GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1849

Volume XXXIV
No. 5 May

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Title: Graham's Magazine Vol. 34 No. 5 May 1849

Date of first publication: 1849

Author: George Rex Graham

Date first posted: Sep. 3, 2016

Date last updated: Sep. 3, 2016

Faded Page eBook #20160903

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Vol. XXXIV.   May, 1849.   No. 5.

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Graham’s Magazine

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, May, 1849. NO. 5.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN JOHNSON JONES.

A TALE OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

"These are the spiders of society."

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones were commonplace people, but like him who cried because there were no more worlds to conquer, they were ambitious. There was one sphere within whose sacred precincts they could not enter, and they wanted—to be fashionable. They looked around—they beheld others, who, like themselves, had once been excluded from the "land of promise," and with a mighty resolution, determined to die or conquer—to overthrow the *chevaux-de-frise* surrounding Japonicadom, with "the impudence of wealth;" and at length—at length the charmed gates at which Mrs. Jones had sat in an agony of despair, burst open to her delighted gaze, and she rose in public estimation high as the frothy pyramids with which she ornamented her expensive suppers and baited her guests.

After all, and in spite of the old copy that we have written, about the root of all evil, money is a "great invention;" especially here, where it bestows wit on fools, beauty on beasts, and covering the blots on all escutcheons, forces us to that promiscuous mingling which out-democrats democracy. How magnanimous it makes us! While the friends of the needy assist them down the hill of fortune and bid them farewell, they turn to help the lucky over its stepping stones, and lifting the pedlar's pack from his shoulders, rub them down, and push him into what we call "our first circle". And a pretty circle it would be, were the beginning known! But the shining gold that glitters through a handsome purse, is the *passe partout*; and like the princess in the fairy tale, nobody looks behind for fear of hobgoblin discoveries of his next door neighbor. Besides, reduced people are *so* contemptible! Put them out! With each new reign new peers arise, and so new houses should rear their tops over the old ones, when the owners are useless and the furniture tarnished.

Such a generation as we are! Such an age of refinement! Who would sit down in the year 1849, to a dinner on a square-table! Who would touch any but a Westphalia ham—drink champagne from a narrow glass—take a cup of tea from any but a silver urn—sit in any but a

Louis Quatorze—kiss a baby that wore corals—notice an acquaintance with a last winter bonnet, or a *visite* instead of a Jenny Lind? Dear me! dear me! I have been thinking a long time, and don't know anybody that would!

Mrs. Jones knew better for one—so did Mr. Jones; and while they were as vulgar as pride and ignorance could make them, learned to look upon themselves as "glasses of fashion and moulds of form." They had to labor for the distinction with a zeal worthy a better cause; and my readers shall have the benefit of their attempts if they are not already too tired to proceed.

Mrs. Jones canvassed among her female acquaintances for popularity, by calling, flattering, cringing, and sending them delicacies made by her own fair hands; and Mr. Jones, who was very anxious to be "genteel," studied Chesterfield, and wondered what it meant. He belonged to one of the first families of a state, in which all the families were first—a universal right of distinction. His connections would have been titled in an aristocracy; but their respect for the American government made them condescend to be plain Misters, Madams, and Misses.

Mr. Jones himself was a little finnikin man, with sharp, black eyes, and high cheek bones, upon which rested two red spots like the remains of a fly-blister. He combed his hair into a stiff *toupet*, that made him look like an inverted furniture-brush, with the usual equivocal portrait of some very great individual upon it.

Fortune particularly distinguished Mr. Jones and saved him the trial of an impossibility—the one of distinguishing himself. She gave him the key to every door when she made him wealthy, and in pure gratitude he converted his soul into a cent, and his heart into hard specie.

Then, Fortune bestowed on him the would-be-elegant Miss Pushaw, as high-born as himself; and he was certainly a happy man when he stood up with a bride whose dress was, like Margaret Overreach's, "sprinkled o'er with gold." He was soon dazzled by her manœuvering qualities, and touched by the congeniality of feeling which existed between them. An adoration of fine clothes, fine furniture, and fashionable people, was the sacred link that bound these loving hearts into one; and upon their removal from the country to the city, no marble-cutter labored harder, or struck more small pieces right and left, than did Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones, when they fawned and flattered, and ran small errands for the neighbors that surrounded them, "the great Athenians."

Mrs. Jones kept a small confectionary establishment in her pantry, for all the ladies who fell sick; and Mr. Jones was kind enough to open a cigar and drinking establishment for the gentlemen who were obliging enough to call. They progressed, however, slowly in the affections of the proud ——ians, and were somewhat discouraged, but recollecting the pretty motto of "Hope on, hope ever," they did not despair, and contemplated taking larger strides toward gentility.

Mrs. Jones had been originally called Sally, but changed the appellation for the softer one of Sara. Spring came on, and she resolved to follow the world of fashion to one of its favorite resorts, the little village of Quiproquo. She persuaded her loving spouse to rent one of its cottages; and covering some old sofas and chairs with new chintz, furnished it nicely and neatly enough to have satisfied the most fastidious. But to every visiter the same apology was made for its plainness; and Mrs. Jones informed them all that "her house in town was furnished *elegunt*, but she didn't like to bring out her mahogany cheers," while her husband's invariable rejoinder was, "Why, Sara, there are plenty more where them came from!" A mere playful allusion to the amount of his fortune, a fact he never lost sight of, and in time it had its due effect on his listeners.

This house became at length the *pied-à-terre* for all the high-bred loungers that had

nothing to do but smoke, drink, and play Boston in the summer months; the season of inevitable idleness for all Southerners of all professions—doctors excepted.

Mrs. Jones talked very loud and very much *du nez*; she took all the empty speeches she listened to for witticisms, and was forever busy in the service of others, running about shaking a little basket of keys, to impress them with a due sense of her importance.

Mr. Jones's wine flowed freely, (so did his brandy par parenthesis. Brandy-and-water drinking becomes a solemn duty in the warm weather, among the inhabitants of Quiproquo.) Then the boxes of best Havanas were fast emptied, and clouds of smoke arose from the front piazza, frightening the neighbors into thinking the house was on fire until they were used to it. And Boston! and whist! there was no end to these favorite games, while the gossips of the village whispered that it was a very profitable amusement to Mr. Jones.

But there was still a Mordecai at the gate of poor Mrs. Jones's soul. Many had called to see her, whose nod a few months previous was as great as Jove's from Mount Olympus; but like all who strive for much, she wanted more. There was one card whose reception would at once stamp her "a peer," give her the right to place the golden grasshopper in her hair; for Mrs. Macfuss was one of the proud Autochthones whose boast was that she had never been but the first among the first. She had been heard to say that she could not think of encouraging such persons as the Joneses! And such a speech from the cynosure of all eyes threw Mrs. Jones into hysterics.

Mrs. Macfuss's house was the house par excellence; her suppers were given in the Hall of Apollo, where Lucullus supped with Lucullus. The dinners were triumphs of culinary art, over which the very spirit of Ude must have presided. Her toilette was ever in the most exquisite taste. Her dresses gave the *ton*, and her patronage decided the fate of a mantuamaker for life. The entire race of milliners would have credited her forever sooner than lose the honor of her custom; and she it was for whose favor poor Mrs. Jones pined in green and yellow melancholy. She cried for very spite, while Mr. Jones swore that he would trample on the d—n proud set after a while.

They determined to make a mighty effort, and commenced preparations for a ball. Invitations were written on scented paper, and put into envelopes with embossed vines and bouquets over the seal. These were sent to her new acquaintances, and the "picked and chosen" of her old ones; and breaking through the charmed rules of etiquette, Mrs. Jones's cards were slipped into some of the invitations and left at Mrs. Macfuss's for herself and family. A band of music was engaged, and every thing prepared on a large scale.

Mrs. Jones was seen rushing in and out of the house in an old loose gown looking like—herself; sleeves up to her elbows, and said elbows covered with eggs, sugar and butter; while behind her ran Master Pushaw Jones, on a pair of hard fat, blue legs, his face besmeared with the same sweet compound that graced his mamma's arms, enlivening the scene with shrill screams for egg-shells, into which he concocted sundry messes that defy description.

In every sunny spot around the house were tables covered with cakes like pyramids of snow, so white and smooth was the icing poured over them. In the kitchen were fowls roasting and hams boiling; turkeys innumerable in their tin houses, getting basted and browned; and oysters getting plumped and pickled, peppered and spiced. There was more shuffling, running about, upsetting and breaking, than can be imagined, and fussing, to Mrs. Jones's content. Baskets of champagne arriving from town; blocks of ice; borrowed china and glass; lamps, candelabras, &c., &c. Servants rushing out to assist the draymen, shouting, tumbling over one another in an agony of amazement at "Miss Sally's importance," and ransacking drawers and

closets for cup-towels and tumbler-towels that were insufficient for all the wiping that was to be done.

The table was set out—and a magnificent one it was, if profusion is beauty. There was nothing wanting. Plenty of lights, too, were in readiness, and nearly all was completed the evening before, to poor Mrs. Jones's relief. She went to bed, endeavoring to think the fatigue a pleasure, and slept soundly enough to feel recruited.

But, alas! a bad day and a worse night damped her expectations, and she walked about, giving her directions with less buoyancy than the evening previous. *Then*, the fair moon was filling the earth with her silver light, and covering the galleries (whereon the guests were to have promenaded) with her radiance. *Now*, the air was damp and chilly, the rain was still dropping over the roof, and the roads were, of course, almost impassable. The grandees shrugged their shoulders at the idea of a wet drive to Mrs. Jones's party, and many who would have gone, remained at home for want of comfortable equipages.

The musicians called the quadrilles in hoarse voices, and their instruments were out of tune. The wind blew out the lights, and great confusion prevailed among the dancers. The icing ran down the sides of the cakes, the Charlotte Russes flowed over and the beautiful jelly, so perfectly moulded, melted away like a dream. Mrs. Jones was ready to swoon, but rallied, and talked louder than ever as she ran to and fro, in great agony of mind. Her husband suffered less; he was winning at cards, and the expenses of the party were much lessened as some of the guests pockets lightened. He even forgot the absent Macfusses, and wondered that Sara "took on so." Supper was announced—the champagne foamed and sparkled, the corks flew about like hail-stones, and every body was pleased but poor Mrs. Jones, who was glad when it ended, and lay down at length with a terrible *migraine*. Then came the nightmare in the shape of one of her own black cakes thrown at her head by Mrs. Macfuss—and so ended the party for her.

She had, however, the consolation of telling her next door neighbor, who was too sick to accept her invitation, what an "elegant supper she had, and how much it had cost her." She enumerated the number of empty bottles that *had* been full, the loaves of sugar that were broken up, and the hundreds of pounds of ice that had been used for freezing, &c., &c. The dozens of eggs, the ounces of gelatin! She had followed Miss Leslie's receipts, "and," added she, taking breath, "you know, Mrs. Hill, that you *must* go to vast expense for that, as she directs you to take the best of every thing."

Mrs. Hill did not doubt it, and as she afterward told her sister, heard an account so minute of the costs of the entertainment, that she could easily have made out the bills for the city confectioners and grocers.

"But she did not tell me who were her guests, Eda; and I really had no opportunity of asking," said she, smiling. "Now I might have learned something more interesting for your benefit."

"Not for mine, Fanny," returned Miss Seymour, laughing. "Poor Mrs. Jones! she could not tell you that Mrs. Macfuss did not accept her polite invitation, and in *her* absence, she considered her rooms empty. Is she not a host within herself?"

"I should like to have seen *her* reception of Mrs. Jones's envelopes and cards," exclaimed young Seymour, rising from the sofa, and seating himself at his sister's side. "It is certainly a bore to have such vulgarians thrust themselves among us. Fancy your compliance with the request I heard her make *you*, Eda, to 'Come over and be intimate!'"

"You may look as disdainful as you please, my exclusive brother," said Mrs. Hill, laying her

white hand upon his own, "but I prophecy Mrs. Jones's rise in the world of fashion as a thing of certain occurrence, as much as we all now laugh at and despise her vulgarity and ignorance. She will be as well considered as you or I, and more, for she has wealth, and we have only education and high-breeding."

"Tell it not in Gath! What, Macfusses and all, Fanny!" cried her brother. "Impossible! No one is a prophet in his own country, my dear sister, and thus I console myself for the shock you have given me."

"*Nous verrons, ce que nous verrons*, Harry," said Mrs. Hill, smiling, "but I think I am right. Human nature is the same all over the world, and I have learned to study it of late years. Did not Lady Montague write, that wherever she had gone in her travels in Europe and the East, she met with 'men and women!'"

"Very true, Fanny, but if what you predict comes to pass, I shall play Timon of Athens, and fly to Texas."

"O, lame and impotent conclusion!" said Eda, rising and running her fingers over the harp-strings, sending a full, clear strain through the apartment.

> " 'If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me excess of it, that surfeiting—'

I may forget Fanny's shocking view of fashionable human nature. She is a perfect old Diogenes, and deserves no better than a tub! Play, Eda, that 'music for a time may change *her* nature.'"

"Nay, sing, sister," said Fanny; "'twill soothe his troubled spirit sooner. Sing something from Lucia di Lammermoor, and I will promise not to repeat my offence."

But Mrs. Hill was right. She did not presume to deny the title of every one in our own free country to the equality it claims. She would exclude none from the advantages of society, let their pedigree be what it might. She respected honesty, and venerated truth. She knew that wealth could not confer either, and was too often acquired in their absence; to her it covered no faults, mended no reputation, refined no coarseness of mind, and looking upon it as affording opportunities of relieving misery, ways of making others happy, of giving to genius the advantages of education and learning, it was no wonder that she sighed, as she witnessed its daily influence on the minds and hearts of those with whom she mingled. There was no bitterness in her contemplation of its consequences, for she was too good and gentle to be envious, too pious to repine. She had been in the sunshine of the great world's favor, and was now beginning to see its clouds, as her means of affording mere entertainment to its votaries began to decline. But, although she felt privations, the want of comforts to which she had ever been accustomed; although she felt that wealth can bestow much happiness on those who know its proper use, she murmured not, nor thought more of those on whom fortune was conferring her choicest favors. No wonder, then, that she could foresee the success of Mrs. Jones, when with *her* accomplishments and fine, noble mind, the diminution of prosperity brought her less consideration. The mortification to her was, not the loss of fortune, but the mistake she made in fancying that her real worth had been appreciated. She knew that true hearts could not forsake her, that true friends could not be changed, and the rest passed from her mind as a dream that had lasted too long.

Winter approached, and after giving dinners, suppers, and picknicks innumerable in honor of her new acquaintance, Mrs. Jones prepared to remove into her house in town. At the same time Mrs. Macfuss was ready to do the like, and as mortified as the former felt at her palpable

neglect, it was a comfort to know that their furniture-wagons went side by side for six good miles.

And so ended Mrs. Jones's first year of climbing. The ladder seemed not so steep, nor the ascent so difficult; she could look up and smile on those at the top, while hands were held out to help her as she mounted.

She dreamed of Paradise, and began to breathe and hope. Who would not in her place? She talked louder than ever, and began to patronize a few, offering to chaperone very young ladies, or ladies of a certain age. Her toilette was magnificent, and began to be elegant. Mrs. Jones had improved decidedly.

The house continued to be thronged with her usual visiters. Her parlors were a kind of club-room for young men who staggered about, half-sober, after having played cards all night, or rested their weary heads upon the satin pillows of her sofas, and dozed off the effect of the champagne. Mrs. Jones declined all further communication with her former friends, and wrote pompous notes to all who took any liberty with her name. It was a thing she could not think of allowing; she had certainly the right of choosing her associates, and neither herself nor Mr. Jones could permit any one to question their conduct in any manner. Indeed, she was often upon the point of requesting Mr. Jones to impress it upon the minds of the silly creatures, that she could not acknowledge the acquaintance of such a promiscuous set. They had fastened upon her during her residence at "the Creek," and she could not shake them off; she never dreamed of encouraging them, and had resolved on her return from the North, not to notice any calls paid her by such an obstinate set.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the bosom-friend of days gone by, upon hearing all this repeated; "she don't intend to know us! Perhaps she forgets how glad she was when aunt invited her and her sister to a party, and they mortified us so, by coming with paper crowns on their heads, and little baskets filled with artificial flowers on their arms?"

"And every one laughed so!" cried another. "She came to see *me* once, with a colored dress on, trimmed all over with broad white ruffles. Wasn't that a costume? I wonder who *she* is, to slight us! She would do better to recollect what she springs from. Indeed! the time was—"

But we have not time to repeat the angry sayings of Mrs. Jones' friends. Some were told to her, but she cared not a *sous*, since the old set and the new would never meet to canvass her pedigree or her paper wreaths of yore. So, bidding a long farewell to them all, she left for New York, in all the glory of traveling-dresses, trunks labeled "John Johnson Jones," and a white nurse for Master Pushaw.

CHAPTER II.

"I dressed myself from top to toe."

"Are you going out this morning, Sara?" said Mr. Jones, as he saw an unusual quantity of finery on the dressing-table, embroidered collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs and gay ribbons.

"Yes; I have some calls to make—no very important ones to be sure; I intend dining out to Mrs. Hill's place at Summerfield. But as I think it a duty to assist in putting down the pride of such people, I wish to go with some eeclaw, and will take Pushaw with me, to show off his handsome suit. Some of my friends told me it was folly in me to put myself to the trouble of calling, but I wish them to see how mistaken they were, poor things! when they took upon

themselves to treat us with so much indifference when we were neighbors. The Hills are of no earthly use, everybody knows that! and I vow and declare that I saw Mrs. Hill wear that shine silk of hers two winters ago. I really must ask some of her acquaintances; it is worth while to ascertain it. I suppose I must go alone, for I could not ask any one to be charitable enough to go with me; and after this, I mean to cut the Seymour and Hill clique most decidedly."

Mrs. Jones took breath, and laughed at her own wit as though she relished it; and well she might, for the idea of her being able to "cut people" was a very funny one to be sure.

"Hill is doing a bad business this winter," said her husband, buttoning his coat, and straightening himself before the glass. "He'll be 'done up' at the end of it, I'll wager any thing, for he sold his beautiful horse a short time since, and a man must be in a poor way to part with such an animal as that is. Sinclair bought him, and hardly knows how to ride."

"Well, I'm sure *I* don't care, for one," remarked Mrs. Jones, with great elegance of manner and tone, as she threw over her shoulders a Brussels cape that had been sent up by her modiste for her inspection. "This is splendid, I declare! I'm glad Mrs. Puff thought of sending this; it is exactly like one Mrs. Macfuss wore at the Ford's fine dinner, and so it must be the fashion. As I was saying, Mr. Jones, the Hills were rather high with me last summer; I never could get them to come over and be intimate. Now there's Marian Fawney, as sweet a girl as ever lived, I had only to tell her once, and we've been like sisters ever since."

"Yes; a little *too* intimate for my good," said Mr. Jones, as he thought of the constant visits of all Miss Fawney's family. "It may all be very fine for you, Sally, and she may be a very good girl, but I think she loves rich folks, and no others."

"Well, and who don't?" replied his wife, who felt herself subject to a similar weakness. "Besides, Mr. Jones, her acquaintance has been an advantage, consider that! I have no doubt but that through her influence we shall have Mrs. Macfuss in our house before the season is out."

"D—n Mrs. Macfuss!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, forgetting Chesterfield in his indignation at the heart-aches she had given him and his helpmate. "You expect the Saxons, too, I suppose! For they are as proud as the others, and as grand in their notions."

"The Saxons dine here on Monday," said Mrs. Jones, with a look of triumph. "They called this week, and I immediately asked them, reserving the news for one of your cross humors, and you were just beginning one at the Macfusses."

Mr. Jones "unknit his threatening brow" and congratulated his wife upon her cleverness. "And never mind, Sally," continued he, forgetting to use the more musical name of Sara, "I'll pull down those Macfusses yet, with the fortune I'm making; for I have sworn to be the wealthiest man in ——, and I don't think Macfuss can say as much. I have the means before me, and if Will can help, 'there's no such word as fail.' Hurrah, Sally! hurrah!"

Mr. Jones was like Richard, "himself again," and almost upset the chiffoniere in the middle of the room. His wife smiled benignantly upon his playfulness, but thought it time to end his exhilaration where it began; "for," said she to herself, "if any one should hear him!" So she dismissed him by reminding him of the hour, and Mr. Jones left his Penates for his sanctuary, the counting-room. In his mind, if mind it were, there was but one idea, the one of amassing wealth, and he was as unlike that being of superiority, man, as the sloth to the bee. While his limbs moved, while his fingers marked down the all-important figures, his mind lay dormant, his soul stagnant; and forgetful of the treasures that "neither rust nor moth doth consume, where thieves do not break through nor steal," he left uneared for the harvest which we are bound to reap—the harvest of a good and useful life. Where his treasure was, there also was his heart;

but such things pass away, and will be like a drop in the ocean; where then would lie the benefit of all this toil, these struggles for the vain possessions of a passing world?

Equally heedless of *her* real fortune, his wife proceeded to her duty of *une grande toilette*. Calling her sable handmaid, she gave directions for Master Pushaw's outfit, upon this unusual occasion for display.

"Dress him in the suit that came from the North, Cilla," said she, with an air of Zenobian authority. "I wish to take him with me. Be prompt, and do not cross him, for he would cry, and I cannot have his face swollen. It will disfigure him."

There were few charms to destroy in Master Jones's little dish-face, but his mother descended to the front parlor with a Gracchi perception of greatness in embryo, and walked up and down before the pier-glass until her father's softened image followed her. Sundry shrill screams had found their way below, but as the injuries were entirely confined to poor Cilla's face and hands, Mrs. Jones was satisfied. She surveyed him attentively, and the result was satisfactory; although Master Pushaw looked very much as if he were about to mount Miss Foote for a race, or a circus pony for a ride around the ring. His clothes were remarkable for their gay color, and he wore a fools-cap, whose long gold tassel swung to and fro as his motions grew animated. We have seen little creatures dressed like, and resembling him—but they were not children.

Mrs. Jones was whirled off in triumph to Mrs. Hill's. A pretty cottage, elegantly but simply furnished, stood unmoved as the splendid equipage dashed up to the front door. A servant opened it, at sound of the bell, and answered in plain English that his mistress was "at home." Mrs. Jones descended the steps, and was ushered into the parlor. Still there was no unusual stir about the place, the pretty portraits kept in their frames on the wall, and the flowers remained unwithered at her approach. Mrs. Jones's astonishment redoubled, and when Mrs. Hill entered the room, her smiling, blooming countenance completed the disappointment of her guest. Nay, her quiet manner, and indifference to the mass of ribbons, flounces and embroidery that sat before her, gave Mrs. Jones nervous twitches at the mouth, and she at length asked for Mrs. Hill's little boy, certain of seeing him, as Master Pushaw looked when he was not "dressed in the suit that came from the North."

But the nurse entered holding by the hand a beautiful boy, whose smooth, fresh complexion was ornamented with only the bloom "Nature's cunning hand had laid on." His costume was as unlike a fancy one as possible, and Mrs. Jones felt the thorn deeper in her side, as his bright dark eye rested boldly and scrutinizingly upon his visiter.

"What a funny cap!" exclaimed he, as it swung to and fro when Pushaw turned his head.

"And so it is funny, dear!" replied the nurse with true Irish naiveté.

"Take the little boy with you, Charley, and get him a nice biscuit," said Mrs. Hill, and she felt relieved as the children left the room. "A glass of wine will refresh you after the drive, Mrs. Jones," continued she, hoping to direct her attention to a different channel; and pulling the bell, she ordered a tray of refreshment for her fashionable guest, not fearing to display the contents of her pantry to such practiced eyes.

Mrs. Jones swallowed a sponge cake, and washed it down with a mouthful or two of wine; but it almost choked her, and she rose to go without having dazzled Mrs. Hill with an account of her "elegant dinner-service, and the splendid silver tea-set." She remained imperturbable during the enumeration of the parties Mrs. Jones had attended, and the invitations she had been forced to decline, so bidding her hostess good morning, the lady stepped into her carriage with a feeling of bitter disappointment, "for" said she, "Mrs. Hill don't look at all as though her

husband were doing a bad business. Mr. Jones must be mistaken; no woman on the verge of poverty could ever look as undisturbed as she did this morning."

No woman like Mrs. Jones *could* have been cheerful under the sad reverses of the young creature whom she chose to despise. *Her* aim was fashion—her idol wealth. Mrs. Hill cared for neither; she struggled to preserve in adversity the happiness that had begun in prosperity. The object of the visit she received was intelligible to her, and her only emotion was one of pure amusement as she resumed her quiet rational pursuits. Mrs. Jones would have disdained pleasures that occasioned no display. Fanny felt grateful to the Giver of all good for the resources that supplied the place of the worldly amusements in which she could no longer afford to participate; and felt that however they may gratify for a time, they leave, from their uselessness, a void in the heart.

That night, while she and her husband sat together in animated, sprightly discourse over some work they had been reading, four people were assembled around the centre-table in one of Mrs. Jones's handsome parlors. The lady herself, her husband, and Miss Fawney, with her brother, a little snub-nosed, purple-visaged fellow, conceited, of course, and fond of talking.

Mrs. Jones held a pencil in her hand. Before her lay a *portfeuille* of unexceptionable shape and hue, and on a sheet of satin paper she was writing a list of the guests to be invited to a ball Miss Fawney thought it advisable for her to give. It was a popularity party, but as she catered for patronage that needed notes from the élite, not from the vulgar, it was a very exclusive affair.

"Every thing shall be perfectly *elegunt*, Marian—so be as select as you please, my love, I fear no rivalry in business like this; Mrs. Macfuss shall see herself at home, if she accepts," said Mrs. Jones, raising her head proudly, and smiling as she concluded.

"That's right, Sara!" said her husband, stroking his small crop of whiskers. "Go the whole hog, and give us something out of the way." (Mr. Jones was forgetting Chesterfield, decidedly, but then he had not so much need to learn refinement, since his rise in the world.)

"Do mind him for once, Mrs. Jones, although you ladies don't love obedience to the conjugal yoke," observed Mr. Fawney, screwing up his face to refrain from laughing at his own wit. "All the young men in town are wishing that you would give a party. They know what they may expect, I can tell you."

"Do they, indeed?" said the lady, expanding. "Then lose no time, Marian Fawney, I leave the invitations to you, for you know none but the first people here, and we can ask as many as you will write down. I give you *coorte blonche*."

"Will you, dear Mrs. Jones," cried she, embracing that lady with great affection, and filled with delight at the commission given her. "How kind of you to leave every thing to me! But then you know how much I feel—" Miss Fawney here wept a little, and wiping her eyes and snuffling, resumed: "Now we'll begin with—the Macfusses, of course—then the Fentons—"

"But none of them have called on Sara," interrupted Mr. Jones.

"But they will—I know that they intend it. Mrs. Macfuss told me the other day that Mrs. Jones entered a room like a Parisian, and that her dress was perfect!" said Marian.

This appeased Mr. Jones, and so enraptured his wife, that it was a pity it was not true; but Miss Fawney told an untruth so gracefully that falsehood became in her *plus belle que la belle verité*.

"Shall Mrs. Hill be invited?" asked she in a tone that plainly demanded a negative.

"Might as well," said Mr. Jones, picking his teeth with fashionable ease.

"Poor thing!" sighed Miss Fawney, while her face lengthened as she assumed a look of compassion, "does she go out this winter?"

“Mrs. Jones says her husband does a bad business this season,” observed Mrs. J. “She can’t get a ball-dress, what’s the use of tempting her?”

“Ever principled, my dear Mrs. Jones!” cried Miss Fawney, much affected a second time, but restraining her tears. “However, she might borrow one from her sister,” continued she, feeling that the more she dwelt upon Mrs. Hill’s reverses, the less inclined Mrs. Jones was to be polite to her.

“D—n it, let ’em come!” said the master of the house, conscious of no reason for slighting people who were never rude. “What’s the difference to Sally how they dress! She don’t lose by it, does she?”

“You have such a kind heart!” cried Marian, taking his hand, and gazing upon him with a look of two-fold approbation; but Mr. Jones turned away, wondering inwardly “what in heaven’s name the girl was forever crying about!”

“Come, Sara, decide! shall the invitation be written, or not?” said he, somewhat impatiently.

“No!” said the lady, positively, for she had just remembered Mrs. Hill’s indifference to her costly silk, her new carriage, and Pushaw’s fancy cap.

“Fanny,” said Miss Seymour, as she stepped from her carriage one evening at her sister’s door, “come with me, wont you? I am going to drive on to the city, having some *emplettes* to make, and we can call on Mrs. Jones as we return. The sound of her silvery voice will re-animate you this evening, for you do not look so well.”

Mrs. Hill was not as cheerful as was her wont, for her prospects did not brighten, and she had been sitting on the steps, thinking, until a few tears rolling over her sweet face, left their glaze, and did not escape Eda’s eye of affection. Ever willing to oblige, however, and anxious to resume her usual looks, before her husband should return to mark and grieve over her sadness, she assented.

“You must wait awhile, Eda, until I change my dress; I must put on a more ceremonious costume, for Mrs. Jones has ceased asking me to ‘come over and be intimate’ since my fortunes are changing. This satin de laine would be an insult after the magnificence with which she assailed me two weeks ago? Can you give me time to make *une toilette soignée*?”

“Certainly,” said Miss Seymour, seating herself and taking her little nephew on her lap, “although you require but a slight change in my humble opinion, to present yourself at Mrs. Jones’s door.” Fanny smiled and hastened in; but soon returned, looking pretty enough to make the fine lady jealous, in despite of her simple attire. She had that real elegance of manner which Mrs. Jones so much admired in herself, but could not see in others that failed to prosper in the world’s estimation.

She was “at home,” the servant said, and they were ushered in by an African damsel, in washing attire. Her clothes were looped about her waist like a *blanchisseuse*, and she displayed a pair of ebony legs ending with wide, naked feet. Her drapery was not like her mistress’s company, “select,” but seemed to hold the accumulated dust and dirt of the house.

Seated in the parlors, the sisters had leisure to contemplate the contents of the apartment they had often heard described. Two portraits hung opposite. One represented Mrs. Jones in ball costume, giving the finishing touch to her toilette. On her lap was a very work-box looking casket, out of which she was taking a string of most unequivocal wax-beads, supposed to resemble pearls.

Mr. Jones sat bolt upright, with a book in his hand, looking very learned, and very much

puzzled about some weighty question.

But what struck them most was, that on the tables in the corners, stood cake-baskets, covered with doilies, and candlesticks innumerable were disposed about the room, with unlit candles, and curled paper wound around them. Some of the baskets contained cake that plainly looked, "don't touch me yet," and we forgot to mention a tub of rather muddy water that stood in the middle of the folding-doors, on a large oil-cloth, as though the dark damsel, with the very short garments, had been interrupted in the act of scouring paint at this untimely hour.

"Mrs. Jones has scrubbing done at a strange time," said Eda, pointing to the implements before mentioned.

"Hush, Eda! I'm sure that we have called at a very wrong hour," said Fanny, pointing in her turn to the cake and candles. "Does not that look like a bidding of guests to the banquet hall?"

"It does, indeed. What have we done, Fanny? How could we know of such preparations when the stupid girl said her mistress was at home? The idea of scouring at such an hour, too! Housekeeping should be like the mechanism of the clock—we know that it goes, but do not see the operation. When was our house ever seen in such a trim by visiters?"

"In such an *un*trim, you mean to say," said Fanny; "but pray do not laugh, Eda, it is like hypocrisy to do so now, that we have given ourselves the trouble of coming to see Mrs. Jones."

"You are too good, Fanny; but if you keep your face serious in that absurd way, striving to practice what you preach, I shall shriek out," replied her sister. "Do laugh, if you feel like it."

"No, Eda, no!" said Fanny, trying to look grave. "Do not make me act rudely. *We* have made the mistake, for we live in the country and hear none of these 'fine ladies' doings."

"Pshaw! Mrs. Jones cannot give a party without *my* hearing of it; she owes me the invitation, and you also."

"I never shall expect one," said Mrs. Hill, smiling, and the servant entered to ask "if Miss Seymour were in the parlor."

"Miss Seymour and Mrs. Hill," said Eda, wondering what was to come next.

"Well, then, marm, Miss Sarly say, (and I told her it was you and Mrs. Hill, too,) that she's been busy all day, and can't see no company. Here's a ticket for you to come to the party. Miss Sarly say she never had no time to send it out in the country, but long's you are here, she told me to fotch it down. They a'nt none for you marm," turning to Fanny.

This new way of sending invitations was, in reality, ignorance on the part of poor Mrs. Jones. She had not yet been out as far as Mr. Seymour's country-seat, and thought it an excellent idea to take advantage of Eda's presence in the house. The neglect of Mrs. Hill was intentional, as we have seen, but it was *now* difficult to say which was most uncontrollable, Eda's indignation, or her sister's amusement.

"I have a mind to send it back to her," cried Eda, in French. "What gross impertinence!"

"Ignorance, sister; she knew no better, and I told you I expected nothing from Mrs. Jones," said Fanny. "Do let us go, dear Eda! I cannot help it now, I must laugh! Come"—and she led the way out, observing that she ought to forgive it, as Mrs. Jones had not yet unlearned her *habitudes de chaumière*. The door stood open, and behind it was Mrs. Jones, intent upon hearing what comments were passed by Mrs. Hill, when she found herself "neglected." She had the great satisfaction of knowing that she was seen, for Fanny's merry eyes rested full upon her; and she was somewhat disappointed as she heard the sweet, silver laugh that echoed behind them as the carriage rolled away.

This was not pleasant, but Mrs. Jones remembered that Mrs. Hill saw no one now, "and, of

course, Miss Seymour wont come when her sister is not invited. I wish I had not kept on this old gown, since they spied me out; but, lor! it don't make any difference. I wonder what they said, too; I couldn't tell from here."

She asked Cilla; but Cilla replied that "they didn't talk Merrican, and how could *she* understand? But I tell you what, Miss Sarly, I didn't like to invite one 'thout tother; and I felt very oncomfortable 'bout it, too!"

So Cilla had the advantage over her mistress in good feeling at least, but she was told to hold her tongue and go to her work, and no one was ever the wiser by it. But as we wish to give only an account of the rise of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones, we must pay less attention to the little incidents of every-day life.

To have slighted Mrs. Hill, "whose husband did a bad business," was one triumph—to have secured Eda's non-attendance, another. But to receive Mrs. Macfuss's acceptance, was one worthy of the gods! This joyful blow was too much for Mrs. Jones's nervous system! She had the paint rescoured, and Cilla, much discomforted, observed (out of her lady's hearing, of course,) "that if cos Mrs. Makefuss is a comin' I has to do all my work over, I wish, (oh, my sakes! if Miss Sarly could hear me!) she'd a kept her 'ceptance to herself. Here's Miss Sarly almost out her head, and when the 'oman *do* come, she'll be crazy as a coot—and coots is bad off for sense."

Cilla was not far wrong. When Miss Fawney communicated the intelligence that an acceptance was to be sent on the morrow, Mrs. Jones ran about in playful bewilderment and relieved herself a little by adding some extra-artificials to her dress. She borrowed more candlesticks and lamps, and had some idea of illuminating the house from attic to cellar, ordering lanterns to be hung at the gate, that Mrs. Macfuss might not mistake. "And now, Marian, my dear child," continued she, turning to her convenient friend, "do tell me what Mr. and Mrs. Macfuss like best to eat. What more *can* I have on my table that they would relish? I know they always have the finest of every thing—think well now, and let me know."

Miss Fawney was a little puzzled at first, but suddenly recollected what she liked most herself, so informed Mrs. Jones that Mr. Macfuss was very fond of *pâté de foie gras*, and also of oyster gumbo.

"The gumbo I have prepared, my love, of course; but the potty dee foy graws I had almost forgotten. Gourmand has quantities of potties, as he is a Frenchman, and imports those articles from Paris direct. I think you said Mrs. Macfuss liked sherbet and lemon ice cream?"

No; Miss Fawney liked vanilla best, and affirmed that Mrs. Macfuss was very partial to it.

"Is she, indeed! Oh, Marian, I had ordered lemon!" cried Mrs. Jones, in dismay. "Come, we'll go to Praline's this instant and reverse it. And those pine apples. They must be rich. Smith! have the carriage round immediately; I'll go up and put on my bonnet, Marian;" and when Mrs. Jones arrived at Praline's her heart dilated as she saw in how much consideration she was held by her confectioner and his wife. They were all smirks and smiles, particularly as she constantly repeated "you know now, Mrs. Praline, that I mind no expense whatever." And Miss Fawney called her an extravagant creature! "But I knew, Mrs. Jones, that when you did give a party, it would be a magnificent affair!"

And so, indeed, it proved. The weather was fine and everybody came. Mrs. Macfuss meeting her own set, and seeing so much display, was reconciled to her new acquaintance. Mr. Macfuss, seeing a magnificent supper and drinking the finest of wines, shook hands with his host, and asked him to come and see him sociably.

There was a pleasant combination of things. The host and hostess said they never would

regret the ball, and Miss Fawney was profuse in her congratulations. At length they had reached the goal, and began to feel with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummles, the sweets of popularity.

Mrs. Jones who heard soon after to say that she had scarcely time to take her meals, people so thronged the house; and before she was quite aware of it, she had asked Mrs. Macfuss to come over and be intimate!

One evening, as Mrs. Hill and her brother stood together at the gate of her pretty cottage, a handsome equipage dashed by, filling with dust the mouths of the plebeian pedestrians on either side of the smooth road through Summerfield.

Two ladies were on the back seat, while in front sat two little boys, looking very gravely at one another. The driver had on a coat filled with brass buttons—and this was called a livery; so the whole effect was very grand and imposing.

“Who was that, Fanny?” said young Seymour; “whose carriage is that?”

“The carriage belongs to Mrs. John Johnson Jones, brother. Did you not see her?”

“I did not recognize her—she bowed, did she not?”

“Not she, my good sir; she never bends so low. Could you not see how stiff the lady was?”

“Then who did bow to you just now?”

“Mrs. Macfuss,” said Fanny, smiling archly.

“Whew! Whose little innocents were those in front?”

“Master Pushaw Jones and Master Johnny Macfuss.”

Mr. Seymour paused.

“Fanny,” said he at length, “I’ll go to Texas. I see that Mrs. Macfuss has been over, and is intimate!”

LINES TO AN IDEA THAT WOULDN'T "COME."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained and dim?

"Has Hope like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory.
Has Hope been that bird to thee?"

Oh! fondly wished for, why delay?
This virgin page awaits thee—
It's waited since the dawn of day—
What can it be belates thee?

Thou ne'er wilt find a nicer couch,
A softer or a fairer?
Thou ne'er wilt find a desk to which
Thy coming could be rarer.

Oh! airy rover, rainbow-winged!
Oh! coy and cold deceiver!
Alight upon this beggar leaf,
And blessèd be forever!

Alight and shut your gleaming wing,
And let my verse be amber,
To make for you, while glad you sing,
A fitting, fairy chamber!

Whether around the dainty tip
Of Whitman's pen you hover,
Or rest on Greenwood's rosy lip,
To greet some poet-lover;

Or hide in glorious Hewitt's heart
Until you're robed divinely,
Or lend impassioned Eva's line
The glow she paints so finely.

Oh! fly them all, and fly to me!
I'll entertain ye rarely;
My happy pen your host shall be,
And introduce you fairly.

I'll dress you in the prettiest words
You possibly can think of,
I'll let you sip the purest ink
That e'er you tried to drink of.

Your rich *relations* throng to *them*,
While I'm alone and needy;
And though I cannot sing, my gem,
In tones so rich and reedy.

Be sure I'll make the most of thee!
While throned in state and glory,
Oh! think what pride alone to be
Unrivaled in my story!

Oh! fairy treasure, fine and fleet,
Oh! subtle, rare creation!
Whatever obstacles you meet,
Accept my invitation!

I'll give you welcome warm and true,
However strange you be;
And take what route it pleases you,
It's all the same to me.

Oh! come by telegraph from Maine,
Or by a junk from China,
By steamboat from the shores of Spain,
Or cars from Carolina!

But *come*—at all events—without
Another doubt or fear;
Fly, fly to this devoted heart,
And be—"my own Idea!"

A SUMMER EVENING THOUGHT.

BY COUSIN MARY.

See the fire-flies brightly sparkling,
While the night around is darkling;
See, above, the star-light streaming,
Part of Heaven's own radiance seeming.

Brighter than the stars' far beaming
Is the nearer fire-flies' gleaming;
This, a moment shall endure,
That, forever, calm and pure.

To our world-bound hearts are given
Joys of earth and hopes of Heaven—
Flitting in the path before us,
Star-like, beaming calmly o'er us.

Shame such choice to deathless spirits,
Who *some* god-like traits inherit!
Groveling still, we turn our eyes
Earthward from the distant skies,

And to our benighted vision
Brighter earth than "fields Elysian;"
Dearer are the joys here given
Than the promised joys of Heaven!

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

(*Continued from page 230.*)

CHAPTER IV.

It was the morning of the fifth day after the escape of Talbot and his companion. The land breeze, like the breath of expiring humanity, had become more and yet more faint, until it ceased entirely, and the flag that was wont to wave over the ramparts of the Moro Castle hung listless beside the staff which supported it. Into the cavernous recesses worn by the friction of the water, in the foundations of the massive structure, the sluggish waves tumbled with a dull and deafening sound. In the near offing lay the frigate, rolling slowly on the unbroken surface of a light ground swell, while the sails flapped against the masts, as if impatient for the breeze. In various directions, a number of vessels, differing in size and appearance, like the frigate awaited a wind to waft them to their various destinations. Beyond them, and until it blended with the distant horizon, save here and there a sea-gull noiselessly skimming its surface, there was nothing visible on the far-stretching and pellucid sea. Like a slumbering giant, the very heavings of that sea told of the latent power that dwelt within it, and conveyed a forcible idea of the might and majesty of the Great Being that made it.

On the after part of the deck of the frigate, screened from the sun by an awning overhead, sat Miss Gillespie and her brother. She, with an air of unmitigated sadness; he, chafing at a captivity which he deemed illegal, and impatient to reach the shore and obtain his freedom. He had never understood for what purpose the soporific incense had been burned, or, boy as he was, he would have attempted the life of their insidious foe. He had imagined that it was an attempt on their lives, (for the disaster of the count had been carefully concealed from them,) and his sister had shrunk from undeceiving him. Her pure nature could itself with difficulty comprehend such baseness, but was absolutely incapable of conveying an idea of it to another, particularly one whose disposition was naturally as unsuspecting as her own. She therefore determined to avoid exciting his suspicions, and even forbore to interfere further than by advice, when the steward, at the instance of his master, now able to sit up, represented that so far from designing injury, the object was to soothe their nerves, those of the lady in especial, after the anxiety and alarm of the evening previous. He also persuaded Frank that the count would exert himself to obtain their speedy liberation when they reached the port; and, that having found them on board of a privateer of the enemy, a class of vessels not in the habit of conveying passengers, he was, by the strict tenor of his orders, bound, although most reluctantly, to detain them. These representations so far operated upon the youth, that he was several times prevailed upon to visit the designing count. But his sister pertinaciously refused to see, or receive any message from her persecutor, and might have departed from her resolution and told Frank sufficient to prevent him from leaving her alone, but that in her fears for Talbot she had forgotten every thing else.

Although a prisoner, confined apart and denied all intercourse, the mere presence of her lover in the same vessel gave her a sense of security. But now he was gone, whither and

wherefore she could not tell, and she felt as if she were abandoned to the dreadful fate which so long had threatened her. To do her justice, too, her bitterest source of grief was in anxiety for the safety of Talbot. Had she heard nothing of him, she would have concluded that he was still among the prisoners, and by the strict vigilance of his guards denied the opportunity of communicating with her. But her persecutor was too malignant, was also too shrewd not to know that if he could persuade her of her lover's desertion, he might more reasonably hope for success. She was therefore but too soon informed of the escape, of which the missing boat was sufficient proof; and through others every representation was made, calculated to impair her confidence and weaken her attachment. But, like a mail of proof, her own integrity protected her, and the malicious shafts fell harmless, creating no pain, and scarce attracting notice.

Although young and inexperienced, scarce more than a nestling that had for the first time fledged its wing, this girl possessed the noblest attributes of her sex, and hers was more than the ordinary love of woman. True, deep, fervent love, such as that sex alone can feel, cannot harbor a doubt. Undying and unchangeable in itself, it cannot comprehend that, of the existence of which it is unconscious. Often placed unhappily, often denied the communion for which it yearns, it looks beyond the grave for the fruition of its hopes.

> "They sin who tell us love can die."

She had listened to the soft and hesitating whisper of proffered love, and her gushing eye and mantling cheek and throbbing breath had confessed that love to be requited. Her soul had mingled with another's in the dearest and the noblest union which adorns and irradiates existence—the union of manly strength with shrinking beauty; of the clear eye to look upon, and the bold heart to encounter peril, with the step hesitating and timid as a fawn! of skill to do and will to dare, with affection to sustain and fortitude to endure; of man, fashioned in comeliness and radiant with virtue, with woman, the celestial link that binds him to a purer state! With a pledge as dear as it was enduring, they had sworn to preserve that union until it should be merged into that most glorious, holiest and most beautiful of all, which is effected in death—when their souls, stripped of the mortal coils which encumbered them, and wafted on the wings of love, should soar upward and onward, until side by side, inseparable as in life, and inseparable forever, they intoned their hymns of praise with the choir which surrounds the Eternal!

Could a woman capable of conceiving such a pledge ever falter, much less prove unfaithful? Never. And Miss Gillespie was as unmoved by the insinuations of those around her, as is the calm and placid moon by the howlings of a hungry wolf.

As the two orphans sat apart, occasionally exchanging a few words, and then relapsing into silence, the first lieutenant, an old and worthy officer, who, from the want of family influence, had long been denied promotion, touched by the sadness of the fair captive, approached and respectfully accosted them. He first confined himself to inquiries respecting their health and comfort, and made some cheering observations on their prospects of liberation. He then, after musing a few moments, left them and whispered a few words to the officer of the deck. The latter nodded intelligence, and immediately gave an order which required those of the crew hovering about to go forward to aid in its execution. The lieutenant then returning said, "Young lady, may I speak a few words with you?" and leading her a few steps from where her brother sat, continued, "I have two daughters at home, one of them about your age, and when I think how I should feel if either of them were in your almost unprotected situation, I sympathize deeply with you. Indeed I am not the only one. There is a general feeling among the officers to

protect you if need be. You may rely upon our disposition to serve you—and now answer me frankly—Does your extreme sadness proceed solely from your detention here, and the escape and apparent desertion of your friend?"

"Oh no, sir!" cried she, immeasurably relieved by his words, "whatever may have induced Mr. Talbot to leave us, I am sure that he has acted for the best. You judge rightly," she added, "in supposing that I have other cause of anxiety than what proceeds from our detention, which, if we be not most unjustly dealt by, must terminate so soon. I have not dared to tell my brother what horrid fears distract me, for I know he would attempt something violent, that would most probably separate us, and I love my only protector."

"Our fears then are not unfounded, and the mystery of that night is partly solved," said the lieutenant, in a soliloquizing tone.

"What night? Of what mystery do you speak?" exclaimed the lady.

"Of the night you came on board. But is it possible you are ignorant of what I allude to?"

"I have not the most remote idea; Frank and I slept soundly the whole night, and did not awake until late the next morning. I remember that at first we thought that an attempt was being made to stupefy or smother us with something that was burned, but, as we were not molested, we concluded that we had been mistaken. For God's sake, tell me what happened?"

"Young lady," he answered, "I have ever since sought an opportunity to speak to you; why is it that you have confined yourself below?"

"We often wished to come up," she replied, "but were told that the count was too ill to be consulted, and that without his permission we could not leave the cabin. But do tell me all about that night, I implore you."

The lieutenant then informed her of the condition in which the count was found the next morning, and the general belief of the officers that his villainous design had been frustrated by Talbot or Gonzalez, who must have been concealed in the cabin. They conversed for some time, and before leaving her, he advised her, as the count was nearly well, to keep always near her brother, and to write a note to the American Consul in Havana, claiming his protection, promising that if she would send her note to him he would forward it at once to its destination.

With diminished fear, and in a comparatively cheerful mood, Miss Gillespie returned to the cabin, and repeated to her brother such parts of her conversation with the lieutenant as she thought she could safely confide to him.

About the usual hour the breeze set in, and sailing "majestically slow," by the towering fortress on the one hand, and the gay and beautiful structures of the town, with its crowded wharves and numerous shipping on the other, the frigate, early in the afternoon, had anchored in the upper harbor of Havana.

Frank Gillespie, who was no longer restricted to the cabin, watched his opportunity and slipped into the old lieutenant's hand the note with which his sister had entrusted him. Soon after the ship had cast her anchor, the Captain of the Port came on board to pay his official visit. The lieutenant, who was on intimate terms with him, invited him down to his state-room, and there giving him the note, with the assurance that it was of very great importance, exacted a promise that he would transmit it without delay to the American Consul. The officer promised to attend punctually to the commission, and the kind-hearted lieutenant with great satisfaction saw him, a short time afterward, take his departure for the shore.

Quite late in the afternoon, when the ship was moored, the count, unable to go himself, sent the first lieutenant to wait upon the admiral and report the ship. About dusk, and before he returned, a boat came alongside for Miss Gillespie and her brother. The person who came in

charge stated that the American Consul was absent and would not return for a day or two, but that his wife had prepared a room for, and would gladly welcome them. The message ended with an entreaty that they would come at once. They needed no persuasion, and with alacrity making their brief preparation, and without meeting obstructions, which to the last they feared, with indescribable joy they took their seats in the boat and bade adieu to their late floating prison.

Talbot and Gonzalez, representing themselves as having escaped from a wreck, were kindly received at the little settlement where they landed, but instead of accepting the hospitalities which were freely tendered, they merely asked for a guide to conduct them into the interior, so fearful were they of being pursued. With much toil and privation, and at one time exposed to imminent peril, they reached the Reglos, a settlement opposite to the city of Havana, the very day on which the frigate arrived.

Afraid to venture out before night-fall, one of them feigned to be sick, and the other remained as if to keep him company, in the small room of an obscure fonda, which they occupied. They had remained for a very long time without seeing or hearing any one, when, about an hour after the ship had anchored, they heard footsteps on the creaking staircase, and one called out, “Is there any one above, Marguerita?”

“There were two sailor-looking men there this morning,” replied a female voice, “but they must have gone out, for I have heard nothing of them since dinner.”

“We will see,” said the first voice. But Gonzalez was too quick for him. He had started at the first word, and rising from the bed, which was at the side of the room, placed himself by the door, and quietly turning the bolt of the lock, withdrew the key. He then bent his head and listened attentively, taking care not to place it in a line with the key-hole.

The party, consisting of three, came up in the meantime, and two of them proceeded to an adjoining room, while one stopped and tried the door. In a few moments he rejoined his companions, saying, “All safe, they are out.”

When Gonzalez started up and hurried to the door, Talbot was struck as much by the expression of his countenance as by the movement itself, and he had continued to watch him in silent amazement. But he was soon convinced that his friend was not insane. When the person who tried the door had retired, Gonzalez, stepping lightly to the bed, whispered, “Don’t speak or make the slightest noise, it is the rascally steward, with some of the cut-throats who resort to this side of the harbor. The count has some design afoot, and Providence has sent us just in time to save that unfortunate young lady.”

Talbot needed no more, and with their faculties on the full stretch, they listened intently, and gathered almost every word of the conversation in the next room.

It was a festival day in Havana. The clang of the bells had been incessant since noon, and the air reverberated with the almost uninterrupted discharge of artillery from the forts and men-of-war. There was no diminution of light with the setting of the sun, for the clouds which slowly floated along the sky, threw back the blaze of the illuminated city, while, like an undulating mirror, the harbor reflected the myriads of lights interspersed among the spars and rigging of the men-of-war. Along the shore, in each direction, bonfires were blazing, and from every point as well of the waters as the land, was heard the whizzing sound of the sinuous and beautiful rocket, which, exploding above and around with an unceasing feu de joie, filled the air with its fiery flakes. The sound of music and the shouts of merriment commingled, and wafted by the breeze, fell gratefully upon the ear of the boatmen reclining upon their oars, and the distant sentinels making their solitary rounds on the ramparts of the castle.

As the boat with Frank and his sister pushed off from the frigate, another, and much smaller one, that had hovered within the shadow of the ship, noiselessly pursued the same direction. The first pulled for some distance up the river, until it had passed the city, and then stopped at one of the neat villas that lined its banks. The smaller boat, which, as the reader must have surmised, contained Talbot and Gonzalez, had been obliged to keep close within the other shore, to avoid observation. When the larger boat was turned toward the shore, the two friends, unseen themselves, distinctly saw all that passed.

"I do not understand this movement," said Gonzalez. "They have stopped at a Posada, to which the citizens, in their evening rides, usually resort for refreshment. There must be some change in their plans since we heard them discuss it."

In the meantime, the party, (with the exception of one who remained by the boat,) had landed, and ascending the bank, opened the little wicker-gate and proceeded through the garden toward the house. Talbot and Gonzalez were about to pull across, and had nearly reached the line of light when the latter cried, "Hush! back, back your oars quickly, they are returning!"

They again retreated within the shadows of the opposite bank, and saw two men, followed by a third, hurrying the lady rapidly toward the boat, into which they forced her, for it was evident that she was struggling. The moment she was placed in the boat, they again shoved off from the shore.

"I now understand it all," whispered Gonzalez to his companion. "They have decoyed the brother into the house, and run off and left him. I am sure, too, that the lady is gagged, for she does not cry out, although she yet struggles desperately. Stop, stop! What are you about?" he cried, as he saw Talbot begin to ply his oars with all his might.

"Do you ask me, with such a sight before us," replied the latter, indignantly.

"Nay, lay on your oars, I beg, I entreat you. Your precipitation will ruin all. They are four, and well armed—we are defenceless. They would slay us before we could cope with them, and then farewell to all hopes of the lady's rescue."

"What shall we do, then?" said Talbot, as he despairingly rested his oar.

"Follow them, as we at first proposed, and concert our plan after we have seen the place in which they mean to place her."

"Gonzalez," said Talbot, "you have not so much at stake as I in this matter, and you are therefore less agitated and better qualified to adopt the course we should pursue. I will not be rash if I can help it; but, come what may, I will not again lose sight of Mary. She has no father; her brother is torn from her. I am her sole protector. I will die before I desert her for an instant."

"I have told you of my sister, Talbot," said Gonzalez, "and you must know I have a motive that impels me, which is as powerful as your own. Love is your incentive, and revenge is mine. Yours is the most impetuous, but mine, as the more cautious, is more certain to effect its object. I pray you be moderate."

"I will, Gonzalez, with the condition I have named."

While they were speaking, they had not ceased to watch the movements of the larger boat, which pulled about half a mile farther up, and landed on the same side. The smaller boat following their motions with the utmost caution, was run ashore a short distance below, and the two friends crept along under cover of the thick brush that lined the bank, to within a few paces of the ruffians. A carriage was in waiting, the driver standing beside it. As soon as the latter saw them, he opened the door, let down the steps, and then ascended his box. Two of the gang forced the lady into the carriage, and followed after; the third closed the door and mounted

beside the driver. While this was taking place, Talbot was endeavoring to free himself from the grasp of Gonzalez, who tried to detain him. With a violent effort he succeeded, and springing forward, leaped upon the foot-board of the carriage just as the driver had applied the lash, and the horses started off at half speed. The remaining ruffian, seeing Talbot rush by, turned to pursue him and give the alarm, when Gonzalez sprung upon him, and violently struggling, they fell to the ground.

The patriot, on the eve of a battle which is to decide the fate of his country; the secreted lover, impatient for the footfall of the mistress of his affections; the young mother, beside the sick couch of an only child, are all less vigilant in their watchfulness, than the specious villain who seeks to hold a fair character with the world, while he covertly gives full indulgence to his depraved and licentious appetites.

The count had every reason to believe his plot well matured, and in a fair train for execution, and yet he felt restless and uneasy. The critical period between the conception and consummation of any conspiracy, even when the judgment sanctions and the true heart approves it, is the most trying of all the situations in which human nature can be placed; but when the object is detestable, the means base and treacherous, and the agents employed unprincipled, then, the suspense is torturing—for the slightest accident, the most trivial carelessness may frustrate, and the faithlessness of the least trusted agents betray the best concerted plot that was ever laid.

For some days the count had feigned to be weaker than he really was, and no sooner had Frank and his sister left than he jumped up and leaned out of one of the ports to see them embark, and to satisfy himself that no one from the ship accompanied them.

It is said that the Evil One favors his own, and in this instance the adage was verified. No one had yet descended the side, and as the count cast his scrutinizing glance in every direction, his quick ear detected the light splash of an oar. Withdrawing instantly, he extinguished the lamp and excluded as well as he could, the light of the illumination which streamed through the opposite ports. Returning then to his first position, in a few moments, as his eye became accustomed to the obscurity, he saw indistinctly the small boat which contained Talbot and Gonzalez. The outlines of the boat were alone visible, and he could not make out how many persons it contained. It was, he thought, most probably, the boat of some poor fisherman, compelled to forego present enjoyment in order to procure tomorrow's subsistence for himself and family. Guilt, however, is always suspicious, and without being able to assign to himself a reason for his misgivings, he summoned his steward and gave him a few hurried instructions. The latter, immediately leaving the apartment, slipped through one of the gun-deck ports as Talbot and Gonzalez had done before him, and, unseen from the upper-deck, descended into the boat just before it shoved off. The fears awakened (wherefore he could not tell) by the sight of the tiny boat, had induced the count to change his entire plan. It was therefore that Talbot, when he found that the preconcerted plot they had heard discussed was not adhered to, determined not to lose sight of his mistress.

When the large boat stopped at the posada, the orphans were conducted to a private room, the steward and two of the gang remaining without, soon after a servant-maid entered, and said that the consul's lady was indisposed, and had sent her to beg that Miss Gillespie would come to her chamber. With unsuspecting alacrity the poor girl rose up and followed the maid. At a turn in the passage, she was seized, a gag instantly applied to her mouth, and then hurried to the boat.

Frank, who, unsuspecting as his sister, sat in patient expectation, started up as he heard a

stifled scream. At the same moment he was felled to the floor by a blow of the ruffian, who, with a heavy cudgel, had crept behind him. The miscreant then dragging the body into a closet opening from the room, hastened after his companions.

The steward, as soon as the party landed at the posada, had dispatched a sure messenger to direct the carriage to proceed from the place where he knew it was in waiting, to the spot designated by the count in his last instructions. It was not distant, and, as we have seen, was at the appointed place before the boat arrived.

The steward and his party, warned by the count, had kept a vigilant look out, to ascertain if they were followed by another boat; but, themselves in the broad glare of light, they could not catch the slightest glimpse of the one, which, much smaller and screened by the obscurity, hovered sufficiently near to observe them.

The carriage, with the ruffians, the victim of their toils, and that victim's determined champion, was driven at a rapid rate along the road which ran parallel with the stream for a mile or more, when it turned into one of the bye-roads on the right, which, as it was less frequented, they pursued at increased speed for nearly two hours. Overcome by terror and exhaustion, Miss G. had swooned away some time, and lay unnoticed on the back seat of the carriage. At length they stopped at a gate on the left, and the driver's companion got down to open it. Heretofore Talbot had remained at little risk, for the carriage was closed behind, but, as the man who dismounted would certainly wait until the carriage had passed through, in order to close the gate, he was exposed to certain peril of detection if he remained. The road was clear where it passed, and there was a slight ascent from it on the left, at the summit of which stood the gate. There was no bush or cover to conceal him, and to descend was out of the question. Beside the gate, on the right, was a large tree, that stood just within the inclosure. While Talbot hesitated what to do, the carriage ascended the slope, and as it passed through the gateway, one of the branches of the tree swept its roof. On the instant, quick as thought, Talbot caught hold of the limb, and swung himself into the tree. The rustling noise he made startled the man who stood beside the gate, and who had certainly been drinking freely.

"Hallo! what's that?" he cried, and springing up to the box, called out, "Drive on! drive on! It's a wild beast! But I'll have a shot at it," he added, as the carriage rolled on, and turning partly round, he discharged his pistol into the tree.

The driver, with an imprecation, had called out to his companion not to fire; but he was too late, and at the report the horses affrighted, ran off at full speed. The ruffians within the carriage, as well as the one without, were instantly awakened to a full sense of their danger. They were all acquainted with the place, and knew that a short distance ahead, certainly not more than a third of a mile, the road inclined short to the left, to avoid an old quarry, which had a precipitous fall of 15 or 16 feet. As cowardly as base, each one thought only of his own safety. The ruffian in front clambered over the roof and leaped off from behind; the others forced open a door and precipitated themselves, one after the other, and all fell with violence and more or less injured to the ground.

Beside Miss Gillespie within the carriage, the driver alone remained, and he, with his feet pressed hard upon the foot-board, and with his body bent forward, bore his whole weight upon the reins. Although they passed with breathless velocity, he accurately noted every object along the road, and was prepared, at the critical moment, to turn the horses from the direction of the perilous chasm. With a quick eye and ready hand the instant that he saw the turn, with all his might he pulled upon the left hand rein. This over exertion ensured defeat, the rein snapped asunder with the strain, and the horses rushing headlong, were with the carriage precipitated

over the bank. The driver fell upon some fragments of rock, and laid senseless and immoveable. The horses, by their moans, and the faint efforts they made to extricate themselves, showed that they were severely bruised. Miss Gillespie laid on the battered side of the carriage, partially revived from her swoon by the shock she had sustained and the excruciating pain she felt.

Talbot, unharmed by the discharge of the pistol, sprung to the ground, and hurried at his utmost speed after the carriage, as soon as he saw that the horses had run away. He passed the bodies of the ruffians on the road without heeding them, although one, rising up, called out and limped after him, and reached the spot a few minutes after the accident occurred. In his excited state, it was but the work of a moment to extricate his mistress, to press her to his bosom, to examine her hurts, and to hurry with her yet scarce animate body into the neighboring wood. His first anxiety was for water, and pursuing the declivity of the ground in a direction leading from the road, he soon heard the trickling of a rivulet. He laid his load gently beside it, and on examination discovered that Mary had received a severe cut in her head, which bled profusely, and that her left arm was broken. The loss of blood, the cooling effects of the water, which he freely applied, and the pain she endured, all accelerated her return to consciousness, and in a little while, was enabled to thank her lover in expressions, brief, indeed, but touching, and which, like the stamp of the mint on standard coin, are treasured by the heart that receives them in imperishable remembrance. They had no time, however, for interchange of feeling. They were strangers, and upon the grounds of a powerful and persevering enemy. It was necessary, therefore, that they should leave the place as soon as possible, in order that if overtaken, it might be on land not peopled with the myrmidons or subject to the jurisdiction of the count. With the simple means at his disposal, the water which babbled at their feet, a few splints, made of the twigs which grew around them, and the bandages torn from his own garments, Talbot soon dressed the wounds, and temporarily assuaged the anguish which his mistress endured. She laid for some time without a movement or a murmur. The heavy air was laden with fragrance, and now and then the pattering on a leaf would tell how abundantly the dew had fallen. He watched her closely, in the hope that she was in a slumber, but he soon perceived that her features were occasionally flushed by intensity of pain. In truth, her arm had now begun to swell, and was exceedingly stiff and sore. He saw that it was necessary to procure shelter and medical attendance without delay. But whither should he proceed? The night was now far advanced. The pall of darkness was just lifting in the east; faint, tremulous lines of light began to stream along the sky, revealing a succession of ridges of vapor, through which, with lessening ray, the morning star occasionally glimmered. The laborers would soon be abroad, and it was indispensably necessary to proceed. Prevailing upon Mary to make an effort, he was with the greatest difficulty enabled to support her, while they slowly threaded their way through the thick undergrowth of the woodland. After wandering a short time, they came to a hedge of cactus, some of the plants in full bloom, the brilliant tints of their gorgeous flowers heightened and suffused by the golden rays of the now rising sun. They turned into a path which led along the hedge toward the high-road. On their right, towering above the tangled brushwood, were many trees, mostly large, and some of them magnificent. The most conspicuous were the assumah, the ya yati, and the robla,[1] but the grandest and most beautiful of all, the lordly frangipan, with its deep-green leaves and thickly studded scarlet blossoms. On the other side of the hedge was an extensive field of sugar-cane, in all the rich luxuriance of a matured and abundant crop. An immense mass of foliage, of the liveliest green, thick and impenetrable in its growth, its tops waved gracefully in the wind with a rustling sound that was borne onward until it died away in the distance. On the opposite side, visible through

the hedge, the field was skirted by a forest, which, ascending a slope behind it, and becoming thinner as it ascended, left only a few trees scattered here and there along the ridge which bounded the western horizon. But Mary, striving to conceal her weakness and suppress the moans that were every instant rising to her lips, and Talbot, who was wholly engrossed by anxiety for her, could neither of them enjoy the natural beauties of the scene.

When they had proceeded a few hundred yards, they came to a small gate set in an opening in the hedge. Talbot soon forced it open, and they emerged upon a wagon-road which ran between the hedge and the cane. But Mary could proceed no farther, and seating her on the road-side, Talbot, himself in a state of indescribable anxiety, endeavored to cheer her with hopes of speedy relief.

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[1] Spelt as they are pronounced.

CHAPTER V.

The first lieutenant returned to the frigate about half an hour after Frank and his sister had left, and was delighted to hear that the American consul had sent for them. Soon after he had made his report, the count ordered his boat, and left the ship. Supposing that he was summoned ashore by some of the letters he had received, the old lieutenant little dreamed that the departure of his commander, in any manner, had reference to the orphans. He believed them safe, and with many claims upon his attention, dismissed them readily from his mind.

The count steered his boat to the usual landing-place, and hiring a caleche, proceeded directly to the western gate. Here he was detained but a moment, for the officer immediately coming out, recognized his rank, and he was allowed to pass. Impatient of delay he took the reins himself, and drove with a speed proportioned to the ardor of his licentious passion, and his vindictive yearning, by its gratification, to wreak vengeance upon her lover—whose hand he felt sure had before frustrated him. There was a near cut through a neighboring plantation, which struck a road leading to the rear of his hacienda, and saved upward of two miles in distance. As he was well acquainted with the owner of the plantation, without hesitation he took the road through it. Once or twice he thought that he heard the sound of horses' hoofs at a rapid pace ahead of him, but the rattling of the vehicle he was in rendered the sound uncertain, and he took it for granted that he was mistaken. When he reached the rear of the building he alighted, and liberally recompensing the driver, opened the postern gate with a key he carried, and proceeded directly to the house. To the attendant who obeyed his summons, he said impatiently,

"The young lady, where is she?"

"In her chamber," was the reply, and in obedience to a gesture of the count, the servant proceeded along the corridor and approached an apartment at its extremity.

"Fools! Why have they put her there?" muttered the count.

"Señor?"

"Stand aside, sir!" and pushing by, he threw open the door and entered the apartment. As he did so, he started back appalled and terrified. Propped on a bed, catching her breath with difficulty, was a dying woman. The blood was streaming from her mouth, and at each

respiration gurgled in her throat. It was the young, the once pure and lovely Esperanza, the sister of Gonzalez. By the bedside stood the brother, regarding him with a look of fixed and deadly hatred. But he moved not his arm from the sinking form it supported. The unhappy girl with staring eyes and outstretched hands, uttering inarticulate and guttural sounds, strove in vain to speak to them. In the effort the attenuated chords of life were snapped asunder, and she fell back a corpse.

“Conde de Ureña,” said Gonzalez, “behold your work! I came here to protect the victim of your present plot—little dreaming of the sight that awaited me. That poor girl must be avenged! You or I, one or both, must bear Esperanza company.” As he looked toward the bed his voice softened with emotion, but recovering himself instantly, he advanced to the door and bolted it; then drawing a pair of pistols from his bosom, he sternly added as he presented them, “take your choice.”

“Not now! not here! to-morrow! any time! any where else!” said the count, his cheek blanched and his brow beaded with perspiration.

“Here! Upon this spot! This very instant!” shouted Gonzalez. “Vile seducer and murderer,” he added, “you have killed your man! Where is your vaunted courage? Will that arouse you?” and he struck him a fierce blow. The count’s face flushed, he clutched the weapon, and turning to Gonzalez with a look as vindictive as his own, sternly motioned him to take his position. How corroding is the effect of vice! Time was when the unhappy nobleman would have shrunk in horror from the contaminating touch of one guilty of a crime, the dreadful consequences of which, in all the appalling majesty of death, were then before him. And yet, more fiend-like than such a wretch, he stood in all the concentrated hatred of a duelist, prepared to take the life of the brother of his victim. By a career of vice, the once honorable man had been converted into a demon.

The combatants confronted each other, leveled their weapons, and fired so simultaneously that the reports sounded as one. The pistol of Gonzalez was struck from his hand and one of his fingers shattered. Heedless of the pain, as the reverberation ceased, he bent forward to see if his adversary were unhurt. Partially concealed by a spiral wreath of smoke, the count stood seemingly unscathed before him. But the moment after his weapon dropped, he pressed his hand to his side, and casting a look of anguish and despair upon the corpse of the woman he had ruined, tottered, reeled, and fell heavily upon the floor! The threat of Gonzales was verified. Almost instantaneously, two souls were summoned to their dread account.

When Gonzalez sprung upon the boatman from behind, he took him so much by surprise that he had hurled him over and pointed a dagger to his throat before he could muster presence of mind enough to defend himself.

“Villain,” said Gonzalez, “lie still, and answer me truly, or I pin you to the earth. I already know enough to tell if you deceive me. As you value your life, say where has that carriage gone?”

“A la hacienda Frangipina, señor.”

“Why doesn’t it go to Mariel, as first intended?”

“Yo no say, señor.”

“Will you swear that what you tell me is true?”

“Si, señor, por mi alma.”

“Pshaw! Your soul is forfeit.”

“Por la Señora Nuestra.”

“Well, I’ll believe you, for my countrymen never deceive when they swear ‘by our Lady.’”

He then permitted him to rise, and proceeded to question him further. He soon found that the ruffian could be as readily employed to defeat as to forward a nefarious plot. Gonzalez knew the hacienda well, and with the aid of the boatman procured a horse and was enabled to reach it some ten minutes before the count. Like the latter, he too had asked for la señorita, (the young lady,) and by a similar mistake of the servant, who knew nothing of the plot, he was shown to his sister's chamber. He had heard of her ruin, but knew not that she had been decoyed from their father's roof. He found her very ill, and her agitation at seeing him brought on a profuse and fatal hemorrhage. All this, let it be borne in mind, occurred before the carriage had entered the grounds.

When Frank recovered his consciousness in the closet where he was confined, he could not conceive where he was, or what had befallen him. By slow degrees the events of the night were recalled to his recollection, and in great alarm he began to grope about in the darkness. When he found the door, and vainly tried to open it, he knocked and shouted loud and vehemently. The landlord and several others, astonished at the uproar, hurried to the parlor and threw open the closet-door. To their rapid and noisy questioning he could only reply in his own tongue, which was to them unintelligible. When, however, by his gestures, the landlord understood that he complained of ill treatment in his house, he swore that the stranger must be some robber, who had concealed himself in the closet, and that some one in passing had locked the door. Improbable as was this supposition, in face of the mark of the blow which Frank exhibited, all present concurred in professing that they believed it true. A police officer was accordingly sent for, and the unhappy youth taken to the guard-house. The next morning he was summoned before the alcalde, who, too indolent to send to the frigate to identify the prisoner, and, to do him justice, wholly discrediting the latter's statement of being thrust into the closet, condemned him to be transported for six months to the Castle St. Juan de Utloa, off Vera Cruz, the last place held by Spain on the eastern shore of North America, and next to the last held by her on the continent.

Frank was taken immediately on board of a transport filled with troops and convicts, the first to recruit the garrison, the last to assist in repairs of the old, and the construction of additional fortifications. The youth, although well-grown, it was evident was not accustomed to, and could not perform manual labor. The alcalde had therefore sent a message to the commander of the detachment, recommending that he should be assigned to some light employment. The magistrate saw that the youth was a foreigner, he believed him to be a vagrant if nothing else, and he knew that hands of all descriptions were needed at that fortress. He therefore made no inquiries. That afternoon the transport sailed.

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CHAPTER VI.

Talbot and Mary were successful in reaching the city unpursued, and had been four days in the American Consul's house, before, through his exertions, they discovered the departure and destination of Frank Gillespie. The sister was grievously distressed, and mourned her brother as dead, but Talbot pledged himself to follow and attempt his rescue, and although the fractured bone of her arm was not well knit together, she determined to accompany her lover as far as she could. Talbot was provoked to the resolution, to say nothing of a more generous impulse, by the refusal of the Spanish authorities to take cognizance of the subject. And Mary felt that without impropriety she could proceed to some one of the small ports on the route to

Vera Cruz, if not to the latter place itself. She hired a servant to supply the place of the one drowned in the privateer, and felt more reconciled to the peril to which Talbot would be exposed, from the assurance of Gonzalez that he would share the enterprise. The latter, dreading more assassination by some of the connections of the late count, than any legal investigation, kept himself secreted in the city, but was frequently visited by Talbot.

The only vessel in port bound in the direction of Vera Cruz was an American brig, advertised for Sisal. In her they engaged their passage, and after night-fall Gonzalez, in disguise, accompanied them on board. At break-of-day the next morning, they sailed with a fair wind, and had gained some distance by sunset, when it fell calm, and with the land upon one side, and an expanse of water on the other, the vessel rode with graceful ease upon a prolonged but gentle undulation. The golden rays of the setting sun mingled in the zenith with the soft and silvery light of the moon in her meridian, and a long and lovely twilight followed. Seated on deck, apart from their companions, (for Gonzalez was too considerate to intrude,) Mary and her lover mused long and deeply. The hour and the scene were calculated to dispel their anxieties and to soothe their cares. When either was depressed—he, with the sad thought that of all his race he stood alone—she, that she was an orphan, and that her brother was perhaps lost to her forever, a glance around and above would give their thoughts a holier and more soothing direction; for the works of the Great Architect, the teeming earth, the slumbering sea, the brilliant sky, all proclaimed in language unheard but *felt* that mercy is His great and most peculiar attribute. It was indeed a lovely scene! Directly overhead, the moon shone forth in serene and unclouded lustre; a little lower, the fiery Mars peered forth; then the resplendent orb of Jupiter, and in the same direct line, but just above the horizon, the beautiful Venus sunk to rest, enveloped in a mantle yet rich with the gorgeous rays of the sun which had preceded her. They remained on deck until a late hour of the night, for whenever they went below they were annoyed with the hum and fretted with the sting of the mosquito. At last they parted, Talbot throwing himself upon the deck, and Mary retired to her berth and soon fell asleep. If the waking hours of that pure-minded girl had been those of endurance, the visions of that night were ample compensation. Reclined upon her narrow bed, with the folds of the mosquito-net tucked closely around her, while, like the Cossacks before Ismael, the multitudinous insects strove to enter, she was either in fancy communing with the man she loved, or with Frank and her father knelt beneath the cotton-tree which shaded the grave of her mother, and listened to the gentle wave as it rippled upon the beach, while from the jeweled sky, fit canopy, for such a scene, the Omniscient eye seemed to look down approving.

Among the crew there was a dandy sailor who took especial pride in his flowing locks, and evidently sought to attract the notice of the lady passenger. The day before they reached Sisal, seizing an opportunity when Talbot and Gonzales were below, he passed once or twice by the place where she sat on deck, and at length catching her eye, with a meaning look dropped a letter at her feet, and immediately retired. Mary had been beset with so many dangers of late; had been so often nearly ensnared by plots, that she at once imagined the letter to contain a friendly warning. She therefore hastily picked it up and ran below. It proved to be a genuine love-letter, and despite her sadness and the anxiety of her position, she laughed outright as she read it. Her unusual merriment drew Talbot to her side, and after exacting a promise from him that he would in no manner notice, or betray a knowledge of its contents, she placed the letter in his hands, saying, “Don’t be jealous—I will be true, although the offer is a tempting one.” Verbatim et literatim, it ran thus:

“dear Mary is a name so sweet,

“i loves to spell it as i loves to eat. i kiles the ropes to spell it, i scratches it with a marlingspike on the rale, charming Miss Mary i addores you when you walkes the deck so gracefull as a swan a swimming of a Rivver, i looks down upon you from the top as you moves backards and forrards so musically, i wishes that I was a hauk to pounce down upon you and carry you of like a Duv in my Arms to sum luvly ileand in the sea. Sweetest Miss Mary i isent a Lofer, for my Parrents is respectible and my father ones a Large factory in New Jersy, whar he makes a Grate quontity of paper, not your common Rapping paper, but big sheets for the Nusepapers, and sum a grate deal Finer for Riting upon than this, which is the best i can gett. i is unfortunit Miss Mary but i isent a imposter for my Father is ever so Rich and will give plenty of munny if i will cum home and help him in his bizziness, but i cant go home nor no whars els onless you will smile upon me i offers you all my prospicts. if you will eccept my sute if your charming buzzom feels any pitty for a poor Retch who loves you to dispare, and you will cast them sweet killing ise on me, as you aires the deck, you will liten my hart of its hevvy lode and make it swim in Blis. Yours furever until deth.

“CIRUS LAMBERT.”

Poor Lambert!

> “It were all one,
> That he should love a bright particular star,
> And think to wed it.”

But love, like faith, comes by inspiration, and whether it be a milk-maid or a goddess, a man has a right to worship the object of his affections. As we have seen, the maiden’s first impulse was to merriment; but she soon perceived that the man was in earnest, and from motives of delicacy and compassion she remained below the remainder of the passage. The confinement was a brief one. The next afternoon they reached Sisal, and were hospitably welcomed by an American merchant, to whom Talbot had letters from our consul in Havana. Mary was immediately taken to the gentleman’s house and cordially greeted by his wife, who insisted upon her becoming an inmate of the family during her stay. An offer most gratefully accepted. When the merchant was told of their contemplated adventure he became a zealous coadjutor; chartered for them a small, fast-sailing felucca, and purchased a cargo of salt, in order that it might be supposed she was on one of her usual trading voyages. He also procured for Talbot and Gonzalez, dresses such as are worn by the crews of these vessels.

Determined not to lose a moment, as soon as the arrangements were completed our adventurers set sail, Talbot with difficulty tearing himself from his mistress, who clung to him in all the reckless abandonment of grief. Coasting along the shore, they passed Alvarado and anchored the second evening under Anton Lizardo, until the moon went down. They then lifted their anchor, and passing between Sacrificios Island (where a Spanish corvette lay) and the main land, they entered the port of Vera Cruz unobserved.

Although necessary for the prosecution of their plan, yet coming to Vera Cruz, in one contingency, very much increased their difficulties. It was indispensable that tidings of their arrival should not reach the castle, and yet they would certainly be communicated by the first flag of truce that passed over. They therefore determined to dispose of their small cargo at once—lay in a return one, make their remaining preparations, and with a telescope examine the

works of the castle, to decide on which point they could with least danger approach, until near enough to execute the stratagem they had devised.

The south front of the castle, facing the city, was 223 varas, or four hundred and forty yards, including the south-west and south-east bastions. Along this front were 34 guns mounted en barbette, i. e., without embrasures. The south-west curtain was the nearest, directly facing, and half a mile distant from the town. Toward the north east, protecting the sea front, was a tower bastion, which mounted a heavy gun on a pivot. This tower bastion, nearly triangular in shape, was completely isolated—its base line being fifty yards distant from the north-east, or outside curtain of the castle, with the water flowing between them—as also between the north-east and north-west faces of the tower bastion and the outwork—in a space forty-two feet in width. The outwork itself was very strongly fortified—indeed the strongest part of the fortification, as defending the point which, at the time of its construction, was deemed most likely to be attacked—as the engineer had not foreseen that before an attack, the castle and the town might be separately held by belligerents. The adventurers determined to make direct for a postern in the south-east front, where there was a landing of 2 or 3 steps, leading to a narrow platform, also of stone, which opened into a covered way. Along the wall, between the south-west bastion and the postern, were three or four rings inserted, to which, in time of peace, vessels were ordinarily made fast, to ride under the lee of the castle during the terrific gales so prevalent in the winter months.

At an early hour the next morning they started, and a number of the inhabitants who had heard of their intention to sail, were gathered on the sea-wall to see if they could escape both the fire from the castle and the pursuit of the corvette, then getting under way from her anchorage at Sacrificios. They cheered the boat as she left the harbor, and the loud vivas being heard by the garrison of the castle, several shot were fired from the south-west bastion, which dispersed the assemblage. A moment after the little felucca was seen standing boldly out, and a signal was made from the castle to the corvette, while several guns were brought to bear upon the daring little vessel—for hitherto all attempts to pass had been made at night. The gunner stood by one of the guns on the ramparts, and was about to apply the lighted match, when his movement was arrested by an officer calling out, “Hold! it is a friend.”

As soon as the felucca was well outside the pier, she hoisted the Spanish ensign, and with a loud hurra from Talbot and Gonzalez, stood directly for the castle. From the ramparts of the town were instantly heard shouts of execration, and several muskets were discharged, but without effect, and before one of the heavy guns could be prepared and trained, the felucca was close under the walls of the castle. As supposed deserters, they were received with apparent cordiality mingled with distrust, and were conducted forthwith before the commandant, who interrogated them long and closely. They represented themselves, Talbot as a merchant whose property had been confiscated in consequence of his inability to meet his portion of a forced loan, and subsequently sent to Xalapa for some remarks he had made on the tyrannical course of the government. Gonzalez professed to have been a resident of the latter town, and that he had long been placed in surveillance for his political opinions. That with his companion he had concerted and carried into execution their plan of escape. The tale seemed plausible, but the commandant was not thoroughly satisfied, and although he let them go at large, directed that they should be strictly watched.

The boat was made fast to one of the ring-bolts secured in the wall in the south-east face of the castle near the postern, and kept in her position by a line fastened to a light kedge astern. Her bow was about two fathoms or twelve feet from the landing. From the surface of the water

to the summit-level of the parapet was about thirty-five feet.

The two friends had feigned to be anxious to get away, but the commandant withheld his consent, intending first more thoroughly to satisfy himself of their character. They rejoiced at the delay, even while they knew that it exposed them to increased hazard of detection.

Availing themselves of the privilege to wander about the works, they looked anxiously in every direction for Frank. In every direction but one they had looked in vain, and at last, almost in despair, Talbot approached the quarters of the commandant. Here, in the last place to have been expected, he found the object of his search in a kind of open office, employed in converting into intelligible English some documents written by an illiterate translator. At the sight of him Frank started up, and was about to rush toward him, but resumed his seat when he saw Talbot place his finger on his lip, and by a gesture indicated that the sentry who stood near by, was observing them. On a small shelf just within the door, stood a can of water, with a drinking-cup beside it. Talbot stepping quickly within the door-way, asked the youth in Spanish for a drink of water. The latter, understanding him, handed the cup, at the same time closely watching every movement of his friend. The sentry had in the meantime advanced to the door, and stood looking in. Talbot drank with seeming thirst, and returning the cup with a simple "*gratias*," contrived to slip a bit of paper, unseen, into the hands of Frank.

That night, Frank, complaining of the heat, obtained permission of the officer of the day to sleep on the south-east bastion, or bastion of St. Crispin, upon which the land-breeze blew, provided that he did so under the eye of the sentinel posted there.

Gonzalez laid himself down at the foot of the stone stairway or ramp, which led from the court of the castle below to the parapet above.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, shortly after the sentinels had been relieved, when the moon had set, and the light of the stars was intercepted by masses of clouds wafted over from the land, Talbot, with his cloak thrown around him, and a cap on his head, such as were worn by the officers, ascended the stairway, mounted the parapet, and advanced directly toward the sentinel near whom Frank had laid down.

The sentinel, taking it for granted that it was the officer of the day who approached, (for Talbot had observed, and now closely imitated his gait,) did not challenge until the latter was almost within the point of his bayonet. As he brought his musket to a charge, demanding the watchword, Talbot pushed the point of the weapon suddenly aside, and rushing upon, threw over and fell upon the sentinel. Frank now sprung up, and found that Talbot held the soldier by the throat with so much force that he was nearly strangled. Together they soon securely tied and gagged him. At a motion from Talbot, who, putting on the soldier's cap, and shouldering his musket, resumed the round, Frank fastened a cord (which the former threw to him) to one of the barbette-guns, and let himself down the face of the wall, landing upon the narrow stone ledge a short distance from the boat. While he was doing this, Gonzalez had stealthily crawled up the ramp or stairway, and creeping along the parapet, in like manner, lowered himself down beside the youth. Talbot then placing the musket by the gun, with the soldier's cap upon, and his cloak around it, followed their example, and reached his companions in safety. One of them then swam out and cut the rope which held the boat by the stern, but, on his return, found his companions in consternation. A padlock had been put upon the chain, and in vain they strove to part the bolt. At this moment the clouds had swept by, and they were thrown into despair by hearing the sentinel on the south-west bastion call out, "*Qui viv*." In desperation they all sprung into the boat as the sentinel discharged his musket, and gave the alarm. With the strength which despair alone can give, they seized the chain, and with one mighty effort tore

the bolt from the stern of the boat with a crash. The alarm was now general, and there was not an instant to be lost. Pushing boldly from the landing, they hoisted their sail with expedition, and stood diagonally across toward the main land, carefully keeping themselves in a line with the angle of the south-east bastion. There was great confusion in the garrison, several of the large guns were discharged, and volleys of musketry were fired in the direction they pursued. The balls flew wide of the mark, and as the felucca was now under rapid headway, they began to congratulate themselves that they were out of danger, when, by a discharge of the heavy pivot-gun on the tower-bastion, loaded with grape, Gonzalez was struck down, mortally wounded.

The felucca reached Sisal in safety, but Talbot and Mary deeply and unceasingly mourned the loss of their true and invaluable friend. And Frank bitterly grieved that his freedom should have been purchased at such a sacrifice. He was, indeed, worthy of all regret—but a cloud had overshadowed his sun of life. He would have brooded over his sister's shame until existence had become a burthen, and his impulsive nature might by unlawful means have sought relief in the cold embrace of death. He perished in a work of charity, and it is to be hoped that He who,

> "When all our souls were forfeit,
> Could the advantage best have took,
> Found out the remedy,"

in His abounding mercy, forgave one act of passion for the redeeming merits of the cause wherein the unhappy Gonzalez met his death.

There was only one vessel at Sisal, bound at an early day to the United States, and her destination was New Orleans. Frank, his sister and Talbot, accordingly took passage in her, and reached the south-west pass of the Mississippi just as a gale was coming on. The country above had been overflowed by recent heavy rains, and what between the current from within, and the swell without, they were greeted with a magnificent spectacle. The waves of the gulf, driven before the gale, which had soon become terrific, encountered the onward sweep of the waters of the mighty river. The sight forcibly reminded them of Rebecca's exclamation in Ivanhoe, "God of Jacob! it is like the meeting of two oceans moved by adverse tides!"

Nearly the whole period of their stay was embraced in one uninterrupted storm, but the magnificence of the scenery compensated for the inclemency of the weather. Vegetation was still in full luxuriance, and the moss, pendent from the trees, and saturated with incessant rain, like dripping garments swayed to and fro in the wind, while low, rugged clouds trailed along but a short distance overhead, and a gray semi-transparent mist floated above the surface of the ground. The "Mississippi," unusually turbid, and swollen to the utmost capacity of its banks, with its mighty whirls and eddies, rushed impetuously on, bearing on its surface many a vestige of the devastation it had caused. Nor were the works of art, clumsy and unsymmetrical though they were, wanting to the scene, spreading no sail to the breeze, but drifting idly with the current, the arks and the broad-horns were whirled by with a rapidity that seemed to defy management. Wafted over the water frequently came the wild and not unmelodious sound of the bugle, while in the stillness of the night were heard the manly and sonorous voices of the boatmen singing,

“The boatman dance, the boatman sing,
The boatman up to every thing.
When the boatman gets on shore,
He spends his money and works for more.
Dance, boatman, dance—
Dance, boatman, dance—dance all night till broad daylight,
And go home with the girls in the morning.”

Steam was just beginning to be introduced, and the soothing solitudes of nature to be disturbed by the monotonous clank of machinery. Our party availed themselves of an upward-bound steamboat, and slowly ascended the Mississippi, whose turbid and swollen waters rolled far and wide beyond their usual boundaries. The river was filled with broken rafts, drift logs, and half-sunken and floating trees. The danger of running upon a snag, or encountering a sawyer, was great and impending. The current was so strong that their boat, although striving to keep in shore, would frequently be caught by a whirl or an eddy, and like a stray leaf upon a rivulet, would be turned round and round until striking against a tree, it would be sent into the mid current and again be carried for miles among the trees, from whose verdant tops the birds that had remained undisturbed by the rush and the roar beneath, flew at the boat’s approach, as if aware that their only enemy was man. They also ascended the Ohio, whose limpid waters, gliding with a strong but not impetuous current, have won for it the name of beautiful. When they stood upon the crest of the Alleghany, and saw mountains, “hills and plains as graceful in their sweep as the arrested billows of a mighty sea, and recollected that more boundless than the view, that verdant sweep is uninterrupted until the one extreme is locked in the fast embrace of thick-ribbed ice, and the other is washed by the phosphorescent ripple of the tropic, while on either side is heard the murmuring surge of a widespread and magnificent ocean,”[2] their hearts bounded with exultation as they thought of the unrivaled destinies of their country. As if on the high altar of the land of his nativity, Talbot, who had wandered far and wide, could not withhold his pledge of devotion, and the heartfelt exclamation escaped him,

“By travel taught, I can attest
I love my native land the best.”

The commissioned officer, not unknown to fame, met with none of the obstacles which the friendless orphan had encountered, and Talbot’s estate was settled without difficulty.

When the chastening hand of time had hallowed the memories of the dead, and substituted a Christian resignation for the bitterness of early grief, Edward and Mary were united, and through a since much checkered life, neither time nor circumstance, nor prosperity, nor distress, has for one instant abated a feeling which is fixed and unalterable as their future destinies.

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[2] From a speech of the author’s, 1844.

THE RUSTIC SHRINE.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

Their names were found cut upon a rural bench, overgrown with vines, which proved to be at once Love's shrine and cenotaph. *Legends of the Rhine.*

A shadow of the cypress bough
Lies on my path to-day—
A melancholy—which in vain
I strive to chase away.

The angel Memory hath flown
To old and cherished things,
To bring the light of early years
Around me on her wings;

And where the love-lorn birds complain
Within their green abode,
Between two elms, a rustic seat
Invites her from the road.

There shall she sit, as oft before,
And sigh as oft again,
O'er names engraved, which long have braved
The sunshine and the rain.

And one—it is the dearest name
On Love's unnumbered shrines:—
So dear, that even envious Time
Hath guarded it with vines;

And wreathed it with his choicest flowers.
As if the bridal claim,
Which Fate denied unto her brow,
Should still adorn her name!

Ah, well do I remember yet
The day I carved that name!
The rattle of the locusts' drum
Thrills o'er me now the same;

Adown the lane the wayward breeze
  Comes with a stealthy pace,
And brings the perfume of the fields
  To this deserted place:—

Unto her blushing cheek again
  It comes—the blessèd air!
Caressing, like a lover’s hand,
  The tresses of her hair.

The brook runs laughing at her feet,
  O’erhead the wild-bird sings,
The air is filled with butterflies,
  As though the flowers had wings:—

But this is Fancy’s pilgrimage,
  And lures me back in vain!
The brook, the bench, the flowers and vines
  I ne’er may see again;

For this is but an idle dream
  That mocks me evermore—
And memory only fills the place
  My loved one filled of yore!

J. Dill, Sc.

TORTOSA, FROM THE ISLAND OF RUAD.

LUNA.—AN ODE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Casta Diva, che inargenti
Questi sacri antiqui piante
A noi volge il bel sembianti
Senza nube e senza vel! NORMA.

The south wind hath its balm, the sea its cheer,
And autumn woods their bright and myriad hues;
Thine is a joy that love and faith endear,
And awe subdues:
The wave-tost seamen and the harvest crew,
When on their golden sheaves the quivering dew
Hangs like pure tears—all fear beguile,
In glancing from their task to thy maternal smile!
The mist of hill-tops undulating wreathes,
At thy enchanting touch, a magic woof,
And curling incense fainter odor breathes,
And, in transparent clouds, hangs round the vaulted roof.
Huge icebergs, with their crystal spires
Slow heaving from the northern main,
Like frozen monuments of high desires
Destined to melt in nothingness again,—
Float in thy mystic beams,
As piles aerial down the tide of dreams!
A sacred greeting falls
With thy mild presence on the ruined fane,
Columns time-stained, dim frieze, and ivied walls,
As if a fond delight thou didst attain
To mingle with the Past,
And o'er her trophies lone a holy mantle cast!
Along the billow's snowy crest
Thy beams a moment rest,
And then in sparkling mirth dissolve away;
Through forest boughs, amid the withered leaves,
Thy light a tracery weaves,
And on the mossy clumps its rays fantastic play.
With thee, ethereal guide,
What reverent joy to pace the temple floor,
And watch thy silver tide
O'er statue, tomb and arch its solemn radiance pour!
Like a celestial magnet thou dost sway

The untamed waters in their ebb and flow,
The maniac raves beneath thy pallid ray.
And poet's visions glow;
Madonna of the stars! through the cold prison-grate
Thou stealest, like a nun on mercy bent.
To cheer the desolate,
And usher in grief's tears when her mute pang is spent!
I marvel not that once thy altars rose
Sacred to human woes,
And nations deemed thee arbitress of Fate,
To whom enamored virgins made their prayer,
Or widows in their first despair,
And wistful gazed upon thy queenly state,
As, with a meek assurance, gliding by,
In might and beauty unelate,
Into the bridal chambers of the sky!
And less I marvel that Endymion sighed
To yield his spirit unto thine,
And felt thee soul-allied,
Making his being thy receptive shrine!
A lofty peace is thine!—the tides of life
Flow gently when thy soothing orb appears,
And passion's fevered strife
From thy chaste glow imbibes the calmness of the spheres!
O twilight glory! that doth ne'er awake
Exhausting joy, but evenly and fond,
Allays the immortal thirst it cannot slake,
And heals the chafing of the work-day bond;
Give me thy patient spell!—to bear
With an unclouded brow, the secret pain,
(That floods my soul as thy pale beams the air,)
Of hopes that Reason quells, for Love to wake again!

FROM BUCHANNAN.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

IN ZOILUM.

Frustra ego te laudo; frustra me Zoile lædis
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.

TO ZOILUS.

Zoilus, in vain thy praise I spread;
And vainly thou hast slandered me!
No one believed a word I said,
No one on earth would credit thee.

—

Qui te videt beaties est;
Beatior qui te audiet
Qui basiat—semi deus est!

TRANSLATION.

He who beholds thy charms is blest;
More blest is he thy voice who hears;
But he thy ruby lip that pressed,
To me a demi-god appears.

The above was unquestionably suggested by the lines of Catullus to Lesbia, beginning—

Ille mi par esse Deo videtur
Ille, si fas est, superare Divos
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, et audit, etc.

This poem of Catullus is nothing more than a translation from the Greek of Sappho, which has been rendered familiar by Ambrose Phillips' version.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he;
The youth who fondly sits by thee:
Who hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile, etc."

It would seem that Horace when composing his beautiful ode of "Integer Vitæ," had these

verses of Sappho in mind, when he exclaims—

Dulce ridentem, Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

The “*Dulce ridentum*” is also beautifully applied in the translation by Catullus.

THE RECLUSE. NO. II.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

IV.

From Paris, on the 28th of February last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a rainbow was distinguished in the heavens. "Bravo!" cried a workman of the Faubourg Saint Antoine—"See how le bon Dieu (the good God) also acknowledges the French Republic—he hangs out the tricolored flag."

This anecdote, though singularly French, who are noted for irreligion, does not strike me as betraying any lack of reverence. Could not the poor *ouvrier* in his ignorance really have presumed the rainbow to be a providential token? Instances of greater blindness might be recounted, which have happened at our own doors. Who does not know the stories of Millerite fanaticism? Are not the impostures of Matthias too recent not to be remembered in detail? The miracles which they pretended, and which were not too monstrous for the capacious maw of respectable credulity, were much more marvelous than the tricolored flag of the poor Paris laborer.

V.—TO AN OLD FLAME.

Written on one of the bitterest days of Winter.

Ah, Mary, thou art far away,
   And never dost thou think of me,
But unto thee my visions fly
   Like birds across the sea.

I loved thee once with such a love
   As manhood only knows and feels,
Less shown by actions and by words
   Than what the eye reveals.

Within the warm and sunny South
   Thy form is folded like a rose,
While I, in Northern realms afar,
   Am wrapt in wintry snows.

Perhaps a husband's arms enclose
   The treasure I'd have died to win,
So that desire for thy sweet face
   Is very like a sin.

But I'll not think it—let me dream—
   Since dreams alone such bliss bestow—
That, ere we meet in climes above,
   We yet may meet below.

And I again may feel a thrill
   Of rapture as I sit and gaze
Into thine eye's delicious depth
   Till all my heart's ablaze.

And I can hear thy tuneful voice,
   With melody almost divine,
Sing the sweet songs I joyed to hear
   In days of auld lang syne.

But all in vain I strike my lyre,
   In vain my burning thoughts unfold,
For, though my heart is warm with love,
   My hands are numb with cold.

———

VI.—SHIPWRECK.

There is no event, by which sorrow is brought to mankind, which arouses in the mind of old and young a livelier horror than "shipwreck." There is something so terrible in the loneliness and obscurity of the sea, something so deplorable in the utter helplessness of the sailors, that there is scarcely any danger which we would not rather encounter. When we read of one, either near at hand or afar off, we involuntarily close our eyes, as if to shut out the awful scene; the noble ship helplessly reeling and tumbling on the billows, the pall of clouds, the driving rain, the white spray and foam drifting like ghosts over the water, some boat perhaps crowded with human beings, some broken mast or spar to which cling drowning wretches, and alone, all alone on the ocean-desert, with no hope of aid or succor. Vainly do we strive to shut our ears to the cries of misery and despair, to the wail of the wind, the loud lamenting of the surge, the deep groans of the vessel as her timbers part, and the noblest fabric of human skill is about to be torn to fragments and utterly destroyed.

Lord Byron, describing a ship under full sail, uses the forcible expression,

"She walks the water like a thing of like."

There is as much truth as beauty in this. Indeed it is difficult to imagine so proud and glorious an object, moving obedient to reason and command, to be nothing more than an inanimate mass. Behold her, as she sets out upon her voyage, with a fair sky and favoring breeze! How gracefully she parts the waters and sweeps onward! Is not that form instinct with feeling and endowed with intellect? No! she is but a wonderful piece of mechanism; but the dullest fancy might imagine her a being, an intelligence, capable of volition, powerful in deed. Observe her, too, when overmastered by the tempest and made subject to the waves, she drifts powerless along! Does she not seem to suffer human pangs in her struggles, and to die with all of mortal agony?

The attachment, I might say friendship, which seamen entertain for particular vessels is not to be wondered at. The deck is the home of the mariner: here the greater number of his days are spent: the masts, sails, rigging are to him familiar objects, the objects of his constant care and solicitude, and he feels for them a species of paternal love. When these are destroyed, lost, wrecked, he mourns them with a real sorrow.

It is my lot to live within constant sight of the sea. I am on one of the grand highways from Europe to New York. Ships of all nations pass my door. Many a noble vessel has been wrecked

within a mile from my dwelling. My mind therefore often reverts to this most fearful calamity, and it is difficult for me to expel even from my dreams visions of shipwreck.

VII.—DR. SYNTAX.

Will nobody republish "A Tour in Search of the Picturesque?" Will nobody print it and give us the original pictures, colored engravings of the richest sort—none of your meager outlines—your skeletons of sketches—but the rotund figures in full of the veritable hero of that glorious poem, and all the scenes and adventures through which he passed?

Darling old Dr. Syntax! How many a sad, long year has droned away since I, a merry boy, used to read thy most fascinating of Tours! Nothing ever so captivated my young imagination as thy solitary rambles on thy faithful steed through town and hamlet—now taking up thy abode with some lordly proprietor, and now sleeping contentedly beneath the roof of some sturdy yeoman—now kissing the squire's wife and sister, and now giving sympathizing advice to the dairy-maid, who was, like poor Ophelia, disappointed in love. Oh, Doctor! thou wast never above humanity. Though never frail thyself, yet wast thou no inexorable judge over the frailties of others.

I long, most patient and peculiar of travelers, I long sincerely to accompany thee once more in thy rambles. Most charitable of divines, most lenient of pedagogues, "take thee for all in all, I shall not look upon thy like again!" *Interestingest* of all authors, I would enter into thy feelings once more. I would feel the joy thou feltest in quitting thy spouse (no *dulcis uxor*) and mounting thy famous mare, Grizzle, and setting forth on thy most speculative and picturesque expedition. You were a creature of the brain, Doctor, I suppose—but to me you are a reality. I remember you perfectly. I loved you when a boy at school with all my heart. Orthography, Etymology and Prosody I hated—but I loved Syntax.

Which of you generous and gentlemenly booksellers will immediately send me a copy (bound or unbound, but it must have the pictures,) of Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque? Speak not all at once! I will promise you "a first-rate notice in the Boston Post." It would afford me "a wonderful sight" of fun, as they say in Androscoggin, to read that book. I should be *rejuvenesced*. Kind Mr. Hart, be so obliging as to ransack your shelves and transmit an old English copy, directed To the Recluse, *aux soins du redacteur en chef de* Graham's Magazine.

VIII.—A CHARACTER.

My friend, Ralph Willinton, is a man of adventures. More strange things have happened to him than to any dozen people I ever heard of, in what are called "the common walks of life." Ralph is by no means an extraordinary individual. If the North River waited for him to set it on fire, it might flow on through the Highlands unscorched forever. He was not born to greatness; he will never achieve greatness, nor will greatness be thrust upon him. But do not misunderstand me: Ralph, as the gentleman felicitously remarked of Shakespeare, "is no fool." On the contrary, he is a fellow of parts. He never dazzled in conversation by a coruscation of mother-wit; but when he has heard a happy rejoinder, he remembers it, and has the skill to use it

to advantage.

Ralph is the happiest mimic in these *Untied* States, as they may sooner or later be called. There never appeared an actor in any one of our theatres whose voice and manner he cannot imitate with marvelous verisimilitude. Moreover he sings a very good song, though with no very powerful or melodious voice. He can write Magazine articles on music, composes occasionally himself, and writes love ditties, such as they are. Add to these accomplishments a manner irresistibly winning, and tones in speaking as sweet as those which the author of Guy Mannering gives to Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and you are possessed of the sum total of Ralph's recommendations. The sum total do I say? when I have but obscurely hinted at his extraordinary gift or faculty of story-telling, by which, like Hamlet's Yorick, he can set the whole table on a roar. In sooth, he is the most diverting of dinner-table companions. He richly earns his invitations, of which no man has more. You can bear to listen to those stories of his (which are nothing when any one else tells them) a hundred times. They are "ever charming, ever new." Age cannot mar nor custom stale his infinite variety. His profession is the law, and his practice is amusement.

Ralph is, in fine, a capital fellow. It is a pity that he should have a capital propensity. He is the hero of all his romances. Had he been Macbeth, he never would have exclaimed, "Thou canst not say *I* did it!" He would rather have had the *credit* of murdering Duncan himself than have been thought to have no hand in the "bloody business." Ralph is the most ubiquitous of mortals. To have effected an iota of what he attributes to his own talents, valor and industry, to have done one in fifty of those deeds of which he asserts "*quorum pars magna fui*," he must have been in a very considerable number of places at once. Nevertheless and notwithstanding Ralph Willinton is a glorious good fellow. Reader, did you ever meet with Ralph Willinton?

A VOICE FROM THE WAYSIDE:

ABOUT A GENIUS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

> We wither from our youth, we waste away,
> Sick, sick, unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst.
> BYRON.

In summer time there are few things more delightful than an occasionally wet day to "out-of-towners."

Then we of the country, in our almost noiseless homes, may delight and rejoice in the strange and pleasant quietness attending a still, steadily-falling rain; we can watch with admiring eyes how the fields and the well-draperied woods grow bright and cleanly, 'neath the hand of that pattern housekeeper, Dame Nature; we can listen undisturbed by the multitudinous noises which infest a city, to the dear wild-birds, who, impatient of the long-continued weeping of the skies, occasionally break forth into the merriest songs, as if questioning each other as to how they stand the charges of the elements.

And then there is the generous Sun King, (I acknowledge, however, he does not shine for country-people *only*,) glancing out at intervals from between the heavy clouds, smiling upon us joyously, and looking for all the world as though he would say if he could, "never mind, children, the storm will soon be passed!" And then the after-part of a summer shower! the freshened fragrance of the flowers—the purified atmosphere—the bright blue sky—the increased glory of the setting-sun—the rainbow in the east—the drops of water glistening on the flowers and on the grass, so pure and bright, that one might almost imagine them the tears of spirits—the glad songs of innumerable birds—the groups of children exhibiting in various ways their nautical daring on and about the newly-formed lakelets in the roads and fields—the many evidences of life awakened out of doors—then the holy calmness of the ensuing summer night—the soft light of the stars—and after that the trembling glory of the new moon! Oh, beautiful, beautiful summer! with thy rain-storms and thy sunshine, hasten to us again!

But—a rainy day in winter! its horrors encircle me at this moment; I forbear entering into its details. However much *you* may delight in a day like unto this, oh, listen to the humble voice now emerging from the way-side, *I* have no courage to speak even of the stubborn, hard-headed, cheerless figure Nature presents when she stands gazing in such mute dismay upon her domicil.

It is in human nature, at least in mine, and I claim to be human, to be always looking for *a something better*, and despite all this dreariness without, my heart is even now continually singing, "Spring is coming! spring is coming!" but a few weeks! and then, instead of the dismal trappings of winter, how beautiful and bright all without and around us will be! the very thought is enough to make every soul shout, "Hasten the time! Amen!"

There is such a desolateness in the court of the white-headed old king which people very naturally shrink from as they grow older in years!

Looking back into childhood, these stony-hearted months when frost and snow reign king

and queen over earth, seem, indeed, the most joyous—and not without reason. For then the "Christman" and the youth so full of promise, the bright New Year, are never-failing guests by the mid-winter fire-side. There is joy for the child on the ice-bound hill, on the glassy, frozen lake, in the gurgling, merry sound of the sleigh-bells, in the sight of the cheerful home-fire, in the bracing out-door air, in the huge snow-drifts—everywhere, everywhere there is joy for the child!

And why? Because of bounding hopes and joyous dreams, and the careless yielding up of oneself to every passing enjoyment—because of freedom from labor—because of ignorance of the worth and supremacy of gold—because of utter innocence of the strict "proprieties" of life! There is joy for the child, because he has not yet learned much of disappointments; he does not know how uncomfortable is the close-fitting garment of manhood. He is not wise enough to see in the winter storms, in the driving blasts in which he so much delights, the type of what assuredly awaits him. He does not know that the life-storms with which he will have to struggle, will come suddenly and furiously upon him—that he will, perforce, then fling aside his mittens and grapple open handed with his foes. And it must certainly be at the warm and genial hearth-fire of truth and honesty, and no stifling stove-heat by which he must keep his heart, and its hopes and affections warm and in health, else they will die away suddenly and utterly, even as the fire of the "patent air-tight" dies!

Hark! now I hear the flapping of wings; and lo, here, almost close beside my window, are passing pigeons—snow-white pigeons; and, where *could* it have streamed from, there is a ray of sunlight on their wings! and since I have begun writing, the clouds seem to have "spent their fury," they are less dull and dreary—they are slowly breaking away.

The view from the window by which I am writing is not especially charming. In one direction there are sheds, and barns, and barren trees, and a little farther on, the spire of an unpretending church, and sundry chimney-tops, together with the roofs of a few loftier buildings meet my eye. These are all certainly very *suggestive* scenes, and might make so many important heads of a very interesting discourse; but, in another direction from this same window there are great fields, and farther on, woods and hills, and between them and me, there are two points in the landscape on which very often my eyes rest, and many are the recollections, bitter and sweet, they awaken. One is a village school-house, the other a thickly-populated grave-yard.

Over those hills, and through the woods, and by the sandy shores of our beautiful lake, I was once a frequent wanderer, and with me invariably in all those rovings, was a child of somewhere near my own age, to whom, good reader, you may now consider yourself introduced.

When the week, with its disappointments, and hopes and joys has passed, and Saturday afternoon, the child's holyday the world over, comes round again, how often my thoughts have turned back to her, and to the time when *we* also were young; oh, how much of meaning there is in that word, *youth*!

But looking back into the past is not an over-pleasant business at any time. There are very many reasons why people, for the most part, dread the rolling up of that curtain within which lies buried much of destroyed confidence, and happiness that died of fearful wounds; but I am willing to trespass on my own feelings at this present, that you may know something of Lily Reeve.

People said she was a genius. They said rightly—she was. And to complete the interest attachable to her therefor, Lily was poor—*very* poor, and had been all the days of her life.

When the Reeve family moved among us they had no acquaintance or relative in our village —and their circumstances and business were not such as attached any importance or attracted any notice to them. Had it not been for Lily they would probably have remained long enough in our midst, unknown and uncared for. The mother was a middle-aged woman, a widow; of the children I knew not much, save that with much appropriateness their name might have been "legion." Lily was the eldest child—not beautiful—and far from being even interesting, personally.

Why her parents had bestowed on her so decided a name as Lily was always a mystery— for very far from a resemblance, even the slightest, to that graceful flower, was she. Neither was she a brunette, but of complexion rather dark, hair *very* black, and always curled, which gave her a decidedly Mrs. Hemanish look at times. Her features were irregular—oh, certainly, she was *far* from beautiful, and yet there was much sweetness of expression in the mouth, and much of vigor and determination perceivable in her dark eyes.

It was a good many years ago, but I remember distinctly the first time I ever saw Lily. With a number of juveniles I was returning from a *very* long walk—all our foot-jaunts were long in those days—when, on passing by an old-fashioned frame-house, brown with age, and poor and disconsolate in its outward appearance, one of the group said, "Let's go into that house; there's a girl living there who paints."

And we went in. One of the more confident of our number said to the woman who received us, "Will you show us some of the pictures your daughter has painted?"

With a smile of satisfaction, as though she were pleased that even we children should have heard of her daughter, the woman bade us sit down; and then she brought from an old chest a handful of papers, and spread them on the table before us. Some of these were pictures of warriors on their steeds, others landscapes, and some were heads. There was one which more than all the others attracted my attention—it was a portrait of a sleeping child. We asked if this were one of her children, or only a fancy sketch.

"That was her little brother who died," replied the woman, with a sigh. "Lily drew it when he was dead." There was something so sad in the mother's voice as she said this, that it checked our gay spirits, and tended to subdue our loud expressions of admiration. While we yet stood there turning over the papers, and gazing in wonder on the productions of a girl no older than the youngest among us, the subject of our thoughts and curiosity came into the room.

When she saw what was our object there, she came up to the table, and putting her arm around me, as though confident she was with friends, she asked if we liked her drawings. I remember well the thrill which passed over me at this simple act of hers, for I had begun to regard the girl as something quite extraordinary, and almost more than human. From that day I date a friendship I am proud to have formed, one which, while it lasted, delighted me more than any similar tie I have ever known.

It was very easy to see that the heart of the mother in those days was full of hope—that the mind of the daughter teemed with ambitious desires, and a determination, apparently invincible, to accomplish great things. About that time there were many people who turned prophets, and looking into the future, they saw a great name added to America's illustrious daughters of song —the name of Lily Reeve. Do you think their prophecy has proved true?

In the old school-house, (which I heartily regret to say has been of late abandoned, and its former inmates have taken possession of a more stately edifice up-town,) in that little old brick building, *we* in the years long, long gone by, were wont to assemble—and Lily joined us there. And although on the humdrum route of *learning* we were quite in the advance, she soon very

far outstripped us, and moved on with most rapid strides through all the first branches of education. It was impossible for us dullards to see her strange advancement, and not feel a little envious of her ability, notwithstanding we liked Lily so well. In one short year she had acquired nearly all the instruction it was possible for our teacher to impart, and as may be supposed for his part, he was watching her progress with somewhat of anxiety. But his honor as a teacher was not destined to be sacrificed to the young girl's genius.

One afternoon, when school was dismissed, Lily said to me, "You and I will go home by the other street. I have something to tell you, and the way will be longer. Besides, I want to be away from these rough boys and girls."

So we crossed the road, and entered a path which led us by a long way home. When we had reached the bridge, which crossed a deep, rapidly running brook, we sat down on the bench, placed in the shade of an old tree, which from "time immemorial" has stood there, with the most of its tangled roots buried in the water; then Lily spoke again, for the first time since we went out from the school-house.

"Do you know they are going to send me to the other school—they think I can learn more there, and have teachers in the higher branches, and in the languages. Oh, dear!"

"But why that 'oh, dear!' Lily? I only wish I were ready to go there too, but I am such an ignoramus, and you know every thing!"

"Not quite every thing. I *should* be glad to go—and there are a great many reasons why. I have the greatest desire to learn, and I'm sure if I have a little more education, I can make my way easily in the world; but—but—in short, they are rich people who are going to send me, and they will expect miracles from me, you may depend upon it—*I* know. Because I am poor, and can write pretty well, and paint, and sketch likenesses, they have taken an interest in me; but I tell you before hand, and you will see before long I speak rightly; I shall have to work like a slave to keep up with their expectations. Isn't it enough to make any body say, 'oh, dear?'"

"No—I don't think so, Lily. You *can't help* equaling their expectations, and they have such nice teachers at the other school, and no great rude boys go there."

"That makes no difference at all. One can learn as well in one place as another. If it were not that mother felt so glad when the ladies made her the offer to send me there, I'd never go. You don't know any thing about what it means to be dependent; you can't think what a heavy load seems resting on me, ever since so many people have seemed to take an interest in me. I really begin to doubt my own powers. It seems to me as though I ought not to be forced like a plant in a hot-bed. I almost wish I never had any particular gifts."

"And you say this, Lily Reeve, when all the girls in town are envying you! Now just be firm, for I'm sure if you only make up your mind you *will* do a thing, you *can* do it!"

"Do you believe it?" she asked, so suddenly, that I was startled and began in some trepidation to bethink my words.

"Certainly," I answered at last; "I heard our minister say the other day your verses were excellent; and you know your pictures sold well at the fair. How can you doubt yourself so?"

"I don't know," said Lily, thoughtfully, "perhaps they are nearer right than I dare to think them—but I cannot explain it to you. I am never satisfied with any thing I do. My verses always sound so rough when compared with the melody in my brain—and my pictures, when I begin them, my fingers almost fly, I think I will surpass myself—and when they are finished, they always look so rude and rough, that I am tempted often to burn them every one."

"Never mind," said I, confidently, "you will see the day yet when all will be brighter to you—and you know the teacher says every day 'practice makes perfect;' and he always looks at

you when he says it—you ought to have learned that by this time."

"I'll learn it now from you," said Lily; "we'll go now to the woods, I want to get some flowers to take to mother."

Just beyond the woods to which we then bent our steps, there was a large field, in the upper portion of which, early in the season, we always found multitudes of purple flowers and white lilies; our first business that night was to fill our aprons with these treasures, and then we went into the woods, and sat down by a stream in a most romantic place, and began to arrange our huge bunches of flowers. Lily made hers into small bouquets, one for each of her family, while I twined mine into a wreath, and laid it on her head. But soon the fast increasing shade in the woods warned us it was time to be returning home. The thought of the obligation she was about to incur evidently still troubled my companion's mind, for she spoke but little, and her words, when she did speak, were desponding, and even the bright flowers with which her hands were filled, failed to attract her usual attention, or awaken the delight they were wont to.

We were about crossing the stile that was placed at the entrance of the wood, when Lily suddenly flung the beautiful green moss she had gathered in a damp place, with violence from the bosom of her dress, where she had laid it. And when I looked with amazement at the excited girl, she exclaimed, "Look there! I had a snake in my bosom!" Truly enough, there was a tiny, striped, infant snake, creeping out leisurely from the bunch of moss she had flung upon the ground. A thought darted through my mind—I grasped her arm and said,

"You shall hear the moral of this before you go a step further, Lily Reeve. I'm no genius, but I'll teach you a plain lesson. You have thrown the snake away from you; don't, don't ever take it back again. Don't doubt those who mean to do you kindness; only just do what nature intended you should, and all who know you will be satisfied! When you come to be very famous, the people who help you now will think you did them a favor in letting them aid you. Mother says perseverance will work wonders, and I believe it—*you* can prove it."

When I had finished my oration, I stood somewhat astonished at my own audacity, but after a moment's silence Lily said,

"Thank you—thank you, for you have learned me two lessons—I'll not forget them; no, I will never take the serpent back, you may depend on that."

A few days after Lily was established at the larger school, dwelling with other boarders in the family of the principal, the wonder of all the scholars, and the pet pupil with the teachers.

The hopeful expectations of her family were kept up by her progress, and by her own increasing courage and cheerfulness. And in reality it seemed no unfounded expectation, that which they cherished, that the young girl would soon be able to support them all by dint of her genius. Her efforts became daily more worthy and more promising, now that she possessed these superior advantages; fortune seemed really determined to work good things for the rich peoples' *protégé*.

Lily was not yet seventeen, but her poems had many of them attracted much attention; injudicious praises were lavished upon her; by their attentions and flattery, the proud, and the rich, and the learned seemed to have conspired to spoil a girl—a school-girl—poor "from her youth up." They did not take it into consideration that it was quite possible for them to raise her hopes and self-appreciativeness too high; they did not give heed to the fact that it might require years of struggling and disappointment for her to produce any thing worthy the reward and honor they would fain believe were rightfully hers even then.

But soon enough they had cause to regret this course they adopted.

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dream." Self-confidence rapidly usurped the place of a

befitting humility, which had once characterized her. Instead of comparing herself with the great masters of song and painting, Lily seemed to think that in outstripping all her schoolmates, and in being considered a prodigy among teachers, she was rapidly filling the measure of her greatness; and the laudations which good-will prompted others to speak, instead of being listened to and valued at their worth, came at last to be considered as quite true and well-deserved.

It is said that more strength of mind is requisite to bear composedly a sudden *favorable* turn of fortune than is necessary calmly to endure reverses. Having never had occasion to test the truth of the proposition, I, of course, have only a right to *suppose* there is somewhat "more of truth than poetry" in the idea; at all events, that is a very easy way to account for Lily's derelictions.

It was the wish of her "patrons," as well as of the kind lady teacher to whose care she was chiefly commended, that Lily should finish the course of studies apportioned to each scholar previous to graduating. But there was a growing willfulness, an increasing confidence in her own attainments, that tempted her to set at naught these desires. Her impulsive nature longed to be free from restraint; she would fain throw aside all bondage, together with the loathed idea of dependence, and labor for herself in the way she was best fitted to labor. She wished to begin *at once* to reap the reward of her years of study, and thus to alleviate the wants of her home. Alas! the serpent had crept back into Lily's breast!

So, despite all the remonstrances and the pleadings of those who began to see their mistake in their dealings with the young girl, Lily left the school, and returned to her own home. I shall never forget her as she was at that time; the passions, hopes, desires and resolution of mature years seemed to have even then a full development in her. In feeling she had grown too old, in will too decisive, to submit patiently to the judgment of other minds. But soon enough the lesson was forced upon her that poetic efforts are rarely capable of being changed at once for food, and fuel, and raiment.

"I have sent a poem of some length to —— ——," she said to me one day, naming a distinguished writer and editor, "and you know I am superstitious—if he accepts it, and will pay me for it, I shall take it as a good omen for my future; but if he does not—" she hesitated.

"Well, if he does not, Lily?"

"Then those horrid doubts will come back to me with renewed force! Oh, they tormented me so once!"

When I saw my friend again there was no need to ask her what her reception at the "editor's table" had been. It was a freezing cold winter night, and feeling somewhat disconsolate on my own account, as well as rather curious in regard to Lily's progress, I sought her in her own home.

I found Lily there seated at the centre-table—yes, it was such, for it did occupy the central portion of the apartment—but it was not of polished mahogany, or marble-surfaced, gentle reader, but a miserable, old, broken affair, that had seen its best days long before it came into the possession of its then owners. Scattered about the room were the numerous boys and girls of the family; there was little temptation even for the boys without that night, it was so cold and stormy. The room in which they lived was the upper story of a small building, the first floor of which was occupied as a mechanic's shop; it was partitioned by a curtain of cloth, which was all the separation between the sleeping apartments and the place where they cooked, and ate, and lived.

There was a deep silence in the room when I entered. Lily was occupied with her drawing,

lighted by two tapers burning in a cup half-filled with oil. There was none of that cheerful hope beaming in her fine eyes that usually filled them when she welcomed me. And all the faces in the room looked doleful enough—some rebuff they had certainly met with from some quarter.

"I am drawing this for you," she said, when I sat down beside her and looked at her work, "it is for a parting gift."

"Parting!" I exclaimed; "what are you going to do now, were you successful in your letter to Mr. ——?"

"Read it and see," she said, producing a letter,

And I read as follows:

> "Miss Reeve.—Dear Madam,—Your favor was many days ago received, and now, at my first leisure, I hasten to reply. I regret that an answer similar to that given to many applicants during every week must also be returned to you. I regret this the more, because your communications show talent, but—you need much practice; and, permit me to say, a writer must usually have acquired *some reputation* before he can receive any 'golden rewards.' If you are necessitated to labor, I would advise you that there are many ways less vexatious, and more certain as to their issue, in which you might successfully employ yourself.
>
> "I retain the MS. subject to your orders.
>
> "Respectfully, etc.,
>
> "____ ____."

It was with difficulty I could repress my grief, as I looked about that cheerless room, and on the young girl whose disappointment I knew must be so keen; but calmly, and apparently undisturbed, Lily continued her drawing.

"What will you do now, Lily?" I asked, anxious to at least break the embarrassing silence.

"We are going west next week!"

"West! where—how?"

"To Illinois. I have borrowed the money—we cannot stay here and starve. I am going there to take a school. If I cannot get a living by writing, there *are* many other ways—and I will try them at least."

Had she told me her immediate intention of taking a journey to the South Pole, I should have felt my powers of credulity very little more taxed than they were at that moment, so wild and perfectly impracticable seemed the scheme. But Lily had spoken so seriously, and with so much determination, I was constrained to believe her.

The picture she was engaged upon—I have it yet—was an imaginative and a striking one. It was a moonlight scene. Beside the water's edge, among wild rocks, a girl was standing alone —the figure was a likeness of herself—and a very perfect one it was, too. The *expression* of the sketch was touching in the extreme.

"She is looking for peace and rest there," said Lily, in explanation. "She has sought it so often, but has not found it—and she never will."

"Does she seek it in the right way, Lily?"

"I don't know. Every thing seems changed to me of late. I am bewildered. It seems to me as though I had lost myself. Since that letter came I doubt my powers more than ever. To think of one in my situation having to *practice* before I can work successfully! There is little time to

practice, I think, when eight human beings are wondering where their next meal is to come from—when their wood-yard is in such a state of depression and emptiness as ours is!"

The mother sighed heavily as Lily said this, but did not speak.

"But you certainly can do something here," I cried. "Don't go and bury yourself in the back-woods. I'm sure you can be a teacher in our school if you'll only ask. It's perfectly wild in you to think of going this winter! traveling, you know, at this time of year is a very costly business, dear Lily, besides being so cheerless!"

"There is no use talking about it; I should have loved to live here, for my own part, all my life, but I have engaged a school in the town we are going to, and they wish it to be opened early in the spring. There's no help for it—we must go."

And they went.

From that day until within a few months I heard nothing in regard to the Reeve Family. Lily had promised to tell us her experience in the west, of her success in this new attempt at securing a livelihood; but her promise was unfulfilled, and we could not but fear lest despondency had utterly crushed all the aspirations of her genius, that if she yet lived, poverty and hopelessness had come to be her only portion.

Still, though her name had never reached us through the medium talents like hers choose for their utterance—the press—there was always with me a lingering hope and belief that Lily had, under some assumed name, made herself famous. Knowing so well her ability, the more I thought of this the more I became strongly convinced that it was so. At last, when I had dreamed of her night after night, and thought much of her in my waking hours, it became absolutely necessary to my own peace of mind that I should write to her once more—a thing I had not done in many years—in order to discover if she were actually dead or alive—famous or unknown to the world. It was with much anxiety, as all my lady readers will believe, I awaited her reply—for an answer I felt convinced I should receive. It came at last; and as people such as she are regarded by the world as a species of public property, as regards their thoughts, words, and deeds, I have little scruples in laying Lily's epistle open for public inspection, knowing that her words will awaken the hope and renewed efforts of the despairing, and excite the admiration and commendation of all good people.

"I have but just received your letter, dear friend of by-gone days, and believe me, it has given me no little satisfaction to think that you remember me, and with interest still. I am inclined to laugh, and weep, and wonder, when I think of myself as I was in the days long ago, when we lived among you so very poor and dependent; but there is a feeling of gratitude living in my heart stronger than every other emotion now excited in my breast by the freshened remembrance of my old home.

"You ask me to tell you what I have been doing, and wish to know under what name I have immortalized myself. You will not believe I left behind me all my ambitious desires when we made our abode here in the west! Have you ever chanced to hear of ——? It is the name I chose to adopt in my appearance before the public. Perhaps you may have seen it, and read verses accompanying it, but I am confident you never recognized in those merry strains the voice and the heart-tune of your once poverty-stricken and desponding friend."

(The reader may imagine my astonishment and amaze on reading these words—for my correspondent, Lily Reeve, was none other than one of the most beloved and popular of writers!)

"I feel conversational to-day, besides, I know it is but just to assure those who were so generous in my days of adversity, that their money and sympathy were not altogether thrown

away. I was very far from being forgetful of those who in my earlier years rendered me such efficient and valuable aid; but I thought it better even at the risk of being esteemed ungrateful, to be unknown to them and to you, until I should be able to reflect some little credit upon them. I shall soon publish a book which is dedicated to those friends of former days, through that I hope to relieve myself from any charge of forgetfulness or coldness they may have justly brought against me.

"It is only ten years since we first made our home in this western world; but I have grown gray in feeling since then, and looking back into my childhood, the road to it seems to be one of interminable length. Decidedly as our fortunes have brightened, we have had our struggles and heart-sorrows here also; and we have had much of sickness too, which seems to await almost every settler in the west; but there is so much more for which we have occasion to be thankful, that it seems almost a sin even to revert to our first trials and vexations. My mother, thank Heaven! now that she is old, may rest; her latter years are not harassed with the thoughts of a dependent, impoverished family; my brothers are in a way, all of them, to support themselves, and my young sisters are being educated in such a way that they will never have to rely on others for their support. And for all this I pray we may be ever thankful as we ought.

"When we first came to this place all things were decidedly *new*. The inhabitants, men, women and children, truly seemed to us to have reflected in their own natures the marvelous greenness and freshness of the close surrounding forests; the village was poor, like all new places, and not one quarter its present size. Indeed, we call it a city now.

"But you never can think what a house of refuge it was to us poor people! I was glad from my heart that there were none rich, none powerful here; that all was one grand level, above which wisdom and strength of mind, and superior goodness alone might rise. I was glad, I say, for despise it as you may, I am bold to acknowledge there was something awfully repelling to me in the thought of looking *up* to people because they happened to be rich, or occupy by birth a high station. Even the notice taken of me in my young days, in the place where I sojourned, was galling to me. It savored too much of condescension, which, child as I was, even then I despised and hated. There were many children here even in those days; for some years mine was the only school—how well it was patronized I need not say. I prospered, and was contented. Oh, it was such a joy to look on our own comfortable home; to know what a cheerful fire and plenty of food meant in one's own house! There is something so exhilarating in the thought of independence and reliance on one's own exertions, that for a whole year after our removal here I altogether abandoned my pencil and my pen; I thought I would never labor with them again. But I was mistaken in myself, as many times before I had been. I knew not the wants and necessities of my own nature.

"The second winter I had continually a restless yearning for higher and nobler pursuits than the mere business of school-teaching; that supplied our natural wants and necessities admirably, it is true, but there were longings of my mind that it became as necessary for me to supply. And so once more in the long winter evenings I resumed my pencils and pen, and I worked with them. It is impossible for me to express to you the intense satisfaction following these labors; it seemed as though I had found suddenly an Aladdin's lamp, and that it dispelled the darkness and gloom of undefined yearning, and showed me a true and a great end that I could accomplish! I did not then immediately force my new productions upon the editors, but remembering well that one salutary lesson I received long ago, I strove hard to perfect myself. It would be wearisome for you to listen to the narration of my progress till I had gradually mounted up into the notice of the noble people of the west; how kindly and charitably they

hailed my writings; how encouraging were the letters which, from many sources unexpected and unsought, I received, I will leave you to imagine—I felt then as though I were truly working out my destiny. Words crowded to my lips for utterance; thoughts pleaded in my brain to be heard; I longed to speak words of encouragement and strength to others—such words as from my own experience I knew full well many an overburdened soul needed. I spoke them, and I humbly hope they found acceptance and regard in many a heart.

"You will ask if I then was wholly satisfied? You will ask if notoriety pleased me? If I cared for no other and humbler good after I had attained that—in short, if I did not yearn for other love than that lavished on me by my own kin. In all calmness and confidence now, I can answer, yes! there were hopes unsatisfied, desires unfulfilled. Admiration was not *all* I craved—commendation not all I coveted. But years passed on, and with them the time when I could have rejoiced in loving and in being loved. The wild dream that haunted my mind of a perfect happiness on earth, of another kind of affection than I had yet received or given, went by. Coldness, and I am almost constrained to think at times, heartlessness, have usurped the place once occupied by the winged god; the altar which needed but a word to be enkindled and wrapped in flame, is torn away—a calm, immovable spirit occupies its place. I am not lonely or unhappy, only I feel strangely changed. I feel old in spirit; there may be no cloud, but there certainly is no sunshine; passionless now, and without the least craving for human love, my years glide on. I am satisfied in having helped to make the happiness of those for whom I have labored, and yet, true to woman's belief, I must say, I am well aware that I have missed life's highest good; I have passed by, in my eager search for a something that has not satisfied, that bright possession which the poorest of earth's children, equally with the most exalted have extended to them by the hand of our beneficent Father. Do you think I am strangely confiding with one whom for ten years I have not known by thought, or word, or deed? But we were children together; and I remember how that you more than all I left behind me knew the thoughts and desires of my inner life. Doubtless, since we have come to be *women*, we have both much changed, but at this hour I will believe you sympathize with me as in the days of old.

"Not long ago there came one to me, a man gifted with noble intellectual faculties, and rich in heart-wealth; he has wished me to be his wife; but knowing as I do what a very pauper I am in all that is best calculated to make his a happy home—you will understand I am not speaking of fortune or beauty *now*—I have declined his suit. I cannot regard him as I could have a few, *but* a few short years ago. I do not love him as my imagination tells me that woman *can* and *should* love. For a moment when I read his words, my heart beat wildly—I was happy; but that passed quickly; I distrust myself; I do not wish *now* that any one should intrust to me a charge of their happiness through life; it would be madness, and no less than foul wrong in me to wed with one whose affection I could make but such a paltry return. I give to you the answer I sent him; it is the sum total of my thoughts on this subject—and I would ask you as you read them, do you not think that there is but little to envy in one who has flung away a diamond, for a trifling but more brilliant gem?

TO —— ——.

It is too late; once, once I could have loved thee,
Before my heart grew passionless and cold;
My years are few, but trials have out-worn me—
In thought and struggle I am old—am old!
I had not *once* been deaf to thy fond pleading—
My soul had throbbed to hear thy ardent words;
But now no inward voice is interceding,
Thy finger touches upon tuneless chords!

There *was* a time when, hadst thou breathed of love,
A fire had swiftly kindled in my heart;
I would have coveted then, far, far above
All earthly good—all that is set apart
For the strong soul to labor for—a tone
A look, such as thou gavest now to me,
I would have gloried then to be thine own;
That time is past—it never more can be!

Once, when my heart beat strong with youth and hope,
Once, when the future held a glorious prize,
Through the surrounding gloom I strove to grope,
And to close-thronging dangers shut my eyes.
I fought for honor—fame. I thought that these
Would *buy* for me that other, nobler good,
For which I prayed upon my bended knees,
The boon of love—but fate my prayer withstood!

Too many years have passed since that sweet dream—
Too hard and ceaseless has my striving been;
Through the calm twilight now there comes no gleam
Of that wild hope—it cannot live again.
It cannot be—thou wouldst not prize a gift
So worthless as is all I have to give;
Thou wouldst not care from my cold heart to lift
The burden 'neath which I am doomed to live!

Seek for a younger mind—a lighter soul;
Seek one who has not been what I have been.
I would not that around thy home should roll
A cloud surcharged with gloominess and pain;
Seek one who hath not from her childhood seen
Her inmost thoughts—the best and brightest gold;
Seek one who smiles—one who yet dares to dream—
Who has not 'hardened to a crystal cold!'

"And now, being quite sure that I have outwearied you, and believing that you will gladly let the remainder of your interrogatories to-day pass unanswered, I will conclude, with the earnest hope that *you* may never be tempted to barter the sacred affections of your heart for any more alluring, but less, oh, far less satisfying prize—in the name of our childhood.

"Always yours,

"LILY REEVE."

Dear reader, it may be proper to state, that despite this most emphatic disclaimer on the part of Lily, a western paper I have recently received, contains a notice of the marriage of the

distinguished poetess, Lily Reeve, with the Hon. —— ——. Had it not been for this, one other proof of what is called the fickleness of woman's nature, you perceive I should have been enabled to end my story without a marriage; but you will bear in mind that this repetition of the almost invariable climax, is not *my* fault!

A SONNET.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING OF MAY MORNING.]

Read on, young maiden. I will gage a kiss
    The page so earnestly thou porest o’er,
To be the record of the ecstasies
    Of some great bard, or it may be the lore
    Of wild adventure by Armida’s shore—
Or how Diana wooed the Hunter-boy,
    Or how to Dido erst Æneas swore
Unmeasured love. Read while thou may’st enjoy,
    For certainly as this bright morn of May
Will lose its zest, thy happiness will fade.
    As Orient smiles of Spring too soon decay,
As clouds o’ershadow all the happy glade,
    Now smiling in the early morning’s ray,
    Thy peerless beauty e’en will pass away.

DRAWN BY PASTORINI

MAY MORNING.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN EUROPE.

By J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.—HEIDELBERG IN SEPTEMBER.

The sun was just setting on the last day of August, when the ponderous *eilwagen*, in which I had journeyed from Frankfort, rounded the foot of the Holy Mountain into the Valley of the Neckar, and Heidelberg—the brave, romantic, beautiful old electoral city—was stretched out before me on the opposite side of the river. Far above it rose the wooded Kaiserstuhl, midway down whose side hung the granite bastions, terraces and roofless halls of the famed Castle. Heavy masses of ivy hung from its arches, and overran the quaint sculpture of its walls, while the foliage of its gardens was visible behind, deep in the shadow of the mountain. A faint yellow glow trembled over the pines and birches on the top of the Kaiserstuhl, and kept the clear blue on the distant hills up the Neckar. Down the steep paths of the Holy Mountain, on my left, came the peasant-girls, with baskets on their heads, laden with the purple clusters of the Muscatel, and talking to each other gayly over garden-walls, and under arbors, which made a "green twilight" even at noon. Careless students, pipe in hand, sauntered along the river bank, listening to the sweet evening chimes, rung first in the towers of the Hauptkirche, and taken up like an echo, from village to village, among the hills.

Looking forward to Heidelberg as a place for rest and quiet study, there was something peculiarly grateful and tranquilizing in the scene. To my eyes the scenery presented a mingling of the wild with the cultivated—of the pastoral with the grand—a combination so inspiring that I found it difficult to keep my enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. From the river bank, above the bridge, cannon began firing a closing salute for the Grand Duke's birth-day, and my heart never kept more bounding time to the minute-guns on a Fourth of July at home. The German passengers in the *eilwagen* were highly gratified by my delight, for all Germans are proud of Heidelberg.

By a piece of good fortune the friends who had left me at Mayence and arrived the day before, happened to be passing up the main street when the vehicle stopped, and I was spared the risk of searching for them, which, to one ignorant of the language, was no slight task.

In a day or two, by the help of a *valet de place*, who spoke half a dozen words of English, we obtained rooms in a large house overhanging the Neckar. From one side we looked upon the Heiligenberg, so near that we could hear the girls singing among the vines every morning, and all day long the rapid river below us was noisy with raftsmen, guiding the pines they had felled among the Suabian hills down to the Rhine. On the other side the Kaiserstuhl stood between us and the eastern sky, and we always saw the sunrise first on the opposite mountains. In the cool, cloudless autumn mornings, the air was full of church-chimes and merry voices, which came echoed back from the hills, so that our first waking sensation was one of pleasure, and every day brought us some new form of enjoyment.

The valley of the Neckar is narrow, and only the little slopes which here and there lie between the feet of its wooded mountains are capable of cultivation. Higher up, there are glens and meadows of luxuriant grass, to which the peasants drive their cattle, further still, it is barren and rocky, and upon the summits dwells a solitude as complete as upon the unsettled prairies

of the far West. An hour's walk takes one from the busy streets of the little city to this beautiful and lonely region, and the stranger may explore the paths he finds leading far away among the hills, for weeks together, without exhausting their store of new scenes and influences. The calm impressiveness of these mountain landscapes disposes the mind to quiet thought, and one who has felt them till their spirit grew familiar, is at no loss to comprehend the inspiration from which Schiller, Uhland and Hauff have sung.

It is a favorite habit with the Heidelbergers, and one into which the traveler willingly falls, to spend the last hour or two of daylight in a walk by the Neckar, in the gardens of the castle, or off in the forests. At spots of especial beauty rustic inns have been erected, where, at tables in the shade, the visiter is furnished with beer, cool from its underground vaults, and thick curds, to which a relish is given by sugar and powdered cinnamon. The most noted of these places is the Wolfsbrunnen, about a mile and a half from the city, in a lonely glen, high up on the mountain. A large stone basin, two centuries old, stands there, pouring out a stream of the coldest and purest water, dammed up below to form a small pool, in which hundreds of trout breed and grow fat from the benevolence of visiters. A wooden inn, two stories high, with balconies on all sides, is nestled among the trees, and farther down the stream a little mill does its steady work from year to year.

A party was once formed by our German friends, and we spent a whole Saturday afternoon in this delicious retreat. Frau Dr. S——, who was always ready for any piece of social merriment, had the management of the excursion, and directed us with the skill of a general. Fräulein Marie, her niece, a blooming maiden of eighteen, and Madame Louise ——, a sprightly little widow from Mannheim, with Dr. S——, one or two students, and we Americans, were her subjects. Every thing was arranged with precision before we started. The books, the cards, the music (including a most patient guitar) were distributed among those best able to carry them, and we finally started, without any particular order of march. German etiquette forbids a lady to take the arm of a male friend, unless she is betrothed to him; talking is allowed, fortunately.

As we climbed to the terraces of the castle, we could see the thread of the Rhine, in the distance, sparkling through the haze. The light air which came down the Neckar was fragrant with pine and the first falling leaves of summer trees. The vineyards below us were beginning to look crisp and brown, but hanging from stake to stake the vines were bent down by blue clusters, with the bloom still upon them. Troops of light-hearted students, children, blue-eyed and blond-haired, and contented citizens, were taking the same path, and like them, we forgot every thing but the sense of present happiness.

We had a table spread upon the upper balcony of the inn, after our scattered forces returned from many a long ramble up the glen and out on the meadows. Frau Dr. S—— ordered a repast, and the "landlady's daughter"—not the sweet maid of Uhland's song, but a stout-armed and stout-waisted damsel—brought us a jar of curds, dripping with the cool water in which it had stood. A loaf of brown bread next made its appearance, followed by a stone jug of foaming beer, and two or three dishes of those prune-tarts peculiar to Germany, completed the fare. On the porch below us, two or three musicians played waltzes, and the tables around the fountain were filled with students, laughing, clinking their beer-glasses, or trolling some burschen chorus. Our own table did not lack the heartiest spirit of mirth; this could not be otherwise so long as Frau Dr. S—— sat at the head of it. The students were gay and full of life, and even Dr. S——, the most earnest and studious of the party, was so far influenced by the spirit of the time, that he sang the "King of Thule" with more warmth than I had thought possible.

The afternoon sped away like a thought, and Heidelberg was forgotten until the faint sound of its evening chimes came up the valley. We returned in time to see a glowing sky fade over the mountains of Alsatia, and then first, as the twilight gathered, came the remembrance of home—a remembrance which did not chide the happiness of the day.

One of these excursions was accompanied by a different and less agreeable finale. A small party had been arranged to visit the ruins of St. Michael's Chapel, on the summit of the Holy Mountain. I had ascended it previously, after an hour's climbing, directly up the side, but as ladies were to accompany us, it was necessary to take a winding road, two or three miles in length, to reach the chapel. We mounted, by flights of steps through the terraced vineyards, to the Philosopher's Walk, followed it to a retired glen called the Angels' Meadow, and then entered a forest-road. The wind roared loudly among the trees, and the sky grew darker as we ascended, but we took little heed of these signs. Finally, however, on reaching a rocky point whence we could look down on the Rhine-plain, we were somewhat alarmed to see a heavy rain-cloud approaching from the west. The chapel was still half a mile distant, and its open walls and dismantled towers could afford us no protection, so there was nothing left but to turn about and descend with all speed.

The rain had just crossed the Rhine, and would probably be half an hour in reaching us, and as we could trace its misty advance on the sheet of landscape below us, we hoped to time our rate of walking so as to reach some shelter before it struck the mountain. Vain hope!—before we reached the Angels' Meadow the wind fairly howled among the trees, and swept over us, laden with dust and showers of leaves. The rain followed, and as our path led over the exposed ridge of the mountain, the arrows of the storm smote pitilessly in our faces. The ladies shrieked, the men groaned, and, like Norval's barbarians, we "rushed like a torrent,"—and with a torrent—"upon the vale." When we arrived at the village of Neuenheim the shower was nearly over, but it might have continued all day, without more effect upon us.

The village of Ziegelhausen, up the Neckar, with its grim old convent, gardens and cascades, and the delightful arbors of vine, reaching down to the very brink of the river, is another favorite place of resort. The pastor of its church, who was familiar with our German friends, would frequently join us in an afternoon walk, followed by a cup of tea in the garden of the inn, and frequently by a share in the games of the village children. The pastor was a most jovial, genial character; he sang very finely—indeed, he was brother to the *primo tenore* in the Opera at Brunswick—and his wit was inexhaustible. His religion was as genuine as his cheerfulness; it was no gloomy ascetism, which looked on mirth as sin, but a joyous, affectionate and abounding spirit, bright as God's sunshine and as unconscious of its blessing. How happily passed those September afternoons, warmed by such true social feeling, and refreshed by all the kindly influences of nature! If a return like this to the simple joys of the child's heart be but obtained by the mature age of a nation, I could almost wish this country might grow old speedily. The restless energy of Youth is still upon us. The nation overflows with active impulses, which fear nothing, and yield to nothing. We have not yet felt the need of Rest.

I have said nothing of my struggles with the perverse German language—my daily sieges, advancing from trench to trench, till the strong fortress was stormed and all its priceless stores in my possession. I have not spoken of my blunders arising from ignorance and inexperience, nor the novelty of customs and life so different from ours. These would be tedious, nor are they necessary to give some impression of Heidelberg in its most delightful season. The most romantic and picturesque of all German cities, and therefore most thronged by romance-hunting

tourists, its good old social character is still happily preserved. The last Revolution has fortunately spared it, and in spite of railroads beside its mountains, and steamboats on the Neckar, it will be for many years to come one of the pleasantest spots in Europe.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

The grass of the field shall be now my theme,
For when winter is past, and the snow
Has melted away from the earth like a dream,
No flowers that in loveliness grow
More dear, or more beautiful ever can be
Than the simple grass of the field to me.

It springs up so quick, when showers call aloud
For every thing glad to come forth;
And when the sun bursts from his rainbow-cloud,
As the rain passes off to the north—
It shines in his glory, and laughs in his light,
The green grass of the field, so glistening and bright.

Happy children love in the grass to play,
Thick and soft for their dancing feet;
And there the wild bees gather honey all day
From the clover so blushing and sweet,
And find no stores that the garden can yield
Are richer than those from the grass of the field.

The lark makes his nest in the twining grass,
And methinks when he soars to the skies,
And sings the clear notes that all others surpass,
His gladness must surely arise
From the lowly content of that innocent breast,
Which finds in the grass of the field a safe nest.

There are few who notice the delicate flower
That blooms in the grass at their feet,
Yet the proudest plant in the greenhouse or bower
Is not fairer, or more complete;
And to those who observe—it is clearly revealed
That God clothes with beauty the grass of the field.

The mower comes out so busy and blythe,
    At the dawn of a summer’s day,
And the tall waving grass at the stroke of his scythe
    Is cut down and withers away:
But the fragrance it sends over valley and hill
Makes the grass of the field loved and lovely still.

And while on the perishing grass we look,
    A soft voice in the summer wind
Will whisper the words of the Holy Book
    To the humble and thoughtful mind.
“All flesh is as grass,” it will seem to say—
“Like the flower of the grass ye shall pass away.”

But oh! we will hope with a faith secure—
    Through the years of this mortal strife—
On the words of the Lord, which forever endure,
    For in them is eternal life:
Thus lessons of truth all our pleasures will yield,
And wisdom we’ll learn from the grass of the field.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

Thy natal morn hath dawned again
With pure and cloudless ray;
May Peace and Hope attend thy steps,
Sweet sister, on this day.

It is the first that ever found
Me severed from thy side,
And tears will mingle with my prayer
At morn and eventide.

For I have yearned to lay my hand
In blessing on thy brow,
And speak the earnest words of love
That stir my spirit now;

Have longed, but longed in vain, to meet
The dark and sunny eye,
That has from childhood been to me
A star in every sky.

Have sought amid a stranger band
The smile I loved so well,
And lived in spirit o'er again
A sorrowful farewell!

And thou hast missed a warm caress,
And wept its loss, I know,
For we were joined as flowers that spring
From the same root below;

The early sunbeam as it stole
Across our quiet room,
Seemed to thy tearful eyes to wear
An all unwonted gloom.

And low winds seemed with mournful wail
The forest leaves to thrill,
As memory whispered that thou hadst
A vacant place to fill.

But we have loved as few can love,
For years, through storm and shine,
And though our paths lie separate now,
Thy heart still clings to mine.

By childhood's smiles and youth's gay dreams,
By memories of the dead,
By the stern discipline of grief,
My soul to thine is wed:

Links as eternal as the prayer
We used to breathe at even,
As ever-during as the vow
That binds us unto Heaven.

Then blessings on thee, dearest one,
My heart leaps o'er the sea;
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
May God watch over thee.

TASTE.

BY MISS AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS.

This seems a little word, while we repeat it less than one second of time is consumed, yet in its signification it is a great word—a word of vast and unmeasured import:

By it we understand a just appreciation of the good, the beautiful, the pleasant, the worthy and the useful:

Still it is not alike to all: Tastes differ with characters, and characters with men. By an all wise Creator was this so ordained, and in every thing we see the wisdom and the beauty of His system.

Suppose, for instance, we pass in fancy around this vast globe, as we progress onward, countries, climates, men and characters undergo every conceivable grade of change. Gradually we pass from regions inhabited by enlightened men—men of learning and deep research, men to whom Science seems to have lent her very self, until we come to a race of beings between whom and the brute creation there is scarcely a demarcation: Yet each and every one of these thousands upon thousands of countless beings has his own peculiar sphere of action, and his own especial tastes, adapted to his position and circumstances.

Taste may, however, be improved or debased, elevated to the highest appreciations, the noblest conceptions, or lowered to the most sordid views, the most groveling level, and this is left to man himself—to rise or fall, to sink or soar, is left to his own choice, and is within his own power.

Of course this remark is not unqualified, it is not intended that the natives of Central Africa, or of the inhabited regions around the Poles, can improve their moral condition, and rise to the same high standard as may the enlightened nations of Europe or of our own loved country. To assert such a thing would be preposterous, to expect it ridiculous. Our resources are not their resources, our advantages not theirs, but there is implanted in the breast of every man a frame-work and basis, with which, and upon which, he may build something that shall make him better than he now is. And the greater his advantages, the vaster the amount of material furnished him wherewith to work, the more will be expected of him, and higher and higher will the eyes of men rise, seeking for the pinnacles of that temple of the mind which they of a right expect him to rear.

To ensure without fail the meeting of their views, (perchance to surpass them,) it is not sufficient to seize indiscriminately and pile block upon block, and stone upon stone. It is not sufficient to heap up a vast mountain of brick and mortar, jumbled together without taste or elegance, and then write upon it—This is Parian marble—these are classic proportions. This will not do, the cheat will be found out, and Ridicule will mingle her laughter with the shouts and jeers of the multitude as they mock and scan the shallow attempt at imposition.

What then is to be done?

This—let us seek Taste, let us acquaint ourselves with her, coax her, court her, make her our own, and we are safe. But we must be sure it is no impostor, no false being who assumes the name, for there are such, and they are to be shunned. We must “be sure we are right, then” onward, right onward.

True taste will teach us to select the choice blocks, the finely grained and unflawed marble,

she will bid us to reject the huge, coarse, glittering rocks with which some will strive to dazzle our eyes and mislead our judgment, and cause us to turn aside from those brittle and perishing kinds which will scarce bear handling.

Having chosen our materials, now let us build. Up go the blocks one after another, and high the temple grows. Day by day it increases in height, but why is it men stand and gaze with mortified and disappointed looks upon the structure? Why do no sounds of encouragement, no acclamations and shouts of admiration reach the ear? Hear the reason—we sought Taste—we courted her, we bid her aid us seek our materials, and teach us how to judge of them. She did so—that done we scorned her aid, we forgot her, and trusting in ourselves we reared a vast work of folly.

But "*nil desperandum*," there is yet time. Tear down the monument of heedlessness and call Taste to teach us once again. Faithful she returns at our bidding. Now hark to the sound of the mallet and chisel as they ring against the stone, chip by chip of superfluous material is worked away, piece by piece which is unneeded is broken off and thrown aside until some other work shall call them into use.

Now seems to become exhumed, as from a grave of stone and rubbish, the massive pedestal, the firm base, the graceful column, the sculptured capital and the rich cornice. Day by day, and hour by hour, these multiply in true and classic beauty, and higher and higher skyward soars the now elegant structure, until, amid the shouts and admiration of the world, the voice of Reason proclaims that Taste has fashioned it.

This, then, is an edifice, a work worthy of the mind, formed from materials the choicest within man's reach, wrought out and builded by the hand of Taste; it is worthy to be gazed upon, to be admired and copied by all.

Age after age will go by, but still it will stand firm, and beautiful, and admired as when the artist gave the last stroke, and proclaimed it to the world as finished.

Are proofs required, among the names of the ancients may be found those time-honored and long worshiped ones of Lysippus, Polycletus, Praxiteles, Timanthes, Appelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, Ovid, Pollio, Catullus, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes, Orpheus, Archilocus and Timotheus, together with many, many of their cotemporaries, for whose names I have no space, but whose memories are still, and still are to be, revered.

Following in the path which these have hewn through the thickets of prejudice and ignorance comes a long bright train. Amidst the stars of this latter day firmament gleam conspicuous the names of Banks, Young, Cole, West, White, Vandyck, Tasso, Titian, Rittenhouse, Mozart, Milton, Crabbe, Gallileo and Godfry, and ever and anon new and brilliant planets flash forth and shed their glad effulgence around.

Could this be without Taste?

It could not. Glorious and rich and varied as are the works of those whose efforts and the productions of whose minds have tended to elevate and improve our condition, they never could have been without Taste to suggest—Taste to aid, and Taste to accomplish the mighty, the stupendous, the gigantic works they have wrought.

What was it, let us inquire, that induced the ancient Egyptians to build the city of Thebes in such glorious magnificence that even its ruins produced effects upon historians to cause them to be immortalized? Homer tells of her hundred gates, from each of which two hundred chariots and ten thousand warriors could issue at a time. To her palaces painting and sculpture had lent all their art, combining to render this city one of the glories of the world. Was not this Taste?

What, too, induced them to erect those monuments of the strength of man and tyranny of kings—the Obelisks and Pyramids, to erect them in such huge size and vast strength that still they stand, as through long ages they have stood, firm and immovable as the "everlasting hills?"

Taste.

Need we ask Astronomy, that grand and elevating science, the contemplation of which forces upon us our own insignificance, and raises us from "Nature up to Nature's God"—that science which teaches us to admire and wonder, to gaze and fear, to glorify and adore the *Great Being* who formed "Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades." Need we ask to what considerations upon the part of man we are indebted for the important and immense researches which all lie open to us, which teach us to trace out the constellations, and "call the stars by their names"—which drew Phytheas from his home and caused him to wander unsatisfied with the observations he was able to make in his own country, from the Pillars of Hercules to the mouth of the Tanais—which made Egypt, Rome, Spain, France, Germany and Denmark the cradles of the then infant science?

Is it necessary to reply it is Taste?

Turn we then to Philosophy, and in the deep researches of Thales, the moral reasoning of Socrates, the eloquence of Plato, and the disinterestedness of Zenocrates read of Taste.

Chemistry, with all its brilliant discoveries, and Rhetoric, in its elegance, speak of it.

Music, Oratory, History, Geography, Grammar and Physic are each and all of them proofs of Taste in its truth and purity; and Poetry shouts forth with glad and eager pride Eureka! we have found it.

The beauty, delicacy and usefulness of Botany, the rich and varied hue of the flowers, those "gems of earth," whisper softly to us of Taste; and the importance of Anatomy proves it.

Metaphysics and Geometry demonstrate its truth; while the wild bird's carol hymns forth its notes of praise and gladness to the Creator of it and of that element of man's happiness, Taste.

It is here, it is there, it is everywhere, one grand, pervading principle, one first element, one chief ingredient of all things.

It was implanted in the mind by *Him* who formed us, and it is as much the duty of man to cultivate and improve his taste, as it is his duty to improve and cultivate any other talent lent him to keep; and he will be considered no more excusable for wrapping this precious deposit in a napkin and hiding it away than was the servant of old, who buried the talent until the coming of his lord. Let us then cultivate Taste, each according to the kind and portion given us.

It has been said that "every man is born to excel in something, and the only reason so many fail is they mistake their calling." Be this as it may, it sounds marvelously like sense, and it would be well for every one to examine strictly, that he may discover wherein it is intended he shall excel, and what the peculiar Taste or Tastes may be which, to himself, to society at large, and to a *higher power* than either, it is his duty to cultivate.

Yet although Taste has been given us, and we are required to improve and use it to the best advantage, it is not intended there are no other gifts bestowed on man which can equal it. That would be to assume for it more than could well be proven. It is intended that Taste shall act as a means of enjoyment and happiness, as a means whereby we can investigate causes, and admire and apply effects—a means whereby we can dive into the very depths of science and open the sealed treasure-house of knowledge—a means of searching out the beauties and glories of creation, and comprehending, as far as the mind of man is capable of comprehending, the wonderful omnipotence of the Deity.

THE MAN OF MIND AND THE MAN OF MONEY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At nineteen, Silas Loring left college and went into a store to be educated for a merchant. At the same time, a school-companion, named Alfred Benedict, with whom he had been intimate, was placed by his parents in the counting-room of a large shipper. The two young men had enjoyed equal advantages, so far as education was concerned; but they had improved these advantages differently. The father of Loring early impressed upon his mind the idea that wealth gave a man all power and influence in the world; that it was the greatest good that could be sought; while the father of Benedict urged his son to gain knowledge as the highest and best possession. The two young men had been influenced, as well by their natural tastes and feelings as by the opinions and advice of their parents. On leaving college, Loring left behind him all affection for literature or scientific pursuits, and took with him only an ardent desire to become wealthy, accompanied by a confident assurance that he possessed the ability required to attain the summit of his wishes. Benedict, on the contrary, entered the world with his love of knowledge as active as ever, and his desire for its attainment more ardent than when he passed at first over the threshold of Wisdom's temple.

Equal as to external advantages, the two young men started in the world. Neither of their parents were rich, though both were able to give their children a good education, that surest guaranty of success. But difference of purpose in a few years made a great difference in their relative positions. When Loring was twenty-five years of age he was a partner in the house where he had served his apprenticeship, and the most active and really intelligent business man in the firm; while Benedict was merely a book-keeper, receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. All the energies of the active mind of Loring, inspired by his love of money, were given to business; while the no less active mind of Benedict was as deeply absorbed in literary pursuits and scientific investigations. As a book-keeper, the latter was faithful, attentive and accurate, and valued by his employers; but beyond his journal and ledger his thoughts never penetrated the arcana of trade. He had no affection for it. His mind loved rather to explore the arcana of knowledge, and gather in from fields that were ever opening before him, rich harvests of intelligence.

In the manners and appearance of the two young men there was also a noticeable change. Loring had an air of self-importance, and an off-hand, dashing sort of manner, that bespoke a mind well satisfied with itself, and conscious of having done something. But Benedict had become more quiet and unobtrusive. He looked like a man who did not entertain a very high opinion of himself, as being of consequence in the community.

As men appear in society, so are they usually estimated by the mass. Loring was bowed to across the street a dozen times in every square; was met in company by a hearty shake of the hand, and treated wherever he went as an individual of some importance. And such he really felt himself to be. Benedict, on the contrary, might walk a dozen squares without receiving a nod, or mingle in society and be almost unnoticed and alone. But he did not feel this. In fact he was hardly conscious of it; for he rarely, if ever, thought any thing about the estimation in which others held him. His mind was in a higher and purer region.

The intimate friendship that had existed between Loring and Benedict, did not continue very long after they left college, although they remained friends and acquaintances, and were interested in each other for some years. But, after Loring had changed from a clerk to a merchant, he began to feel that he was no longer on a level with a mere book-keeper, who was likely to remain a book-keeper for life. Merchants were now his associates. Men who used to bow to him with distant formality, *now* took him cordially by the hand, and were as familiar with him as he had been with mere clerks before. He likewise received invitations to the houses of these merchants, and was introduced into a new and higher circle. In this circle he never met his old friend Benedict. Is it any wonder that he looked down upon him as an inferior? None. We see by means of the atmosphere by which we are surrounded, whether naturally or spiritually. The atmosphere in which the mind of Loring breathed and saw, was so different from the one that gave life and vision to the mind of Benedict, that he was unable to see by it the true quality and character of his friend. He could see in his own atmosphere, but that which surrounded the humble book-keeper was darkness to his eyes.

Thus the years went by, Loring accumulating gold, and Benedict treasures of knowledge, that neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. As these treasures increased, he began to feel a desire to impart something of what he possessed to others. This desire prompted him to write out his reflections, experiences, and the new views that were constantly pressing in upon his mind, and send them to the various literary and scientific journals for publication. It was not long before this brought him into honorable notice, and made his name familiar to men of intelligence throughout the country, with many of whom he gradually came into correspondence.

“What has become of Benedict?” asked Mr. Loring, one day of the merchant whose book-keeper he had been for many years. “I have missed him from your store for some time.”

“He left me several months ago,” was the reply.

“How came that? But I suppose his mind got so lost in his literary pursuits that he was no longer good for any thing as a clerk.”

“He was faithful and correct to the last,” promptly answered the individual to whom this remark was made. “I never had and never expect to have a more valuable clerk than Benedict. But he has obtained a better place, and one more suited to his tastes and abilities.”

“Ah, where has he gone?”

“To Bowdoin College. The Professorship of —— was offered to him, and he accepted it.”

“I didn’t know that he had any friends away off there. Isn’t it rather singular that he should be appointed to such a chair? Do you think him capable of filling it?”

“I presume those who appointed him knew his ability.”

“Did he apply for it?”

“No. He knew nothing of the vacancy until he was notified of his appointment.”

“That is a little singular,” remarked Loring, wondering for the moment how a man of so little importance, and no very distinguished ability, should be voluntarily tendered a high professorship in Bowdoin College. But the wonder did not occupy his mind very long. It passed away with the thought of his old school-friend.

Great activity and energy in a business already firmly established, in which was ample capital, made Loring the possessor, in a few years, of quite a handsome property. Ambitious of a more rapid increase of fortune, and believing that he ought to have the entire benefit of his activity, energy, and capacity for trade, he withdrew from the house in which he was a partner, and commenced business alone. He did not err in his calculations. The results was as favorable

as he had expected. Money came in more rapidly, and with its accumulation rose his ideas of his own importance, until he looked down upon every man whose coffers were not quite as full as his own, at the same time that he felt himself to be as good as any millionaire in the land.

It is a little singular how the mere possession of money raises a man's ideas of his own importance, and causes him to think meanly of all who are not favored with any considerable portion of this world's goods. Upon what a slender basis of real worth do men sometimes build a towering structure of self-conceit! Wealth is very rarely the correspondent of solid virtue and sterling merit in those who possess it; not that men of wealth are less virtuous or meritorious as a class, but wealth, upon which most persons value themselves, is not the true standard for estimating the man. It never gives quality to the heart, principles to the mind, nor to the understanding rational intelligence.

As Mr. Loring continued to grow richer, his ideas of his own importance continued to rise, until he felt himself quite an "exclusive" in society. At the age of forty, he determined to take a trip across the Atlantic, and see the world abroad. He must spend some time in London, Paris and Italy. In order to be prepared for this journey, he brushed up his French, and spent his leisure time in reading about the places he proposed to visit. So far as his knowledge of matters and things in his own country, out of the mercantile sphere, was concerned, it was very limited. Even in politics he was not very well posted up. As to what was doing in literature and science, he was altogether ignorant. He was a successful merchant, and that was about all that could be said of him.

All things ready, Mr. Loring took passage in a steamer for Liverpool. The ship had cast off her moorings, and was gliding swiftly along the smooth waters of the bay, when the merchant, in turning his eyes from the diminishing city to the nearer and more palpable objects on board the vessel that was bearing him on to the ocean, noticed a familiar face. At first he was at a loss where to place its owner. But soon his memory was clear upon that subject. His old friend, Benedict, was a fellow-passenger! The eyes of the latter were upon him, and his countenance about expressing a pleasurable recognition, when Loring turned away and glanced back again upon the dim and distant city. He did not wish to renew the acquaintance. When he next looked around upon his companions for the voyage, Benedict was not to be seen.

There were one hundred passengers on board, and among them several men of high reputation in the United States. A former Governor of Massachusetts, whose name and fame were familiar to every one, was among the number; also two men from the South, who had distinguished themselves during many years in the national legislature. One of them had held the office of Secretary of State. Besides these, there were many men of standing and character both from the mercantile class and the learned professions. In looking over the list of passengers, Mr. Loring was well satisfied to find himself in such good company. The only drawback was the presence of so obscure an individual as Mr. Benedict, with whom he had once been acquainted, but toward whom he must now, in justice to his own character and position, conduct himself as a stranger.

Such were the reflections of Mr. Loring, as he turned from the vessel's side and went below, late in the afternoon of the day on which they had sailed. On entering the cabin, the first objects that met his eyes were the ex-governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Benedict engaged in conversation. This surprised him at first, but on reflection, he explained the circumstance by supposing that Benedict had intruded himself upon the individual with whom he was conversing, and that the latter submitted to the intrusion from mere politeness. He sat down at some distance from them, expecting to see their interview quickly terminated. But he was

disappointed in this, for the parties grew more and more interested. Whenever Benedict spoke, he observed that the other listened with deep attention, and that his manner toward him was always respectful, and sometimes even deferential. The conversation was prolonged until tea-time, and then the two men separated.

There was something in this that the man of wealth could not understand.

On the next day Mr. Loring sought an opportunity to make the formal acquaintance of Mr. ——, from the Bay State, through the introduction of a friend on board, who presented him as "one of our first merchants," going out to visit Europe. Mr. —— was very polite, and made some commonplace remarks to the merchant, who replied with a self-importance in his manner that did not make the impression he designed. The ex-governor knew just how much money was worth as a standard by which to estimate the man. The words, "one of our first merchants," made no impression upon him whatever. In fact, he scarcely noticed it. After talking a short time with Mr. Loring, with a polite bow he moved away and joined Mr. Benedict, who was standing on the opposite side of the vessel. He was soon again in close conversation with this obscure individual.

Loring was not only surprised at this, but chafed. It puzzled as well as annoyed him. He could not but remark that Mr. Benedict was perfectly at his ease with the distinguished individual who had just left him, and that there was nothing in the manner of Mr. —— approaching to condescension. Not many minutes elapsed before they were joined by a third person, to whom Mr. —— presented Loring's old friend in a formal introduction. This individual was from the South. He had formerly held the office of Secretary of State at Washington. At the mention of Mr. Benedict's name he shook him warmly by the hand, and treated him with marked attention. The three men then went below, where Loring saw them, about an hour afterward, in the centre of a group of five or six, all men of standing and character in the United States. Benedict was speaking, and all were listening to him with deep attention.

"Can it be possible that his fortunes have changed—that he has become wealthy?" the merchant said to himself; and a feeling of respect for his old acquaintance arose in his mind.

Day after day went by, and still Mr. Benedict continued to be on terms of intimacy with these men, while they treated Mr. Loring, who was introduced to them by a friend, with reserved and distant politeness.

"Who is that man?" asked the merchant, affecting not to know Benedict. The question was put to a fellow-passenger.

"That's Professor Benedict," replied the person addressed, manifesting surprise at the question. "Are you not acquainted with him?"

Loring shook his head.

"You have heard of him, of course?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Not heard of Professor Benedict!" The passenger looked into the face of Loring with a broad stare. "Why he is known from one end of our country to the other as a distinguished scholar and man of science. His articles in the Quarterly Review, and his essays on Political and Social Economy, 'Wealth and Labor,' 'The Times,' etc., have won for him an enviable reputation. There are few abler men in our country than Professor Benedict."

Mr. Loring asked no further questions. He felt rebuked and mortified. Rich as he was, and highly as he valued himself, he felt that the man of intellect was ranked higher than the man of money. In the small compass of that steam-vessel were clustered together men of wealth, eminence, and political distinction. There were few on board whom even Mr. Loring would think

beneath him; and yet he was treated by them with no particular deference. When he spoke, he was listened to with the politeness that always accompanies good-breeding; but that was all. None gathered around him; none sought his company; none treated him as a man distinguished from the rest. Wealth! that was a common possession; but strong intellect was the god-like gift of the few; and men bowed before it and yielded freely their homage.

The proud man was deeply humbled during the brief period occupied in sweeping across the broad Atlantic, and he felt relieved and breathed more freely the moment he set his foot on shore at Liverpool. Shame had kept him from renewing his acquaintance with Benedict, who continued to be an object of interest to almost every one during the voyage.

In the great world of London, Mr. Loring quickly recovered his balance of mind. He took letters of introduction to eminent merchants and bankers there, by whom he was received and treated with the greatest attention. He was again conscious of the fact, that wealth was power, and that the possessor of wealth ranked highest of any.

In Paris he did not feel quite so much at ease. He brought letters to the American Minister, the Hon. Mr. ——, who had represented our country at the palace of St. Cloud for some five years with honor to himself and the nation; and was received with the courtesy and attention which always marked that gentleman's conduct toward his countrymen. Mr. Loring had only been in Paris a couple of days when the American Minister said to him,

"A distinguished countryman of ours is now in Paris. He is to dine with me day after tomorrow, in company with about fifty of the most celebrated scientific and literary men in the city. Your arrival is quite opportune, Mr. Loring, I shall, of course, have the pleasure of your company."

Mr. Loring bowed in acquiescence, and then inquired who the distinguished American was.

"Professor Benedict," replied the minister. "He is an honor to our country, and I feel proud of the opportunity I shall have of presenting him to men of a like spirit with himself, to whom his name has long been familiar."

Mr. Loring was confounded.

"He has been for some years a member of the Philosophical Society here," continued the minister, "and his communications, published in their annual report of proceedings, are among the finest papers that emanate from that body. They cause honorable notice of our countryman to be made in all the scientific journals of Europe. I need not ask you in what estimation he is held at home, as I see by Silliman's Journal, the North American Review, and the transactions of the various learned societies there, that his worth is fully known and appreciated. Have you ever had the pleasure of meeting him?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He is an old college-mate of mine."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. We were quite intimate as young men; but our pursuits in life were so different that, in the very nature of things, this intimate acquaintance could not continue. But I had the pleasure of meeting him again in crossing the Atlantic. We came over in the same steamer."

"Did you? That must have been a very pleasant voyage. Fair weather the whole time, and the company of so many men eminent for their talents. Mr. Benedict says that the two weeks he spent upon the ocean he shall number as the most agreeable of his whole life."

Mr. Loring now felt himself to be in a very awkward position indeed. How to act he did not know. He had accepted the American Minister's invitation to dine with him, and at his table he would meet the man whom he had for years considered beneath him, and whose very acquaintance he had dropped as discreditable to one in his position. And this man was to be

the honored guest! Mr. Loring retired to his hotel with his mind bewildered and his feelings at a lower range in the thermometer of his self-esteem than they had been for a very long time. If it had not happened that Benedict came over in the same steamer with him, and that he had cut his acquaintance before he knew that he had become an individual of some note, the way would have been plain enough before him. He could have gone to the dinner and renewed his old friendship, and felt honored in being his countryman. But this he felt to be out of the question now. Benedict might refuse to know him, or might treat him in such a manner as to wound and mortify him severely, and expose him to the just contempt of men whose good opinion he was the very man to value.

The exceeding smallness of the foundation upon which he had built a towering structure of self-importance, was brought, by the circumstances in which he was placed, with painful clearness to his mind. He saw and felt, almost for the first time in his life, that money was not every thing, and that it would not make a man worshiped every where, and by all classes of men.

For a long time the mind of Mr. Loring was in debate as to the best course to be pursued. At one time he resolved to send a note to the American Minister, on the day the dinner was to take place, regretting his inability to make one of his guests, on account of indisposition. But this intention was after a while abandoned, and he determined to leave Paris for Italy on the next day. Like the first resolution, this was also given up, and his mind was all in confusion again. At length he decided, though with much reluctance, that he would call upon Mr. Benedict, and formally renew his acquaintance. There was something, he felt, humiliating in this; but it was a step greatly to be preferred to any that he had yet thought of taking. He did not wish to lie direct to the American Minister, by saying that he was indisposed; nor did he wish to leave Paris for at least a month.

By little and by little, since the day the steamer left New York, the man of money had felt increasing respect for the man of mind. He saw that he was honored by those who were themselves honorable; that he was known and highly esteemed by distinguished men in Paris and throughout Europe, while his name had scarcely been heard of beyond his own city. There was no mistake about this. It was all plain as daylight. The humble book-keeper was a greater man than the purse-proud merchant.

The severest conflict between pride and necessity that ever took place in Mr. Loring's mind, was that which ended in a determination to call upon Mr. Benedict. What his reception would be he knew not, nor could he fix upon any mode of address, on meeting him, that was satisfactory.

At length, after hours of hesitation and debate, and a re-consideration of the whole matter, the merchant left his hotel and proceeded to that of the old friend whom he had cast off years before as beneath him in social rank and real worth. Gradually his respect for him had been rising, until now he rather looked up than down upon him, as the possessor of something far more intrinsically excellent than any thing of which he could boast. Known throughout all Europe! The honored guest of the American Minister! Courted by men of learning and distinction in Paris! His very name a passport into the first circles, and an introduction to the most eminent men of the day! What had he been thinking about? Where were his eyes, that he had not before seen this rising star, now suddenly revealed to him, shining in beauty and splendor? Respect was easily changed into a feeling of deference. As distinctly as he could, Mr. Loring endeavored to recall to his mind the appearance and manner of Mr. Benedict, during the voyage across the Atlantic. This he could not do very distinctly, as he had kept out of his

way as much as possible. Still he could recollect that there was ease, self-possession, dignity of manner, and the consciousness of power. These were the visible marks of a great man about him—not so much perceived at the time at recognized, now that they were remembered.

This was the state of mind, and such were the thoughts that oppressed Mr. Loring, as he started on his humiliating errand. He, of course, expected to be received with coldness and dignity, if received at all. It might be that Mr. Benedict would decline renewing the acquaintance that he had almost rudely dropped, which, under the circumstances, would be mortifying in the extreme, and compel him to decline the invitation to dine with the American Minister.

His card sent up, the merchant awaited the return of the porter with serious misgivings at heart. When that functionary returned, and signified that Mr. Benedict would be happy to receive him, he proceeded toward his apartments in a state of mind such as he had never before experienced, and certainly never wished to experience again. A door was thrown open by the porter, and a man, in the prime of life, stood near the centre of the room. His quiet, thoughtful face, and calm, steady eye, so well remembered, and so little changed by time, was lit up instantly by a warm, frank smile, so natural and familiar, that it seemed the smile of years before, when they met as intimate friends. He stepped forward quickly, and grasped Mr. Loring's extended hand.

The merchant was subdued and humbled. He could hardly utter the words that rose to his tongue. He stood in the presence of one who was superior to himself, and who yet assumed no consequence. The beauty and true nobility of this he clearly saw, because it affected himself. He felt that Benedict possessed a generous, manly spirit and a true heart, of the real worth of which he had never before had any conception.

In the interview that followed this meeting, no allusion was made to the voyage across the Atlantic by either party. The conversation mostly referred to former years and events.

When they separated, Mr. Loring was in some doubt as to the real greatness of his old friend. He saw nothing in him that he had not seen before. Not a brilliant sentence was uttered; nothing out of the common order was apparent in his conversation. He even permitted the query to arise in his mind whether or no he had not been overrated? Whether distance had not lent enchantment to the view? This was his state of mind when he met him again at the American Minister's, surrounded by some of the most celebrated men of learning in Paris; but it changed after Benedict had been toasted, and he replied in an address of great beauty, force, and originality, that enchained the attention of every one. Loring was lost in astonishment and admiration; nor was he less surprised at the apparent unconsciousness of being more than an ordinary man manifested by his every act and word during the five hours that he observed him in the midst of these eminent men, with the best of whom he could not but acknowledge him, from what he then saw, to be equal.

The man of money did not again come in contact with the man of mind during his tour in Europe; nor has he met him since his return home. But now, and he cannot but wonder why it was not so before, he hears the name of Professor Benedict frequently mentioned, and often meets with it in the public journals. Whenever he does so, the feeling of purse-proud superiority that has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, has a leaf withered, a flower blighted, or a branch riven from the stem. But the roots of that feeling are vigorous, and strike deeply into a rich soil. Although its very luxuriant growth is at times checked, yet we cannot hope to see the plant destroyed. It is too well matured, and its aliment too abundant.

A MAY SONG.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Hurrah! for sweet May, it is here with its brightness,
The songs of the birds, and the breath of the flowers,
The sighs of the zephyrs, that woo with their lightness,
And hasten the steps of the Summer’s glad hours;
The earth is all gladness—the sky is all beaming
With rose-tinted shadows of beauty and light,
As rich as those insects whose golden wings gleaming
Are twined in the hair of the maidens at night.

The soft balmy air through the casement is singing
In tones of delight to the bud and the bee—
Like the laughter of girlhood in ecstasy ringing,
When the first star of evening has bidden them free—
In the depths of the forest the wild vine is creeping
Around the huge oak with its blossoms of gold—
And, curtained with leafiness, flowerets are sleeping,
Surrounded with perfume and beauty untold.

Come out with the sunrise!—all Nature is glowing—
Each hill-top is bathed in the morn’s early beams;
In the valley the fragrance of spring-time is blowing,
To scatter the mists from the flower-margined streams;
On the greensward the footsteps of children are straying,
As free as the gambols of Summer’s pure air,
As, ladened with health, from the mountain ’tis playing,
And tossing each ringlet of gold-colored hair.

With an echo of music the river is laving
Its white pebbled shore, as it dances along;
Now sunshine, now shade o’er its clear bosom waving,
Like the world’s beaten pathway, half sorrow, half song,
Far, far in the distance, the ocean is lying,
As calm and as tideless as infancy’s breast;
While the last lingering rays of the purple light dying
Is shed on its face ere it sinks into rest.

And then comes the *eve* with its moonlight and dreaming,
When melody floats on each whisper and sigh.
When eyes are as bright as the stars that are gleaming,
And hearts are as free as the breeze passing by.
In the wildwood the song of the night-bird is blending
With the light tread of dancers, and shoutings of mirth,
Whilst all round are the *rosy boy's* arrows descending,
And *love*, like our joys, has a star-lighted birth.

The Summer's young Ganymede's cup is o'erflowing
With dew-drops, distilled from the Spring's early morn,
As pure as the breath of the west wind that's blowing,
Or wishes deep down in a maiden's heart born;
Then a health for sweet May! what heart is not swelling
As the mild air of Summer comes soft o'er the brow,
And a thousand bright tokens all round us are telling
That the May-day of *Youth* and *Affection* is now.

FIFTY SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

1.

It is observable that, while among all nations the omni-color, white, has been received as an emblem of the Pure, the no-color, black, has by no means been generally admitted as *sufficiently* typical of Impurity. There are blue devils as well as black; and when we think *very* ill of a woman, and wish to *blacken* her character, we merely call her "a *blue*-stocking" and advise her to read, in Rabelais' "*Gargantua*," the chapter "*de ce qui est signifié par les couleurs blanc et bleu*." There is far more difference between these "*couleurs*," in fact, than that which exists between simple *black* and white. Your "blue," when we come to talk of stockings, is black in *issimo*—"*nigrum nigrius nigro*"—like the matter from which Raymond Lully first manufactured his alcohol.

2.

Mr. ——, I perceive, has been appointed Librarian to the new —— Athenæum. To him, the appointment is advantageous in many respects. Especially:—"*Mon cousin, voici une belle occasion pour apprendre à lire!*"

3.

As far as I can understand the "loving our enemies," it implies the hating our friends.

4.

In commencing our dinners with gravy soup, no doubt we have taken a hint from Horace.

—— Da, he says, si *grave* non est,
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit isca.

5.

Of much of our cottage architecture we may safely say, I think, (admitting the good intention,) that it *would* have been Gothic if it had not felt it its duty to be Dutch.

6.

James's multitudinous novels seem to be written upon the plan of "the songs of the Bard of Schiraz," in which, we are assured by Fadladeen, "the same beautiful thought occurs again and again in every possible variety of phrase."

7.

Some of our foreign lions resemble the human brain in one very striking particular. They are without any sense themselves and yet are the centres of sensation.

8.

Mirabeau, I fancy, acquired his wonderful tact at foreseeing and meeting *contingencies*, during his residence in the stronghold of *If.*

9.

Cottle's "Reminiscences of Coleridge" is just such a book as damns its perpetrator forever in the opinion of every gentleman who reads it. More and more every day do we moderns *pavoneggiarsi* about our Christianity; yet, so far as the *spirit* of Christianity is concerned, we are immeasurably behind the ancients. Mottoes and proverbs are the indices of national character; and the Anglo-Saxons are disgraced in having no proverbial equivalent to the "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Moreover—where, in all statutory Christendom, shall we find a *law* so Christian as the "*Defuncti injuriâ ne afficiantur*" of the Twelve Tables?

The simple *negative* injunction of the Latin law and proverb—the injunction *not to do ill* to the dead—seems at a first glance, scarcely susceptible of improvement in the delicate respect of its terms. I cannot help thinking, however, that the sentiment, if not the idea intended, is more forcibly conveyed in an apophthegm by one of the old English moralists, James Puckle. By an ingenious figure of speech he contrives to imbue the negation of the Roman command with a spirit of active and positive beneficence. "When speaking of the dead," he says, in his "Grey Cap for a Green Head," "*so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence*."

10.

I have no doubt that the Fourierites honestly fancy "a nasty poet fit for nothing" to be the true translation of "*poeta nascitur non fit*."

11.

There surely can*not* be "more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of" (oh, Andrew Jackson Davis!) "in *your* philosophy."

12.

"It is only as the Bird of Paradise quits us in taking wing," observes, or should observe, some poet, "that we obtain a full view of the beauty of its plumage;" and it is only as the politician is about being "turned out" that—like the snake of the Irish Chronicle when touched by St. Patrick—he "awakens to a sense of his *situation*."

13.

Newspaper editors seem to have constitutions closely similar to those of the Deities in "Walhalla," who cut each other to pieces every day, and yet got up perfectly sound and fresh every morning.

14.

As far as I can comprehend the modern cant in favor of "unadulterated Saxon," it is fast leading us to the language of that region where, as Addison has it, "they sell the best fish and speak the plainest English."

15.

The frightfully long money-pouches—"like the Cucumber called the Gigantic"—which have come in vogue among our belles—are *not* of Parisian origin, as many suppose, but are strictly indigenous here. The fact is, such a fashion would be quite out of place in Paris, where it is money *only* that women keep in a purse. The purse of an American lady, however, must be large enough to carry both her money and the soul of its owner.

16.

I can see no objection to gentlemen "standing for Congress"—provided they stand on one side—nor to their "running for Congress"—if they are in a very great hurry to get there—but it would be a blessing if some of them could be persuaded into sitting still, for Congress, after they arrive.

17.

If *Envy*, as Cyprian has it, be "the moth of the soul," whether shall we regard *Content* as its Scotch snuff or its camphor?

18.

M——, having been "used up" in the —— Review, goes about town lauding his critic—as an epicure lauds the best London mustard—with the tears in his eyes.

19.

"*Con tal que las costumbres de un autor sean puras y castas*," says the Catholic Don Tomas de las Torres, in the Preface to his "Amatory Poems," "*importo muy poco qui no sean igualmente severas sus obras*:" meaning, in plain English, that, provided the personal morals of an author are pure, it matters little what those of his books are.

For so unprincipled an idea, Don Tomas, no doubt, is still having a hard time of it in Purgatory; and, by way of most pointedly manifesting their disgust at his philosophy on the topic in question, many modern theologians and divines are now busily squaring their conduct

by his proposition exactly *conversed*.

20.

Children are never too tender to be whipped:—like tough beefsteaks, the more you beat them the more tender they become.

21.

Lucian, in describing the statue "with its surface of Parian marble and its interior filled with rags," must have been looking with a prophetic eye at some of our great "moneyed institutions."

22.

That poets (using the word comprehensively, as including artists in general) are a *genus irritabile*, is well understood; but the *why*, seems not to be commonly seen. An artist is an artist only by dint of his exquisite sense of Beauty—a sense affording him rapturous enjoyment, but at the same time implying, or involving, an equally exquisite sense of Deformity of disproportion. Thus a wrong—an injustice—done a poet who is really a poet, excites him to a degree which, to ordinary apprehension, appears disproportionate with the wrong. Poets *see* injustice—*never* where it does not exist—but very often where the unpoetical see no injustice whatever. Thus the poetical irritability has no reference to "temper" in the vulgar sense, but merely to a more than usual clear-sightedness in respect to Wrong:—this clear-sightedness being nothing more than a corollary from the vivid perception of Right—of justice—of proportion—in a word, of το καλου. But one thing is clear—that the man who is *not* "irritable," (to the ordinary apprehension,) is *no poet*.

23.

Let a man succeed ever so evidently—ever so demonstrably—in many different displays of *genius*, the envy of criticism will agree with the popular voice in denying him more than *talent* in any. Thus a poet who has achieved a great (by which I mean an effective) poem, should be cautious not to distinguish himself in any other walk of Letters. In especial—let him make no effort in Science—unless anonymously, or with the view of waiting patiently the judgment of posterity. Because universal or even versatile geniuses have rarely or never been known, *therefore*, thinks the world, none such can ever be. A "therefore" of this kind is, with the world, conclusive. But what is the *fact*, as taught us by analysis of mental power? Simply, that the *highest* genius—that the genius which all men instantaneously acknowledge as such—which acts upon individuals, as well as upon the mass, by a species of magnetism incomprehensible but irresistible and *never resisted*—that this genius which demonstrates itself in the simplest gesture—or even by the absence of all—this genius which speaks without a voice and flashes from the unopened eye—is but the result of generally large mental power existing in a state of *absolute proportion*—so that no one faculty has undue predominance. *That* factitious "genius"—that "genius" in the popular sense—which is but the manifestation of the abnormal predominance of some one faculty over all the others—and, of course, at the expense and to

the detriment, of all the others—is a result of mental disease or rather, of organic malformation of mind:—it is this and nothing more. Not only will such "genius" fail, if turned aside from the path indicated by its predominant faculty; but, even when pursuing this path—when producing those works in which, certainly, it is *best* calculated to succeed—will give unmistakeable indications of *unsoundness*, in respect to general intellect. Hence, indeed, arises the just idea that

> "Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

I say "*just* idea;" for by "great wit," in this case, the poet intends precisely the pseudo-genius to which I refer. The true genius, on the other hand, is necessarily, if not universal in its manifestations, at least capable of universality; and if, attempting all things, it succeeds in one rather better than in another, this is merely on account of a certain bias by which *Taste* leads it with more earnestness in the one direction than in the other. With equal zeal, it would succeed equally in all.

To sum up our results in respect to this very simple, but much *vexata questio*:—

What the world calls "genius" is the state of mental disease arising from the undue predominance of some one of the faculties. The works of such genius are never sound in themselves and, in especial, always betray the general mental insanity.

The *proportion* of the mental faculties, in a case where the general mental power is *not* inordinate, gives that result which we distinguish as *talent*:—and the talent is greater or less, first, as the general mental power is greater or less; and, secondly, as the proportion of the faculties is more or less absolute.

The proportion of the faculties, in a case where the mental power is inordinately great, gives that result which *is* the true *genius* (but which, on account of the proportion and seeming simplicity of its works, is seldom acknowledged to *be* so;) and the genius is greater or less, first, as the general mental power is more or less inordinately great; and, secondly, as the proportion of the faculties is more or less absolute.

An objection will be made:—that the greatest excess of mental power, however proportionate, does not seem to satisfy our idea of genius, unless we have, in addition, sensibility, passion, energy. The reply is, that the "absolute proportion" spoken of, when applied to inordinate mental power, gives, as a result, the appreciation of Beauty and horror of Deformity which we call sensibility, together with that intense vitality, which is implied when we speak of "Energy" or "Passion."

24.

"And Beauty draws us by a single hair."—Capillary attraction, of course.

25.

It is by no means clear, as regards the present revolutionary spirit of Europe, that it is a spirit which "moveth altogether if it move at all." In Great Britain it may be kept quiet for half a century yet, by placing at the head of affairs an experienced medical man. He should keep his forefinger constantly on the pulse of the patient, and exhibit *panem* in gentle doses, with as much *circenses* as the stomach can be made to retain.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(*Concluded from page 266.*)

When Parisian society had passed the dread ordeal which bears the name of the Reign of Terror, through continual scenes of blood and tears, it seemed by a strange and almost unaccountable impulse to be impelled to mirth and festivity. On the day after the disappearance of the guillotine French frivolity resumed its sway with a thousand whims and vagaries, to which the stern muse of history would pay no attention, but to which, in this sketch of the follies of humanity, we may aptly attend. One of the whimsicalities peculiar to the day is that in memory of the sad toilette of the guillotine, when the hair was cropped by the shears of the executioner, a similar *coiffure* was the *mode*. Women laid aside their luxuriant locks for a *coiffure à la victime*, and wore a band of blood-red velvet around the neck, as if in derision of the fall of the axe. This fashion, emanating in France, where recklessness had been produced by the constant presence of danger, went the round of the world, and the *coiffure à la victime* was worn by both sexes in quiet neighborhoods, which had learned only by report of the fearful atrocities committed in the capital of civilization. Balls *à la victime* also became the vogue, and none were at first admitted to them except those who had lost relations on the scaffold. To some of these balls it was requisite not to have lost collaterals only, but a parent, or brother, sister, husband or wife. There were exclusives even there, and a new nobility of the scaffold was created. This was the era of corsets *à la justice* and bonnets *à la humanité*.

Away with care! Bring in the violin and minstrels! was the cry. A mania for the dance pervaded all society. High and low, aristocrats and people, antiques and moderns all danced. The chapel of the old Carmelite convent became a ballroom, and the Jesuits' college a place of festivity, as did also the convents of *Saint-Sulpice* of the *Filles de Saint-Marie*. In the *guinguettes* and in the most elegant society all danced. "If the traces of crime and degradation were seen every where else," says a writer of that age, "a man of taste had at least the consolation to find in these brilliant assemblages society not unlike that which made Paris once the wonder of the world. The winter-balls are the asylum of good taste, elegance and propriety. In them a young man may purify himself by the spectacle of triumphant Virtue." Yet the only requisite to admission to these balls was a subscription of 96 francs, (about $19.20.) A cotemporary thus describes one of the most celebrated of these reunions, that at the Hotel Richelieu, in a manner to make us skeptical about the virtue. "It is," says he, "an arch of *transparent robes* of lace, head-dresses of gold and diamonds. A subscription is required, and the visiter is ushered into the society of perfumed goddesses, crowned with flowers, who float about in Athenian robes, and receive the lisping flattery of the *incroyables*, who prate of their *parole d'honneur*." It need not be said this is a mere *phase* of Parisian society, fortunately not reflected by the rest of the world.

The ball of the Opera was revived, and to it we must look for the most striking specimens of costume. The plain black domino exclusively worn at such places during the monarchy had

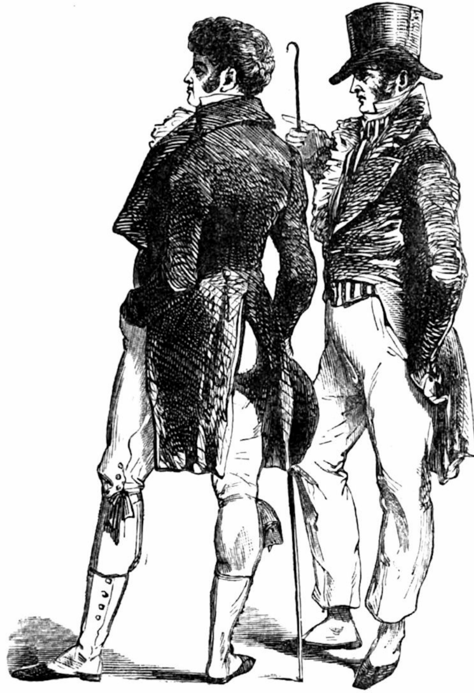
disappeared, and was replaced by a similar garment of the most striking colors. Turks, Chinese and the old traditional characters were exiled to the places of popular amusement, and the great room of the Opera was filled with Caius Marius, Dentatus, Cicero, Mutius Scævola, Pericles, Lycurgus, Cymon and Herodotus. The charm, however, was gone; the new society had no traditions; the people composing it were almost ignorant of each other, and the playful badinage of which the old balls had been the scene was lost forever. The *Jeunesse Dorée*, as the courtiers of the Directory and Consulate were called, frequented these balls most faithfully, but the old prestige was destroyed, and families were not seen as they had been in the days of old.

It is strange with what rapidity from the epoch of the Directory a taste for luxury and pleasure sprung up in the minds of the people. Music again resumed its sway, and a hundred places of public amusement were opened. One of the most significant evidences that the late or present French Revolution is not yet over, is the fact that as yet public amusements do not thrive, and that the people look elsewhere for excitement than to the stage and concert. The most curious of all spectacles is the stormy deliberation of the Assembly, and the artistes of the Executive power the most attractive of all performers.

Gradually a disposition *to make a figure* inoculated society. As the Revolution became distant luxury increased. Yet it was not the *faste* of old monarchy, but a new splendor, which the persons left on the surface of society by the *bouleversement* of all orders threw around them. The women in the lowness of the bosoms of their dresses descended below even the modesty required by the Regency, and the *incroyables* became more fantastic than the *marquis*. The following was the costume they adopted, and a more tasteless one can scarcely be conceived:

They were not so richly dressed as their predecessors, nor were they so elegant and graceful, but their manners were quite as affected. Then came again the taste for gallant acrostics and love songs, which caused the poetry of the Cheniers to be forgotten for *fantasies* addressed to the popular actresses. This prodigality was the more criminal because it had a contrast in alarming want. The Revolution did not make France more rich, nor did the hecatombs slain in defence of the liberty of the country make the cornfields and vineyards more fruitful. French prodigality was imitated everywhere, and to this recklessness may we attribute the fact of the great increase of the expense of dress in every grade of society over all the civilized world.

The mode of wearing the hair for men had long become fixed; it was cropped and *au naturel*, and has thus remained to our own day. The male costume became every day more and more inelegant. Frocks were worn short, loose and broad; pantaloons loose as a sailor's lasted to a late day of the empire. This costume had but one merit, simplicity, a quality inspection of the following engraving will show it to have possessed in a great degree.

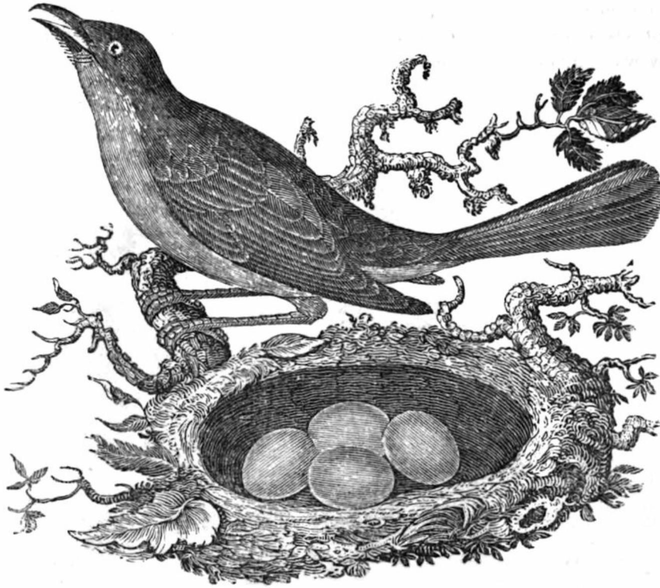


All embroidery was abandoned. In 1803 the coat had taken its definite form, where there is every prospect that it will remain permanent. It had an immense collar and was very short before, but it was yet a coat. Pantaloons were by no means what they are now, yet still the garment is unchanged. The hat had become round, and the cravat was stationary.

This brings us to the end of our subject. From the doublet of Louis XIV. costume has been traced to our time, and an impartial observer will be satisfied we have lost nothing by the change; for none who compare the garments of the *schneiders* of our own era with those of the Latours or Justins of old, will think good taste has retrograded, or dream of comparing the bucket-like things which once were worn on the head, with the tasteful and artistic hats of Oakford. Thus ends this disquisition on dress, which, believe me, is no trifle; and the evidence of it is, that nothing more ridiculous can be conceived, than would be a President, a Senate, or a Supreme Court *in puris naturalibus*.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE CAT-BIRD.

The Cat-Bird is one of our earliest morning songsters, beginning generally before break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness when there is scarcely light sufficient to distinguish him. His favorite note is the one from which he takes his name, and is known to every farmer's boy in the United States. It so exactly resembles the mewing of a kitten as to be invariably taken for it by the uninitiated; and when a number of these birds get together it is difficult to resist the impression that all the feline residents of an entire village are gravely discussing some important subject. But in addition to this rather singular tone, the Cat-Bird has a variety of others, made up, it is true, mostly of imitations, but blended together with considerable strength and melody. The Cat-Bird is indeed no mean songster, and when listened to attentively is capable of at once pleasing and interesting. He is one of the most familiar of the feathered race, seeming to have very little dread of man, and building his nest in every garden hedge. His confidence is but too often repaid with death; and notwithstanding his friendly habits he is persecuted with singular and unrelenting prejudice by every inmate of the farm-house. It must be acknowledged that he sometimes revenges himself by drafts upon the strawberry-beds and cherry-trees.

The Cat-Bird is one of the most prolific of the feathered race, and were he to fly in flocks would darken the air. He probably winters in Florida, from whence he reaches Georgia early in March. In the following month he appears in Pennsylvania. His nest is generally finished by the

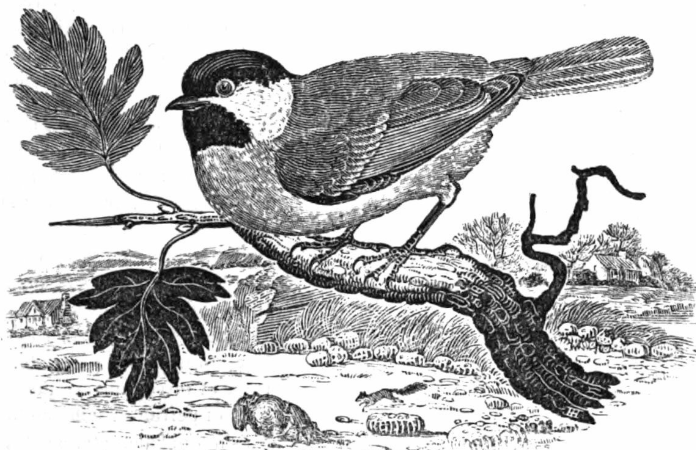
beginning of May. The place is usually a hawthorn fence, a small tree, briers, brambles or a thick vine. The female lays four eggs, of a greenish blue color, and sometimes raises three broods in a season. In affection and attention to their young the Cat-Bird is unsurpassed. The cry of man imitating their brood will frequently throw her apparently into fits; and in their defence both male and female often risk their lives. He boldly attacks the black-snake, striking him on the head with his bill, until the baffled reptile is glad to withdraw from the coveted nest. It is rare that the female forsakes her eggs, even after they have been handled by man. If one or two be broken she continues to sit upon the others; and if strange eggs are put in she, with the assistance of her mate, turns them out. If the nest be removed to another situation she follows it and continues to sit as before.

The Cat-Bird is nine inches long, of a deep slate color above, which fades into a lighter tint on the breast and throat. The legs, bill and tail are black, with some red about the latter. He is sometimes domesticated, and in the cage will eat fruit, insects, bread, cakes, and nearly every kind of vegetable. He is fond of the water, and, when wild, frequently dashes through it with great velocity. The species is said to reach as far north as Kamschatka.

The author of the American Ornithology thus philosophizes on the ungrounded antipathy against this harmless and interesting bird:

"Even those by whom it is entertained, can scarcely tell you why; only they 'hate Cat-Birds;' as some persons tell you they hate Frenchmen, they hate Dutchmen, etc., expressions that bespeak their own narrowness of understanding and want of liberality. Yet, after ruminating over in my own mind all the probable causes, I think I have at last hit upon some of them; the principal of which seems to me to be a certain similarity of taste, and clashing of interest, between the Cat-Bird and the farmer.

"The Cat-Bird is fond of large, ripe garden-strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good price they bring in the market; the Cat-Bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of the early fruit; the Cat-Bird has a particular partiality for the finest, ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favorites with the farmer. But the Cat-Bird has frequently the advantage of the farmer, by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions; and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old hats, wind-mills, and scare-crows are no impediments in his way to these forbidden fruits; and nothing but this resource—the ultimatum of farmers as well as kings—can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry-trees with the gun; and thus commences a train of prejudices and antipathies, that commonly continue through life. Perhaps, too, the common note of the Cat-Bird, so like the mewing of the animal whose name it bears, and who itself sustains no small share of prejudice, the homeliness of its plumage, and even his familiarity, so proverbially known to beget contempt, may also contribute to this mean, illiberal and persecuting prejudice; but with the generous and the good, the lovers of nature and rural charms, the confidence which the familiar bird places in man, by building in his garden, under his eye, the music of his song, and the interesting playfulness of his manners, will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches."



THE CHICADEE.

This bird is also known as the Black-capt Titmouse. It is an active, hardy animal, abounding in the Northern and Middle States, Canada, and as far north as the 60th parallel. It is a familiar and amusing bird, often making its appearance in our cities in fall or winter, and approaching near to man, in order to glean from his bounty or carelessness a supply of food. During the same seasons large flocks scour the fields and woods in search of insects, larvæ, seeds and berries. Kernels containing oil, and the fat of animals are greedily devoured by them. When all these fail, they enter barns, sheds, and the roofs of houses, clearing them of moths, eggs of insects, spiders and wood-worms. They appear to be very little affected by extreme cold, being provided with thick downy feathers, and a constitution naturally robust. In winter, numbers collect on a snow-bank, and swallow small pieces, either to slake thirst or for pleasure. On such occasions, and generally when collecting food, they keep up a continual chattering, which renders their places of haunt easy of discovery.

The Chicadee builds in the hollows of trees, the nest being constructed of moss, feathers, and similar soft materials. The eggs are from six to a dozen in number, white, speckled with red. They rear two broods in a season. The young are strong and lively, requiring little assistance from the old ones, but living with them, as one family, through the fall and winter.

Beside the usual chicking note of this bird, from whence its name, it has a harsh angry tone, to express anger or fright, and a kind of melancholy wail, approaching a song. Sometimes its voice is said to resemble the noise produced by sharpening a saw. “These birds,” says Wilson, “sometimes fight violently with each other, and are known to attack young and sickly birds that are incapable of resistance, always directing their blows against the skull. Being in the woods one day, I followed a bird for some time, the singularity of whose notes surprised me. Having shot him from off the top of a very tall tree, I found it to be the Black-Headed Titmouse, with a long and deep indentation in the cranium, the skull having been evidently at some former time drove in and fractured, but was now perfectly healed. Whether or not the change of voice could be owing to this circumstance, I cannot pretend to decide.” The unnatural practice of destroying their sick is however denied of these birds by late writers.

The Chicadee is five and a half inches in length, and six in extent. The whole upper part of

the head and neck is black, and the body a mouse-color. It has often been confounded with the European Marsh Titmouse, but there seems good reason to consider this as an error. The foreign bird is never seen in flocks, frequents streams or water-courses, and has a note quite different from that of the Chicadee. It is also an inch shorter.

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Now the frosty stars are gone:
I have watched them, one by one,
Fainting on the shores of Dawn.
Round and full the glorious sun
Walks with level step the spray,
Through his vestibule of Day,
While the wolves that howled anon
Slink to dens and coverts foul,
Guarded by the demon owl,
Who, last night, with mocking croon
Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,
And with eyes that blankly glared
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
Still the nightingale doth sing—
All the isle, alive with Spring,
Lies, a jewel of delight
On the blue sea's heaving breast:
Not a breath from out the West,
But some balmy smell doth bring
From the sprouting myrtle buds,
Or from meadows wide, that lie
Each a green and dazzling sky,
Paved with yellow cowslip-stars,
Cloud-like, crossed by roseate bars
Of the bloomy almond woods,
And lit, like heaven, with fairest sheen
Of the sun that hangs between.
All is life that I can spy,
To the farthest sea and sky,
And my own the only pain
Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine
Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
All this orb of cloudless shine,
All this youth in Earth's old veins

Tingling with the Spring's sweet wine,
With a sharper torment pain me.
Pansies, in soft April rains
And April's sun, from Thea's lap
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap,
But the sluggish blood she brings
To the tough Pine's hundred rings,
Closer locks their cruel hold,
Closer draws the scaly bark
Round my prison, lightning-riven;
So when Winter, wild and dark,
Vexes wave and writhing wold
And with murk vapor swathes the heaven,
I must feel the vile bat creep
In my narrow cleft, to sleep.
By this coarse and alien state
Is my dainty essence wronged;
The fine sense that erst belonged
To my nature, chafes at Fate,
Till the happier elves I hate,
Who in moonlight dances turn
Underneath the palmy fern,
Or in light and twinkling bands
Follow on with linked hands
To the Ocean's yellow sands.

The primrose-bells each morning ope
In their cool, deep beds of grass;
Violets make the airs that pass
Tell-tales of their fragrant slope.
I can see them where they spring
Never brushed by fairy wing.
All those corners I can spy
In the island's solitude,
Where the dew is never dry,
Nor the miser bees intrude.
Cups of rarest hue are there,
Full of perfumed wine undrained—
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
Canopied by maiden-hair.
Pearls I see upon the sands,
Never touched by other hands,
And the rainbow bubbles shine
On the ridged and frothy brine,
Tenantless of voyager
Till they burst in vacant air.

O the songs that sung might be
And the mazy dances woven,
Had that witch ne’er crossed the sea
And the Pine been never cloven!

Many years my direst pain
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
Winds, that from the Cyclades
Came, to ruffle with foul riot
Round its shore’s enchanted quiet,
Bore my waitings on the seas;
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went
Through the world with my lament.
Still the bitter fate is mine,
All delight unshared to see,
Smarting in the cloven Pine,
While I wait the tardy axe
Which, perchance, shall set me free
From the damned witch, Sycorax.

REMINISCENCES;

OR AUNT ABBY'S PINCUSHION.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

Reader, do you love old houses, old books, old pieces of furniture, old chairs, in short, all the relics of antiquity which fashionable people usually discard and despise? If so, there is a bond of sympathy between us, and I shall not be afraid to rake among the cold ashes of the past for some unconsumed remnant of other days, even though I find only trifles to reward my search. The very table on which I write, black with age, and wearing a polish which nothing but years and years of manual labor could have given it, owes its peculiar favor in my eyes to the fact of its being more than a century old. What stories could it not tell of days gone by; what reminiscences of tea-drinkings, and christenings, and weddings, and funerals must be imbedded in every pore of the old mahogany!

But for real hearty enjoyment of such a taste for homely antiquities, commend me to an old-fashioned secretary, (*that* is the true name—*bureau* is but a modern Gallicism,) with its desk, and pigeon-holes, and secret-drawers, especially if it have been an heirloom in possession of a maiden aunt, who died a spinster of seventy-two, or thereabouts. What stores of relics it contains—locks of hair taken from the heads of pretty children, whom we only recollect as wrinkled old bodies that seemed never to have been young; mourning-rings, with obituary inscriptions of persons whose existence we should never have known but for this record of their death; golden knee-buckles and sparkling paste shoe-buckles, reminding us of the days when the dress of a gentleman was hopelessly inimitable to the rowdies and loafers of the period; fragments of wedding-gowns, carefully rolled in bits of linen, yellow with age—preserved in order to impress the next generation with due respect for some wizened-up, childish old lady, who was once a belle, and was married in a dress of silver brocade.

Perhaps, too, there are more tender memorials hidden in the secret drawer. Let us touch the spring, and lo! what trophies of love's power are there. Shall we pause to read these verses? The ink is almost faded out, the paper is falling to pieces in its folds, and he who wrote, and she who with fluttering heart first read those tender lines, have long since been dirt and ashes. Here is a quaint old ring—two hands clapped together, and within the circle an inscription in old English characters—the single word, "*Forever*." She who once wore that ring was an angel upon earth, and he who placed it there, lived and died "as the beasts that perish;" will their union be, indeed, *forever*? Look at that bracelet, woven of soft, silken hair, its golden clasps are dimmed with age, but the hair still wears its rich sunshiny lustre, though she who bestowed it as a parting gift to a sister, has been long a tenant of the tomb. What is this, folded so carefully and so closely, like one of the mummied mysteries of the pyramids? A curl, a thick, dark curl—not the long flowing tress that might have floated over woman's graceful neck; these crisped and glossy tendrils tell of the strength and beauty of manhood. A faint perfume rises from the inner folds of the envelope—the ashes of a rose are there enclosed. And this is all! But what a tale do these scanty memorials of a by-gone love impart to the beholder! What matters it that the details of the story are forgotten? What matters it whether the lady or her lover were to blame? It was a love tender and true, but yet unhappy, else wherefore the curl of raven hair so

carefully cherished, and the dead rose so reverently buried beside the more life-like memento? The love which brings happiness becomes diffusive in its expression, and the love-tokens of the youth and maiden are hidden, in after-days, beneath the accumulation of affection's later offerings. But when one flower becomes the treasure of a life-time; when one lock of hair is guarded like the heart's pearl of price, then be sure that the hallowing touch of sorrow has been there. It is only when grief and love go hand in hand, that trifles become holy relics wherever they tread. Alas! do we not all wear upon our hearts a reliquary, in which, impearled with tears, and adorned with the fine gold of our best affections, we have enshrined some fragment of the past, whose value we alone can tell?

But I am growing sad, serious, and, of course, dull; yet the object which led me into this train of thought was certainly not calculated to inspire any especial exhibition of sentiment. I was rummaging in such a secretary as I have described, when I accidentally pulled out a round pincushion, banded with silver about the middle, and attached to a substantial silver chain, which terminated in a broad hook, for the purpose of fastening it to the girdle of some thrifty housewife. On the heavily-wrought circlet which made the equinoctial line of the purple velvet globes which had been doomed to do duty in so humble a capacity, were the initials "*A. L.*," and I at once recognized it as the constant appendage of my respected and venerated relative, Aunt Abby.

I had just been reading a paragraph respecting the female clubs in Paris, and the sight of this relic of old times, reminded me of the fact that poor Aunt Abbey had lived just half a century too soon, for to the day of her death the old lady's favorite topic of conversation was the "equality of the sexes." How would she have rejoiced in the modern attempts to enfranchise woman from her thraldom! how would she have gloried in the idea of woman's equal rights of property! how would she have delighted in the prospect of political privileges for her sex! how she would have expatiated upon the benefits of a female House of Representatives! Aunt Abby (my *great* aunt, by the by) was emphatically an advocate for woman's "*standing alone*," (I believe that is the phrase among the reformers,) and certainly, though she had a father, uncles, cousins, to say nothing of a husband, she succeeded in "*standing alone*," to a certain extent, all her life.

But what, you will say, had a disciple of progress, a defender of woman's rights, a declaimer against woman's slavery, to do with a *pincushion*? Let me sketch her portrait at full length, and then you will see how curiously she blended the duties and prerogatives of both sexes in her own proper person.

Abigal, or, as she was usually called, Abby Leyburn, was the only child of a learned and eccentric clergyman, who, being disappointed in his hope of exercising his theories of education on a son, chose to educate his daughter after the manner of a boy. Fortunately for him, the little girl possessed a singularly strong and quick mind. She grasped at knowledge as most children would at playthings, and imbibed wisdom with as much zest as others would have sucked an orange. Latin, Greek and Hebrew, mathematics, moral philosophy, to say nothing of the lighter accomplishments of botany, geology, and natural history, were *among* the young lady's acquirements. Her father had determined to make her a second Madame Dacier, and he really seemed likely to find her a sort of female *Crichton*. Nor were these all her acquisitions. The details of housekeeping, the thrift, management, and tidiness necessary to the comfort of American homes, was as easy as the alphabet to Abby. She could knit, and spin, and sew; she could bake, and brew, and cook; she could milk, and churn, and make cheese; and nobody could so effectually and rapidly "set things to rights."

Beside all this, Abby Leyburn, at twenty years of age, was one of the handsomest girls in the country. She was like nothing so much as the effigy of Britannia on an English penny. Don't laugh, reader, the comparison is a highly complimentary one, but lest you should not recollect the stately Mrs. Bull, I will describe my heroine. Abby was just six feet high, but magnificently proportioned, a perfect Juno in form, with large black eyes, a high forehead, full red lips, and a chin as massive and as despotic in its expression as Napoleon's. Her profile was superb—bold, strongly-marked, but beautifully classical. Her abundant hair, usually worn back from her brow, and gathered into a knot at the back of her head, was black as the crow's wing. Her teeth were white, strong, and somewhat pointed in shape, a peculiarity which rather impaired the softness of her smile, inasmuch as it was always associated with the beholder's remembrance of a somewhat similar conformation in the dental perfections of the only wild animal who has ever been accused of laughing—I mean the hyena. Not that Abby bore the slightest resemblance to the disagreeable creature just named. But her smile certainly lacked that indefinable charm which usually belongs to such pleasant demonstrations of good humor.

As a specimen of the human animal Abby was perfect. The superb proportions of her well-rounded figure, her complexion, pure, fresh, and radiant with health, her firm step, quick, active motions, and great strength of frame, combined to make her a model of "*le grande et beau physique*." Add to these personal attractions, her learning, and her domestic accomplishments, and one might almost fancy that Aunt Abby, in her younger days at least, came near being

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

What did she lack? you will ask. Certainly not virtues, for she abounded in them. No; her defects were of a very different character. She had every thing that one would consider desirable; but Aunt Abby lacked "one sweet weakness." There was the difficulty. She had no *weaknesses*. That magnificent person of hers was brimful of strong, stubborn intellect. If she had a heart, it was only a piece of mechanism, necessary to the workings of the human machine. The brain—the strong, massive, abundant brain, which lay behind that immense forehead, was the only motive power which she acknowledged. Had she no benevolence, no kindly impulses, no yearning tenderness of soul, no sentiment? Not an atom of either; yet she did the most benevolent things in the world, lavished kindness upon all who deserved it, was full of gentleness toward little children, and, if judged by her deeds, would have seemed overflowing with the milk of human kindness. But still it was the dictates of that cold despotic intellect which she obeyed. "People must be in want, and must be relieved by those who had means. Humanity was full of suffering—the healthy must look after the sick. Little children are incipient men and women, therefore must be taken care of. Sentiment was but the *penumbra*, the shadow of a shadow as unsubstantial as itself." Such were among the apothegms of this singular woman. Reversing the established axiom, that "there is nothing in the intellect which does not come by the senses," she seemed to assert that "there was nothing in the senses which did not come by the intellect."

As Mr. Leyburn held the office of president over one of the few institutions of learning then in America, Abby had ample opportunity for displaying her talents and beauty to the admiring eyes of sundry young students. But Abby had no personal vanity; she knew she was handsome, just as she knew she was strong and robust, and she would have scorned the idea of being a belle. The young men, although belonging to that peculiarly inflammable species known by the name of "College Boys," would as soon have thought of falling in love with the stone image of Minerva on the college-green, as with the president's learned daughter. There

was something in her sturdy good sense which everybody rather liked, yet the want of softness and pliability in her character excited a certain dread in all who came near her. Gifted with peculiar powers both of mind and body, she had no compassion for feebleness of frame or infirmity of purpose, for she had no clear perception of such things. Her intellect was like a telescope through which she could examine the grand and the remote, but she could not use it as a microscope to examine the littlenesses of humanity. It is only through the sympathies of the heart that we learn respect for the sufferings, or compassion for the weaknesses of our fellows—and Abby Leyburn had no sympathies, except those of the brain.

Perfectly self-possessed, because thoroughly conscious of her own vast superiority, and utterly indifferent as to the impression she was likely to make, Abby's manners in society had all the elegance and nonchalant ease which fashion tries so hard to teach. She conversed exceedingly well on all subjects, and possessed the gift (most rare among talented women) of making herself as agreeable to her own sex, as to the men. Everybody admired her, yet everybody feared her; everybody acknowledged her rare powers, yet everybody kept at a certain distance. "He comes too near who comes to be denied," so says one of the wits and demi-reps of a past age; but Abby never suffered any one to reach the confines of *Love-Land*, and, of course, none ever attained to *Declaration Point*.

It is difficult to imagine a character like that of Aunt Abby. A woman without softness, and tenderness, and sentiment, seems such an anomaly, that we are tempted to doubt the probability of her possessing any of the qualities we seek in woman. But Abby had all the necessary knowledge of womanly duties, all the considerateness we look for in woman, all the attention to detail which is a woman's peculiar province, and withal was possessed of the most indomitable good humor. She was sententious, because every truth became, in her mind, an axiom, to be stowed away in the smallest possible space; she was dogmatic, because her opinions were made up by her own unaided reflection, and were not to be changed or modified by words. Her self-esteem was prodigious; it was not the puny vanity which is so often dignified with such a title, it was rather a magnificent *Johnsonesque* self-appreciation, precisely like that which looms so grandly beside the vain pettinesses of the biographer of the great lexicographer.

She was certainly a great puzzle to every one. A woman who could quote Longinus, read Homer, expound a disputed text in the Hebrew Bible, chop logic with the most caviling acuteness, and talk of the Differential Calculus as if it were the last new poem, was certainly something of a wonder; but when that same woman was seen seated on the milking-stool, or standing at the churn, or presiding over a blazing oven, or, broom in hand, raising motes in the sunbeams by her vigorous attack upon the "dust of the schools," or displaying the beauty of her Juno-like figure, as she paced to and from the huge spinning-wheel; she was certainly a *world's* wonder. There is a half-remembered story of Aunt Abby's spirit, which no one dares to talk of openly; but it is believed that a certain gentleman, now high in civic honors, received, when a youth of twenty, a severe *caning* from the lady, in consequence of some impertinence, offered when under the influence of a deep potation. But this may be only a piece of scandal.

The circumstances of Aunt Abby's marriage were as peculiar as were her own traits of character. Among the students of the college was a young gentleman of large fortune and fine talents, who was afflicted with a constitutional timidity and nervousness that paralyzed all his powers. He was the only child of a widowed mother, who had foolishly resisted the boy's wish to go to school. He had therefore remained at home under the charge of tutors, and when the death of his mother released him from her affectionate tyranny, he entered college only to find

himself inferior in attainments to every one else, and a perfect butt, from his timid shyness. He was full of poetry and sentiment. Among realities he was lost and bewildered, but in the world of fancy he was a hero even to himself.

To a gay set of frolicksome students nothing could offer better game than the mental and personal peculiarities of the rich young Southerner, who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Terricott, (a name soon transmuted into Sampson Tear-your-coat) by his companions. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the association of such a name with such a person. The redoubtable Sampson was some five feet four inches in height, with an exceedingly slight figure, small features of the style usually designated as "*snub-faced*," with a skim-milk complexion, and hair of that *sun-burned* flaxen color, so common among hatless country urchins. His voice was a piping treble, with an occasional tone in it like that of a cracked penny-trumpet. His hands and feet were ridiculously small, and when attired in his college-gown, it required but little caricaturing to draw his portrait in a style decidedly feminine, yet decidedly like. He received all kinds of nicknames for his personal peculiarities, but, perhaps, none annoyed him more than the *soubriquet* of "Miss Dalilah," which was generally bestowed upon him. Yet a mind filled with images of beauty was hidden beneath this unpromising exterior. He had no force of character, no iron strength of intellect, but he had an unbounded imagination, and an unlimited reach of vision into spiritualities. He was a poet, but lacking the key to a poet's harmonies of utterance, he expended his strength in the beautiful cloud-land of metaphysics and became a moral philosopher.

Like all diminutive men Sampson had a decided partiality for large women. The colossal beauty of Abby Leyburn had struck him when he first beheld her, and he loved nothing so well as to contemplate her from a distance, being quite too timid to address himself to her. Now there was in Abby a certain propensity that might almost be called compassion toward little people. She regarded them as a huge Newfoundland dog often looks upon a poodle—their very insignificance and feebleness seemed a claim upon her protection. It had often been remarked that Miss Leyburn showed especial favor to those whom she denominated "the *poor little* fellows," and no one was surprised, therefore, to find her taking a great fancy to Sampson Terricott. There was something so appealing in his manner, such a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority in his humble demeanor, such an irresistible claim to tender treatment in his timid little voice and stammering speech, that Abby at once took to him as to one of those "incurables" for whom the world is a hospital, and every charitable person ought to be a nurse. To the gentle Sampson the lady became "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." She overshadowed him so completely that he could find repose and refreshment in her presence. Instead of attempting to be any thing, or do any thing, or say any thing, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of a consciousness of perfect insignificance as compared with the splendid creature, who could excel any and every body. It was a comfort to see everybody look small in her presence, but to the nervous student it was a positive luxury to *feel small*, without being mortified and disgraced.

Sampson was not in love with his Minerva, he had no sentiment, no passionate longings for any thing which the world of reality could afford. His loves were all idealities, and could not be prisoned in flesh. But with the same weak fondness that had once tied him to his mother's apron-string, he submitted to the guidance of Abby Leyburn. What were Abby's motives for troubling herself with little Sampson no one knew or cared; but when it was known that she was soon to become Mrs. Terricott, everybody thought that the large fortune of the tiny lover would account for the whole affair.

As usual, the world was mistaken. Abby was as free from all mercenary feelings as she was from all other frailties. But she had her own notions about doing good. She saw in Sampson Terricott a highly imaginative and gifted man, wasting mental power in immature schemes which his timidity thwarted in their very outset, and suffering a fine fortune to be idle in his hands for want of energy to take up his stewardship. He was weak in health, and subject to attacks of morbid spirits which sometimes threatened his reason. In a word, Abby saw that he wanted some one to take care of him, and she fixed upon herself as the fittest person. She was now nine-and-twenty, in the full bloom of health and beauty, and, as she argued, "if society provides no other resource for destitute females than marriage, I must marry, or at my father's death find myself a beggar." Having come to this conclusion, she decided that, as the giving herself a master was out of the question, and the idea of possessing a slave in her husband was equally disagreeable, she had better divide the difference, and unite herself to one who needed a stronger nature on which to rest.

How the courtship was managed no one ever knew. I am inclined to think there was not much love-making, and from the kind of dreamy surprise which Sampson exhibited when questioned about his engagement, it is presumed he was scarcely conscious of his own happiness. People said that Miss Leyburn, reversing the usual order of things, had popped the question to Sampson, who stammered out, "Yes," through sheer fright. The probability is that he did exactly as she directed him. She gave him to understand she meant to marry him, and if he offered no resistance, feeling rather pleased at being relieved from responsibility for the rest of his life.

They were married in the chapel of the college, and the half-suppressed glee of the saucy students may be imagined. All the blank walls about the college were filled with caricatures, illustrative of the one idea, "*paired, not matched*." One of these charcoal libels was particularly annoying, it represented a nondescript and beautiful winged animal—a Hippogriff—with the face of a woman, curving her proud neck beneath a rein held in the hands of Apollo, while directly beneath was a second representation of the same magnificent creature tamely yoked with an ox to the plough.

But Abby cared little for these things, and she would not suffer her husband to pay any attention to them. She made him one of the best wives in the world, and though she was ten years his elder, and thrice as big as he, nobody ever believed that he repented the step he had taken. Their home was at the South, and, during her husband's lifetime, Abby never paid a visit to her early friends. But she was visited by her family connections, and we younger members of the circle were often entertained in childhood by the accounts of Aunt Abby's splendid service of gold-plate, her massive silver ewers and basins in every dressing-room, her Turkey carpets and rich hangings of Gobelin tapestry, and all the paraphernalia of great wealth and magnificent tastes.

When Terricott died, she exhibited her peculiarities of character still more strikingly. She knew people had accused her of marrying for money, and she therefore induced him to make a will, bestowing all his large property upon his own relatives, with the exception of a life-annuity of a thousand dollars to his widow. "I don't want his money," she said, "I took good care of him while he lived, and if he did not become a great man, it was no fault of mine. He was rich, and I used his money freely, because he liked to see fine things and good things around him; but now I have no occupation here, and so I shall go back to my old home, and 'live along.' I dare say something will be given me to do."

So she buried her poor little Sampson, handed over his property to the heirs, and with the

first instalment of her annuity in her pocket, came to take up her abode in ——. But her father had been dead for many years, and the place was filled with new people who knew little of her history or of her character. She soon became disgusted with her new home, and removing to New York, established herself there for the rest of her life. In her later years she gave up taking exercise daily, and in consequence of this she grew immensely large. I have the faintest shadow of a reminiscence respecting her personal appearance at that time. I was a child of perhaps five years old, and had a dear old aunt, who was as little as a fairy, and almost as benevolent. This kind little old body once took me to see our great Aunt Abby; but my head was crammed full of fairy legends and nursery tales, and when I saw an immensely large, fat woman sitting in a chair from which she could not lift her ponderous form, and met the full stare of her great black eyes, I thought of the Ogress who always devoured little children, and immediately set up such a howl of terror that I was sent away in disgrace. She died not long afterward, having lived to count her *ninetieth* birthday. Her disinterestedness left her no fortune to bestow on her relatives, and but for her profile, (which, cut in black paper, hangs in an attic room,) her pincushion, and the traditions which remain in the family respecting her, all trace of her has vanished from the earth.

Poor Aunt Abby! she used to shock the women of her time by talking of women's rights, and was guilty once of the enormity of wishing to be Pope of Rome, in order to carry out some scheme for the advancement of woman's social position. She talked of *freedom* until some pious prudes really suspected she meant *license*, and she predicted that the time would come when the genius of woman would rise superior to the imposed trammels of sex. She should have lived in the present age, when she would have seen woman's struggles for emancipation, as exhibited in the French female clubs, and the German free associations, to say nothing of the free inquirers and declaimers against female slavery in this country. She should have lived till now to exhibit a rare and peculiar instance of masculine power submitting itself cheerfully to feminine duties; and perhaps the knowledge that Aunt Abby, with all her mental, moral, and physical perfections, lived and died unloving and unloved, might go far toward settling the question of *woman's rights*, and make her quite satisfied with her easily accorded *privileges*.

PARTING.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER ADELA M. WADSWORTH.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Parting! Oh, is it not the bitterness
  Of life, and death? It were small agony
If we and those we love—heart pressed to heart—
  With loving words, and blended prayers, could die.

’Tis not the rending of the strings of life
  That makes death terrible. The mental pain
Is parting from our dear and beautiful,
  Who weep, and pray—and bid us live in vain.

It is not that we fear to close our eyes,
  And rest from life’s long labor, that we cling
To pain and weakness. ’Tis fond human love
  Which binds our soul with many a quivering string.

To know that we shall never look again
  Into those loving eyes—shall never hear
Again those sweet-toned voices—never clasp
  Again those forms, so tender, and so dear.

Yes—parting is the bitterness of death—
  And life is full of parting. Day by day
We see the cherished of our homes depart,
  As fledglings from the bird-nests flit away.

The cherished ones, whom we have called our own,
  And loved so many years, that they have grown
Into our hearts, and so become a part
  Of all that we have felt, or done, or known.

The ever-present with us, who were wont
  To greet us every morning, with a smile,—
To answer to our voices all day long,—
  And cheer us with love’s sunlight all the while.

Each hath a separate mission to fulfill,
And when their path diverges from our own,
And they have said farewell! and turned away
From our embrace—oh, then, we are *alone!*

We miss them in all places, everywhere,
And feel a shadow, and an emptiness
Forever by our side—but most of all
In the departed one's accustomed place.

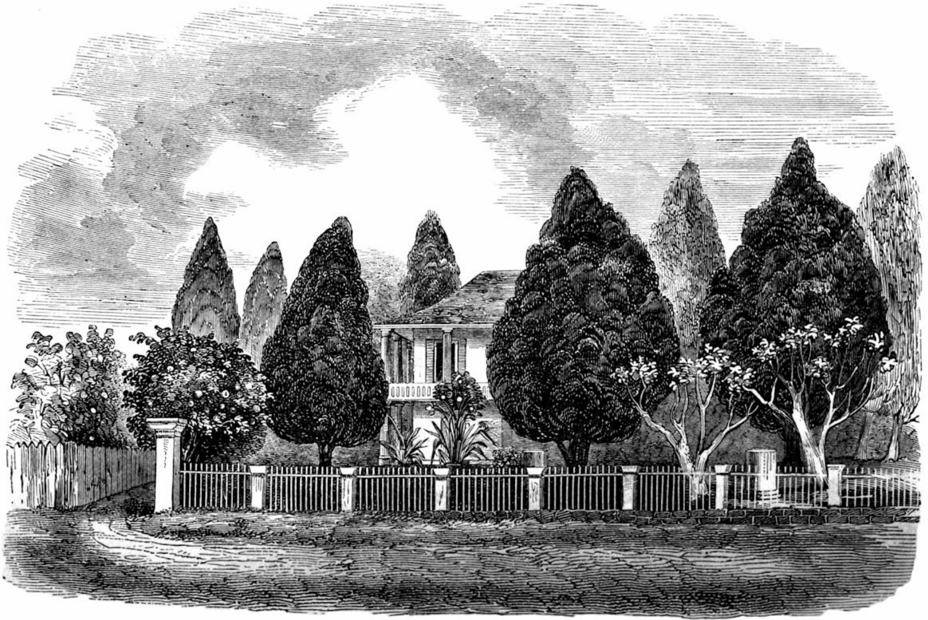
We turn to speak to them—they are not there—
The thought we would have uttered curdles back
Upon our heart, a stifling agony—
We turn our tearful gaze along the track

By which the dear one went—'tis desolate—
Our home—our heart—our world is desolate—
In all the places where our joy has been
Dark shades, and weeping memories, congregate.

But when our only one—the dearest, best,
The angel of our household, bids good-bye
And goes forth weeping—then the tortured heart
Reels with the anguish of the broken tie.

Yes—parting is the bitterness of life—
The agony of death—the ban of earth—
The inevitable doom—to love—to part—
Is the condition of our human birth.

Thank God! there is a world where loved ones meet
In perfect beauty, and unclouded joy,
Where all is love—where parting never comes
The everlasting rapture to destroy.



MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By the courtesy of Mr. J. R. Smith, the artist, we are permitted to present our readers with another view of a remarkable place. It is Montgomery's House, occupied by General Jackson as his headquarters at the time of the celebrated Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. It is surrounded by a splendid garden and grounds, and a beautiful grove of cedars, which in this latitude grow to an immense size. The line of intrenchments running up the lane by Montgomery's House back to the cedar swamp can still be distinctly traced. Farther down on the banks of the river Mississippi are four live-oak trees, of immense size, forming a square, and hanging with Spanish moss. Beneath these trees the British commander, General Packenham, expired and was laid out. The spot is a favorite resort of curious visiters from the city, who go to examine the battle-ground. Below this is a splendid building, called the Battle-Ground Sugar Refinery, on the rear of which is a group of willows, with a mound in the centre, and surrounded by water. Here are buried the 2000 British warriors who were slain in the battle of the 8th of January. A planter's house near the spot was occupied, previously to the action, by General Packenham as his head-quarters. All these objects form very suitable subjects for the pencils of our artists; and we are only surprised that they have not been drawn, engraved and familiarized to the public long ago.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOING AROUND THE HORN.

THE DIRECT ROAD TO FORTUNE.

The search after the philosopher's stone, after having vexed the crucibles, and puzzled the brains of alchemists for ages, is about to be rewarded with success. The New Eldorado promises wonders as great, and riches as abundant, as the most vigilant of dreamers could imagine. The phrase "untold gold" is meaningless now, for nothing but gold is talked of, and the wealth, which was significant of immensity, when coupled with "iron chests," and "bank vaults," is sicklied over, and feeble, when contrasted with the fields of gold which glitter over thousands of square miles. The very idea of "10,000 a year" has become paltry—it is but the cost of a dish of bean-soup in California—suggestive of utter poverty—the daily scrapings of the poorest and most indigent digger, self-sold into slavery at the mines. The man who owns a square of brick houses is nobody; an empty braggart, beside him who sits upon golden rocks, with a cigar in his mouth, overlooking acres of the shining metal. The very millionaire who used to strut about consequentially, with his hands thrust into his pockets significantly, may be hooted now by the veriest sweep in California, as a vulgar ragamuffin, who would scarce have money enough to pay his board there on Saturday night, and would be utterly at the mercy of his landlady.

Girard College, as a building, is very well, too, in its way, as reminding us of an old gentleman who spent half a century in picking up gold flakes, one at a time, with his fingers; a

plodding, careful old chap, who lacked the creative faculty altogether, and had no idea of cradles and basins. His school-house on the Ridge Road will do very well as a specimen of primitive architecture, and might answer very well as a sort of outhouse to the palaces that we *will have* in California—a very good stable for the Master of Hounds to Col. Mason, or some other grandee—but as it stands, it is *now* a shocking evidence of parsimony, utterly disgraceful to the spirit of the age. A sort of lame and impotent conclusion to a long life foolishly spent.

The far-famed Genoese must have been a dull fellow, or he would have cast anchor in the Pacific, near San Francisco, instead of sailing about to no purpose. It is a wonder, too, how he could have been so stupid, when there are so many routes to this desirable haven. He certainly must have been a bad navigator, too, or he would have got around the Horn, some how, at some time. But it was reserved for the adventurous sons of Jonathan to make the successful voyage, and with *the sword* to cut the way to fortune; and instead of diverging like radii from a common centre, to take the outermost limit, and to claim as his own all that he walked around and into. Showing conclusively that instead of bothering one's brain about getting on the right side of a question, the safest plan is to get around it, and capture it by force of arms, as the Irish policeman did with the mob. It saves a vast deal of hair-splitting, in argument, and of irrelevant discussion, first to knock down your man, and then pinion him. Or like the Cockney sportsman, who winged the farmer's goose, to say that you "only came out for the sport, and now that you have hit the bird, you have no objection to *buy him*." Jonathan in this case, and in this way, seems to have bagged the one that laid the golden eggs, which we used to read of in the nursery, and a whole army of his sons are now rifling her nest. She must have left behind her a prolific brood if she satisfies the whole of them. The veriest "madness of the moon," must impart a feeble pulse, compared with the fever which Jonathan's lucky hit has created in the whole family. Homeopathy is totally at fault in this disease. Nothing but very violent depletion will answer.

The whole body of family physicians, and nurses of the body politic, have their hands full, and the multifarious practice sets at naught the popular idea of perfection, as a necessary consequence. It is gratifying to know, however, that in the absence of consistent and regular treatment, the popular remedy applied in its early stages is conducive to longevity and temperance—those who suffer severely from the fever here, and become exceedingly dry in consequence, are cured effectually by GOING AROUND THE HORN. Lying water-logged under the Tropics being rather a different thing from "getting up a breeze" at home, and being eminently suggestive of sobriety of thought, and of taking their cue from facts, and not from "Q Brandy" continually. Young gentlemen whose systems were here so relaxed, that nothing but taking a horn two or three times before dinner could impart to them sufficient energy to attend to out-of-door business, go around it, and give it a wide berth in the hot latitudes—shut their ears to all hints about the nervous system, and with a hardihood and self command, acquired within view of sharks and yellow fever, brave danger without stimulus, and fatigue without "having a gale."

Under the tropics, too, young men, who have at home found no difficulty in getting three sheets in the wind, have rather an aerial difficulty in getting a flowing sail, and with plenty of steam on board, in the absence of propellers, decline all invitation to steam it, "to drive dull care away"—the trouble greatest, for the time, being to get away themselves. The boys who often declared in the hours of midnight that they were the particular individuals who feared no noise, and who would not go home till morning, wish themselves very quietly dozing there, and are perfectly subdued and indolent under the Equator in a three days' calm, and do not insist upon "three more—and again," so that they have an opportunity of candid inquiry and sober

reflection, which may be serviceable—promotive of a thirst for cold water, and an abhorrence of dark brandy, in a "*sun*ny" clime. We do not see why something cannot be done for Temperance in this way, as well as not. People talk very disparagingly about "whipping the devil round the stump," but so that the old scoundrel gets soundly thrashed at last, I never could see that the *modus operandi* is so particularly important.

Now, without pursuing this question, or glancing at the disappointment of the adventurer—the long days of toil in unhealthy waters—the burning heat of the sun—the chilling nights on a dreary soil—the fevers of the mind as well as of the body—the hope deferred—the horror of being mixed with such society—the desolation of all good that he must see around him, mingling with the memory of the calm delights, the peaceful repose, the joys and purity of home—the glad eyes of sister or mother left behind, but now seemingly looking out sadly upon the scene—the longings for that paradise once more, where in boyhood he put up a prayer at the parental knee:—Without speaking of all this, is the reward, reader, worthy of your sacrifice or of mine, of present comforts and present friends. I think not. The road to fortune, to honorable advancement, is open and plainly marked here, and beaten as it is, with the tread of many feet, it offers far greater chances of success than all the sparkling sands of California, mixed as they are with all that is vile and unworthy. In that immense crowd of adventurers, which is pouring in from every clime, virtue and goodness will be but as pearls dropped into the sea—selfishness unmitigated, vice unabashed, and even red-handed murder, will rear aloft their hideous forms, overawing all decency, and setting at naught "all law, all precedent, all right." The very absence of all female restraint, their tender charities, and gentle generosities and affections, and noble self sacrifices, which knit the bands of society together and render man human, will there cause to be let loose all the savage passions and instincts of our natures, and a vast army of unprincipled men, fierce in the pursuit of wealth, unrelenting in their towering selfishness as the grave, will make California a second Pandemonium. What is all the gold of the earth, in a land of wrong and violence, and that smells of blood heaven-high, with the whole atmosphere below tainted with its appalling odor?

No! let *us* stay at home, and cultivate habits of industry, economy and temperance. With a vigilant eye and a steady step pursue the path which has been marked out for us to tread through life—never swerving from our duty to the allurements of pleasure—or by the discouragements of defeat—but up and on! fearless, determined, brave; looking all danger manfully in the face; grappling with all difficulties, if not with the strength, with the determination of giants to overcome; never growing faint or weary in well doing—and my life for it, in ten years you will not exchange places with the proudest aristocrat in California, whose heart and brain have been seared in the acquisition of wealth. Above all things, let those of us who stay behind imitate the self command of the adventurers who have gone, and go boldly and resolutely "Around the Horn" here, and depend upon it, we shall find that the true philosopher's stone—the real Eldorado—the place where we may truly enjoy the horn of Plenty and the cup of Peace, IS AT HOME—AROUND OUR OWN HEARTH-STONE—where the light of kind eyes, and the prayers of warm and true hearts ascend to heaven with our own, for guidance and protection.

G. R. G.

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THE PHILADELPHIA DAILY PRESS.

The North American.—The very head and front of the offending party journals, oracular, dignified, and eminently solemn. Doctor Bird's leaders have a stately look in solid column, and his political articles read as if they had been subjected to a very patient drill before showing themselves to the public eye; but his fine genius flashes out the moment he touches a congenial subject. Of all American writers we look upon him as the best qualified to conduct a literary journal, or a monthly review. But, alas! he is a martyr, who must groan under the daily responsibilities of a party organ, with a hearty disrelish of its duties. Why should two such men as Bird and Bryant be sold into slavery in politics, and be thus comparatively lost to the lovers of polite literature? "Independent," the Washington correspondent of the journal, dashes in like Saladin, and wo to the Christian who gets a full stroke of his scimitar; he is cloven to the chin, or has something to nurse and to remember. His egotism has been objected to by those who dislike his slashing style, but that, as much as his correctness of information, has given his correspondence character. He is at least fearless in the use of his weapon, and strikes at high and low with equal strength and temerity. Hennis gives us once in a while his touching little essays, conceived in the quiet beauty of Mr. Chandler's style—the Gamaliel at whose feet he sat and learned. For the rest, we do not like the paper. It is heavy, cautious, and cruelly cold and selfish.

The Inquirer.—The model of a daily family paper, marked by continued and unwearied industry, and beaming with the kindly nature of its editor. Its ample pages are crowded with well-chosen selections and active scissoring of news paragraphs; not, however, always carefully pruned and clipped down. It is only once in a while that Mr. Morris shows us that he can write, and his Saturday Readings are full of the warm impulses and genuine kindness of the man, but are written more for purposes of good than to display his powers. Occasionally he warms up in his general articles, and lets out a spark or two, shows us a glimpse of the wealth he hoards, and causes us to wish for continued examples of the ability he possesses. In his political leaders he sometimes is forced by unfair opponents into a little causticity at the opening of his article, but he relents before he gets through, and will most likely give his "friend" a chance to back out of his blunder. He has not the heart, though he possesses the strength, to press his antagonist to the wall, and to pin him there. Mr. Morris has an agreeable, ready and devoted coadjutor in Mr. Crump, a man of various learning and diligent application. This journal is shockingly "made up," to our taste, and is all over disfigured with staring black head-lines, which look to our eye like the sable of a hearse—its "*postscript*" is our particular horror.

The Daily News.—The absence of Judge Conrad from the daily press seems to have reinvigorated his powers, and has given additional force to his pen, and fire to his thoughts; like an unprisoned eagle, with a spring he darts to the skies and gazes in the sun. Some of the finest articles he ever wrote have appeared in the News. Every subject that Judge Conrad touches, seems to have been fused, as in a furnace, and the metal flies off in lumps from his gigantic mind. His intellect illumes and pervades every part of his subject, and when he drops it, there is nothing more to be said. His compact, all-grasping sentences, may furnish subjects for whole leaders to others, but the vitality has been extracted, and any treatment of the topic is tame and impotent in contrast. He does not, however, always seem to know the power of the words he uses, and will give a whack with his sledge-hammer with a will at a fly, which would

effectually knock down an ox. Hence he should never write short paragraphs upon unimportant topics—his style is too ponderous. The News, as a political sheet, is well managed, barring some desire, occasionally manifested, to pull, for personal ends, the strings of its influence; but it is sadly deficient in mercantile news and facts. At this writing, too, it is shamefully brought out, and is made up as if the matter had been sifted over the form, and then locked-up and printed, and very badly printed at that. Mr. Sanderson should look to this, for the general editing of his News is too good to come before the public under so great a disadvantage.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.—Unquestionably the best penny paper that has ever been established—showing in all its appointments the very perfection of mechanical execution, and in its news collection and collation, sleepless enterprise and vigilance, as well as persevering ability. Its leaders are unequal, for the most part written with great force and adroitness, upon topics familiar or of practical utility, but occasionally insufferably stupid and dull. On scientific topics it affects the *ultra*-learned. We always drop the Ledger when it gets upon "oligies." Mr. Lane, whose quiet humor occasionally gleams out in his short editorial articles, like lightning from the edge of a summer cloud, is unquestionably the *best* news man in our daily press; clear and discriminative, you always find in his columns all that ought to be said of any and every news fact, and no more. A nicety of judgment very rarely attained, and never in our experience so fully, as in the case of the late Mr. Holden of the Courier.

THE SUN.—Graced by a good humor that no annoyance can ruffle, but occasionally inclined to mischief. Carelessly giving a whack, regardless of consequences, and forgetting it at the same instant. We regard Mr. Wallace as a most able man in any paper; enduring, persevering, and always on the alert. We know of no one in his department of a newspaper who can for so long a time continue to perform downright hard, honest good labor. His nerves and his temper are equally enduring. He appears to have been born where they sing "Old Virginy never tire," and to have lived through life, the music, the temper, and the sentiment of the song. The topmost bubble of his heart always sparkles. He is, too, what we like, a pretty good hater, though with a good deal more philosophy than is often practiced, in taking his revenges. With *his* editorials, his SON makes a capital newspaper, agreeable, gossipy and gay. The news is filled in with the coolness of an experienced hand, and with the uprightness and newspaper devotion of his father, he will one day stand as *high*.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN.—Col. Forney is the best political editor that his party has ever had in Philadelphia—discerning, prompt and fearless. He deals, however, too much in light skirmishing, and pops his enemy off once in a while from an unsuspected cedar-bush, merely to show the accuracy of his aim. But he is an able tactician, and when he *does* close fairly, his opponent finds him a tough and sinewy customer. His articles seem for the most part to have been dashed off at a heat, and lack the polishing touch. He often, too, uses a hard word for its sound where another would be more effective. Occasionally he sits down in earnest, blocks out his ground, and makes sore and steady advances; and especially when he has occasion to defend Mr. Buchanan, his intellect is fully aroused and on the alert—he then writes with his full vigor and spirit, and writes well. His partner, Mr. Hamilton, is one of the most capable business printers that we know, and every thing in his department is marked by exactness and proficiency. The press-work of the Pennsylvanian, on each issue, is what the magazines would call "a specimen number."

THE TIMES.—A jaunty, crotchetty, impudent little sheet, filled with quibs and quirks, and a sort of laughing philosophy that shouts over seriousness. Its editor, would, if he could, go to his own funeral dressed in ribbons, and wearing a look of rejoicing. He has the happiness of

never seeming for a moment anxious; and you might as well punch at a wreath of smoke with a foil, as attempt to interest him in a serious controversy. He will answer your arguments with a pun, your serious reasoning with a laugh, and will set ridiculously on end your most carefully rounded sentence, and go to hacking at its grammar. Having got you out of humor, he will decline all controversy with you, if you cannot observe the decencies and proprieties. So that the man who urges a controversy with Du Solle, has his anger for his pains, and is fuming while he is chatting and laughing unconcernedly upon some other more agreeable topic. Yet the Times has never given him scope to show the real ability and general information he possesses. He should be in the Ledger with Lane, he would settle the "ologies" in short metre.

The Bulletin.—Our only evening paper, but managed with great enterprise and vigor. Mr. Peterson's strong Saxon words and nervous style, combined with his various and correct learning, make the leading articles of this journal among the ablest that we read anywhere, and have stamped a high value upon the leading column. There is a want of editorial tact in its less imposing, but equally important digest of news and facts. It has all the news, but it has it in bulk, and looks at times, with its heavy, solid nonpareil, like a little man covered with black patches, or as if part of the paper had gone into mourning for the absence of an itemizer. It is always up, however, to the full requirements of the public in its telegraphic despatches, and it *had*—what has become of him—the writer of money articles that was most regarded here. For the rest, it affects a very nice morality in regard to the theatres, which we do not like, and do not pretend to understand. It is too deep for us. It *advertises* for the theatres, but does not *notice* them. Are they wrong, or right, or neither? We suppose there *must* be a nice line, which casuists who examine morals with a microscope have detected.

G. R. G.

Dear Graham,—Poor Tom says, "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: keep thy hand out of plackets, and thy pen from *lenders' books*, and defy the foul fiend." Without misconstruing this text more than texts are usually misinterpreted, I opine, that from those same "*lenders' books*" of past generations the current literature of our day is being manufactured. The vast shapes of the Past have overshadowed the Present, and we are in the umbra of the eclipse. Pray tell me if there is room left in the whole length and breadth of the world for an epic, without trenching upon the preëmption rights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso and Milton? Then as regards dramatic poetry—"ahem! Shakspeare." Wit and humor? What, after Chaucer, Rabelais, Ben Jonson, Cervantes, Butler, Swift, Pope, Sterne, the Spectator writers generally, Fielding and Smollet? Are there any new Continents to be discovered? Our own Irving, to be sure, has been cruising among beautiful summer islands, and returned with a wondrous store of wealth—jewels and gold tissues, fragrant gums, Hesperidean apples, painted Salvages, flowers and odorous spices, to the world unknown before. The gentle Elia has embroidered incomparable tapestries, and formed the school of the age. Scott gathers in his mighty arms the banners of a hundred conquests, and for melodious versification (after Spenser) Coleridge, Shelley and Moore, in

"Numbers moving musically,"

have filled the world with harmonies, to which no echoes answer. Who shall sweep the strings

of passion after Byron! Truly, with much thankfulness for the kind intentions of those who have written for Posterity, we might add that it is a pity they did not leave Posterity a little chance to write for himself. But since it is so, let us, with due credit, make free for a time with some of those same "lenders' books," for as George Wither quaintly says—

> "We are neither just nor wise,
> If present mercies we despise;
> Or mind not how there may be made
> A thankful use of what we had."

Room, then! for one of Dante's Angels—

> "And now there came o'er the perturbed waves,
> Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
> Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
> Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
> That 'gainst some forest driving all his might.
> Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
> Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
> His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.
>
> . . . .
>
> As frogs
> Before their foe, the serpent, through the wave
> Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
> Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits
> Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one
> Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound,
> He, *from his face removing the gross air*,
> Oft his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone
> Of that annoyance wearied. I perceived
> That he was sent from heaven; and to my guide
> Turned me, who signal made that I should stand
> Quiet and bend to him. Ah me! *how full*
> *Of noble anger seemed he.* To the gate
> he came, and with his wand touched it, whereat
> *Open without impediment it flew*!"

Compare this with Milton's Raphael—

> "Down thither prone in flight
> He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
> Sailed between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
> Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
> Winnows the buxom air; till within soar
> Of towering eagles, to all fowls he seems
> A phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
> When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
> Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies."

Or the flight of Satan—

"Sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave, towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengula, or the Isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopean to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole. So seemed
Far off the flying fiend."

Do you not think Dante's angel the most spiritual? He says,

"he wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly pressed, than thought of him
Who in his presence stand."

And Milton—

"——on some great charge employed
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep."

The thought here is evidently borrowed from the Italian "*lender's book*."

There is a strange propensity to follow these lofty flights; as when in looking from an eminence we feel a temptation to breast the blue ether below us. We are fairly in the wake of Satan when he

"*Shaves with level wing the deep*, then soars
UP to the fiery concave—"

And now since we are pinion-mounted, like Icarus or Daniel O'Rourke, let us select a few more familiar specimens of flying. "Look you," from Coleridge—

"Triumphant on the bosom of the storm
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form."

And lo! from Shelly on eagle,

"—— a winged form
On all the winds of heaven approaching ever
Floated, dilating as it came: the storm
Pursued it with fierce blasts and lightnings swift and warm."

The Viking's war-ship, from Longfellow's Saga of the Skeleton in Armor is a brave picture,

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden:
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden."

And Dryden, in his Annus Mirabilis, hath likewise a warship that *flies*!

> "With roomy deck, and guns of mighty strength,
> Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
> Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
> She seems a sea-wasp flying o'er the waves."

But of all winged things the sky-lark is the bird of the poets. Hear Shakspeare—

> "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chaliced flowers that lies;
> And winking May-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes:
> With every thing that pretty bin,
> My lady sweet, arise."

Or this from Shelley—

> "Higher still and higher
> From the earth thou springest,
> Like a cloud of fire!
> The blue deep thou wingest,
> And singing, still dost soar; and soaring, ever singest.
>
> "In the golden lightning
> Of the sunken sun,
> O'er which clouds are brightening,
> Thou dost float and run;
> Like an embodied joy, whose race has just begun.
> All the earth and air
> With thy voice is loud,
> As, when night is bare,
> *From one lonely cloud*
> *The moon rains out her beams and heaven it overflowed.*"

Coleridge, too, in his Ancient Mariner—

> "Sometimes adropping from the sky
> I heard the sky-lark sing;
> Sometimes all little birds that are,
> Now they seemed to fill the sea and air
> With their sweet jargoning!
> And now 'twas like all instruments,
> Now like a lonely flute;
> And now it is an angel's song,
> That makes the heavens be mute."

And Wordsworth in that beautiful couplet—

> "Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!"

There is a sweet little bird in the description of a Summer's morning, by Thomas Miller, which I would fain add to this goodly company—

“A little bird now hops beside the brook,
Peeping about like an affrighted nun,
And ever as she drinks *doth upward look*,
Twitters and drinks again; *then seeks her cloistered nook.*”

But alas the prettiest part of it is borrowed from one of those same “lenders’ books.” John Bunyan’s—no less. The Interpreter takes Christiana into the “Significant Rooms,” where he shows her that “one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, *and every time she drank she lifted up her eyes toward heaven*. ‘See,’ said he, ‘what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up,’” And now, having winged our way from angels to John Bunyan, let us lay these same lenders’ books upon the shelves until a future period.

Truly thine,

RICHARD HAYWARDE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Salamander: Found amongst the Papers of the late Ernest Helfenstein. Edited by E. Oakes Smith. Second Edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mrs. Smith has written nothing so well calculated to convey to the majority of readers a clear sense of the richness, originality, and elevation of her genius, as this wonderful little story. It evinces a high degree of creative power, being an organic product of the mind, with a central principle of life, and vital in every part. The scenery, events and characters have all a living connection with the leading idea of the work, and illustrate each other. The form is the ever facile and yielding instrument of the plastic spirit within, and varies with the variations in the story and the changes in the thought or feeling expressed. By a felicity of nature, Mrs. Smith appears instinctively to subordinate the material to the spiritual; and thus by making the former simply the symbol by which she expresses the latter, she spiritualizes matter, and makes it the living body of the soul. She vivifies and vitalizes the form until it becomes o'er informed with spirit. Natural objects as used by the poet, derive all their effect from being the pictorial language of impassioned thought, the visible image being but the embodiment to the eye of the viewless force which penetrates and animates it; and fitly to employ objects as exponents of thoughts, a firm, decisive grasp of spiritual realities, of something lying back of all expression, is necessary. The moment the material predominates over or precedes the spiritual, it becomes so much dead matter, without significance, because without life. A great excellence of the present story is the constant dominion exercised by the soul over or through its forms of expression, and the physiognomical character of the style and imagery. When we thus speak of it as pre-eminently spiritual, we of course imply that it is thoroughly alive.

But the wonder of the book, and the quality which will give it a permanent place in American literature, is the sure and fine audacity with which it brings the supernaturally beautiful and the supernaturally terrible into vital relations with human life, without any shock or jar of the unnatural to disturb the exquisiteness of the combination; and this is done in a manner purely original, awakening no reminiscences of German or English supernaturalism, and giving unmistakable evidence of being drawn from the writer's own life and mental experience. Indeed, by the very constitution of her mind, Mrs. Smith seems to see things in their spiritual relations; consequently she not only looks at things and into things, but she looks through them, and discerns the supernatural region from which they proceed and on which they depend. This vision into a sphere *above* sense, is accompanied by an imagination of sufficient force to shape what she sees into a form palpable *to* sense, and thus to reach the mystical elements in other minds through their sensuous imagination. This vision and this faculty are possessed by all high and powerful natures, and the test of the reality of the powers is in the originality of the products. Similarity, even when it does not approach plagiarism, indicates the intervention of another mind, and by suggesting spectacles casts ominous conjecture on the soundness or reach of the eyes. Now the supernatural, as it appears in this volume, is strictly individual and peculiar, evidencing that the authoress has herself contemplated, face to face, the spiritual truths she has embodied.

While the present story is thus eminently a work of creative imagination, working in the region of the supernatural, and ranking "strange combinations out of common things," it is at the same time intensely human, touching at every step on some affection or aspiration of the human heart, and full of the glee and gloom of our common life. As every thing is realized to the

eye and imagination, and the vital relation between the natural feeling and the preternatural agencies is clearly represented, the reader is conscious of no unharmoniousness in the general impression left on his mind by the whole work, but simply feels as though he had been brought nearer to the life of things, and discerned evil and good in their spiritual natures. With a power of thought, as felicitous in its delicacy as in its strength, moral beauty and moral deformity are both seized in their intrinsic principles, and embodied in such a manner that the material form ceases to be the veil and becomes the vehicle of the nature it encloses.

To the shaping imagination which this work indicates, we must add that form or expression of the imaginative faculty, by which things inexpressible in images are suggested by cunning verbal combinations, or which escape in the peculiar turn of a period, or which are breathed to the inner ear of the mind in the rhythm of a sentence. This mystical charm, this elusive, dreamy, ever vanishing and yet ever appearing grace, gives to the whole work a character of strangeness almost bewitching, and produces that fine and faint intoxication of the imagination which makes it ready to receive and accredit wonders with as much faith as it commonly awards to possibilities. It is this quality also which makes it impossible to convey the moral of the story in any didactic proposition. It has a profound moral, but it is a moral which refuses to be comprehended in an ethical axiom, being felt in the brain and “felt along the heart.”

We have been so much engrossed by the merits of this story that we have little space left to notice some faults. The notes should not be retained at the bottom of the page, but should be transferred to an appendix. Occasionally the imagination of the authoress stutters in its sublime talk, and gives fragments of gigantic images instead of wholes. Here and there the philosophic prevails over the imaginative, and discourse monopolizes a sentence which should be strictly sacred to representation. But the sweetness, the tenderness, the beauty, purity and majesty, with which the work is so replete, hardly allow even the critical reader to be captious; and to the uncritical, the absorbing interest of the story would be sufficient to hide even prominent defects.

Poems. By James F. Fields. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Book-writing and book-publishing, according to the most approved doctrines of the division of labor, are to be kept strictly apart, and commonly there yawns a natural gulf between the two, as wide and deep as that which separated Lazarus and Dives. The present volume, however, illustrates this seemingly impossible combination, the author being also one of the publishers, and it must be confessed that the intellectual and mechanical execution reflect credit on each other. Mr. Fields has a mind of great flexibility and fertility, and occasionally he has compressed within the limit of this volume a large variety of matter, answering to the mirthful, the pathetic, the satirical, the tender, and the impassioned. He not only does not repeat himself, but the work is too small adequately to express the whole range of his poetic faculty. The two longest poems in the collection are the “Post of Honor” and “Commerce,” both of them originally pronounced before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, and each including many topics under the general subject. These evince a keen, shrewd eye for practical life and character, and the satirical portions are characterized by a mingled wit and humor unexcelled for general sharpness. “The Post of Honor” is by far the best, and its pictures of life, both serious and mirthful, are exceedingly vivid and true. The versification evinces a complete mastery of the

heroic couplet, in all its ease, energy and harmony of flow, and it is spangled with fine felicities of fancy and original verbal combinations. The passages relating to Lamb and Grey, are replete with a quiet searching pathos, which touches the inmost nerve of sensibility.

Many of the shorter poems have already had a wide circulation through the newspapers. "Fair Wind," originally published in "Graham," and "The Dirge," we have seen in the poetical corner of at least a hundred journals. The new ballads and lyrics, now first published, are among the best in the whole collection. "The Ballad of the Tempest," the "Pair of Antlers," and "Common Sense," are very brilliant and beautiful. "Life at Niagara," and the "Alarmed Skipper," are good specimens of mirthful poetry as distinguished from versified mirth. "Children in Exile," and "A Bridal Melody," have an intensity of deep and sweet feeling, which wins its way into the very core of the heart. We might refer to others as worthy of notice as these, but we must be content with quoting one instead of naming many, and we accordingly present our readers with a most beautiful specimen of blank verse, addressed to Rogers:

ON A BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES,

SENT TO AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET.

To him who sang of Venice, and revealed
How Wealth and Glory clustered in her streets,
And poised her marble domes with wondrous skill,
We send these tributes, plundered from the sea.
These many-colored, variegated forms
Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
Such spoils we capture where the rainbows drop,
Melting in ocean. Here are broideries strange,
Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden hair,
And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.
From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we take
These fairy textures, lightly moored at morn.
Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep,
We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these.
Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles,
Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
What hues of land can rival tints like those,
Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings
Who dwell beneath the waters.
Such our gift,
Culled from a margin of the western world,
And offered unto Genius in the old.

Raphael; or Pages from the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lamartine, with many of the high qualities of genius, is deficient in one of the most important—Common Sense. He is a fine and eloquent singer of his own idealized and idolized self, but is gifted with very imperfect powers of objective perception. He sees nothing as it is, but every object is more or less a mirror of self. This is equally true whether the object be Mont Blanc or a Paris mob. All his descriptions of scenery, though often rising to a strain of rapturous eloquence and beauty, are never accurate, even in an elevated poetical signification

of accuracy. Different scenes, in different climes, are all enveloped in one atmosphere, and all stand for one tyrannizing class of emotions. Lamartine is a sentimentalist, and no sentimentalist can celebrate any nature but his own, or consider the universe as worth any thing in itself. The excellence of the present volume consists in its subject admitting of a strictly lyrical treatment, and it accordingly is full to running over of Lamartine's strong but narrow genius, and is resplendent with glittering sentiment and decorative imagery. The work is not long enough to tire by its egotism and fine writing, and is closed before admiration has subsided from the interjection into the yawn of satisfaction. A nature so rich as Lamartine's might fill even a larger book without exhausting its wealth of sentiment or thought.

The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By Samuel Warren, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mr. Warren's works on Law are almost as entertaining as his novels. The present book is full of matter important to the young lawyer, and interesting to the general reader. All who are accustomed to have dealings with the profession, can obtain from this little volume many useful and some lucrative hints. The two points on which Mr. Warren expends his sense and his eloquence are knavery and incapacity, as those qualities exist among lawyers. As many lives and more fortunes depend on the existence of the opposite qualities in the profession, this volume will be equally valuable if it succeed either in expelling rogues and dunces from the law, or in enabling clients to detect them.

Aurifodina; or Adventures in the Gold Region. By Cantell A. Bigby. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 16mo.

The author of this little volume has availed himself of the interest excited by the late disclosures in California, to construct a story of marvelous adventures in that region. In regard to probability the work is half way between Gulliver's Travels and the Arabian Nights. As every thing wonderful relating to California is greedily devoured, the disclosures of this work will undoubtedly receive their due attention. They are nearly as much entitled to belief as many of the newspaper accounts.

A New Spanish Reader: Consisting of Passages from the Most Approved Authors, in Prose and Verse. By Mariana Velasquez de la Cadena. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The editor of this volume is Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature in Columbia College. He has so arranged his matter as to remove all possible obstacles in the way of the learner, and to conduct him, step by step, into the heart of the noble language of Castile. The selections are admirably made. The volume is not only well adapted for schools and colleges, but for the private student, and we trust it will induce many to study a language which will give them a key to the versatile and fertile genius of Lope de Vega, the mystical beauty of Calderon,

and the profound and genial humor of Cervantes.

Essay on the Union of Church and State. By Baptist W. Noel, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work has produced a considerable sensation in England, being a well-written protest against the Church Establishment, supported by a long array of facts and arguments. The author was for twenty-two years an Episcopal clergyman, and was at last forced by his reason and conscience into his present position. Mr. Noel does not attack the doctrines of the Church, but its union with the State, and he attempts to prove that this union is condemned by the letter and spirit of the Bible, is unjust, inexpedient, and productive of a host of evils, from which free churches are exempt.

History of Hannibal the Carthagenian. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is one of a series of historical books for the people, prepared by Mr. Abbott with his usual felicity of condensation and simplification. The series so far includes the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, Alexander the Great, Charles I. and the present volume, and others are to follow. The author manages his matter with much art, and while few can read his volumes without an addition to their information, they must be invaluable to a large class of minds almost altogether deficient in historical knowledge.

A Catechism of the Steam Engine, Illustrative of the Scientific Principles on which Its Operation Depends, etc. By John Bourne, C. E. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Here, in the space of one small volume, is condensed a large amount of available information on the steam engine, its principles, the practical details of its structure, and its application to mines and mills, as well as steam navigation and railways. The author evinces an intimate practical acquaintance with his subject, and his work, while it is invaluable to the engineer, possesses great interest to every reader desirous of fathoming the mystery of the structure and operation of the steam engine.

VIRTUE'S EVERGREEN.

POETRY BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY THEODORE VON LA HACHE.

The ilied brow, the rosy cheek,
Where beaming smiles of beauty play,
Are transient things, they but beguile,
As April's bland and fickle smile,
They charm us with their light awhile,
Then

fade, then fade at last away,
They charm us with their light awhile,
Then fade, then fade at last away.
’Tis Virtue’s Virtue’s evergreen.

SECOND VERSE.

They fade at last away! the form
So beautiful in youth’s gay prime,
Must shrivel up—the hair turn grey,
The eye abate its lustrous ray,
The smooth and pearly teeth decay,
Beneath the touch of Time.

THIRD VERSE.

Beneath the touch of Time! a price
There is he cannot touch, I ween;
It bloometh always fair and bright
Through springs warm day or winter’s night,
A plant his hand can never blight;
’Tis Virtue’s Evergreen,

Transcriber's Notes:
Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained as well as some spellings peculiar to Graham's. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals used for preparation of the ebook.

page 278, put into envelops with ==> put into envelopes with
page 279, Nous verrons, se que ==> Nous verrons, ce que
page 282, crop of whispers. ==> crop of whiskers.
page 291, most beautiful, all of the ==> most beautiful of all, the
page 291, many claim upon his ==> many claims upon his
page 292, drowned in the privater, ==> drowned in the privateer,
page 299, Orthrography, Etymology and ==> Orthography, Etymology and
page 306, of our benificent Father ==> of our beneficent Father
page 306, interrogatories to day pass ==> interrogatories to-day pass
page 307, widow from Manheim ==> widow from Mannheim
page 317, in all statutary Christendom ==> in all statutory Christendom
page 317, an apopthegm by one of ==> an apophthegm by one of
page 326, grande e beau physique ==> grande et beau physique
page 332, of his scimiter; ==> of his scimitar;
page 333, solid nonpariel, like ==> solid nonpareil, like
page 335, in images are sugguested ==> in images are suggested

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. 34 No. 5 May 1849* edited by George Rex Graham]