the camp in silence dread
Where the slumb'ring Persian lay.

Then long and loud the battle-shout
Rung on the startled air,
There was fitful torch-light flashing out
And sudden arming there.

The shriek of death and wild despair,
And hasting to and fro,
When like the lion from his lair
The Spartan charged the foe.

Then hand to hand and spear to spear
The hostile armies stood;
The tempest's note rung loud and clear
And shook the solitude.

And 'mid the fearful tide of fight,
Where thousands met to die,
The lances gleamed athwart the night
Like lightning in the sky.

On! on they swept their land to bless,
And fast around their way
The Persians gathered numberless
As leaves in summer's day.

Morn dawned upon that battle-field,
And shivered spear and lance,
And banner torn and broken shield
Reflected every glance.

But where were they—those patriots bold,
Of bright and fearless eye?
Each noble heart in death was cold,
Each spirit in the sky.

Fair Greece! of glorious deeds the clime
By dauntless valor wrought;
Of daring minds, and souls sublime,
The pioneers of thought!

No marvel that thy skies should boast
A fairer, sunnier blue—
Departed day illumes the west
With many a radiant hue.

LOST TREASURES.

BY P. D. T.

I am coming, I am coming, when this fitful dream is o'er,
To meet you, my beloved ones, on that immortal shore,
Where pain and parting are unknown, and where the ransomed blest
Shall welcome treasures left on earth, to Heaven's eternal rest.

I am with you, I am with you, in the visions of the night,
I feel each warm hand pressing mine, I meet each eye of light.
Oh these are precious seasons! they bring you back to me,
But morning dawns, and with it comes the sad reality.

I dare not trust my thoughts to dwell on blessings that were mine,
Or, "hoping against hope," believe one ray of joy can shine
Across my path, so dreary now, that late was bright and gay,
But, meteor-like, hath left more dark the track which marked its way.

Yet I feel that thou art near me! my guardian angels thou,
Who fain would chase all sorrow and sadness from my brow.
For thou hadst strewn my pathway to thick with thornless flowers,
I quite forgot that *Death* could come to revel in our bowers.

But now, I'm oh so lonely! my "household gods" are gone,
And though my path's a dreary one, I still must journey on.
Yet Faith steps forth and whispers—Time flies, look up and see,
For in his wake swift follows on a blessed eternity.

THE BROTHER'S TEMPTATION.

BY SYBIL SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"You look sad to-night, Alice," was the remark of Mr. Colman as his young wife entered the sitting-room, and took a seat beside him with a countenance expressive of unusual dejection; "and where is Maggie this evening that you have been obliged to take upon yourself the duty of nursery-maid to our little ones?"

"Maggie has gone upon an errand of mercy—to watch over a sick and suffering fellow creature," replied Mrs. Colman. "It is a long story," she added, in answer to the look of inquiry which her husband cast upon her, "but I will endeavor to relate it if you will listen to it patiently. This morning, Harry, after you had left home, I resolved to set forth in search of a seamstress who was making some dresses for our little girl. She had failed to bring them home at the time appointed, and as I had never employed her before, and knew nothing of her character, I felt rather anxious concerning the safety of the materials I had given her to work upon, and determined to go to the dwelling which she had described as her residence and learn the cause of her disappointing me. The house was in a miserable street some distance from here, and I hurried along till I came to it. It was a wretched-looking dwelling, such as none but the very poorest class would have chosen. The door stood open, and several ragged little Irish children were playing upon the steps. I inquired of them if Mrs. Benson, the seamstress lived there? They did not seem to recognize the name—but they told me that a young woman who took in sewing hired the back rooms of the third-story. Following their direction, I ascended three flights of stairs and found myself at the door of the apartment, where I knocked, and a faint voice bidding me enter, I unclosed the door and stood upon the threshold. What a strange and unexpected sight now met my gaze! Upon the floor, almost at my feet as I entered, lay a young and very beautiful girl apparently bereft of all consciousness. She looked so thin and pale that at first I thought her dead, and starting back in horror I was about to leave the place, when a feeble voice, the same which told me to come in, besought me to stay. Looking round to discover whence it proceeded, I saw the emaciated form of a man reclining upon a couch in a distant part of the room. Hastily I approached him, for I felt it to be my duty to render what aid I could. As I drew nearer to his bedside, I read the tale of confirmed disease in that pallid face and in the wild sunken eyes whose gaze met my own. In a few words he informed me that the maiden who lay there senseless was his daughter. While busily engaged at her work about an hour previously, she had fallen from her seat and remained thus in a state of unconsciousness. He said that his limbs being palsied he was unable to help her, and so he had lain upon his couch agonized by the thought that his child was dead, or that she might die for want of proper assistance. And he now besought me to endeavor to discover if there were any signs of life, and if possible to restore her to her senses. The appeal was not in vain. I turned from him to his inanimate daughter, and raising that light and fragile form in my arms, placed her upon a couch in a small closet-like apartment adjoining the one I had first entered. For a long time every means of restoration were vainly tried—but at length my strenuous efforts were rewarded, and the young girl once more unclosed her eyes. But she evidently recognized nothing about her—

those dark and strangely beautiful orbs glared wildly around, while a few broken, incoherent sentences burst from her lips, and as she sunk again upon the pillow the bright fever flushes rushed to her cheek, and I knew that her brain was suffering. Great was her parent's joy that she once more breathed—but my heart was full of sadness, for I could not help feeling that her life was in jeopardy. It was my wish to have a physician summoned, but I knew not how this was to be done, for I dared not leave my charge, and there was no one near to help me. At this moment I heard footsteps in the hall, and quickly opening the door, beheld a boy ascending the stairs. The promise of a piece of silver easily procured his assent to go for the nearest doctor, and accordingly he set off, while re-entering the room I resumed my station by the sick girl's bedside. In a few minutes the physician arrived and my suspicions of the nature of the young girl's disorder were confirmed, for he pronounced it to be a fever of the brain, and said that his patient would require constant watching and careful nursing. The father listened anxiously and attentively to the doctor's words. His countenance fell as he caught the last sentences, though he said not a word. It was not till after giving his prescription, the physician left, promising to call early on the morrow, that he spoke what was passing in his mind.

"'Julie must die!' he said, bowing his head upon his hands, while bitter, hopeless anguish was depicted upon his face, 'for I have no means of obtaining for her the care she needs.' It was all that passed his lips, but it spoke volumes to my heart, and my resolution was instantly taken. I told him that I would not desert his child, that I would continue with her part of the day, and when I was obliged to leave that I would send some one to take my place. Oh, Harry! if you could only have seen how grateful that poor invalid looked! Most amply repaid was I by that glance for whatever I had undertaken. I remained with the sick girl several hours longer, and in the intervals when she slumbered, I had time to observe the appearance of things around me. The furniture was mean and scanty. There were but two chairs in the room, and the carpet was worn almost threadbare. Every thing betokened extreme poverty—but neatness was plainly perceptible in the arrangements of the apartment, and I felt from the appearance of its occupants that they had seen more prosperous days. A book lay upon a table close at hand, I took it up, and discovered it to be a volume of Bryant's poems. On looking over the pages, I found several of the most beautiful passages marked. Upon one of the fly-leaves was written, 'To Julie—from her father.' The book was evidently the young girl's property. There was also a small portfolio of drawings upon the table, which evinced signs of both talent and cultivation. For an hour after the physician's departure the parent of Julie—for by her name I may as well call her—showed little disposition to converse. He seemed exhausted by the emotions of the day—but I knew that though he said nothing, his gaze was often upon me when he imagined that I did not observe him. At last he roused himself to answer some inquiries which I thought it necessary to make. He told me that he was very poor, and that for more than a year, during which his infirmity had appeared and increased, his daughter had maintained him by the proceeds of her needle. He said also that two years previously he had resided at Baltimore as one of its wealthiest merchants—but having failed under circumstances that cast a cloud upon his character, though he was in reality innocent of intentional wrong, he had left the city of his birth and hastened with Julie, his only child, to New York, where he would be sure of never more meeting the scornful gaze of those who had been his friends ere misfortune overlook him. Here he hoped to procure employment—but fate seemed against him. Shortly after his arrival in this city, he was seized with a dangerous illness which left him in his present helpless condition, and his lovely and accomplished child found herself very unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources for her support and that of her invalid parent. Bravely for many months had

she borne the burden, but continued anxiety concerning the means of obtaining life's necessaries had at last done its work—and in the delirium of fever, the fair and noble girl now tossed restlessly upon her bed, a mere wreck of what she had once been.

"This brief sketch of their history, as you may imagine, dear Harry, interested me greatly. And when, at its conclusion, the speaker again expressed his fears for the future and his doubts as to the recovery of his child, for whom he had no power to provide necessary attendance, I again assured him that I would watch over her until she became quite well, and that after this I would endeavor to find some more healthy and suitable employment for her than that in which she had latterly been engaged.

"Toward the close of the afternoon, being desirous of going home for awhile, I dispatched the boy whom I have once before mentioned, for Maggie, that she might supply my place as attendant upon the sick Julie, until evening, when I proposed to bear her company and resume my post at the bedside. She came, and her sympathies were soon all enlisted by the tale which I hurriedly repeated to her. But she decidedly opposed my wish to return—reminded me of my late indisposition, and declaring that I was not strong enough to bear the fatigue of sitting up all night, insisted upon being allowed to exercise her skill as nurse without any other assistance. I thanked her for her consideration, while I felt that she was right. So I left her and proceeded home, where, as you may suppose, I was welcomed most joyfully by little Willie and his sister, who had mourned incessantly over mamma's protracted absence.

"And now, Harry, that I have finished my somewhat lengthy narrative, tell me whether you approve of what I have done and promised to do?"

"Certainly, dearest Alice," replied Mr. Colman, affectionately pressing the little hand that rested within his own, "while you continue to follow, as you have hitherto done, the dictates of your own pure, loving heart, I can never do aught but applaud you. The present objects of your benevolence, are I am sure from the account, well worthy of whatever you may do for them, and I would advise you to persevere in your efforts for their welfare. But you quite forgot to tell me, my dear, if you discovered in your *protégé* the seamstress for whom you were searching."

"No, indeed," she replied, while her countenance wore a look of vexation, "*my* seamstress was a very different sort of a being from this beautiful Julie. Nor do I think that I shall ever discover her, for just before I returned home I made inquiries as to whether a person answering her description lived in that house, and was assured that no one of that name had ever dwelt there. How foolish I was to trust those dresses to an entire stranger."

"And pray what may be the name of the family whose history has interested you so deeply?" asked Mr. Colman.

"The father's name is Malcolm—Walter Malcolm, as he informed me. With the daughter's I believe that I have already acquainted you."

"Walter Malcolm! Julie Malcolm! And you say they are from Baltimore?" As he spoke Mr. Colman's cheek grew suddenly pale, and rising from his seat he paced the apartment with a hasty and agitated step.

"Why, what is the matter, Harry?" exclaimed his wife in a tone of the deepest solicitude, as she sprung to his side, "pray tell me what has moved you thus?" But it was some moments ere he seemed able to reply. At length with emotion he said—

"Alice, what if I were to tell you that this man—this Walter Malcolm is my brother—the brother who in my early youth drove me away from his luxurious home, an orphan and unprotected, to seek my fortune in the wide, wide world?" Alice Colman started and raised her

eyes wonderingly to her husband's face, and after a brief silence he resumed with a sternness unusual to him—

"In that hour, Alice—in that hour of utter desolation, when lonely and uncared for I left my brother's roof forever, a fierce, burning desire for revenge took possession of my soul. In the first bitterness of despair I called upon Heaven to avenge my wrongs. I wished that Walter's wealth might take to itself wings—that one day he might come to me for bread; and I resolved were this ever the case, to give him—a stone! My desire has been fulfilled, and my proud and unfeeling brother is now a beggar at my door!"

He paused—while his wife shuddered and looked appealingly up into his face.

"Harry!" she exclaimed in a low, earnest tone, "you surely do not mean that you will not forgive the sorrow your brother's conduct once caused you—that you will now look exultingly upon his woes, and turn a deaf ear to the wants of his sweet and suffering child?"

The reproving expression of the dear face now anxiously upturned to his, at once recalled the husband to a sense of error, and drawing the form of the beloved one closer to his side, he said—

"Oh! how fervently should I thank Heaven who has given to me such a monitor in the hour of temptation! Pardon me, my Alice, if by giving way to impulse I have wounded your sensitive spirit, and that in the moment when passion held its sway, I slighted the divine lesson of forgiveness, through your influence first impressed upon my soul. Nay, dearest, look not thus surprised, for it was really by your means that the wish to quell the thirst for revenge upon my brother, entered my heart; and if you will listen a few seconds I can explain to you the words that at present may well seem mysterious. You will doubtless remember, Alice, that some months before our marriage, I experienced a severe fit of illness. One pleasant Sabbath evening shortly after I was declared convalescent, I was reclining upon a sofa in the sitting-room at your uncle's residence. My spirits were just then very much depressed—I felt inwardly fretful and uneasy—and as is not uncommon at such a time, many little circumstances which before had been almost forgotten, rose up in my mind, and woke anew in my bosom sensations according to their nature, of pain, anxiety, or indignation. Among other things came forcibly to view the memory of the grievous wrong I had received at the hands of him who should have been a parent to me; and a feeling of the deepest hatred toward my brother stole to my heart, together with a hope that at some future time a chance might be mine of returning him measure for measure of the unkindness which he had so unsparingly dealt out to me.

"At that instant, Alice, you re-entered the room from which you had been a few minutes absent, and at the request of your uncle, opened the family Bible and began your usual Sabbath-evening duty of reading a series of chapters from the holy book. There was a passage in the first which you read that affected me strangely—for it came as a reproof from Heaven delivered to me through the medium of one of earth's angels. It was the following—'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' The sentences awed me, coming upon my ear as they did at a period when my spirit needed the precious warning and rebuke contained in them, and I breathed a silent prayer to Heaven for strength to enable me to heed it. The hour of my trial has arrived, and to-day have I again felt the promptings of the tempter. You cannot imagine with what force these old feelings have been driven back upon my soul, but, Alice, your voice has once more stilled the tempest, and I know that I have passed the ordeal in safety."

Harry Colman ceased, and this time as his gaze met that of his companion he saw that her eyes were full of tears—but they were tears of grateful joy. For a little while there was silence between them, but at length Mr. Colman continued:

"Let me recount to you, Alice, as briefly as possible, a few circumstances connected with my early history. I have never done so before, because the effort was a painful one, and there was no exact necessity for the repetition. As you are aware, I was so unfortunate as to lose my father when I was a mere infant, and my mother lived only till I had attained my twelfth year. I was the child of her second marriage, and she had one son by a previous union who was many years my senior. At the period of my mother's death, my brother, Walter Malcolm, had been married nearly five years, and was now a widower and the father of one little girl, who had just reached her third summer. Upon her death-bed my parent left me beneath his care, desiring Walter to attend to my wants and to be kind and gentle to me when she was no more. As soon as the funeral was over, my brother took me with him to his own dwelling. I was now entirely dependent upon him for maintenance. Walter Malcolm was wealthy, for a large estate had descended to him from his father, who had also left my mother a life-annuity, which while she lived had supported us. At her death I was of course unprovided for, for my own father had possessed no worldly goods to bequeath me. My new home seemed very different to me from the hearth of my early, sunny childhood. I was lonely and desolate—for between Walter and myself brotherly love had never existed. Not that *I* would have denied him his meed—but I was too proud to award the gift that I was confident would never be valued, for my memory could not boast a single instance wherein he had evinced for me the slightest regard. Nay, I even felt that I was an object of dislike to him, though I knew not the cause. During my mother's life I had been greatly indulged, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that I was frequently very wayward. Upon such occasions, a word of love had always been sufficient to control my passionate nature; but when the sweet affectionate tones that ever had power to calm me, were hushed in the tomb, my faults were met by my new guardian with harshness and contempt, and this never failed to rouse a spirit of continued opposition. There was but one voice in my brother's household that ever spoke lovingly to me. It was that of his child—the little Julie. From the first hour of my residence beneath Walter's roof, the little creature had conceived a passionate attachment to me, preferring my presence to that of her nurse or even her father. And, as you may imagine, Alice, I did not slight her proffered affection, and during the three years that we dwelt together the little one was the sole sunbeam upon my shadowed life-path. How gladly did I greet her graceful bounding step! How dear was the sound of her clear ringing laughter as I joined in her sports!—and more precious still were the moments when weary of play, she would steal to my side, and twining her tiny arms about my neck, murmur forth, in lisping accents, her sweet child-like terms of endearment.

"I had reached my fifteenth year when the incident occurred that separated me from my brother. An error was laid to my charge of which I was really guiltless—and as I proudly refused to acknowledge and repair the fault—Walter Malcolm turned me from his dwelling, declaring that thenceforth and forever he disowned me! Time was merely given me to collect a few little articles that I could really call my own—I was not allowed to bid farewell to the child whom I yearned to look upon once more before I went—and so, an outcast, I passed from that stately mansion. Alice, I dare not linger over a description of my sensations in that hour of anguish—for it might perhaps arouse them again within my soul. You know the rest of my history—the circumstance of my adoption by your uncle who was then visiting Baltimore, and first beheld me in a store where I had entered in quest of employment. To him I confided the

facts relating to my former life; he pitied and sympathized with me, and bore me with him to his own home in this city, and from that day was in every respect to the lonely orphan all that a kind and generous parent could be to his only son."

CHAPTER II.

The morning succeeding the events last recorded, at an early hour, Mrs. Colman was on her way to the dwelling of the now destitute and infirm Walter Malcolm. She had new motives for the advancement of her charitable purposes, and her interest in the sick girl had deepened since she knew her to be the one whose infant steps her own husband had guided. Hastening up the stairs she knocked at the door, which was soon opened by Maggie, who looked weary enough with the fatigue of the past night. The young girl had been very restless, she said, and she believed that the fever was rapidly progressing. "But is she not a beautiful creature?" remarked Maggie to her mistress, as she bent over the couch and parted the rich curls from the fevered brow, "ah, ma'am, I have nursed many a one before this in sickness—but never a person whose appearance so won upon me as hers has."

Alice Colman did not wonder at the observation—but as she now glanced round the room she met the gaze of Julie's father, and her morning salutation to him was full of gentleness and sympathy.

Through the whole of that day Mrs. Colman maintained her station in the chamber of sickness and poverty. The physician came at the appointed hour, and gave it as his opinion that Julie was growing rapidly worse and that there were even doubts whether in any case her life would be spared. Oh! how the thought of her dying affected Mrs. Colman.

"Let every thing be done that may be of benefit to her," she said anxiously to the doctor, "spare no expense whatever if you think you can by any means preserve her from the grasp of death. I will be answerable for whatever remuneration you may require."

And not even content with his advice, she sent for her own family physician determined to try all the means she could for the preservation of the life of her husband's niece. She noticed that Walter Malcolm looked very pale all day, but attributed it to anxiety for his daughter. He seemed too languid to converse—but once, as she handed him a glass of water, he said —"Lady, Heaven will reward your kindness to the suffering."

That evening when Alice Colman returned home, her husband surprised her with the intelligence that Walter Malcolm was aware of her relationship to him. Before she went there in the morning, Mr. Colman had advised her on no account to allow his brother to suspect from whom he received the needful aid, for he feared that Walter still entertained against him the old feeling of hatred, and that it would awaken unpleasant emotions in his heart if he knew that the brother he had deserted was now destined to be his chief reliance. But the caution to his wife was unnecessary. Walter Malcolm had made inquiries of Maggie concerning the family to whom he was indebted, and from their minuteness Harry Colman was confident that he had been recognised. And that his brother had not forgotten his former aversion to him he deemed evident from the fact that he had said nothing of his discovery, during the day, to Mrs. Colman. The latter however thought differently. Julie's father had spoken his thanks for that draught of water too earnestly for her to join in her husband's belief, and she expressed her conviction that he repented his past conduct, and that he merely wanted courage to confess his penitence.

But day after day passed on, and yet there was no allusion to the subject on the part of

Walter Malcolm. Meanwhile his daughter had passed the crisis of the fever and was declared convalescent. If the appearance of Julie Malcolm in the hour of delirium had attracted the fancy of Alice Colman and her nurse, how much more were they drawn toward her when her mind was freed from the chains that bound it—for gentle and loving-hearted, her grateful spirit manifested itself in various little touching ways toward those who had watched over her during her dangerous illness. When she grew stronger and was able to enter into conversation, a perfect understanding arose between Mrs. Colman and herself that they were always to be friends. Alice Colman felt that she already loved Julie dearly—and the latter was not slow in returning the affection of one whose timely succor had saved her life. Still the young girl suspected not that they were kindred by law as in heart.

It was soon settled that when Julie became entirely recovered, she should undertake the duties of governess to Mrs. Colman's children, and this new office was to afford her the means of support. A more suitable residence had been sought by Alice Colman for Julie and her father, and they were to remove into it as soon as the former had gained sufficient strength to bear the fatigue. Two more weeks elapsed ere this last project was effected—and they were then comfortably settled in their new abode.

And still there was no sign from Walter Malcolm that he knew of his brother's agency in the change wrought in his affairs. He was now generally reserved when Mrs. Colman was near, and his countenance often wore a deep shade of gloom.

CHAPTER III.

The first day that Julie Malcolm felt equal to the exertion was spent at the house of her new friend, and then it was that for the first time since her childhood, Harry Colman beheld his niece. So strongly impressed upon his mind was the recollection of her early fondness for him, and the soothing influence which her winning, affectionate ways had possessed over his spirit, that had he now obeyed the voice of impulse he would fain have clasped Julie once more to his heart; for though he now looked upon a beautiful and graceful maiden of eighteen, he could scarcely view her in any other light than as the darling child whose caresses had so often comforted him when greeted by every other voice with coldness. Yet recalling the fact that their relationship could not be breathed to her by himself, he was obliged to meet her with the reserve of a perfect stranger. But all formality between them soon vanished, and an hour after their introduction found them conversing together with the ease of old acquaintanceship. Nor had Julie forgotten, in her own frank earnest manner, to thank him again and again for the services his family had rendered her father and herself—while her soft dark eyes filled with tears as she spoke of the debt which by gratitude only she could repay. Harry Colman longed to tell her that *he* was the debtor—and that by his wife's attention to her, Julie had but been rewarded for the love she had accorded him when all other hearts were steeled against him.

Mrs. Colman saw with delight her husband's increasing predeliction for his niece—for by renewing his former affection for Julie, she hoped to make the young girl at some future day, the instrument of reconciliation between the estranged brothers.

The day of Julie's visit to the Colmans was a happy one to all parties. Even little Effie Colman and her brother Willie, though at first rather shy of the lady, who, as they were told, was to initiate them into the mysteries of the primer, had become very fond of her, and were exceedingly loath to let her go when the time appointed for her return home arrived. Then, with

her arms entwined about Julie's neck, little Effie besought her to say when she was coming to them daily—and the following week was accordingly named for the commencement of her career as preceptress to the children.

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CHAPTER IV.

The morning agreed upon by Julie and Mrs. Colman for the beginning of the former's labors arrived, but the young girl did not appear. Knowing well her eagerness to enter upon her new duties—the eagerness of a noble spirit to throw off the yoke of dependence—Alice Colman might well feel anxious at Julie's non-fulfillment of her promise. For the first time a thought crossed her mind that the suspicions of her husband concerning his brother's continued ill-feeling toward him, might be just, and that Walter Malcolm had resolved to oppose his daughter's constant association with them. But not long would she allow herself to imagine thus. Perhaps Julie was ill again—or some unforeseen circumstances had prevented her coming. So Mrs. Colman determined to wait till the following day, when if the object of her solicitude was still absent, and she received no message from her, she felt that she would then be more capable of judging the matter.

It was not until near the close of the afternoon that she was relieved of uncertainty upon the subject by the reception of a note from Julie. The latter stated that her father was very ill of a dangerous fever, brought on, as the physician averred, by distress of mind—and that it was doubtful whether in his enfeebled condition he could live a week longer. She added that only a few hours previously he had informed her that their benefactress was the wife of his brother, and also of the unfeeling treatment which that brother had received from him. And Julie said that from the hour when he had learned the circumstance of their relationship, remorse and the knowledge of his unworthiness to accept assistance from the one whom he had injured, preyed upon her father's spirits, and at last caused the fever that threatened soon to terminate his existence. His last earthly wish now was to see his brother and ask forgiveness of the past—and Julie concluded by begging Mrs. Colman to use all her influence in order to bring her uncle to her parent's couch, if it were possible, that very evening.

And that evening Mr. Colman, accompanied his wife to the abode of Walter Malcolm. The meeting between the brothers was a painful one. There was mingled shame and penitential sorrow on the part of the elder, while the countenance of the younger was expressive of the deepest agitation as he stood by the bedside of him who had cast so dark a cloud upon his youth. Harry Colman had yielded to the entreaties of Alice for this interview, while he felt that it would have been wrong to have denied it—but it was not until he looked upon Walter's pallid face, and heard that once stern and familiar voice supplicating forgiveness, even with the humble avowal that it was undeserved, that the lingering spark of resentment was entirely extinguished within his breast—and when he breathed the much-desired word of pardon they were truly heart-felt.

And by returning good for evil he had indeed "heaped coals of fire" upon the head of his brother.

"From your birth, Harry, you were the object of my bitterest envy and hatred," was the confession of Walter Malcolm, "for upon you was freely lavished the love of that mother whose affection I had never possessed. She had been forced by her family into a union with my father while her heart was another's—and when her husband died and she was free to wed

again, she married the one who had first gained her regard. This was the key to your superior claim upon our mother's love. I will not now blame her for the wrong of partiality, though it was the basis of my demeanor toward yourself. I should have had sufficient strength of mind to have resisted its influence—but in this I was sadly deficient. To the last hour of her life my mother's chief thought was of you. Yes, even in her dying moments her principal anxiety was for *your* future happiness, while there was but little reference to the welfare of her eldest child. When she was no more, and you came to dwell beneath my roof, I scrupled not openly to show the sentiments which during our parent's life-time I was obliged to conceal. And I had now an additional cause of dislike. I secretly accused you of robbing me of the affection of my little girl, who, as you will perhaps remember, always manifested a decided preference for your society. I did not reflect that my manner toward her was often cold and distant, and widely different from your own; and with such feelings of jealousy concerning you in my heart, it was scarcely to be wondered that I seized the first opportunity of ridding myself of your presence. Though I knew you to be guiltless of the fault for which I blamed you, I drove you from my dwelling, refusing from that moment to own you as a brother. Nor did I then experience the least remorse for the act—and during the years that followed I strove to forget that you had ever existed.

"It was only within the past twelvemonth, when surrounded by poverty, and the victim of an incurable malady, that as I lay restlessly upon my bed, the memory of my cruel conduct toward my innocent brother has pressed heavily upon my mind. Often have I busied my brain with vain conjectures respecting your fate—whether you still lived—and if you had escaped the whirlpool of crime and sin within which the young and unadvised are but too frequently engulfed. When I thought, as I sometimes did, that you might have fallen—my sensations were those of the most acute anguish, for I felt that the sin would all be mine, and that at the judgment day I should be called to the throne of God to hear him pronounce the fearful penalty for the murder of a brother's soul.

"At length, through the illness of my daughter, who was very unexpectedly thrown upon the benevolence of your wife, I obtained from your servant some information concerning the family to whom I owed so much, and discovered in the hand stretched forth to aid my child, the wife of my discarded brother. It would be vain to attempt a description of my emotions as I learned this fact. Joy that you were not forever lost, predominated—and then was added shame, and a consciousness of my own unworthiness to receive the benefits which henceforth you daily conferred upon me, as I felt that you must have recognized me—for I had given to your wife an account of my previous life. Each successive service lavished upon my family by your own, sunk like a weight of lead upon my heart, while as I saw how generously you repaid me for the evil I had committed against you, I longed to cast myself at your feet and supplicate forgiveness. But one thought deterred me. It was the fear that you might deem me actuated by interested motives—by the desire to leave my daughter at my death under the care of her now wealthy uncle. And so, for a time, I set aside the yearning for a reconciliation. But it returned with double force when this, which I know will be my last illness, came upon me, and I felt that I could not die happily without hearing from your lips a pardon for my misdeed."

The weeping Julie had stood by the bedside listening attentively as her father spoke, one hand resting affectionately in her uncle's, while the other was clasped in that of his wife. Though scarcely six years old when Harry Colman was dismissed from his brother's house, she had ever retained a vivid recollection of the event. She remembered how passionately she had wept when told by her nurse that she would probably never again behold her favorite, and how indignant she had felt when they said that it was owing to his own naughty conduct he had

been sent away—while her ignorance of the fact that her uncle's name was not the same as her father's prevented a recognition of him when they again met.

Walter Malcolm survived a week after the scene just described. Having made his peace with earthly objects, his last hours were devoted to solemn preparations for a future state, looking trustfully for the mercy of Him who listens kindly to the prayer of the penitent. His brother was constantly with him till his eyes were forever closed in the death-slumber; and from the day when the remains of her father were borne to their last resting-place, the orphan Julie found a home with her uncle, to whose pleasant hearth she was lovingly welcomed, while by every kind and sympathizing attention her relatives strove to alleviate the sorrow for a parent's loss, which at first seemed almost insupportable.

THE UNSEPULCHRED RELICS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"Far out of the usual course of vessels crossing that ocean, they discovered an unknown island, covered with majestic trees. The captain, with a portion of the crew, went on shore, and after traversing its entire circumference without seeing a solitary representative of the animal kingdom, were about to return to their ship, when the skeleton of a man was found upon the beach, and beside it lay a partially constructed boat."

Bleaching upon the sands that pave
An unknown islet strand,
Where surges bear from mermaid cave
The music of her band,
A clayey temple's ruin lies—
Of that grand pile a part
Whereon the Architect Divine
Displayed His wondrous art;
Its tenant long since hath obeyed
The summons to depart.

Mysterious, as dire, the doom
That cast a death-scene where
Deep solitude converts to gloom
What else were brightly fair:
Perchance wild waves that made a wreck
Of some ill-fated bark,
Giving his valiant comrades all
To feast the rav'nous shark,
Swept hither this lone mariner,
For misery a mark.

Yon half-completed boat his lot
In mournful tones doth tell;
With what assiduous zeal he wrought
Upon that tiny cell,
Which promised o'er the billows broad
The worn one to convey
Within compassion's genial realm,
Where woes find sweet allay;
'Twere better e'en the sea should whelm
Than thus with want hold fray.

Believe you not that in his pain,
His agony of soul,
Flew o'er the dark engirding main
The thoughts which spurn control?
Abiding with the cherished ones
Who blest a far-off home;
O how his sinking spirit yearned
To view once more that dome;
To hear young voices gayly shout
For joy that he had come.

He mused how love with pining frame
Her grief-fount would exhaust,
As on time's laggard wing there came
No tidings of the lost.
Ah! who may speak the bitter pangs
That exile's bosom knew.
As, day by day, and hour by hour,
Faint, and yet fainter, grew
The hope that erst had nerved him on
His labor to pursue.

To ply their wonted task, at length,
Refused his weary hands;
His form was stretched, bereft of strength.
Upon the burning sands.
Haply his latest wish besought
'Mong kindred dead to lie;
But fate denied the boon, and death
Seized him 'neath stranger sky;
While mercy drew a mystic veil
'Twixt him and friendship's eye.

REMINISCENCES OF A READER.

BY THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

Oh! the times will never be again
As they were when we were young,
When Scott was writing "Waverlies,"
And Moore and Byron sung;
When "Harolds," "Giaours" and "Corsairs" came
To charm us every year,
And "Loves" of "Angels" kissed Tom's cup,
While Wordsworth sipped small beer.

When Campbell drank of Helicon,
And didn't *mix* his *liquor*;
When Wilson's strong and steady light
Had not begun to flicker;
When Southey, climbing piles of books,
Mouthed "Curses of Kehama;"
And Coleridge, in his opium dreams,
Strange oracles would stammer;

When Rodgers sent his "Memory,"
Thus hoping to delight all,
Before he learned his mission was
To give "feeds" and invite all;
When James Montgomery's "weak tea" strains
Enchanted pious people,
Who didn't mind poetic *haze*,
If through it loomed a *steeple*.

When first reviewers teamed to show
Their judgment without mercy;
When Blackwood was as young and lithe
As now he's old and pursy;
When Gifford, Jeffrey, and their clan,
Could fix an author's doom,
And Keats was taught how well they knew
To kill *à coup de plume*.

Few womenfolk were rushing then
To the Parnassian mount,
And seldom was a teacup dipped
In the Castalian fount;
Apollo kept no *pursuivant*,
To cry out "*Place aux Dames*:"
In life's round game they held GOOD *hands*,
And didn't strive for *palms*.

Oh! the world will never be again
What it was when we were young,
And shattered are the idols now
To which our boyhood clung;
Gone are the *giants* of those days,
For whom our wreaths we twined,
And *pigmies* now *kick up a dust*
To show the *march of mind*.

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Power, consequence, importance, greatness, are relative terms; they denote position or attainment, comparable with some other. And hence a queen is a queen at the head of a band of gipsies as much as if she sat upon a throne, at the head of a nation whose morning drum beats an eternal *reveille*. It was therefore, and for another cause yet to be told, that I lifted my hat with particular deference when I opened suddenly upon the head woman of a gipsy tribe, as I was passing through a small piece of woodland. Though, truth to say, I had been looking at her for some time, an hour previous, as she was giving some directions to one or two of her ragged and dirty train. Now I had known that woman in other circumstances. I had seen her in the family, had heard her commended by the men for her graceful movements, and berated by the women for exhibiting those movements to the men, and being as free with her tongue in presence of her female superiors as she had been with her feet before her male admirers. But neither the admiration of the men nor the rebuke of the women produced any effect. All that this woman received from a long sojourn with the people of the village, was a little loss of the darkness of the skin, and a pretty good understanding of the wants and weaknesses of society. Everybody knew that she had been left in exchange for a healthful child—and some years before it had been discovered that the healthful child would be worth nothing to the gipsies, and the gipsy girl would, at the first opportunity, return to her "brethren and kindred according to the flesh." And such was the skill which she manifested on her return, such her ability to direct, such her knowledge of the wants of the villagers, and her power to take advantage of these wants, that she became the head of the tribe with which she was associated, and might have directed numerous tribes, could they have been collected for her guidance.

I could not learn that there was much of a story connected with the life of the queen, much indeed that would interest the general reader. But she was a woman—and her heart, a mystery to the uninitiated, would, if exposed, have been worth a world's perusal. A woman's heart—alas! how few are admitted to loose the seals and open that secret volume! How very few could understand the revelation if it were made. I could not, I confess; and it is only when a peculiar light is thrown upon here and there a pace, that I can acquire even a partial knowledge of what is manifested. The Queen of the Gipsies, though elevated by right, and sustained by knowledge, was no less a woman than a queen. She could and did command male and female, old and young. She was treated with all that marked distinction which, even among her rude people, continues to be paid to preeminence. And while she sought to do the best for all, she received all this homage with that ease, and that apparent absence of wonder, which denote the right to distinction—this was a part of her queenly character admirably sustained, natural, easy, dignified. But the queen was a *woman*. I had heard her give orders, which sent certain of the most active of the young, male and female, to the other side of the village, and then she gave employment to the old and the young in the moving hamlet, and seeing the first depart, and the last busy, she left the camp, and took her way through the wood. I followed her and traced her rapid steps to the burying-ground of the town, which stood a distance from any dwelling.

Seating myself out of view, I saw the queen walk directly to a recently sodded grave, upon which she looked down for a moment, and then clasping her hands wildly above her head she threw herself with a subdued cry upon the grave. I was too far from her to distinguish all the words of her lament, but they were wild and agonizing.

After a short time the woman arose, and said with a distinct, clear voice, "With thee and for thee I could have endured the mockery of their boasted civilization, and suffered the ceremonies of their tame creed. With thee and for thee I would have foregone my native tribe and my hereditary rights. So persuasive was thy affection that I could have forgotten—or at least would not have boasted—that I was of the glorious race that knows no manacles of body or of mind, but what it chooses to impose. But thou art gone, and with thee all my attraction to the idle, wearisome life of thy race. I have returned to my people, and I may lead them, and power and activity may for a time weaken my agony. I need no longer sacrifice my love for my race—but yet one sacrifice I will make, and thy grave shall be the altar. With thee my heart is buried. To thee do I here swear an eternal fidelity—and year by year will I lead my tribe hither, that I may pour out my anguish upon the sod that rises above thee. And I may hope that such devotion may lead the spirit that made our race for future happiness as for present freedom, to give thee back to me when I enter on my world of changeless love and glorious recompense."

Kneeling again, the Gipsy Queen kissed the grave, and gathered a few blades of grass and one or two flowers, shook away the tears which she had let fall upon them, and placing them in her bosom turned and left the burying-place, and proceeded toward the camp. I left my position by the other route, and passing through the wood I met her. Her face was cleared from every cloud, no trace of a tear was evident; she had prepared herself to meet her party in a way to excite no inquiry.

THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

The little that I knew of the Gipsy Queen previous to that day, and what was told me by one who had lived in the village very long, I have set down. I never saw her after I passed her in the woods. But she made an impression on my mind that will not be easily removed. And she bore in her heart motives for action which few but herself and me will ever know.

THE BROTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

One moment more, beneath the old elm, Mary,
Where last we parted in the flowing dell—
One moment more through twilight tints that vary,
To gaze upon thy grave, and then, farewell!
Ere from this spot, and these loved scenes I sever,
Where still thy lovely spirit seems to stray—
One look—to fix them on my soul forever—
And then away!

Mary, I know my steps should now be shrinking
From this sad spot—but on my mournful gaze
A scene floats up that sets my soul to thinking
On all the dear delights of other days!
I'm gazing on the little foot-bridge yonder
Thrown o'er the stream whose waters purl below,
Where I so oft have seen thee pause and ponder,
Leaning thy white brow on thy hand of snow.
I'm standing on the spot where last we parted,
Where, as I left thee in the fragrant dell,
I saw thee turn so oft—half broken-hearted—
Waving thy hand in token of farewell.
I start to meet thy footstep light and airy—
But—the cold grass waves o'er thy sweet young head;
Would that the shroud that wraps thy fair form, Mary,
Wrapped mine instead!

In vain my heart its bitter thoughts would parry,
An adder's grasp about its chords seem curled,
For you were all I ever thought of, Mary—
Were all I doted on in this wide world!
And yet, I'd sigh not while thy fate I ponder,
Did memory only bring thee to my eyes
Pale as thou sleepest in the church-yard yonder—
Or as an angel dazzling from the skies!
I then at least could treasure each sweet token
Of thy pure love—and in life's mad'ning whirl
Steel my crushed heart—had not thine own been broken,
Poor hapless girl!

But, Mary—Mary, when I think upon thee,

As when I last beheld thee in thy pride—
And on the fate—oh God!—to which he won thee—
I curse the hour that sent me from your side!
Oh why wert thou so richly, strangely gifted
With mortal loveliness beyond compare?
The look of love beneath thy lashes lifted—
Its fatal sweetness was to thee a snare!
Yet sleep, my sister—I will not upbraid thee—
Thou wert too sweet—too innocently dear;
But he—the exulting demon who betrayed thee—
He lives, he lives, and I am loitering here!
Even now some happier fair one's chains may bind him
In dalliance sweet—but I'll avenge thee well!
Avenge thee?—Yes! a brother's curse will find him,
Though he should dive into the deeps of hell!
I swear it, sister—as thou art forgiven—
By all our wrongs—by all our severed ties,
And by the blessedness of yon blue heaven,
That gives its world of azure to mine eyes!
By all my love—by every sacred duty
A brother owes—and by yon heaving sod,
Thine early grave—and by thy blighted beauty,
Thou sweetest angel in the realms of God!
I swear it, by the bursting groans I smother,
And call on Heaven and thee to nerve me now.
Mary, look down!—behold thy wretched brother,
And bless the vow!

Sister, my soul its last farewell is taking,
And I for this had thought it nerved to-night,
But every chord about my heart seems breaking,
And blinding tears shut out the glimmering sight.
One look—one last long look to hill and meadow—
To the old foot-bridge and the murmuring mill,
And to the church-yard sleeping in the shadow—
Cease tears—and let these fond eyes look their fill!
One look—and now farewell ye scenes that vary
Beneath the twilight shades that round me flow!
The charm that bound my wild heart here, was Mary—
And she lies low!

SONNET TO MACHIAVELLI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MAMIANI.

Thou mighty one, whose winged words of yore
Have spread on history's page Italia's wars,
The sad mischances of intestine jars,
Like beacons blazing where the breakers roar.
Still canst thou glance out civil discords o'er?
Some solace for us canst thou not divine?
Canst thou not oil on troubled waters pour,
And soothe each petty tyrants ruthless mind?
Why else unveil the falsehood of our land,
Which sees not why its tale thou deign'st to tell?
Why else didst thou with an unsparing hand
Make bare the wounds whose angry scars will tell
The lasting shame of ignomy's brand,
All petrified at history's command?

THE DARSIES.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

> *Don Pedro.* I pray you, hold me not responsible for all these travelers' tales. I am but the mouthpiece of others: therefore, if I question the infallibility of the Pope, summon me not before the Inquisition; if I speak treason against the king, clap me not up in the Tower; and if I utter heresy against the ladies, let me not be flayed alive by the nails of enraged damsels. OLD PLAY.

"There is no use in wasting words, Cousin Charles; you never can persuade me that men love more devotedly than women."

"How can you be so unreasonable, Anne? I only want to convince you that affection being an essential part of woman's nature, she cannot help loving something or somebody all her life. The most she does, even in her most intense devotion, is to *individualize* the general sentiment which pervades her character; but when men love, they actually take up a new nature, and concentrate upon it all their strength of mind and force of character."

"You have certainly a droll method of reasoning, cousin; because women are *loving* creatures, therefore they cannot love as well as the rougher sex."

"You are willful, Anne, and are determined not to understand me. I mean that love is usually a habitude with women, while with men, if it exists at all, it is a positive, determinate thing—a graft, as it were, upon their sturdy natures, and partaking therefore of the strength of the stock which nourishes it."

"How can you say so when men are always in love, from the time they quit the nursery until they are gray-headed, or *married*?"

"Such attachments are mere fancies."

"Pray, how is one to distinguish between a fancy and a fact in so delicate a matter?"

"It is difficult to decide at first, because in their inceptive state they are much alike; but time is the true test. A fancy, a mere intoxication of the senses, is scarce worth talking about; but in a genuine manly love there is a depth, a fervor, a disinterestedness, a devotion, such as woman can never feel—nay, which they can rarely appreciate."

"Heresy—rank heresy—Cousin Charles. I appeal to Uncle Lorimer, who has heard our whole discussion, if you do not deserve excommunication with 'bell, book and candle,' for holding such opinions."

The cousins were sitting together in the twilight, and, as the shadows of evening deepened around them, the light of the soft-coal fire in the polished grate gave a beautifully cheerful look of home comfort to the pleasant apartment. An old gentleman, whose silver hair glittered in the fire-light, had been sitting in the chimney-nook, and, thus appealed to by his merry niece, he smiled good-humoredly as he replied—

"If you submit the dispute to me, I must decide against both."

"Why so?"

"Because you are both too generalizing in your remarks. In this work-a-day world of ours there is a daily and hourly need of the tender, watchful, kindly ministry of sympathy and affection; now the peculiar attributes of woman's nature are such as fit her for this ministry; and whether it be a mere habitude or not, it is the quality most needed by men and most generally possessed by women."

Anne clapped her hands, and looked triumphantly at her cousin; but Uncle Lorimer continued—

"I must agree with Charles, however, that when men give out their whole strength to a genuine affection, it is a more unselfish, magnanimous and higher emotion than ever could dwell in the bosom of woman. The same qualities which make her the gentler half of man mingle their leaven in her affections. For instance, a woman will make any sacrifice for one whom she loves, she will bear all kinds of privation and suffering for his sake, but earth holds not the creature more pitilessly exacting of affection than she is, or more jealously awake to every whisper of distrust. Another weakness in her character is vanity; and I must confess I never yet found a woman so much in love with her lover, that she would not curl her hair and dress in her best to meet the eyes of other men."

"Oh! uncle. You are worse than Charles."

"But perhaps you will like to hear my whole opinion, Anne. I have said that women possess most of the quality which is required in daily life; as I am not one of those who pretend to despise *good habits* because they are not *heroic virtues*, I think you ought to be satisfied with my decision."

"But you attribute so much nobler a quality to men."

"That is true, but let me comfort you by just whispering in your ear, that not one man in a thousand is capable of such an affection. True sentiment is the rarest thing upon earth. To use the language of your favorite poet—

> Accident, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving,

often bring together hearts which habit afterward keeps united. Few, very few, create an ideal in their youth and see it substantialize into a reality as life goes on. Still fewer of those men who are capable of real love ever bestow its treasures upon one who can appreciate them. I think I have never known a single instance of such an attachment being reciprocated and rewarded."

"Did you ever know more than one man who possessed this faculty of loving, uncle?"

"In the course of my long life I have known *three*; and if you choose I will tell you the history of one of these, to prove my theory.

"Among my earliest school friends and playmates were Edgar and Herbert Darsie. They were twin-brothers, the only children of a widow, whom I remember as a tall, pale lady in close mourning, which she never laid aside till the day of her death. There was little of that resemblance between the twins which generally makes the pleasant puzzle of mothers and nurses in similar cases; for, though alike in feature and height, and even in their peculiarity of gait and manner, yet Edgar had the fair complexion, blue eyes, and light silken hair of his mother; while Herbert's olive complexion, dark eyes, and curling black locks betrayed the French blood which he derived from his father. They were cheerful, happy-tempered boys, and possessed a certain natural sweetness of manner, which made them universal favorites with old and young. Their mother lived in the retired but handsome style which, in those days, was considered the proper mode of showing respect for the memory of a husband. She kept up the establishment exactly as it had been during Mr. Darsie's life, and seemed to find her only pleasure in doing precisely as he would have wished. She was apparently in the enjoyment of a handsome income, kept her carriage, and had a number of servants, while the house and grounds exhibited taste as well as no stint of expense.

"The boys were about twelve years of age, when an accident happened to Herbert, which, though apparently slight at first, finally led to the most disastrous consequences. While

skating, he fell and received some injury, which, after months of suffering, finally developed itself in an incurable disease of the spine, entailing upon him a life-time of pain, and branding him with frightful deformity. The tall, lithe, graceful boy, whose step had been as light and free as the leap of the greyhound, was now a dwarfed and distorted cripple. As soon as he was able to leave his sick-room, Mrs. Darsie placed Edgar at boarding-school, and sailed for Europe, with the intention of giving Herbert the benefit of all the modern discoveries in medicine. She designed to be absent a year, but, led on by fallacious hopes, she traveled farther, and remained much longer than she had anticipated. Three years elapsed before her return, and to all appearance Herbert had derived little benefit from the various experiments to which he had been subjected. He was still dependent on his crutch, and his gnarled and stunted figure presented a pitiable contrast to the tall and well-knit form of his brother. But his health was somewhat improved; his paroxysms of pain were less frequent, and he could now enjoy weeks of comparative ease and comfort.

"The brothers had early been remarkable for their affection for each other, and their unbroken concord, but their long separation had not been without its effect upon them. Edgar was gay, active, volatile, and not destitute of a leaven of selfishness; while Herbert had become grave, quiet, gentle in manner, and most thoughtful and considerate for others. To him suffering had been a teacher of all good things, and the misfortune of being cut off from fellowship with the world had taught him to find resources within himself. He could not and did not expect Edgar to sympathize in all his tastes, for he was conscious that their paths must henceforth be divided ones. He schooled himself to overcome the pang which this reflection gave to his sensitive spirit, and tried to find in his brother's enjoyments of outer life, a pleasure which he could only receive from the reflection of another's joy.

"Soon after their return from Europe, Mrs. Darsie received into her family the orphan child of a poor clergyman, partly from charity, partly with a view to furnish a companion and attendant for Herbert. Jessie Graham was a pale, delicate-looking child, about twelve years old, when she took up her abode with her benefactress. Her thin and almost transparent cheek, her bloodless lips, and large gray, timid-looking eyes, spoke of fragile health, and of a certain shyness of character which might be the result of early anxieties, or perhaps denoted feebleness of mind and indecision. But she was a sweet-tempered, gentle little girl, and her compassion for Herbert's melancholy condition soon dissipated her shyness toward him, though to every one else, even to Mrs. Darsie, she was as timid as a startled fawn.

"To divert his lonely hours Herbert undertook her instruction. He was but a boy of fifteen, but sorrow had given him the stability of manhood; and never did a more discreet, tender, and watchful Mentor attempt the training of a female mind. Jessie was docile and intelligent, quickly acquiring every thing which called forth the perceptive faculties, but utterly incapable of abstract reasoning or profound reflection. Her mind possessed a certain activity, and a kind of feminine patience that enabled her to do full credit to her teacher, without ever attaining to his high reach of thought. To cultivate her mental powers, to impart to her a portion of his accomplishments, and to train her moral sense, now became Herbert's chief occupation. That such employment of heart and mind saved him from bitterness and misanthropy there can be no doubt; but whether he did not pay dearly for his exemption we shall see in the sequel.

"Time passed on without making any great change in the affairs of the Darsies. Edgar went through college rather because it was necessary to a gentlemanly education than from any love for study, and, immediately after graduating, he set off on the tour of Europe. In the meantime Herbert continued to lead his usual quiet life, driving out in his low pony-carriage every day,

teaching Jessie all she would learn, and surrounding himself with pictures of his own painting in the intervals of his severer studies.

"It was on the anniversary of their birth—the day they attained their twenty-first year—that the brothers again met upon their own hearth-stone. Mrs. Darsie's health had begun to fail, and Edgar, at Herbert's suggestion, had unwillingly torn himself from the enjoyments of Parisian life to return to his quiet home. He found his mother sadly changed, and evidently suffering from the insidious disease which so slowly saps the foundations of health and life. Herbert, like all deformed persons, had early lost the freshness of youth, and he was not surprised, therefore, to find him looking at least ten years older than himself, but he was astonished at the intellectual beauty which seemed to radiate from his noble countenance. To the shapeless form of a stunted tree he united the head of a demi-god. The beauty of his classical features, the splendor of his deep, dark eyes, and rich glossy hair curling in heavy masses round his temples, gave him the appearance of a magnificently sculptured head joined on to some distorted torso.

"But if Edgar was startled at the change in his mother and brother, how was he amazed and bewildered when he saw Jesse Graham! The pale, puny, frightened-looking little girl had expanded into one of the very loveliest of women. At eighteen Jessie had all that delicate yet fresh beauty which a painter would select as his model for a youthful Hebe. "A rose crushed upon ivory" was not too extravagant a simile for her cheek; her lips were like the berry of the mountain-ash; and her eyes so soft, so tender, with just enough of their former shyness to make them always seem appealing in their expression, were like nothing else on earth."

"You are extravagant, Uncle Lorimer; pray how did you avoid falling in love with such a creature?" asked Anne, saucily.

"By the best of all preventives—*pre-occupation*. But my story has to do with others, not with me. Soon after Edgar's return, his mother took an opportunity to inform him of her plans with regard to Jessie. She had watched the progress of Herbert's attachment to his young pupil, and she believed it to be fully reciprocated by the docile girl. She had, therefore, as she thought, fully provided for Herbert's future happiness; and, lest Edgar should be attracted by Jessie's loveliness, she hastened to tell him that in the beautiful orphan he beheld his brother's future wife. Mrs. Darsie was a weak woman, though kind-hearted and affectionate. She proceeded to inform Edgar how the idea first came into her head—how she had told Herbert of it—how she had been at first shocked at the thought of sacrificing Jessie's youthful loveliness to such a union—how she discovered his secret love even from his heroic self-denial—how she had finally succeeded in persuading him that Jessie really loved him better than any one in the world—and how he had at last consented to entertain the hope and belief that Jessie might become his wife without repugnance. To Edgar's very natural question, whether Jessie was really willing to marry Herbert, his mother replied that as yet Jessie knew nothing of their plans, Herbert having forbidden her to use her influence in the matter, being determined that if he won Jessie, it should be through her own free and unbiased will.

"Whether it arose from that perverseness in human nature, which teaches men to value a thing just in proportion to its difficulty of attainment, or whether Jessie's loveliness was irresistible to a man of Edgar's temperament, I cannot determine; but certain it is, that from that time he looked upon her with far different eyes than he had at first regarded her. Edgar was precisely the kind of man who is always successful with women. His talents and accomplishments were all of the most superficial kind, but he danced well, sung beautifully, played the guitar gracefully, and withal was exceedingly handsome. His voice was perfect

music, and when he bent down in a half-caressing manner over a lady's chair, flinging back his bright, silken hair, and gazing in her face with eyes full of dangerous softness, while his rich voice took the sweetest tone of deference and heart-felt emotion, it was next to impossible for any woman to resist his fascinations."

"Was his character a perfectly natural one, uncle, or was this exquisite manner the result of consummate art?"

"It was natural to him to wish to please, and he aided his natural attractions by a certain devotedness of manner, which made each individual to whom he addressed himself *appropriate* his tenderness as her own right. Jessie had lived in such close seclusion that she knew nothing of the world or its ways. It is probable that had Herbert asked her to become his wife before the return of Edgar, she would have easily consented, for she certainly loved him very dearly, and long habit of associating with him had accustomed her to his deformity. To her he was not the shapeless dwarf, whose crippled limbs scarce bore the weight of his crooked body. He had been her ideal of excellence—the friend, the Mentor who had made her orphaned life a blessing, and she could imagine no stronger, deeper affection than that which he had long since inspired.

"But after Edgar had been at home a few months, she was conscious of a great change in her feelings. She loved Herbert as well as ever, but she had learned the existence of another kind of affection. Edgar's sweet words and honied flatteries were unlike any thing she had ever heard before, and unconscious of any disloyalty to Herbert, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of this new sensation of happiness.

"Herbert was tried almost beyond his strength, for it was when his mother lay on what was soon to be her death-bed that he first suspected the fatal truth respecting his brother and Jessie. A lingering illness, protracted through many weeks (during which time Herbert was his mother's constant companion, while Edgar enjoyed the opportunity of unrestrained companionship with Jessie,) finally terminated in Mrs. Darsie's death; and, as Herbert closed her eyes, he could not but feel that sinking of the heart which told him that he was now alone upon earth. Immediately after his mother's funeral he was taken alarmingly ill, and for several days his life was considered in imminent danger. It was not until his recovery that he again saw Jessie Graham, who, in compliance with the world's notions of decorum, had left the home of her childhood on the decease of her benefactress. She had found her temporary abode in the family of a friend in the neighborhood, and Herbert's sick-bed had known no other attendance than that of the housekeeper and servants. In his first interview with Jessie after his convalescence, he drew from her a confession, or rather an admission of her love for Edgar. The manner in which she confided this to him—the frank, sisterly feeling which seemed to animate her, stung him to the heart. But he possessed great self-command, and Jessie never suspected the actual state of *his* feelings while she confided to him her own.

"As soon as practicable after Herbert's recovery, his mother's will was opened, and then arose a new subject of wonder and dissatisfaction. No one but Mrs. Darsie and her lawyer had known that she had been merely in the enjoyment of a life interest in her fortune; but it was now ascertained that her husband's estate had been very trifling, and that her large income was the product of a handsome fortune bequeathed to Herbert by an old uncle, in consideration of his physical misfortunes. The yearly product was given to Mrs. Darsie during her life, but at her death the whole reverted to Herbert. His father's property, amounting only to a few thousand dollars, was bequeathed solely to Edgar, and a legacy of five hundred dollars, (to purchase her wedding-dress, as the will stated,) marked the testator's wishes regarding her protégé, Jesse

Graham. Every body was surprised at this development, but no one more so than the brothers. Why their mother had left them in such close ignorance of their affairs, it is impossible to say, but they certainly had no suspicion of the facts until they were thus legally made known.

"One of the first wishes of Herbert's heart was to see Jessie placed in her proper position, and he therefore nerved himself to speak to Edgar on the subject. What was his surprise, therefore, when his brother treated the whole thing as a boyish affair, and avowed his determination to spend his pittance (as he termed it) abroad, and then to repair his fortunes by a wealthy marriage! If ever the gentle spirit of Herbert entertained a feeling of abhorrence for any living creature, it was at that moment. His own hopes had been ruthlessly blighted, and Jessie's heart estranged from him, merely to gratify a *boyish fancy*!

"What he suffered, and what he felt, however, it is not for me to attempt describing. He had garnered up all his treasures of affection in Jessie and his brother. Now Jessie was lost to him, and Edgar was a villain. How he, with his delicate sensibility, his high sense of honor, and his stern principles of duty, must have suffered, I leave you to imagine. But his love for Jessie conquered all other feelings. He knew that her happiness depended on her union with Edgar, for she was precisely that kind of character, which, though infirm of purpose in the outset, yet have a certain tenacity of feeling when once a decision has been made for them. He revolved many schemes in his mind before he could form a practicable one, and at last he suffered his frank and candid nature to lead him with its usual directness to his object. He asked Edgar to be more explicit in his confidences, and when Edgar declared that had he been the heir of wealth he would gladly make Jessie his wife, but that nothing would ever induce him to tie himself down to a life of privation and poverty, Herbert's decision was at once made. He proposed dividing his income with Edgar, on condition that his brother should marry Jessie, and reside in the home of their childhood, while he himself should travel into distant lands. But Edgar, with the quick-sightedness of selfishness, saw how deeply Herbert's soul was interested in the matter. Pretending a jealousy of his brother's influence over Jessie—a jealousy of which he declared himself ashamed, yet which he could not subdue—he said that if he had the means he would marry Jessie, and take her far from all her early associations, but that he would never let her live in Herbert's house, or in a place where she might at any time be subject to his visits.

"Pained as he was by this appearance of distrust, Herbert's conscience accused him of cherishing a wicked love for one who was about to become his brother's wife, and he therefore submitted meekly to this new trial. What terms were finally decided upon could only be known at that time to the two brothers.

"Six months after Mrs. Darsie's death Edgar was united to Jessie Graham, in the little village church, and immediately after the ceremony, the wedding-party left for New York, from whence they sailed a few days afterward for Havre.

"Herbert dismissed the greater part of the servants, shut up all except one wing of the large house, sold off the carriage and horses, (reserving only the little pony-carriage, without which he would have been deprived of all means of locomotion,) and restricted his expenses within such narrow limits, that people began to consider him mean and miserly. He withdrew entirely from society, and lived more utterly alone than ever. His books, his pictures, his music, were now his only companions. Yet he did not forget that earth held those to whom even he might minister. The door of the poorest cottages often opened to admit the distorted form of the benefactor and friend, but the sunlight on the rich man's threshold was never darkened by his shapeless shadow.

"Edgar Darsie went to Paris with his beautiful wife, and there he lived in luxury and

splendor, surrounded by every thing that could minister to his love of pleasure. Only himself and one other, the lawyer who had drawn up the papers, knew whence his wealth was derived. Even Jessie never suspected that Herbert was living with the closest economy in order that the poor should not suffer from the lavish generosity which had induced him to secure to his brother more than three-fourths of his whole income as a bribe to insure her happiness.

"Ten years passed away, dragging their weary length with the lonely and suffering Herbert, winging their way on golden pinions to Edgar, weaving their mingled web of dark and bright to the womanly heart of Jessie. She had witnessed the changes of a fickle nature in her husband—she had learned to endure indifference, and to meet with fitful affection from him—she had borne children, and laid them sorrowing in the bosom of mother earth—she had drunk of the cup of pleasure and found bitterness in its dregs; and now she stood a weeping mourner beside the dying bed of that faithless but still beloved husband. Edgar Darsie had inherited his mother's disease, together with her beauty. His excesses had hastened the period of its development, and ten years after his marriage he was withering like grass before the hunter's fire, beneath the touch of consumption. Day after day he faded—his stately form became bowed, his bright face changed, his silken locks fell away from his hollow temples. Health was gone, and beauty soon departed.

"With the approach of death came old memories thronging about his heart, and filling his sick chamber with fantasies and spectres of long by-gone days. "Take me home! take me home!" was the bitter cry. But his "*home-wo*" came too late. Never again would he leave his bed until he was carried to the house appointed for all living. At the first tidings of his illness Herbert had sailed for Havre, and traveled with all speed to Paris; but when he arrived there his heart failed him. He remembered Edgar's avowed jealousy of him, and the wild, fierce joy which thrilled his heart when he found himself once more near to Jessie, taught him that he was not entirely guiltless toward his brother. He accordingly took lodgings in the same hotel, that he might be near Edgar, in case he should wish to see him, well knowing that the mode of life in Paris secured him the most perfect privacy. He made known his present abode to a certain business-agent, through whose hands letters had usually been sent to him from Paris, and thus he received from Jessie's hand constant tidings of his brother's condition.

"But this state of things could not last long. His impatience to be with Edgar led him to seize upon the first faint intimation of a wish to see him, and he soon found himself welcomed with tears of joy by Jessie while Edgar thanked him with his eyes—those tender eyes—for his thoughtful kindness in coming without waiting for a summons. During three months Herbert shared with Jessie her care and watchfulness over the invalid. All the lovable qualities of Edgar's nature were brought out by his sickness, and Herbert could not help feeling the full force of those fascinations which had won for him the love of every one. Weakened in mind as well as in body by his disease, he was like a lovely and gentle child, so docile, so affectionate, so helpless, so tender, and so altogether lovely did he appear, as the dark wing of death flung its shadow broader and deeper above his couch.

"He died with penitence for past misdeeds deep-rooted in his heart, and prayer for pardon lingering on his lips. He died clasping his brother's hand in his, and the last act of his life was a vain attempt to unite Jessie's hand in the same grasp. There was no time for the indulgence of selfish feeling at such a moment. The presence of death had hushed the whispers of earthly passion, and the grief of both the brother and the widow was the genuine tribute of affection to the departed.

"As soon as Edgar's affairs could be arranged, the widow, with her only surviving child,

returned to America under the protection of Herbert. Ignorant as a child about pecuniary affairs, Jessie left every thing to Herbert, and consequently never knew at what sacrifice he rescued Edgar's good name from obloquy, and paid his enormous debts. Nor did she ever know that the money which had supported their extravagant expenditure in Paris, was the free gift of Herbert. But daily and hourly did she experience Herbert's considerate kindness. Fearing to awaken her suspicions relative to his agency in her marriage, he determined to continue to her an allowance similar to that which he had bestowed upon his brother. But to do this required new retrenchments, and the sacrifice of a fine landed property; for Edgar's lavish prodigality had cost him so large a portion of his fortune that it now needed the most careful and judicious management.

"If Herbert hoped to marry his brother's widow, he at least determined to leave her free to choose for herself. Jessie found herself pleasantly domiciled in a new home, with a handsome provision for herself and child, and surrounded by all the appliances of American comfort before she had yet recovered from the dull torpor of her grief. For fifteen years Herbert had lived but for her. During the five years preceding her marriage his whole soul had been devoted to her; and when afterward he tried to banish her image, he found though he might dethrone the idol, the sentiment of loyal love, like a subtile perfume, had diffused itself through his whole being. Was it strange, then, if he should once more dream that his love and faith might do more than remove mountains—that his devotion might veil the unsightliness of his person—that he might yet be beloved and rewarded?

"Now tell me, Annie, how do you think my story is going to end?"

"In the marriage of Jessie to the devoted Herbert," replied Annie. "It is not in the nature of woman to be insensible to such devotion."

"Remember that Jessie knew nothing of his pecuniary sacrifices, had no suspicion of his agency in bringing about her marriage; did not dream of his self-denying, self-forgetting love."

"But no woman could doubt the true meaning of all his devotedness."

"He had never flattered her with gentle words; never wooed her in courtly phrase; never played the lover in the most approved fashion. He had been the adviser, the Mentor, the steady friend; love had been the pervading and animating soul of all he thought and all he did, but his very magnanimity had been as a cloak to conceal his affections. Do you think a woman like Jessie—an ordinary woman, lovely and gentle, but withal having no perception of that inner life which so few can penetrate—do you think she could see through this magnanimous reserve, and detect the hidden love?"

"Surely, surely!"

"Recollect that she had early learned to pity him for his personal defects, and though 'pity' may be 'akin to love' in our sex, yet no woman ever loves a man she must look down upon with compassion."

"But his nobler qualities must have commanded her respect."

"Suppose they were so far above her perceptions as to inspire her with *awe* instead of respect? A woman never loves the man she *pities*, nor will she love the man whose superiority she *fears*. Jessie compassionated Herbert's bodily weaknesses, and she had a vague terror of his stern, uncompromising ideas of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless, I am sure she married Herbert, uncle."

"You are mistaken, Annie. Herbert continued his devotion for years; he learned to love her child as if it were his own, and gave proofs of disinterestedness and tenderness such as no woman could misinterpret; but he never offered her his hand."

"Why not?"

"Because he *knew* it would be rejected, and he preferred being a life-long friend, to occupying the position of an unsuccessful suitor."

"Then I suppose she never married again."

"You are wrong again, Annie. At forty years of age, when her beauty was faded, and her character had deteriorated amid the follies of society, she married a man some ten years her junior, who, tempted by the income which *Herbert* had bestowed upon her, flattered her into the belief that she had inspired him with the most passionate love."

"And her child?"

"Was adopted by Herbert Darsie, and at his death inherited his estate."

"Poor, poor Herbert!"

"He suffered the penalty which all must pay who give to earth the high and holy sentiment which is only meant to make us companion with the angels in heaven. Not one in a thousand can love thus, and that one always finds that in the world's vast desert, he has expended his strength in vain—'hewn out broken cisterns which can hold no water.'"

THE UNMASKED.

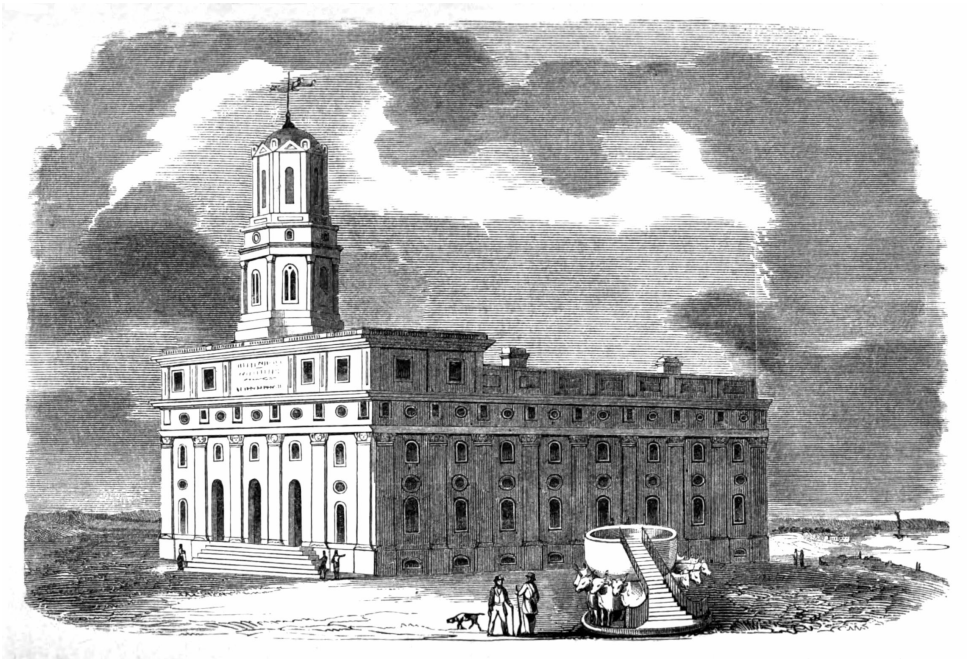
BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

The struggle is over—my pulses once more
Leap free as the waves on the surf-beaten shore;
And my spirit looks up to that world of all bliss,
And heaves not a sigh for the faithless in this.

'Twas in Sorrow's bleak night, when the sky was all dark,
And the tempest shrieked loud round my storm-beaten bark,
That arose, 'mid the darkness, thy radiant form,
Like the rainbow illuming the brow of the storm.

An angel thou seemedst, that had come to the earth,
To guide me—to nourish my heart in its dearth;
And blindly, as Paynim kneels down to his god,
I have loved thee—have worshiped the earth thou hast trod.

But this waste of affection—this prodigal part—
Is over—the mask has been torn from thy heart—
And back with affright and amazement I shrink—
At a fount so unholy my soul cannot drink.



Mormon Temple, Nauvoo

MORMON TEMPLE, NAUVOO.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By permission of Mr. J. R. Smith, we have caused a view of the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo to be engraved from his splendid Panorama of the Mississippi, and we give the engraving in this number. As the building has been recently destroyed by fire, our engraving, the first ever published, acquires additional value. We copy from Mr. Smith's description of the Panorama, the following account of Nauvoo and the Temple:

"*Nauvoo.*—A Mormon city and settlement, now deserted. It is one of the finest locations for a town upon the river, it being situated at the second and last rapids below the Falls of St. Anthony, which extend from this place to Keokuk, a distance of 12 miles. The great Mormon Temple stands out conspicuous. It is the finest building in the west, and if paid for would have cost over half a million of dollars. It is built of a white stone, resembling marble, 80 feet front by 150 deep; 200 feet to the top of the spire. The caps of the pilasters represent the sun; the base of them, the half moon with Joe Smith's profile. The windows between the pilasters represent stars. A large female figure with a Bible in one hand is the vane. An inscription on the front, in large gilt letters, reads as follows:

> "The House of the Lord, built by the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6, 1841. Holiness to the Lord."

There is in the basement of the temple a large stone-basin, supported by twelve oxen of colossal size, about fifteen feet high altogether, all of white stone and respectably carved. A staircase leads up to the top of the basin. It is the font where all the Mormons were baptized. It is seen in the Panorama standing aside the Temple, *but in the basement is its real situation*.

ROSE WINTERS.

A TALE OF FIRST LOVE.

BY ESTELLE.

"I shall never have another hour's happiness as long as I live!" exclaimed Rose Winters, weeping passionately. "You wouldn't let me marry him, father, and now he's gone to sea, and said he should never come back."

"Don't believe it, Rose," said Mr. Winters. "He'll be glad enough to come back, I'll warrant you—and the longer he stays away the better, I'm thinking, it will be for you."

"It's not like you, father, to be so unfeeling," said Rose, sobbing almost hysterically.

"Nonsense, child—unfeeling, indeed! ay, ay, it may be so in your judgment, I dare say, but I must judge with the head, and not with the heart."

"I think I ought to be allowed to judge for myself, now I'm of *age*," answered Rose, with sudden spirit. "I was eighteen my last birthday."

"True, Rose, you have had great experience of mankind, no doubt. But come, now, just tell me what you could have done if you had married Bob Selwyn, with no fortune yourself, and he nothing to depend on but his hands?"

"We could have done as other people do," said Rose—"we could have worked. Have I not always worked at home, father?"

"To be sure you have. You have been a good, industrious girl, Rosy, that I sha'n't deny; but your work at home was not like pulling continually at the rowing oar, which would have been your portion all your life, I'm afraid, with Robert. I can't see, for my part, what you wanted to marry him for."

"Because I loved him, and he loved me. Didn't you and mother marry for love, father?"

Mr. Winters could not forbear laughing at this question, notwithstanding Rose's grief—and his natural droll humor struggled with his former seriousness as he replied, "Well, I must try to remember. It is nearly twenty years ago, now—so long that you have come of *age* in the meanwhile, and fancy you are wiser than your father. But I can tell you one thing, Rose, if we did marry for love, we had something to begin the world with, which is quite as necessary. You know the old proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'"

"I don't believe any such thing, father. Whoever wrote that proverb never knew what love was. It was a mean thing in any man to say so; and what would never have come from a woman, I'll be bound."

"Well, well, Rosy, you may dry your eyes. I wish I was as sure of a fortune for you, as I am that Robert will be back with the ship, if his life is spared; but if that shouldn't be the case, you will be young enough then, and pretty enough, too, to get another beau."

"I wont have any other!" exclaimed Rose. "I am determined to wait for him, if he stays twenty years!"—and with this resolution she hastily turned away and ran to her own room, where, secure from observation, she might give free vent to her full heart in a long fit of weeping.

We are at a loss to imagine what sort of an impression our rustic heroine, Rose Winters, has made on the minds of our readers, from her unceremonious introduction to them through the

foregoing dialogue: but at all events, she is deserving of a more detailed description. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer on Long Island, who resided in a country village, situated on the Atlantic ocean, and near a large seaport town. Mr. Winters was a shrewd, practical man, of strong natural powers of mind, and excellent plain common sense. Rose was his eldest and favorite child, and inherited his independent spirit and natural gifts of understanding, which had been improved in her by a useful and solid education at a first-rate country school. She was not, perhaps, strictly beautiful, but her cheeks were bright with the hue of health, and her dark-blue eyes sparkled with animation, and the joyousness of a young heart, over which a lasting shadow had never passed, until her lover left her to try his fortunes on the sea. Her figure was small, but of exquisite proportions, and her steps sprang elastic with the unchecked spirits of happy childhood. She was always agreeable and entertaining without effort, for her words flowed in the easiest manner possible, from a mouth which nature had made perfect; and then there was nothing on earth more inspiring than her merry laugh, which seemed like the very chorus of joy, and insensibly imparted a portion of her own gayety to all around her. Rose had but little of imagination in her heart or feelings. She was a young, gay creature, full of spirits and activity, and only actuated by the every-day scenes of life, from which she extracted mirth and enjoyment to diffuse unsparingly among all who came within her influence. There was also a truthfulness and integrity in her nature, which could not fail to give beauty, strength, and elevation to her thoughts and character. The visions of romance which so often pervert the minds of the young, and throw a false coloring over the world, were all unknown to Rose. She had been nurtured amid scenes where there was but little to excite or enrich the imagination, but much to awaken bold and lofty sentiments. Born and brought up within sight and sound of the grand and magnificent ocean, she delighted to gaze on its rolling and breaking billows, and listen to its ceaseless sounding roar, which had often been the solemn lullaby to her nightly slumbers. The wide and level fields outspread before her native home, and the few bare hills which skirted here and there the distant outline, were but little calculated to inspire those enchanting, but unreal dreams, which seem insensibly to arise amid the mountain scenery so wildly beautiful and picturesque in many parts of our western world.

Rose had never been twenty miles from her father's dwelling. All that she knew of the world had been learned in her own village, which was an occasional resort for a small number of strangers during the heat of summer; but its situation was too remote to be very generally visited before there were either railroads or steamboats to facilitate and add comfort and convenience to traveling. Communication with New York, which was the nearest city, was at that time tedious and fatiguing, as the road lay for many miles through sandy woods, or over a bleak and rough country. By water, the journey was performed in sloops, taking from three days to a week to accomplish the voyage. In consequence of these disadvantages, the transient sojourners in the village consisted chiefly of sportsmen, who sought its solitary retreat for the purpose of enjoying the game which was formerly found there in great abundance. The birds were seldom frightened away from the lanes and meadows, excepting by the gun of the stranger, who, having once found his way to that lonely yet delightful part of the country, returned again and again, not only to scare the plover from their haunts, but to enjoy the refreshing and invigorating breezes from the ocean, and revel in the luxury of freedom from fashion and restraint. There was a primitive simplicity in the manners of the inhabitants of the village which was peculiarly pleasing; and in which school Rose had received her first model. She was easy and unaffected, because seeking to appear no higher nor better than she really was. Among her associates, she was a universal favorite. Her presence was sure to be in

requisition at all the balls or merry-makings in the neighborhood, for nothing of the kind could go off well, unless Rose Winters, with her quick wit, irresistible good humor, and gay spirits, made one of the party. Her father, though a man of severe morals and true piety, was far from being puritanical in his views or feelings. He loved to see Rose happy, and enjoyed the sunny atmosphere which her never-failing cheerfulness and vivacity spread around the household dwelling. The bright sallies which flashed from her lips, instead of being checked by the farmer, frequently occasioned a repartee of wit from him, which gave Rose a habit of sharpening her own against her father's weapons. Thus it was that she learned to respect her parent without fearing him. She knew him to be possessed of the most inflexible principles of truth and rectitude; and that his jocose and lively temperament could never induce him to swerve for a moment from the straight-forward course of honesty and honor. In his judgment she placed the most unbounded confidence; and it was only in the one instance in which her heart rebelled against it, that she yielded to its mandate with bitter and unsatisfied feelings. Her mother, whom we have not yet mentioned, had been dead several years; and three sisters, considerably younger than herself, partook more of her care than her confidence. It thus happened that her father had been her companion, more than is usually the case in such relationships. She had been accustomed to consult him in all affairs of consequence; and self-dependent as she was by nature, she durst not incur the responsibility of acting in direct opposition to his counsels. In this slight sketch we have endeavored to give a faint outline of the character of our heroine, unlike, we are sensible, to the usual heroines of romance; but the portrait is drawn from real life, with its beauties unflattered, and its blemishes unconcealed; and we leave it as it is to make what impression it may on the opinions of others.

Robert Selwyn was a native of the same village. He was a few years older than Rose, but had been accustomed to mingle in all the country pleasures and amusements of which she had been for a time the principal attraction. His handsome form, his manly and pleasing countenance, and his gay and careless manners, were his only passports to favor. He had no fortune to assist him in winning his way, but he had energy and ambition, which were yet to be aroused into action. There was a distant connection between the families of Winters and Selwyn, which served as a plea for frequent and familiar intercourse. Rose called him Cousin Robert, and under that name he was received as a sort of privileged guest at her father's house. The farmer always welcomed him; and Rose chatted and laughed and flirted with him, until at last the flirtation ended in a serious attachment. Mr. Winters, with all his habitual foresight, had not looked for this result. To part with Rose, was an event for which he had made no calculation, and he could not persuade himself to believe that her affections were irrevocably engaged. The application of her lover, therefore, for his consent to their marriage, was met by a decided refusal.

"Pooh, pooh, Robert," said he, in answer to his solicitation, "I wonder what you would do with a wife. Tell me first, how you expect to make a living for yourself, let alone Rose?"

"Why, if I can do nothing else, sir," said Selwyn, "I can follow the sea, and at least get a living out of the whales. You know others here have got rich that way."

"Yes, yes, Robert, but it's a hard life, and not much to your taste, I reckon."

"It might not be my choice, Mr. Winters; but I'm not afraid of hardships any more than other men—and I should think nothing hard with Rose."

"Oh, that's the way all young men talk when they're in love; but have you no other plan than that?"

"Yes, sir—I thought of either setting up a store, or trying to get the school, as the old

master is going away. I believe I know about as much as he does."

Mr. Winters laughed as he replied, "Very likely you may, Robert, and be no Solomon either; but it wont answer. Set up a store on credit, and break next year; and as for school-keeping—no, no, I must see some surer prospect of your being able to support a wife, before you can have Rose with my consent."

"But, Mr. Winters, none of our girls here expect to marry rich. I wonder where they'd find husbands, if they looked for money! not in this town, I am sure."

"There must be something to look to, though, either money or business. Take my word for it, young man, you would find love but light stuff to live upon without something more substantial along with it."

Selwyn was silent for a few moments, and then said in a tone of severe disappointment, "Well, I must say, sir, that I did not look for this refusal. You never objected to my visits to Rose."

"No, but I wish I had, since neither of you have as much sense as I thought for. I have been to blame, and am sorry for it; but there has been enough said now, Robert—all the talking in the world will not alter my mind at present."

It was after this conversation that Selwyn, finding the farmer inflexible, and Rose determined to sacrifice her love rather than disobey her father, formed the resolution to go out in a whaling ship, just about to leave the port. Rose sought in vain to dissuade him. He told her his mind was made up. "If you wont have me, Rose," said he, "I may as well be on the ocean as the land, for I shall never marry any one else; but I shall not hold you bound—for most likely I shall never return."

"I didn't expect to hear you say such a thing as that, Cousin Robert," answered Rose, with her eyes full of tears; "but you may hold me bound or not, just as you please, I shall wait for you. If you should forget me, I could never believe in the love of any man afterward."

The ship sailed unexpectedly, and Selwyn, much to his disappointment, was obliged to depart without again seeing Rose; and the sudden news that he had gone, occasioned the burst of feeling in her, with which our story opened.

We must now pass over a few anxious and tedious years. Rose waited and dreamed of her lover's return, until her spirits flagged, and her young heart grew sick with "hope deferred." Mr. Winters was puzzled and confounded. He had mistaken his daughter's disposition, and was not prepared for the depth of feeling and affection which she had garnered in her bosom. That his bright and merry Rose should suddenly become the reflective and thinking being, and perform her household duties with methodical and earnest care, instead of flying like a bird from room to room, and singing or laughing off a thousand grotesque mistakes, which before were continually occurring under her management, was to him a matter of serious consideration. In truth he did not much like the change; for what was gained in order and regularity in his house, was lost in that inexhaustible fund of animating gayety which had been wont to beguile him at sight of the fatigue of daily labor, and cast an unfailing charm over his retired dwelling. Not that Rose had altogether sunk into the sober and serious mood—that it was not in her nature to do—but an indescribable change had passed over her former manner, which had somewhat of a depressing influence on her family. She could not help laughing and being lively, any more than she could help the beating of her pulse, or the breath that came without her will or agency; but there was something missing in the inward spring from which her spirits flowed. It was the heart's happiness—and the spring, in consequence, sometimes yielded bitter waters.

Three years had fulfilled their annual revolutions, before the ship returned in which Selwyn

had embarked, and then, alas! it returned without him. The voyage had been a most disastrous one. They had been nearly shipwrecked, after being but a few months out, and had been obliged to put in at one of the islands in the Pacific to repair and refit. This operation necessarily detained them a long time; and the second year of the voyage, Selwyn got sick and discouraged, and left them at a port where they had stopped to winter, and went to London. It was hinted that he was wild and reckless, and would never do any thing for want of stability and perseverance. Rose was indignant at these innuendos. Her sense of justice and generosity spurned the meanness of traducing the absent, and her woman's love shielded him in her own mind from every attack on his reputation. She received a letter from him shortly afterward, the first he had written since his departure. The general tone of it was sad and desponding, but it breathed the most unabated affection toward herself, while at the same time it set her perfectly free from her engagement to him.

"I cannot ask you, dear Rose," he wrote, "to wait for me, when it is so uncertain if I ever can return to claim your promise. I have made nothing by this voyage, and am determined never to see your father again until I can give him a satisfactory answer to his question of 'how I am to support a wife.'"

Rose wept over the letter, and then consigned it to her most secret hiding-place, and returned with unshaken resolution to her usual train of duties. She had lost none of her beauty, for the healthful exercise of necessary and constant employment, preserved the bloom on her cheek, and kept her from giving way to useless repining. Among the beaux of the village, she continued to have her full share of admirers; and there was one of the number, Edward Burton, an enterprising and promising young man, who sought earnestly to gain her hand. It was all in vain. Rose was deaf to his entreaties, and laughed at his remonstrances, until he was obliged to give up his suit.

In the meanwhile Robert Selwyn was seeking encouragement and advancement from a foreign people. He continued to follow the sea, but without returning to his native place. He went out from London, and had risen by the usual gradation of ship-officers, lastly to captain. At the expiration of three more years, Rose received another letter from him; but the time of meeting seemed still further and further in the future. He knew not when he should return. His employers kept him constantly engaged, and he hoped in the end to realize an independence; but it might be long yet before it was accomplished.

Such was the burden of the letter, and Rose decided promptly on a new course of action for herself. She had long had it in her mind to leave home. Her eldest sister was fully competent to take her place in the management of the house, and the other two were old enough to be companions and assistants; but Rose felt that she should have to encounter the opposition of her father. She therefore determined on making all her arrangements to go before apprising him of her intention. Much, indeed, then, was the farmer astonished when Rose took her seat by his side, after he had finished his evening meal, and addressed him as follows:

"Father, I am going to New York to live."

"Going to New York to live!" repeated he, slowly, as if unable or unwilling to comprehend her words, "Why what has put that notion in your head, Rose?"

"I've been thinking of it for a year, father, but put off telling you till the time came. Last summer, when Mrs. Sandford was here, she often advised me to go to New York; and a few days ago I had a letter from her. She says she can get me a situation as teacher in a school, where I shall have many advantages, and I have made up my mind to accept it."

"You ought to have consulted me about it first, Rose; I'm doubtful if it will be for the best."

"Well, I shall do it for the best," answered Rose, "and if it shouldn't turn out so, I can't help it. You know I'm too much like you, father, to give up any thing I judge to be right; and I hope you wont blame me for leaving home now, since Betsey is quite as good a housekeeper as I am."

Mr. Winters bent his eyes downward, and was silent. It was not his habit to betray any outward emotion, but there was grief in his heart. His fortitude was sorely tried. The departure of Rose would cause a sad break in his home enjoyments, and the philosophy of the man was destroyed for the moment, by the feelings of the father. Inwardly he struggled, till unable to control himself longer, he rose quickly, and snatching his hat, went out from the house.

After some time, he returned calm and composed, and simply remarked to his daughter, "You say you've decided to go, Rose, so there's no use in arguing—but you'll find a great change in a city life. If you shouldn't like it, come back to your old home—that's all. Now call the girls in to prayers—it's nigh bed-time."

Rose did as she was bid—and that night the farmer prayed earnestly and fervently for the child who was about to quit his protection, and committed her to the watchful care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. The prayer over, he retired immediately to his pillow, which was wet before morning with an old man's unwonted tears.

In the course of the following month, Rose was duly installed in the authority of her new station. Her active and energetic mind, on which the useful branches of education had been thoroughly grounded, soon comprehended all the mysteries of her office, while her sprightliness and good humor, joined to her unusual decision of character, fitted her admirably for her occupation. The first term of her initiation, however, passed wearily away. Her spirit pined in the confinement to which she had voluntarily subjected herself—and with a feeling of *home-sickness* gnawing at her heart, she repaired to her patroness, Mrs. Sandford, to tell her that she could remain no longer. "I get thinking of my father," said she, "when I ought to be attending to the lessons—and sometimes my mind gets so confused, that I almost imagine myself mad, and the school a bedlam. Indeed, Mrs. Sandford, I cannot engage for another quarter. I find I was not made for a city life, after all. The confusion distracts me, and the high houses and narrow streets, make me gloomy and low-spirited. I feel as if I couldn't breathe in the smoke and dust here. Oh, if you only knew how I long for the pure air of the country, and the sight, once more, of the wild, free ocean."

"But, my dear child," said the lady, "you cannot think of returning now, in the depth of winter. The communication by water is closed, and you know it is a three days' journey by land in the best of traveling. At present, they say the roads are nearly impassable. Come, take my advice and content yourself till spring. Believe me, you will not find every thing as you expect when you return to the country. A short absence from home, often produces a great change in our own minds, and we are led to view the same objects in a different light. New impressions of life and manners frequently destroy the power of old associations to bring back past happiness; and we are left to experience a painful disappointment, without being at first sensible that the change is in ourselves. We can never be again what we were before."

Rose listened attentively, and though far from being fully convinced by the reasoning of Mrs. Sandford, she bent her will to a seeming necessity, and consented to remain. Naturally buoyant, she rallied her spirits, and overcame her transient depression. Interested continually in receiving as well as imparting knowledge, she said no more about returning home until the summer vacation left her at liberty to revisit her native town. Then it was that she understood the change which the more experienced woman of the world had sought to picture to her

imagination. She was once more in the bosom of her family; on the very spot where life had opened to her with such bright anticipations of happiness. The same scenes were around her. The extended range of level country, and "The sea, the open sea," with its mountainous and heaving billows, presented itself, as in former days, to her unobstructed view. What then was lost? It was the simple taste, the unsophisticated mind, the feelings untainted with the world, and, most of all, the heart at peace! She was no longer contented. The quietude and sameness of the country left her too much time for thought; and her restless spirit wandered again to the thronged and bustling city, and the ceaseless routine of her labors in the school as a sort of necessary means of relief. The sight of the ocean grew painful to her, from its reminding her too forcibly of her absent lover. Selwyn wrote not, came not. Some said he was married in London, and there came not a word from himself to contradict the report.

Edward Burton took advantage of it to renew the offer of his hand to Rose.

"No," answered she, decidedly, "if Cousin Robert is really married, as people say, my faith in man's love is destroyed forever. I hope you will never ask me again, Edward, for my answer will always be the same."

So Burton gave her up, and consoled himself by marrying another; and Rose returned to New York, and again devoted herself to the arduous task of teaching, which often filled her heart with weariness; yet no one would have imagined her to be a disappointed girl. *Love-sick* she was not; she had too much strength of mind—but she was true-hearted and constant. Nine years had elapsed since she had heard a word of Selwyn, and she knew not whether he were living or dead. They had been parted *fifteen years*; and who will wonder that time had robbed her of some of her early bloom; but there was an added expression of intellect in her countenance, and a certain refinement of manner imperceptibly acquired, which she had never possessed in her father's house: so that altogether she was more attractive, more to be admired at thirty-three years of age, than when she first appeared at eighteen as a country belle.

And where was Robert Selwyn, while by slow gradations from year to year this change had been silently wrought in his heart's first idol. His migrations in the meantime had been many, and his fortunes varied. Profits and loss were for some years nearly balanced in his accounts, but at length the brighter side predominated. Misfortunes and mishaps were cleared away from his horizon, and his sails swept onward through a tide of unexpected success. It was then that he began to weary of his long, self-imposed exile, and turn his thoughts and wishes to home and "native land." Energetic in purpose, and prompt in action, he no sooner formed the resolution of returning than it was put in execution. The voyage, quickly accomplished, he once more found himself among his old friends and townsmen, who shook him heartily by the hand, and welcomed him back with right good will. Some author remarks, that "one of the greatest pleasures in life, is to be born in a small town, where one is acquainted with all the inhabitants, and a remembrance clings to every house." He no doubt felt this on his first arrival, and his satisfaction was unalloyed; for, like Rose, he had yet to know himself as he now was. Most of his youthful companions were married, and settled down into steady, sober-minded, every-day sort of people—having made but little improvement either in mind or manners; but they were not slow to perceive that the Selwyn who had just returned, was quite a different man from the Selwyn they had formerly known. There was certainly a change in him, but in what it consisted, they found it impossible to decide. He lacked nothing in cordiality—he assumed no airs of superiority—he was neither *elegant* nor *fashionable*—but he was not what he used to be. Perhaps it was that he had acquired more manliness of character; and there was the least bit more of dignity in his manners; he was the smallest possible degree more guarded in his

expressions; and his frank and easy address was entirely free from the most distant approach to awkwardness. It is true, he was still the gay and jovial sailor, noble-spirited and generous to a fault—but he was more the gentleman, more the man of the world than before he went to foreign parts; and upon the whole, the conclusion was that he was greatly improved, and would most likely turn out to be quite a credit to the town. He had certainly grown handsomer, as he had grown older. His face wore no traces of any inward discontent or disappointment, and it is probable that he had worn his love either lightly or hopefully in his heart. His first inquiry, after his return, however, was for Rose; and hearing she was in New York, he hastened thither to meet her. It was at the close of a summer afternoon when he found himself at the door of the house where he was told she boarded. He inquired for her, walked in, and sat down in the parlor in the dim light of the fading day, which was rendered more obscure in the shadow of the curtained windows.

Rose had gone to her room fatigued and somewhat dispirited. The name of her visiter was unannounced, and as she descended with a languid step to the parlor, she was little prepared for the surprise that awaited her.

Selwyn rose at her entrance with a confused and doubtful air. "I beg your pardon, madam," said he, "I called to see Miss Winters—Rose Winters—I understood she was here."

"And so she is, Cousin Robert!" exclaimed Rose. "She is before you, and yet you do not know her. Am I altered so very much, then?"

The question was accompanied with a painful blush, from the consciousness that the bloom of youth in which he had left her, had passed away forever.

Selwyn sprang toward her and caught her hand.

"Rose, my own dear Rose," said he, with real feeling, "forgive me. No, you are not altered; but if you were, I should know your voice among a thousand."

"Ah, I know I have grown old, cousin," said Rose, struggling to recover herself, "how could it be otherwise, when so many years have passed since we met."

"Well, Rosy, look at me! Has my age stood still, do you think? Look at the crow's feet and the gray hair, and tell me if you love me the less for them. You would be the same to me, if you were twice as old as you are; for you see I have come back for no earthly reason but to marry you, unless your own consent is as hard to obtain now as your father's was before."

"Why, your friends said you were married in London."

"No, not my *friends*, Rose. It must have been my *enemies* who said that; but *you* knew better. Didn't I tell you I would never marry any one but you?"

"Yes, fifteen years ago, Cousin Robert—but the promise might be outlawed by this time, for all I knew. You do not pretend to say that you thought my faith in your word would hold out, without even receiving a line from you the last nine years."

"Why not pretend to say it, coz, when I know it has. Deny it now if you can."

"But why didn't you write to me, Robert?"

"Because I'm no writer, and meant to come myself. You said you'd wait for me—and I knew you never broke your word. So now, my sweet little flower, I've come to claim you, like a blunt sailor, as I am, with few words, but a heart full of love, and what is better, something to live on beside."

"You are in a great hurry now," said Rose, laughing and blushing. "Suppose you wait a little, seeing you learnt the art so well in your absence. Why I have not had a chance yet to ask you what kept you away so long."

"Never mind that, coz. There 'ill be plenty of time hereafter. Answer my question first,

whether you mean to have me or not, and let me know which way to shape my course. If you've changed your mind, and lost your affection for me, just say so at once, and I'm off to sea in the first ship. You'll never be troubled with me again."

"What an unreasonable man you are," said Rose, "just as impatient and headstrong as before you went away."

"You knew all my faults, dearest, long, long ago," said Selwyn. "They did not hinder you from loving me once. Love me still, Rose, as you once did. Be mine, as you promised you would before we parted, and you shall make me what you please."

Rose was silent. Her lover's arm was around her, and memory was holding its mirror to her mind: and when she did speak at length, her voice was low and indistinct, and her words nearly unintelligible. The spirit of them may be guessed, however, from the fact that Selwyn did not go to sea, and she resigned her situation as teacher, and returned with him to her former home. The wedding was soon after celebrated with the sanction of her father, and but one source of regret to Rose, that the old minister, who in her youthful days was the pastor of her native village, had been removed in the meanwhile to another world, and the ceremony of her marriage was performed by a stranger.

THE MINIATURE.

THE ZOPILOTES.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[A Mexican soldier, being grievously wounded in one of the battles of Hidalgo, was deserted by his victorious companions. Unable to defend himself against the numerous Zopilotes, or vultures, which hovered around him, he put an end to his life with his own hand.]

I feel the motion of each heavy wing—
  I hear the rustling of the air they cleave—
The shadows they, like sombre phantoms, fling
Closely around and o'er me, hovering,
  Beget wild fears, which busy fancies weave
    Into a dreadful certainty.

I hear the war-cry on the distant field!
  I see the dust, by charging squadrons cart;
The cannon's blaze, the flash of burnished steel;
Bright banner's wave, the rapid march and wheel,
  Where every step may be, perhaps, the last
    A soldier e'er may take.

Closely, more closely, still I see them sweep,
  Their wings are furled, and eagerly, they tread,
Yet silently, as one who walks in sleep,
Swiftly, as tyrant monsters of the deep
  Rush on their helpless prey, which seems to dread
    Far, far too much to fly.

Ye whom I loved, my brethren of the sword,
  With whom I left my distant mountain-home,
Come, come to me. Alas! no single word
I speak will ever by your ears be heard,
  Where battle cries, the trump and stirring drum,
    Salute your victory.

Was it for this I left my mother's side,
  And bade to her I loved a last adieu,
The dark-eyed girl I won to be my bride?
Was it to watch this warm, empurpled tide
  Of life come gurgling, like a fountain, through
    My rent and gaping breast?

Wounded, alone, upon the field of strife,
The shouts of victory upon mine ear,
My comrades joyous, or bereft of life,
Martyrs, with fame and glory ever rife—
I do not dread to die alone e'en here,
As yon brave men have died.

But oh, great God! I would not feel the beak
Of yon dark vulture tear away my heart;
Not that I wish my failing strength to eke—
A soldier's death it was my joy to seek,
Wounded, alone, I have no other art
To save me. Let me die.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(*Continued from page 198.*)

Nor does the following present a much greater difference, and, but for the ear-rings and knee-breeches, would pass muster even now amid our infinite varieties of *palelots*, *sacks* and *Hongroises*. The boot-black represented in the cut is a miniature *bonnet-rouge*.

It is worth while to state that costumes, like opinions, reproduce themselves. As the ideas which were once in vogue, and have been abandoned, return and resume their influence and orthodoxy, so do the costumes of other days continually reappear, it is true, with a difference often striking enough, for men no longer wear either coats of mail or inexpressibles of velvet, yet the Norman cloak of the Black Prince, and the *sack* of Lauzun, the handsome French colonel, who, during our own Revolutionary war, turned the heads and carried away the hearts of half the women of Philadelphia, are still every day to be seen.

The same thing is observable in female costume. The long waists, tight sleeves and full skirts of old times have returned, and even the ungainly ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's age have shown a disposition to return. The mode of dressing the hair is also retracing itself, so that there is little real difference between the traditional court-dress of former times and that of every-day life worn at present, except the train.

The following is a caricature of that day, but scarcely more outré than the bearded creatures from time to time seen in our own streets. It may be remarked that the passion for hair on the face always is consequent on a war. In the time of Henri IV, all the world was bearded; so during the days of Cromwell were his ironsides, and now men who never saw a shot fired, force the sublime into the ridiculous, by parading a moustache in every thoroughfare throughout the country.

Who knows but that our own Mexican war may exert an influence on dress, and that some day the Ranchero's striped blanket and broad-brimmed hat may become the fashion. Men will stalk about the streets in boots of cow-hide, and instead of hunting with dogs and rifles, the *lazo* or *lariette* will be adopted universally. All the world knows that immediately after the return of the army of the Duke of Wellington to England, from Waterloo, the military black stock was adopted, and it may be that the green pantaloons with the brown stripe, now worn, are an imitation of the dress of the Mexican veterans who were defeated at Cherebusco. The same may

be said of the cloth caps, with the covers of oil-skin, now so much in vogue. It may be remarked that this article of dress has always followed the *tenue* of the army, the flat cap replacing the hussar's, as the latter did the old gig-top leather apparatus.

Other nations of Europe did not participate in the French Revolution, but became imitators of the costumes it created. We have now come to the period of the Directory, which exerted its influence on costume, or rather the influence of which was reflected by the costume of the day.

The Directory and Consulate saw all France seized with fury for the antique. These were the days of the *Romaines* and *Athenienne*s, when David was toiling with the pencil to effect a reform of costume, and when Talma sought to introduce correct ideas of dress on the stage. The men of Paris still adhered to the English costume, which, fortified by their *fiat*, became that of the world. They compromised their English predilections, however, so far as to wear their hair *à la Titus* or *à la Caracalla*, what that was may be seen from the following engraving.

They seemed, however, to struggle to make this costume as unbecoming as possible, wearing the coats loose, the collars immense, the breasts small, and such pantaloons and *shocking bad* hats as were never seen before or since. The costume of a dandy of 1798 consisted of a blue coat, a white waistcoat, open in the breast, a finely worked shirt-bosom, fastened with a diamond pin, a huge muslin cravat, Nankin pantaloons, with black stripes down the seams, and thrust into the boots. (In society the boot was replaced by a small and pointed shoe.) The everlasting bludgeon was as indispensable in the street as the boots and the hat. To young Thelusson, when thus dressed and armed, Madame de Stael, who wore an oriental *toilette*, said, "Citizen, you bear the sceptre of ridicule." "Madame," replied he, "you are certainly competent to award it to whom you please." Never were there so many strange

costumes seen in any one city as in Paris at that time, when *peruques*, powder, hair *à la Titus*, cocked and round hats all were mingled together. Costume was indeed republican if the government was despotic.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

THE BEAUTIFUL OF EARTH.

All Nature's beauteous forms, of light, of earth, or air, or sky,
Compare not with the flexile frame, the lustrous, speaking eye;
The opening flower, the rainbow tint, the blue and star-lit dome,
Are things of naught, in contrast with the angels of our home:
All gentle acts, all noble thoughts, of Heaven-directed birth,
Are centered in the fair and good, the beautiful of earth.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

CAROLINA OR MOCKING WREN.

This interesting bird is strictly southern in its habits, being rarely found north of Maryland and Delaware, while it abounds during the whole year in the warmer states. Occasionally it strays to the vicinity of Philadelphia and even of New York; but this is so seldom that the indefatigable Wilson never found its nest north of the Maryland line. Like the House-Wren it is a sprightly, industrious and familiar bird, and a general favorite in the neighborhood where it abounds. Other qualities render its nature so ambiguous that some have hesitated to place it among the Wrens. One of the most remarkable of these is its power of imitating the songs of other birds. With much sweetness and accuracy it blends its own notes with the simple twittering of the Ground-Robin, the harsh noise of the Woodpecker, the trilling of the Blackbird and Warbler, and the whistling of the Cardinal. These are its favorite imitations; but its powers of mimicry embrace the songs of almost all our forest-birds. But notwithstanding this capriciousness in sounds, the Carolina Wren is said to have a favorite theme, repeated more regularly than any other. Nuttall thus pleasantly describes it. “This was the first sound that I heard from him, delivered with great spirit, though in the dreary month of January. This sweet and melodious ditty, *tsee-toot*, *tsee-toot*, *tsee-toot*, and sometimes *tsee-toot*, *tsee toot-seet*, was

usually uttered in a somewhat plaintive or tender strain, varied at each repetition with the most delightful and delicate tones, of which no conception can be formed without experience. That this song has a sentimental air may be conceived from its interpretation by the youths of the country, who pretend to hear it say, *sweet-heart*, *sweet-heart*, *sweet*! nor is the illusion more than the natural truth, for, usually, this affectionate ditty is answered by its mate, sometimes in the same note, at others in a different call. In most cases, it will be remarked, that the phrases of our songster are uttered in 3s; by this means it will be generally practicable to distinguish its performance from that of other birds, and particularly from the Cardinal Grosbeak, whose expression it often closely imitates, both in power and delivery. I shall never, I believe, forget the soothing satisfaction and amusement I derived from this little constant and unwearied minstrel, my sole vocal companion through many weary miles of a vast, desolate, and otherwise cheerless wilderness."

The food of the Carolina Wren consists of the insects found in old timber, and along the banks of streams, places which it delights to frequent. It is found among the thick cypress swamps of the south even in the middle of winter. It can see well in the dark, sometimes searching food in caves, where to most other day birds objects would be undistinguishable. Its building places are a barn, or stable, some old decayed tree, or even a post-fence. The female lays from five to eight eggs, of a dusky white, mottled with brown. Two broods are raised in a season, and sometimes even three. The adult bird is five and a quarter inches long, of a chestnut brown, beautifully mottled with black and other colors. The female differs little in color from the male.

THE CARDINAL BIRD.

This bird is known under the names of Virginia Red Bird, Virginia Nightingale and Crested

Red Bird. It is one of the most beautiful of American songsters, and in power and sweetness of tone it has been compared with the Nightingale. The species belongs mostly to the United States and Mexico, but has been found in considerable numbers in the West Indies, Central America and Colombia. Although delighting in a southern clime, it is sometimes observed in Pennsylvania, and even New England.

Being migratory, it often flies in large flocks, presenting a splendid appearance, especially when moving in relief over a clear sky, and in the rays of the sun. At other times several of these birds are found associated with Sparrows, Snow-Birds and other half domestic species. When alone his favorite haunts are the corn-field, small clumps of trees, and the borders of shaded rivulets. Corn is their favorite food, in addition to which they eat seeds of fruit, grain and insects. They are easily domesticated, even when taken quite old, and require very little trouble in order to thrive well. Loss of color, however, has often been the result of long confinement, although with care this might perhaps be obviated. They are lively in the cage, and maintain their powers of song to the last. Numbers of them are carried to France and England, where they are highly esteemed. Their time of song lasts from March to September.

The Cardinal Bird's song consists of a favorite stanza often repeated, with boldness, variety of tone and richness. Its whistling somewhat resembles that of the human voice, though its energy is much greater. In his native grove, his voice rises above almost every other songster except the Mocking-Bird. The powers of the female are almost equal to those of the male, of whom she is a most constant and affectionate partner.

Latham admits that the notes of the Cardinal "are almost equal to those of the Nightingale," the sweetest of the feathered minstrels of Europe. But, says Nuttall, "the style of their performance is wholly different. The bold martial strains of the Red Bird, though relieved by tender and exquisite touches, possess not the enchanting pathos, the elevated and varied expression of the far-famed Philomel, nor yet those contrasted tones, which, in the solemn stillness of the growing night, fall at times into a soothing whisper, or slowly rise and quicken into a loud and cheering warble."

The Cardinal Bird measures eight inches in length, and eleven from the tip of one wing to that of the other. The whole upper parts are of a dull dusky-red, except the sides of the neck, head and lower parts, which are of a clear vermilion. The chin, front and lores black. The head is ornamented with a high pointed crest. The bill is coral red, and the legs and feet are pale ash color. The female is somewhat less than the male, and a little different in color. Both sexes are noted for affection to their young, and to each other; but so jealous are the males that they have often been known to destroy those of their own sex.

JENNY LIND.

BY MISS M. SAWIN.

A world's sweet enchantress, unbounded in fame,
O how shall I sing of so peerless a name—
Thy tones, from the wilds of a picturesque land,
The billows of ocean have borne to our strand;
Though I ne'er have beheld thee, yet bound in thy spell,
My bosom thine echoes still onward would swell—
Would enshrine in my song the sweet soul of thy strains,
Till fresh incense should rise from our mountains and plains.
Though long on the altar thou'st kindled the fire,
Oh how shall it burn on the strings of the lyre!
'Tis the music of Nature sublimed in thy lays
Which has won thee thy guerdon of lore and of praise;
'Tis hence that the depths of the spirit it thrills,
That responses start forth from mountains and hills,
That no barriers the flight of thine echoes can bind,
Which are borne o'er the earth on the wings of the wind.

There is glowing within us, all restless, a lyre,
Which would swell like an angel's its anthems of fire,
But the shroud of mortality fetters its strings—
Yet thou while on earth hast unfolded thy wings,
Canst dwell with the fairies in chalice of flowers,
And glide with the wood nymphs in deep sylvan bowers;
Canst float with the moonbeams in dew-silvered trees,
And rise on the wings of the morn's fragrant breeze,
While sunbeams are waking the rapturous lays
Of dew-drops and birds, and yet all 'neath their blaze;
Canst hover o'er ocean when storm it enthrones,
And bear from the foam-crested surges their tones;
When dark are the skies and the thunder-clouds lower,
With the eagle's bold flight to the mountain's crest soar;
The streams of the forest to their fountains canst wind,
And caverns resounding in solitude find;
Enshrined in thy spirit their voices canst keep,
Sublimed by thine alchemy subtile and deep,
At thy will from thy spirit their harmonies sweep,
And I ween thou hast soared to the portals of Heaven,
Or some angel a tone to thy praises has given.

O, Jenny, the brightest cynosure below!
The fount in thy bosom must here cease to flow;
Like the sear leaves of autumn which shroud the old years,
Thy harp-strings must perish 'mid wailings and tears;
Thy lovers who bend at thy purity's shrine,
Enchained by the spells of thy carols divine,
When no temple's proud arches resound with thy strain,
In the wilds of thy forests shall seek thee in vain;
But when from thy tomb they despairing return,
In lyres immortal thine echoes shall burn.
Alas! that thy music should ever here die,
Should leave the sad earth and ascend to the sky;
Yet when thou art fled to the seraphim throng
Will fancy yet list to thy glorified song,
Will dream that no harp on the heavenly plains
Has music so sweet as are there thy high strains.
Though we never may list while on earth to thy lays,
For the boon of thy being high Heaven we'll praise;
Where thy strains are ascending must Paradise be—
Humanity's scale is exalted in thee.

There is a tone in my bosom as yet unexpressed,
And fain would I bid it to ever there rest,
But the woes of the earth for its utterance plead,
Then may it go forth as a merciful deed:—
O, Jenny, while shining so brilliant on high,
Like the Lyrian star on the vault of the sky,
While the peers of the realms bow in homage to thee,
Dost never thy race in their miseries see?
To the charm of thy music we ever would yield,
By thee would be borne to Elysium's field,
And forgetful that wrong or that wo were on earth,
Forever would list to thine angel-like mirth.
But the heart fraught with sympathies true, must embrace
The lowest as well as the stars of our race—
Round the poor and the wretched in bitterness twine—
On devotion's wings rise to where pure seraphs shine;—
In our pathway to Heaven we encounter the thorn,
Each brother's woes feel and the proud tyrant's scorn—
The way that our holy Redeemer has trod
But leads us through tears to the throne of our God.
I know that thine own gushing spirit is free
As the winds that o'ersweep the high mountains and sea;
Thy genius has burst from all species of chains,
And freedom unbounded swells forth in thy strains;
But while ever exulting on fetterless wing,

Wouldst not the blest boon to each lorn spirit bring?
Thy music, which thrills to the depths of the heart,
Might bid us to deeds of true chivalry start;
Might bid the kind fountain in proud bosoms flow,
To heal the crushed hearts that are writhing in wo.
Both Knowledge and Virtue like angels descend,
The sad thralls of Sin and of Darkness to rend,
Perchance that the tyrant may yield to thy charms,
And avert the dread doom of the Future's alarms,
Till unwilling vassals no more bend the knee,
But rise at his bidding and ever be free.
And the gold thou hast won by the charm of thy name,
To its splendor might add the philanthropist's fame,
Till many an oasis from deserts shall spring,
When the arches of Heaven with thy praises shall ring.

STORM-LINES.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the rains of November are dark on the hills, and the pine-trees incessantly roar
To the sound of the wind-beaten crags, and the floods that in foam through their black channels pour:

When the breaker-lined coast stretches dimly afar, through the desolate waste of the gale,
And the clang of the sea-gull at nightfall is heard from the deep, like a mariner's wail:

When the gray sky drops low, and the forest is bare, and the laborer is housed from the storm,
And the world is a blank, save the light of his home through the gust shining redly and warm:—

Go thou forth, if the brim of thy heart with its tropical fullness of life overflow—
If the son of thy bliss in the zenith is hung, and no shadow reminds thee of wo!

Leave the home of thy love; leave thy labors of fame; in the rain and the darkness go forth,
When the cold winds unpausingly wail as they drive from the cheerless expanse of the North.

Thou shalt turn from the cup that was mantling before; thou shalt hear the eternal despair
Of the hearts that endured and were broken at last, from the hills and the sea and the air!

Thou shalt hear how the Earth, the maternal, laments for the children she nurtured with tears—
How the forest but deepens its wail and the breakers their roar, with the march of the years!

Then the gleam of thy hearth-fire shall dwindle away, sad the lips of thy loved ones be still:
And thy soul shall lament in the moan of the storm, sounding wide on the shelterless hill.

All the woes of existence shall stand at thy heart, and the sad eyes of myriads
implore,
In the darkness and storm of their being, the ray, streaming out through thy
radiant door.

Look again: how that star of thy Paradise dims, through the warm tears,
unwittingly shed—
Thou art man, and a sorrow so bitterly wrung, never fell on the dust of the Dead!

Let the rain of the midnight beat cold on thy cheek, and the proud pulses chill in
thy frame,
Till the love of thy bosom is grateful and sad, and thou turn'st from the mockery
of Fame!

Take with humble acceptance the gifts of thy life; bid thy joy brim the fountain of
tears;
For the soul of the Earth, in endurance and pain, gathers promise of happier
years!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Child of the Sea and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. Anna Lewis, Author of "Records of the Heart," etc. etc. New York: George P. Putnam.

A large edition of "Records of the Heart" was sold in a few months, and the fair author stepped at once into a very enviable position. "The Child of the Sea," etc. will add much to her poetical fame. The poem which gives name to the volume, and occupies most of it, is a romantic and passionate narrative, and embodies all the main features of Mrs. Lewis's thought as well as manner. The story is well conducted and somewhat elaborately handled; the style, or general tone, is nervous, free, dashing—much in the way of Maria del Occidente—but the principal ground for praise is to be found in the great aggregate of quotable passages. The opening lines, for example, are singularly vivid:

> Where blooms the myrtle and the olive flings
> Its aromatic breath upon the air—
> Where the sad Bird of Night forever sings
> Meet anthems for the Children of Despair.

The *themes* of the poem—a few lines farther on—are summed up in words of Byronic pith and vigor:—

> ——youthful Love,
> Ill-starred, yet trustful, truthful and sublime
> As ever angels chronicled above—
> The sorrowings of Beauty in her prime—
> Virtue's reward—the punishment of Crime—
> The dark, inscrutable decrees of Fate—
> Despair, untold before in prose or rhyme.

We give a few more instances of what we term "quotable" passages—thoughtful, vivid, pungent or vigorous:

> Fresh blows the breeze on Tarick's burnished bay—
> The silent sea-mews bend them through the spray—
> The beauty-freighted barges bound afar
> To the soft music of the gay guitar. . . . . .

> The olive children of the Indian Sea.

> That rayless realm where Fancy never beams—
> That Nothingness beyond the Land of Dreams.

Folded his arms across his sable vest
As if to keep the heart within his breast.

———

——Violets lifting up their azure eyes
Like timid virgins whom Love's steps surprise.

———

And all is hushed—so still—so silent there
That one might hear an angel wing the air.

———

——There are times when the sick soul
Lies calm amid the storms that round it roll,
Indifferent to Fate or to what haven
By the terrific tempest it is driven.

———

The dahlias, leaning from the golden vase,
Peer pensively into her pallid face,
While the sweet songster o'er the oaken door
Looks through his grate and warbles "weep no more!"

———

——beauteous in her misery—
A jewel sparkling up through the dark sea
Of Sorrow.

———

Delirium's world of fantasy and pain,
Where hung the fiery moon and stars of blood
And phantom ships rolled on the rolling flood.

"*Isabelle or The Broken Heart*" occupies some 40 pages, and is fully as good as "The Child of the Sea"—although in a very different way. There is less elaboration, perhaps, but not less true polish, and even more imagination.

The "Miscellaneous Poems" are, of course, varied in merit. Some of them have been public favorites for a long time. "My Study," especially, has been often quoted and requoted. It is terse and vigorous. From "The Beleagured Heart" we extract a quatrain of very forcible originality:

I hear the mournful moans of joy—
Hope, sobbing while she cheers—
Like dew descending from the leaf
The dropping of Love's tears.

The volume is most exquisitely printed and bound—one of the most beautiful books of the season.

———

The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo.

No person, of whig or tory politics, could in the present age, propose to himself the task of writing the history of England, without feeling the delicacy and responsibility of his undertaking, and the necessity of exercising a different class of powers from those which may have given sparkle and point to his partisan efforts. The importance of the principles involved in the events and characters coming under his view, and their wide applications to contemporary controversies, would be sure to bring down upon the unlucky advocate a storm of moral and immoral indignation. It would seem on the first blush that Macaulay, with all his vast and vivified erudition, was not a writer calculated to experience the full force of a historian's duties, or to display in the analysis and judgment of events that intellectual conscientiousness which is a rare quality even in powerful minds. His historical essays bear as unmistakable marks of partisanship as ability, and are especially characterized by a merciless severity, which, in the name of justice, too often loses the insight us well as the toleration which come from charity. Sir James Macintosh, toward the commencement of his career, referred to him as "a writer of consummate ability, who has failed in little but in the respect due to the abilities and character of his opponents." Though as a partisan, Macaulay was a partisan on the right side, on the side of liberty and truth, the unmeasured scorn he poured, hot from his heart, on tyrants and bigots, and the fierce, swift sweep of his generalizations, often made his cooler readers suspicious of his accuracy when most dazzled and delighted by his brilliancy. In the present history a great change is manifest. The petulance, the flippancy, the dogmatism of the essayist, are hardly observable, and in their place we have the solid judgment of the historian. There is a general lowering of the tone in which persons and principles are considered, consequent upon the change in the writer's position from an antagonist to a judge. The style, while it has no lack of the force, richness, variety, directness and brilliancy, which characterized the diction of the essayist, has likewise a sweetness, gravity and composure which the essayist never displayed. Though the writer's opinions are radically the same as ever, they are somewhat modified by being seen through a less extravagant expression, and by being restored to their proper relations. In fact, the history presents Macaulay as a wiser and more comprehensive man than his essays, and if we sometimes miss the generous warmth and intensity, and the daring sweep of his earlier compositions, we also miss their declamatory contemptuousness and mental bombast.

The volumes which the Harpers have given to us in so elegant a form, (vulgarized a little by Dr. Webster's ortho-graphical crotchets,) close with the proceedings of the Convention which gave the crown to William and Mary. A long historical introduction, containing a view of English history previous to the reign of James II., and a view of England, in its manners, customs, literature and people at the time of his accession, occupy the larger portion of the first volume, and are almost unmatched, certainly unexcelled, in historical literature, for the combination of condensed richness of matter with popularity of style. Then follows the narrative of the three years of folly and madness which produced the revolution of 1688, and hurled James II. from his throne. This narrative is detailed with a minuteness which leaves nothing untold necessary to the complete apprehension of the subject in all its bearings, and it evinces on almost every page not only singular felicity in narration, but great power of original and striking observation. Masterly generalization, and sagacity in seizing and luminousness in unfolding the principles of events. The whole history has the interest of a grand dramatic poem,

in which the movement of the story and delineation of the characters are managed with consummate skill. The portraits of Charles II., James II., Danby, Rochester, Sunderland, Godolphin, Halifax, Churchill, and especially William of Orange, are altogether superior to any which have previously appeared. Halifax and King William seem to be Macaulay's favorites, and he has surprised many of his readers by his comparative coolness to Russell, Sydney, and the whig patriots generally.

The history closes with an eloquent passage on the "glorious" Revolution of 1688. It appears to us that the meanness and lowness which Macaulay has developed in the actors in the event, impress the reader with a different notion of it. The whole thing has a jobby air, in which no commanding genius is observable, and no sacrifices seem to have been made. Indeed Macaulay himself, in one of his essays, remarks truly that the only sacrifices made in the Revolution, "was the sacrifice which Churchill made of honor and Anne of natural affection." That the Revolution, in its results, was one of the most glorious recorded in human annals, there can be little doubt, but it had its birth in such odious treachery, and was conducted by men so deficient in elevation of mind or even common honesty, that its story is little calculated to kindle sympathy, or awaken admiration.

The History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

The author of this history is all English nobleman of large historical acquirements, who has managed to produce two or three valuable works demanding great study and research, without interfering with his duties as a member of Parliament, though, doubtless with some interference with his pleasures as a member of the English aristocracy. The present work is valuable for its accuracy, and interesting from its giving a connected view of the history of England during a period but little known except by the empty abstracts of stupid compilers, or the brilliant but prejudiced letters and memoirs of contemporary writers and statesmen. It comprehends the administrations of Harley and Bolingbroke, of Stanhope, Walpole, Carteret, Newcastle and Chatham, thus including the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne and the reigns of George I. and II. The period covers a wide field of characters and events, and Lord Mahon has been especially successful in unraveling the threads of the foreign policy of England, and indicating the difficulties experienced by her statesmen in sustaining the House of Hanover on the throne. In a narrative point of view the best portions of the history are those relating to the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. It is almost needless to say that Professor Reed has added much to the value and interest of the work by his elucidative notes.

But the richness of Lord Mahon's materials and the interest of his subject cannot conceal the fact that he lacks both the heart and the brain of an able historian, and that he is essentially a common-place man. The reflections he appends to some of his narratives are commonly such obvious truisms, or such poor apologies for reason, that the reader is made painfully aware of his being in the company of a mediocre gentleman, who, while he always means well, never means much. Lord Mahon is deficient equally in historical science and historical imagination, and his work equally barren of profound principles and vivid pictures. A moderate tory, he holds the hearsays of his creed with a lazy acquiescence, without sufficient passion to be a

bigot, and without sufficient logic to be a sophist. When he is tempted into historical parallels, or disquisitions on the changes of parties, as in that passage where he essays to prove that a modern whig is synonymous with a tory of Queen Anne's day, he adopts the argumentation of Fluellen rather than Chillingworth—shows that "there is a mountain in Wales and a mountain in Macedon," and leaves the reader to mourn over the misdirection of the human faculties. In his estimate of literature he is still worse. The disquisition on the literature of Queen Anne's time, in the present history, is a medley of mingled commonplace, which has been worn to rags, and critical nonsense, which has been long exploded. His history, therefore, must be considered simply as a useful narrative of important events, and carefully distinguished from those of Guizot and Thierrey, of Hallam and Macaulay, of Prescott and Bancroft.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678-9. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

This beautifully printed volume sustains both the reputation of its publishers for printing handsome books, and its reputed author for writing good ones. It is generally attributed to Whittier, and it certainly displays throughout the shrewdness with which that poet observes, and the facility with which he idealizes events. Here is a volume bringing up to the eye with the vividness of reality the scenes and characters of a past age, and making us as familiar with them as if we had ridden by the side of Margaret in her journey from Boston to Newbury, and yet through the whole book runs a vein of pure poetry, lending a consecrating light to scenes which might possess but little interest if actually observed. The quaint spelling undoubtedly adds to the illusion of its antiquity, but what makes it really seem old is its primitive sentiment and bold delineations. Margaret herself is a most bewitching piece of saintliness, with the sweetness and purity of one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, and as full of genial humanity as of beautiful devotion. Placed as she is amid the collision of opposite fanaticisms, the austere fanaticism of the Puritan and the vehement fanaticism of the Quaker, she shines both by her own virtues and by contrast with the harsh qualities by which she is surrounded. The book provokes a comparison with the Diary of Lady Willoughby, and that comparison it will more than stand, being superior to that charming volume in the range of its persons and events, and equal to it in the conception of the leading character. The author has shown especial art in modifying every thing, by the supposed medium of mind through which it passes—the heroine telling the whole story in her own words—and at the same time preserving every thing in its essential life. This is a difficult and delicate process of representation, but Whittier has performed it.

Democracy in France. By Monsieur Guizot, Late Prime Minister. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This little volume is well worthy the reputation of one of the greatest historians, philosophers and statesmen at the age—in other words, of the reputation of Guizot. It is marked by preeminent ability in statement, analysis, argumentation and composition, and we doubt not will exert some considerable influence on the politics of France. In his preface the author avers

that nothing in the volume bears the impress of his personal situation, and he adds, "While events of such magnitude are passing before his eyes, a man who did not forget himself would deserve to be forever forgotten." The book justifies the author's assertion. It is simply an examination of things without regard to persons, and is as philosophic in its tone as in its method. The chapters on The Social Republic and The Elements of Society are masterpieces of analysis and statement, and well deserve the attentive study of all who think or prattle on social science. It seems to us that the present volume is sufficient to convince all candid minds, that whatever may be the faults and errors of Guizot as a statesman, he has no equal among the men at present dominant in France. Since his fall that country has been governed, or misgoverned, by soldiers and sentimentalists, with a pistol in one hand and the Rights of Man in the other, and is a standing monument of the madness of trusting the state to men of "second rate ability and first rate incapacity." The Red Republicans have principles; M. Guizot has principles; the legitimists have principles; but the present dynasty has the peculiar character of being, in an intellectual sense, the most thoroughly unprincipled government that French ingenuity could have formed.

Oregon and California. By J. Quinn Thornton. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

A pleasant book, well written, and containing much information just now, peculiarly valuable in relation to Oregon and California. Many strange phases of life in the wilderness and prairie, are described by one who knows its peculiar hardships and pleasures. The terrible sufferings, the awful stories told of the early emigrants, are faithfully given, and, if official accounts be true, are scarcely exaggerated. A valuable appendix on the gold country is added, undoubtedly to be relied on. The book is well illustrated in wood.

The Parterre, a Collection of Flowers Culled by the Wayside. By D. W. Belisle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippencott & Co., 1849.

A pretty looking volume, very creditable to the publishers in a typographical point of view, and containing a number of poems of various lengths, on a variety of subjects. The longest, Wallenpaupack, is an attempt, and a very creditable one also, to commemorate an incident of the history of the North American Indian, a source of poetical subjects too much neglected. The book is well worth attention. It may not be uninteresting to state that the type has all been set up by the author.

Roland Cashel. By Charles Lever. Illustrated by Phiz. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is probably the best novel of one of the most popular novelists of the day. Lever has not much solidity of mind, and accordingly never produces any masterpieces of characterization or passion, but he has a quicksilver spirit of frolic and drollery, and an intensity of mirthful feeling which have made some critics place him on a level with Dickens. The present volume will more than sustain the reputation which his former frolicksome audacities have

attained.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

My Dear Jeremy,—In my last I promised you a reminding hint, a sketch reflective and suggestive of mining operations, as an offset to the brilliant visions of "Gold Placers," which haunt the mind, sleeping and waking, of Uncle Sam's children. While multitudes are making haste to grow rich, by going around the Horn, and at the terminus of their long voyage will find themselves coming out of the little end of it, you and I may amuse ourselves over a subject somewhat kindred—a retrospective folly—feeling the while a good deal like the boy on getting rid of the jumping tooth-ache—"a *heap* better" are we, "now it is over."

Copper! You have heard of it before, I believe? and may have about you a memorandum of a few thousands, entered on the credit side, not available now at your bankers. It was a very happy delusion, was it not? I'll warrant me that you had already planned your cottage orné and had the walks laid out, and the shrubbery planted quite tastefully and imaginatively picturesque. Several castles, with steeples rather airy, of my own, were toppled down, and elegantly bronzed as they were, are quite useless now for purposes of reproduction, so that we may say, that we have had some of the advantages of wealth without a present care in disposing of it. The servant girl who wished for riches "that she might ride in her carriage and feel like missus," had the delights of anticipation only, poor soul! while ours are embodied in the delicious reflection of having passed that "missus" on the road, with a pair of fast trotters —taking the air with quite an air, at the rate of "two forty."

"Come easy, go fast," was the remark of an old German Uncle, who, having made a fortune by hard knocks at the anvil, looked with a quiet smile at these thousands in perspective. In regard to the *horses*, the old gentleman was right—but as the *money* never came, I think his premises were altogether wrong. One thing is certain, real estate rose very rapidly in our vicinity at that time, and as several lots went off at spanking prices, to be kept out of our clutches, we may be said to have been benefactors to the sellers and conveyancers. So that *copper*—the vilest of metal—may, in some crucibles, be transformed into gold. But not to anticipate.

Grubemout had been upon the mountain-side, which overlooks the delightful village of Fleeceington, for a month or more, making careful chiselings from rocks, and excavations at their sides. Uptosnuff carried his pick-axe and his basket. The "collection" gradually swelled upon their hands, until it became quite formidable; and the "choice specimens," were without number, rich, and without reason, *rare*. Drawitwell, the host of "The Hawk and Buzzard," had his eye upon their movements, and always made it a point to take a peep at their basket when they descended in the evening. He was an open-eyed sort of an old lark, who had had his own way in the village at election times and at trainings, by virtue of a colonelcy and aidship to the governor—a cheap sort of payment for service rendered—and he felt as if nothing of importance ought to transpire in the place, unless he had a hand in it. Drawitwell did not like the air of mystery with which his lodgers slipped the covered basket up stairs, after they had performed their ablutions; nor the roaring noise made overhead, as the "specimens" were poured into the two great chests, previously prepared; and he was just the man to get at the

bottom of a mare's nest. So, by virtue of appliances best known to himself, he contrived to get a look at the collected specimens, and made up his mind at once that the thing was too slily managed by half, and that if there was wealth in the rocks he would have a finger in the transaction. "*He would at any rate.*"

Crispin, the village cobbler, had thrown *his* eyes from his lapstone, across the creek, and up the hill-side, to take note of the motions of "the wandering stone-crackers," as he called them, and his brain was in a pother.

The blacksmith had sharpened their pick more than once, which had put on edge his curiosity, and had "contrived to pick their brains, while they pecked the rocks," as he jocosely remarked, and *he* had smelt metal in their movements.

Over their evening ale, at the tavern, the probabilities and possibilities of gold or silver being found in the mountain, were discussed with various degrees of profundity, and the certainty that something of the kind was there, was most sagely resolved on. Time, in whose crucible all doubts are solved, soon confirmed their sagacity by a "copper button" presented to the landlord with the compliments of Uptosnuff, with hints, but not positive injunctions as to secrecy. He knew his man.

"What do you think of that?" asked Drawitwell, of his cronies the same evening, with an air of authority, holding up the copper button. "What *do* you think of that, my lads?"

"*Hellow!*" exclaimed the bewildered cobbler, "landlord, why—why is *that goold*?"

"Gold, you fool! No, it's *not* gold—but it's a precious sight more valuable—because there is a great deal more of it used."

"Why what on earth is it, then?" asked the blacksmith, in amazement.

"It's *Copper*! my lads! COPPER!!"

"COPPER!!"

"Yes, I reckon it is!—and the genuine metal, too! And the mountain is as full of it as an egg is of meat! Only melt down one of the rocks up there, and you'll see how it will fly out!"

To have stopped the spread of such information as this, would have surpassed the ingenuity of our clerical friend, who was opposed to the Magnetic Telegraph, as "a device of the devil." There was a California excitement in a village, with California itself in their own mountain. *He* would have been a lucky traveler, who could have had his horse shod for a guinea, or a bridle-rein mended for double the amount.

"You see, my lads!" says Drawitwell, haranguing the crowd, "they are going to do the fair thing by us, they have bought the land, and are getting their act of incorporation ready, and we are all to have shares in it at a reasonable rate—and I reckon I'll have a *few*, or money must be scarce in Fleeceington. There'll be high times at the "Hawk and Buzzard", *now*, I should say, when every man in this prosperous village can be an owner, for a small sum, in one of the richest mines on the face of the earth. You see it's going to be most unconscionable high, too—it's now twenty-two cents a pound—for the government is advertising for it in the newspapers—no doubt to make bullets with to match the infernal poisonous Mexicans. Gad, we'll give the rascals a taste of their own physic, *now*, I reckon! And then don't they make water-pipes with it now, and sheetings. And don't they cover houses with it, and ships; and I guess the time is not far off when government will have her mint on this spot—and what's to hinder us, *then* from spending our own coppers, bran new, ha! ha! If any body here has got a farm for sale, I'm his man!"

As for buying farms, the thing was perfectly absurd now, and Drawitwell should have known it; for who could tell that there was not a copper-mine under every one of them. It was

not to be supposed either that the good people of Fleeceington could keep the knowledge of such extraordinary wealth all to themselves, and our usually quiet city was all agog, with the wondrous stories of the extent and richness of the mines; and to confirm its truth, Grubemout and Uptosnuff were here with the charter, and the script elegantly engraved, and any number of specimens, and copper-buttons confirmatory.

In a day or two a few shares were in the market at "a slight advance on the original cost." Capitalists had been up who thought they "knew a thing or two"—and gudgeons began to nibble, the knowing ones among the number. The market advanced. One, two, three, four hundred per cent. was quickly achieved as competitors increased; and considering that the first cost was perhaps a dollar an acre, for an unwooded, untillable, rocky hillside, curved up and set down at a dollar per square foot as "original cost," the profit was tempting—the market active —ditto the original holders. There was a fierce avidity for a stock which advanced at such rapid strides, and the reckless became crazy, the cautious reckless and visionary. "The Board"—knowing dogs—looked on for a while doubtfully, but in amazement. The "Outsiders" indulged in ecstasies and fanciful millions. Thousands were added up upon stock-books, as if they were "trifles light as air"—*and they were*. Merchants cut the shop—lawyers the red tape and sheep-skin—editors told the messenger for copy to "go to the devil"—and all became "gentlemen on 'change." Healths were drunk "to the United Copper-Heads"—and champagne and Havanas "suffered some." Fun and puns flashed fast and furious—and all this the while the great bubble rose up, expanding and beautifying as it ascended.

It was not to be expected that a single mountain should contain all this good luck exclusively, and in various quarters envious copper-rocks poked their noses out, quite seductively to anxious companies, who formed upon the spot. One gigantic intellect proposed the formation of a company to shovel the sand off of the whole State of New Jersey, so as to get at the substratum, at once and emphatically. Copper became substantially the *great* business of life—the *only* business of the board—the *board* being in fact rather a small affair while *copper* abounded.

Sharp occupied *his* time in buying up superfluous real estate, which seemed to have been infected by copper, and showed a disposition to *rise*—and he was afraid it might go up and never come down again. The conveyancers assured him that he ought to take it—like a sportsman—on the wing, right and left. He did, and clapped a heavy mortgage on it to keep it steady.

That disturbed the figures on Flat's memorandum—for he hoped to have bought and paid for it with his expected profit on copper, and to have staggered somebody else's property with a mortgage from the surplus. It was provoking.

Jones and Wilkins resolved to "take a shy at the copper anyway, while it was going;" but the stock of all the companies seemed shy of them. They "bid ten dollars through a broker"—it was twelve. "Bid twelve"—it was fourteen. Wilkins had had enough of it. He believed it was "only a bubble blown up to catch the eyes of fools. He was done with it." But Jones was down in the morning, as merry as a lark, and as early. He "knew some of the outsiders, and thought he would catch some of them before the morning was over." He did—and went home to dinner, having made "a fortunate hit."

"Five hundred shares," said he, "at fifteen, and the last sale 'after board,' nineteen and a half! Four dollars and fifty cents per share. Five aught is *naught*; five fives are twenty-five, five fours are twenty, and two are twenty-two. Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars—that will do for one day, *I* should say. Wilkins would like me to give *him* half, as we were to have gone in

together yesterday, but I wonder what Wilkins ever did for me, that I should give *him* eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars! Not *quite* so green!"

The next morning Grubemout brought down some specimens, which "he thought" would yield forty per cent. *if they were assayed*, and thought that they ought to make an assessment of a dollar a share, so as to put on more hands and drive out the ore. Jones said that "that was right enough."

The assessment was called in, at which the stock hesitated for a day or two—made a start and went on—but a second installment being urged, it faltered a little, and then stopped. At the third it "*declined* a shade," at which the "bears" gave a shake and a growl.

But Grubemout had—in the nick of time—"just received a letter from the mines of the most important nature, which it would not do to show in 'the street,' or the stock would be balooning it—Uptosnuff had *just made a cross-cut*."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed Jones, rather nervously. "What is *that*?"

"A cross-cut, you see," says Grubemout, "is nothing more than 'a shaft' run at right angles past the old one we have been working. He struck some glorious 'deposites,' and—"

"Why I thought you always said there was *a vein*, Grubemout? These deposites are confoundedly leaky and treacherous affairs."

"And so there *is* a vein, my boy, and we are just getting into it; deposites are always the first thing we look for in copper mining. As long as we have them we get on swimmingly; but you are so confoundedly skittish! I was just going to tell you, that in making the 'cross-cut,' Uptosnuff has struck '*the master vein*!' and found an old '*drift*' in the mountain, which you will see after a while, is important. In it he found old hatchets, and hammers, and images in copper, supposed to have been the rude efforts at mining and smelting by the Indians long ago—say before the Dutch had taken Holland, or achieved the renowned name of Knickerbockers, and had gone home copper-fastened."

Information so desirable as this would work its way out somehow, and gentlemen would now bet you a trifle—say champagne and cigars—that a dividend of twenty-five per cent. would be declared on the stock the first year; or would *give* you a hundred dollars for agreeing to pay the annual dividend on a hundred shares.

Jones is "satisfied *now*," and forthwith buys five hundred shares more, as do other Joneses, and Browns, and Greens. Outsiders became as plenty as gooseberries, and as verdant; and it would seem, from the number of shares reported *at* the Board, and "*after*," that certificates had quadrupled, and never *could* multiply fast enough to supply the demand. Indeed, as one old gentleman was heard to end a prolonged whistle, by exclaiming—"GAS!" the market became so inflated that the Joneses, Browns, and Greens, declined the attempt of *cornering* the stock, in despair.

"The company," called for an additional installment at once. "Why, what the deuce," asks Jones, "does the company want with *more* installments? Haven't they got copper enough!"

"Copper *ore*, my dear fellow," responded Grubemout. "Yes, *lots* of it. But Uptosnuff wasn't brought up in a Cornish mine for nothing. The furnaces at Baltimore and Boston want it for half-price, but as they are nearly *out*, we intend to make them *smoke*, ha! ha! But we must go to the expense of an "*adate*" in the meanwhile."

"Why, what's the use of *that*—what good will that do?" asks Jones. "What *is* an *adate*, anyway?"

Poor Jones had a good deal yet to learn about copper-mining, and felt naturally alarmed at these ominous terms. The "cross-cut" was the beginning of puzzlers. He had yet to see—I may

as well say he ultimately did see, "the drift," to help along "the pumps," as well as the adate with installments, and to become familiar with a variety of mining lore, which assists knowledge in its acquisition, by obligingly allowing us to pay for it. But I believe he never *did* understand "what they wanted with so many work-shops—*he* thought they were *miners*!"

"An *adate*, Jones, is only a drain to relieve the mine when it is overcharged with water."

"Oh! is that all!"

But this calling in of installments seems to be a sort of patent condenser in the stock market, and shows with how much force a given quantity of air can be squeezed into a given compass.

Grubemout was as active as a bee at sunrise, and offered his advice gratuitously—but "confidentially"—to any number of anxious *inquirers*—but some of *them* having a copper-mine of their own, by the attractive and *taking* name of "*Penny*-wise Company," and others having taken a snap with the "Alligator Mountain Company," and not liking the bite they received, shook their heads at Fleeceington and looked knowing—the "New Jersey" chaps were quite sprightly, for as their *title* covered the whole State, they had a fair chance of *realizing* something when the "Mammoth Shoveling Company" got to work, and lifted the crust off.

Grubemout assured them—"on his honor"—that "the Company did not intend to sell an ounce of its ore to the furnaces. They intended to have '*a crushing machine*' of their own erected at once, and proceed in a style that would soon settle the whole business."

Jones was "ready for any number of crushers or mashers, grinders or pounders. Head up the creek—dam it! Put up the water-works and the mill-wheel, and give it to the *blasted* furnaces! Carry the war into Africa!" said he.

The installment to carry on the adate was paid, though it depressed the stock, but Jones could not see how having paid the company five thousand dollars in installments should depress *his* stock in the market. "Hang it!" said he, "the company is that much richer in property and excavations, and don't I belong to the company—haven't I a thousand shares? It's only paying money out of one pocket, and putting into the other. Wilkins may laugh, but he's a fool! That's a capital idea about the furnace. You're a boy, Uptosnuff—*you* are?"

The installment for *crushing* purposes was soon called in also, and paid, though the stock looked sickly, and trembled as if it had the ague, or had passed through a crushing process on its own hook. It was just composing itself when Uptosnuff discovered that it was of the highest importance to the company to have a small engine and an iron pump erected at the mines at once, *as the richest ore is always found below water level*!

Jones—the active, energetic Jones—"had no doubt of it at all. The Cornish miners assured him, when he was up, that as soon as they got below water level, they would come to something that couldn't be trifled with. If Wilkins wasn't a fool he would go in soon, before it gets out."

Uptosnuff, too, had had a quantity of the late ore assayed, and Professor Stuffemwell, Geologist to Her Majesty, thought it would *do* bravely. If ore that yielded fifty per cent. would not, he would like to know how her majesty's subjects got rich, after paying the miners, on mines that yield but fifteen per cent.

Copper buttons now replenished the pockets of dealers, and the stock made several violent gasps and starts for a desirable existence. But it was consumptive—evidently going into a rapid decline. The crushing process and the iron pump having depressed its spirits, and exhausted still further its vital energy.

Grubemout thought that if the buttons were pressed into *bars*, and shown upon Change it

might be encouraging, and mitigate the violence of the disease; but some wag of a broker suggested that it was "*a* BAR *sinister*;" which remark sinister ruffled the backs of the *bars*, caused the bulls to toss their horns unpleasantly, and shook still further the liveliness of the stock, which drooped visibly under the imputation.

Even *Jones*—the ardent, trustful Jones—got earnestly anxious about the state of the patient, and "suggested a consultation."

Brown was full of good intentions, but "pleaded debility of the pocket, which, under heavy depletion, was rather low."

Green was a little vivacious, and "suggested a new *cross-cut*."

Grubemout was pleased with the idea, and hinted at "a new installment."

Uptosnuff had "missed the stage, and was unable to get down to the meeting."

Wilkins, in answer to a pressing invitation to "*come in*," was "busy selling goods."

Sharp would not attend—"he had never had any thing to do with the rascally copper, and found his real estate bad enough just now."

Flat "had enough of copper stock—it was not very heavy, to be sure, having rather a tendency to dissolve into air, its original element, but he was satisfied."

The Stock grew feebler after consultation, as patients are apt to, in critical cases, from want of remedy.

The Bulls looked surly, as if they had been disappointed in pasture.

The Bears were as frisky as it is possible to be on a frosty morning, and were so much in their own element, that you looked involuntarily around for floating icebergs—and copper in this temperature of the atmosphere sunk into a torpor.

On Change, in this changing world of ours, copper looked blue.

The Outsiders had rubbed out their pencil-marks on stock memorandums, and dissipating the written evidence of thousands that had vanished into air, they themselves vanished. It was needless to say any thing to *them* about copper, they "never had any thing to do with it, beyond a hundred shares or so, which they sold out before the bubble looked like bursting." Stockdom was desolate, save that a few of the bears showed their teeth, and grinned as furiously as if they had just arrived fresh from the Polar regions, and had brought any quantity of wet blankets with them. Yet they looked as if they would rather than not that any dealer in copper should take hold of them. The bulls were more plentiful—looked savage but knowing, but showed no disposition to dash at imaginary enemies in scarlet, having rather a taste left for their friends, the Browns and the Greens, who were urgently entreated to "come *in again*, and help sustain the market."

The case was desperate, and desperate remedies were resolved on. It was deemed advisable to "ask *the opinion* of the directors!"

The directors "*have* no opinion of the stock! They never *had*," of their own. They trusted to Grubemout, to Uptosnuff, to the Cornish miners. Their geological and mineralogical education, had been shockingly neglected in their youth, and they have verified the fact, by having on their hands, a thousand shares apiece at high prices, by having assisted to sustain the market in the various stages of the experiment. But "they *would* like to know who were the 'original' stockholders of the company who did them the honor to elect them."

Grubemout "thought it of the highest importance that they *should* know, and as the original book of minutes was up at the mines and as he was going up by the next stage, would write and send them."

It would be, perhaps, as well to give his letter:

Fleeceington, Dec. 10, 18—.

GENTLEMEN,—I arrived safely at the mines last evening, after rather a fatiguing journey by stage, and found, to my unspeakable amazement, that Uptosnuff had exhausted the vein, and that as no more deposites are to be found he had thought it advisable to abandon the mine. The tools, viz., four pickaxes, three shovels, and two wheelbarrows—rather dilapidated—the property of the company, I have put under shelter, to preserve them from the weather—subject to your order or disposal. The iron pump I should have removed also, but being rather heavy in the absence of the hands—who have gone back to their farms—I found it impossible to take in. It cannot, however, suffer from rust more than ten per cent., and as the original cost was but seventy dollars, the loss to the company will be inconsiderable. There is a trifle of two hundred dollars due, for boarding the hands, to the host of the "Roaring Lion," who will forward you his account by this mail. As Uptosnuff and myself have suffered a great deal from anxiety, and exposure in the mines of the company, we deem it proper to seek a more genial clime. Any little complimentary remuneration which you may see proper to bestow on us, you will please enclose to Mr. Drawitwell, of the Hawk and Buzzard, to whom we are indebted for various little civilities, in the shape of breakfast, dinner and supper, for the past six months, and which no doubt the generosity of your complimentary donation will amply cover.

Enclosed are "the original minutes." Uptosnuff wishes to be remembered *by* you. I join in the same prayer.

Yours, as ever,

CHRISTIAN GRUBEMOUT, *Pres't.*

To the Directors, Stockholders, etc.

P. S. Please ask Jones to think of us. Not that it is any of our business, but would like to know whether he ever divided with Wilkins—it would be civil, you know. Regards to the Bulls. Uptosnuff says ditto to the Bears, for there is no knowing when one may want a friend, and civility costs nothing.

C. G.

MINUTES, FIRST MEETING.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the joyous and delighted inhabitants of the charming and romantic village of Fleeceington, held at "The Hawk and Buzzard Hotel," to elect officers for the newly discovered, freshly chartered, and highly valuable and productive Copper Mine, just incorporated by an act of the Legislature, under the name, style and title, to wit:

"*The Grand Open Sesame and United Catchem Copper Mining, Crushing, Stamping, Pumping and Smelting Company*,"

Christian Grubemout, Eliakim Uptosnuff, J. Drawitwell, T. Crispin and John Smith, the original incorporators of the Company, after regaling themselves, proceeded to the election of officers, and knowing that in the goodly city of Philadelphia there were a number of persons by the names of Jones, Brown and Green, and not a few Sharps

and Flats, they, in order to avoid giving offence, placed in a hat the whole of the names, as above, found in the *Directory*, (significant of the office they were to hold,) and drew the following first three names, A. Jones, B. Flat, C. Green, *directing* them to supply vacancies, and to fill additions to the number of five; adding in the meanwhile the names of the first two corporators, as *ex-officio* directors, to conduct silently the operations of the mines, and to enlighten the others as to the true plan of working copper-mines profitably and efficiently.

(Signed) C. GRUBEMOUT, *Pres't.*

E. UPTOSNUFF, *Sec'ry.*

The cleverness and explicitness of the whole transaction showed that it had *been done* neatly; and the Directors with singular unanimity felt themselves included in the operation.

There can be no doubt that Grubemout and Uptosnuff are among the "placers" in California. The one being undeniably the man who sold the two barrels of brandy, by installments of a thimblefull at a time, for $14,000—the other, with positive certainty, we aver to have been the man who "confidentially" communicated the following *item* to the newspaper press, and he must have been there to have seen it:

"*The Biggest Lump Yet?*—The following is about the latest news from the gold diggins that we have seen recorded in the 'papers:' A runaway soldier is said to have discovered a lump or a rock of gold that weighed 889 pounds and 11½ ounces; he was afraid to leave it, and mounted guard upon it, and at the latest dates he had sat there 17 days; had offered $27,000 for a plate of pork and beans, but had been indignantly refused, and laughed at for the niggardliness of his offer, by parties going further on, where this article was said to be *more abundant*!"

Jones is among the lame ducks, and pretty roughly plucked at that. But he still avers that if the furnaces had only paid a good price for the ore at the outset, or Wilkins had only helped him to sustain the market when he asked him, he should have been the master of a pretty snug little fortune. If he only had it *now*, he would charter a steamer, and take his own freight and passengers for the gold mines.

The Hawk and Buzzard appears to have been "*pidgeoned*," for the last time I passed that way the house was shut up. The business having amused itself by stepping over to the Roaring Lion, while the Hawk and Buzzard had flown to the city, "to watch the market."

Crispin "would only like to have one of those fellows tied for a while, until he had expressed his opinion on him with a stirrup."

Smith appears to be solicitous to "make them intimately acquainted with the red-hot end of a poker—he'd *smelt* 'em, *dam* 'em, and *crush* 'em too!"

The "Dam," the "Drift," the "Cross-Cut," the "Iron Pump" and the "Adate," you can see as you go wood-cock shooting next August—but the "Steam-Engine" and the "Mill-Wheel" never arrived, owing to some informality in the order given to the mechanics.

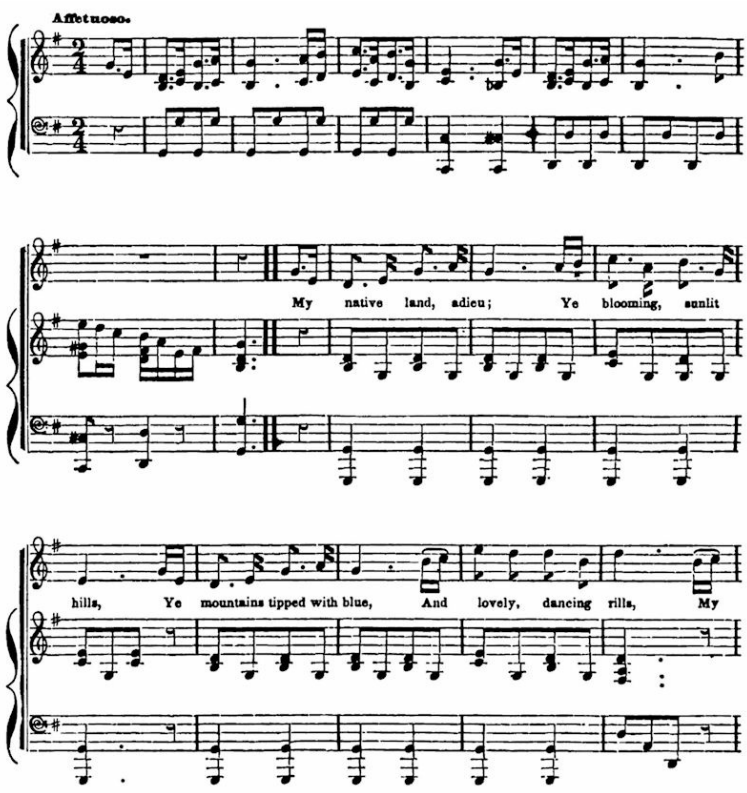
"THE CRUSHER," it is supposed, is in California with its friends.

G.R.G.

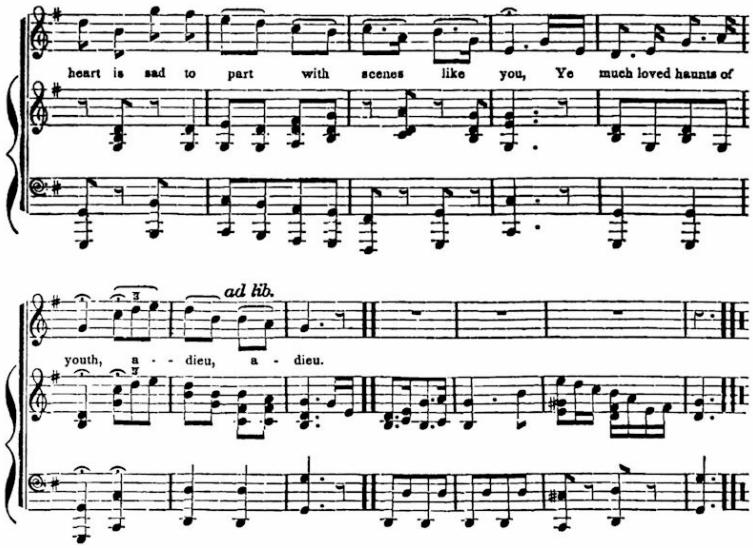
ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND.

WORDS BY D. W. BELISLE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO, BY JAMES PIPER.



My native land adieu;
Ye blooming, sunlit hills,
Ye mountains tipped with blue,
And lovely, dancing rills,
My



heart is sad to part with scenes like you,
Ye much loved haunts of youth, adieu, adieu.

SECOND VERSE.

Sweet Memory, how my soul
Beats at thy magic touch!
'Tis strange that thy control
Can make us bear so much;
For, while my thoughts in sadness turn to you,
My heart in silence breathes a fond adieu!

Transcriber's Notes:

Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Grammar has been maintained as in the original. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals available for preparation of the ebook.

Page 217, in the "Scientfic Halls," ==> in the "Scientific Halls,"
Page 218, sacred manes of my ==> sacred names of my
Page 219, and platted his long ==> and plaited his long
Page 219, nicely platted queues ==> nicely plaited queues
Page 222, courtiers whom Lí ==> courtiers with whom Lí
Page 222, assidiously *rubbing his* ==> assiduously *rubbing his*

Page 224, I hav n't it ==> I haven't it
Page 225, has no othe ==> has no other
Page 227, to entercept the ==> to intercept the
Page 227, below. Unforfortunately, the ==> below. Unfortunately, the
Page 236, many rejuvinated forests, ==> many rejuvenated forests,
Page 238, and wild-geraneum flowers ==> and wild-geranium flowers
Page 239, fair daugher of the ==> fair daughter of the
Page 241, be poweful to cheer ==> be powerful to cheer
Page 244, fly-leaves was writen ==> fly-leaves was written
Page 251, was therefor, and ==> was therefore, and
Page 254, free and unbiassed ==> free and unbiased
Page 256, beloved and rewared ==> beloved and rewarded
Page 269, T'is hence that ==> 'Tis hence that
Page 275, Havn't they got ==> Haven't they got
Page 276, number off five; ==> number of five;
Page 276, The Bigest Lump ==> The Biggest Lump

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. 34 No. 4 April 1849* edited by George Rex Graham]