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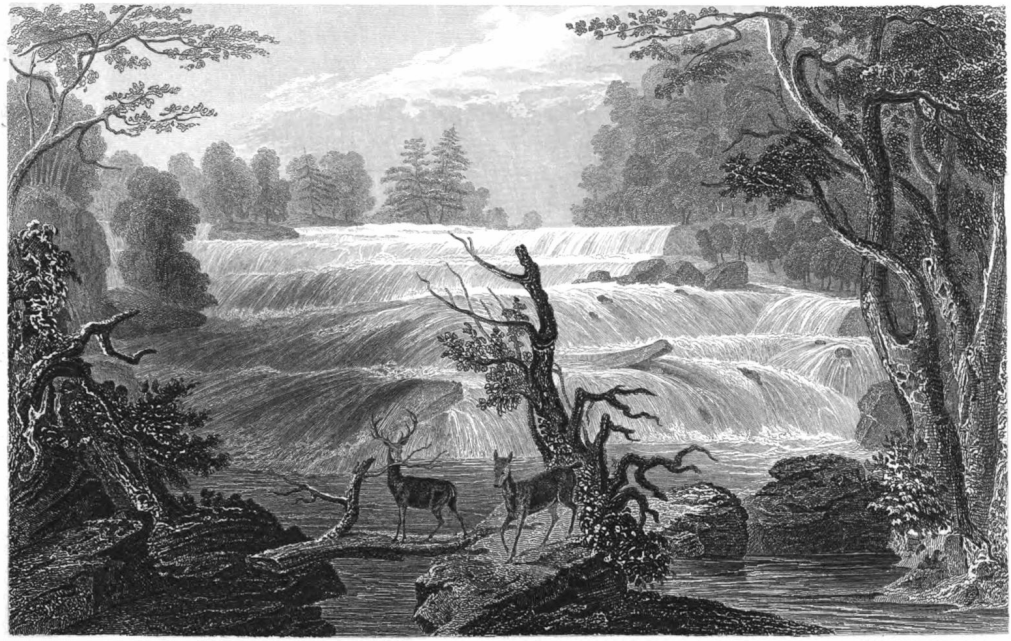
Table of Contents

Fiction, Literature and Articles

Poetry and Fashion

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



drawn by J. Smillie from a sketch by T. Addison Richards Graham's Magazine 1844. Engd by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie

FALLS OF THE TOWALAGA

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1847. NO. 3.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WORKS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

Thomas Carlyle is a Scotchman, born about fifty years ago, "at Ecclefechan, Annandale," according to one authority. "His parents 'good farmer people,' his father an elder in the Secession church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to 'nail a subject to the wall.'" We also hear of his "excellent mother," still alive, and of "her fine old covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones." He seems to have gone to school at Annan, on the shore of the Solway Firth, and there, as he himself writes, "heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole Wonderland of Knowledge," from Edward Irving, then a young man "fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, &c."—"come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his." From this place, they say, you can look over into Wordsworth's country. Here first he may have become acquainted with Nature, with woods, such as are there, and rivers and brooks, some of whose names we have heard, and the last lapses of Atlantic billows. He got some of his education, too, more or less liberal, out of the University of Edinburgh, where, according to the same authority, he had to "support himself," partly by "private tuition, translations for the booksellers, &c.," and afterward, as we are glad to hear, "taught an academy in Dysart, at the same time that Irving was teaching in Kirkaldy," the usual middle passage of a literary life. He was destined for the church, but not by the powers that rule man's life; made his literary début in Fraser's Magazine, long ago; read here and there in English and French, with more or less profit, we may suppose, such of us at least as are not particularly informed, and at length found some words which spoke to his condition in the German language, and set himself earnestly to unravel that mystery—with what success many readers know.

After his marriage he "resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and for a year or two at Craigenputtock, a wild and solitary farm-house in the upper part of Dumfriesshire," at which last place, amid barren heather hills, he was visited by our countryman Emerson. With Emerson he still corresponds. He was early intimate with Edward Irving, and continued to be his friend until the latter's death. Concerning this "freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul," and Carlyle's relation to him, those whom it concerns will do well to consult a notice of his death in Fraser's Magazine for 1835, reprinted in the Miscellanies. He also corresponded with Goethe. Latterly, we hear, the poet Stirling was his only intimate acquaintance in England.

He has spent the last quarter of his life in London, writing books; has the fame, as all readers know, of having made England acquainted with Germany, in late years, and done much else that is novel and remarkable in literature. He especially is the literary man of those parts. You may imagine him living in altogether a retired and simple way, with small family, in a quiet part of London, called Chelsea, a little out of the din of commerce, in "Cheyne Row," there, not far from the "Chelsea Hospital." "A little past this, and an old ivy-clad church, with its buried generations lying around it," writes one traveler, "you come to an antique street running at right angles with the Thames, and, a few steps from the river, you find Carlyle's name on the door."

"A Scotch lass ushers you into the second story front chamber, which is the spacious workshop of the world maker." Here he sits a long time together, with many books and papers about him; many new books, we have been told, on the upper shelves, uncut, with the "author's respects" in them; in late months, with many manuscripts in an old English hand, and innumerable pamphlets, from the public libraries, relating to the Cromwellian period; now, perhaps, looking out into the street on brick and pavement, for a change, and now upon some rod of grass ground in the rear; or, perchance, he steps over to the British Museum, and makes that his studio for the time. This is the fore part of the day; that is the way with literary men commonly; and then in the afternoon, we presume, he takes a short run of a mile or so through the suburbs out into the country; we think he would run that way, though so short a trip might not take him to very sylvan or rustic places. In the meanwhile, people are calling to *see* him, from various quarters, very few worthy of being *seen* by him, "distinguished travelers from America," not a few, to all and sundry of whom he gives freely of his yet unwritten rich and flashing soliloquy, in exchange for whatever they may have to offer; speaking his English, as they say, with a "broad Scotch accent," talking, to their astonishment and to ours, very much as he writes, a sort of Carlylese, his discourse "coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter."

He goes to Scotland sometimes to visit his native heath-clad hills, having some interest still in the earth there; such names as Craigenputtock and Ecclefechan, which we have already quoted, stand for habitable places there to him; or he rides to the seacoast of England in his vacations, upon his horse Yankee, bought by the sale

of his books here, as we have been told.

How, after all, he gets his living; what proportion of his daily bread he earns by day-labor or job-work with his pen, what he inherits, what steals—questions whose answers are so significant, and not to be omitted in his biography—we, alas! are unable to answer here. It may be worth the while to state that he is not a Reformer, in our sense of the term, eats, drinks, and sleeps, thinks and believes, professes and practices, not according to the New England standard, nor to the Old English wholly. Nevertheless, we are told that he is a sort of lion in certain quarters there, "an amicable centre for men of the most opposite opinions," and "listened to as an oracle," "smoking his perpetual pipe."

A rather tall, gaunt figure, with intent face, dark hair and complexion, and the air of a student; not altogether well in body, from sitting too long in his workhouse, he, born in the border country and descended from moss-troopers, it may be. We have seen several pictures of him here; one, a full length portrait, with hat and overall, if it did not tell us much, told the fewest lies; another, we remember, was well said to have "too combed a look;" one other also we have seen in which we discern some features of the man we are thinking of; but the only ones worth remembering, after all, are those which he has unconsciously drawn of himself.

When we remember how these volumes came over to us, with their encouragement and provocation from mouth to mouth, and what commotion they created in many private breasts, we wonder that the country did not ring, from shore to shore, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its greeting; and the Boons and Crockets of the West make haste to hail him, whose wide humanity embraces them too. Of all that the packets have brought over to us, has there been any richer cargo than this? What else has been English news for so long a season? What else, of late years, has been England to us—to us who read books, we mean? Unless we remembered it as the scene where the age of Wordsworth was spending itself, and a few younger muses were trying their wings, and from time to time, as the residence of Landon; Carlyle alone, since the death of Coleridge, has kept the promise of England. It is the best apology for all the bustle and the sin of commerce, that it has made us acquainted with the thoughts of this man. Commerce would not concern us much if it were not for such results as this. New England owes him a debt which she will be slow to recognize. His earlier essays reached us at a time when Coleridge's were the only recent words which had made any notable impression so far, and they found a field unoccupied by him, before yet any words of moment had been uttered in our midst. He had this advantage, too, in a teacher, that he stood near to his pupils; and he has no doubt afforded reasonable encouragement and sympathy to many an independent but solitary thinker. Through him, as usher, we have been latterly, in a great measure, made acquainted with what philosophy and criticism the nineteenth century had to offer—admitted, so to speak, to the privileges of the century; and what he may yet have to say, is still expected here with more interest

than any thing else from that quarter.

It is remarkable, but on the whole, perhaps, not to be lamented, that the world is so unkind to a new book. Any distinguished traveler who comes to our shores, is likely to get more dinners and speeches of welcome than he can well dispose of, but the best books, if noticed at all, meet with coldness and suspicion, or, what is worse, gratuitous, off-hand criticism. It is plain that the reviewers, both here and abroad, do not know how to dispose of this man. They approach him too easily, as if he were one of the men of letters about town, who grace Mr. Somebody's administration, merely; but he already belongs to literature, and depends neither on the favor of reviewers, nor the honesty of book-sellers, nor the pleasure of readers for his success. He has more to impart than to receive from his generation. He is another such a strong and finished workman in his craft as Samuel Johnson was, and like him, makes the literary class respectable. As few are yet out of their apprenticeship, or even if they learn to be able writers, are at the same time able and valuable thinkers. The aged and critical eye, especially, is incapacitated to appreciate the works of this author. To such their meaning is impalpable and evanescent, and they seem to abound only in obstinate mannerisms, Germanisms, and whimsical ravings of all kinds, with now and then an unaccountably true and sensible remark. On the strength of this last, Carlyle is admitted to have what is called genius. We hardly know an old man to whom these volumes are not hopelessly sealed. The language, they say, is foolishness and a stumbling-block to them; but to many a clear-headed boy, they are plainest English, and despatched with such hasty relish as his bread and milk. The fathers wonder how it is that the children take to this diet so readily, and digest it with so little difficulty. They shake their heads with mistrust at their free and easy delight, and remark that "Mr. Carlyle is a very learned man;" for they, too, not to be out of fashion, have got grammar and dictionary, if the truth were known, and with the best faith cudgelled their brains to get a little way into the jungle, and they could not but confess, as often as they found the clue, that it was as intricate as Blackstone to follow, if you read it honestly. But merely reading, even with the best intentions, is not enough, you must almost have written these books yourself. Only he who has had the good fortune to read them in the nick of time, in the most perceptive and recipient season of life, can give any adequate account of them.

Many have tasted of this well with an odd suspicion, as if it were some fountain Arethuse which had flowed under the sea from Germany, as if the materials of his books had lain in some garret there, in danger of being appropriated for waste paper. Over what German ocean, from what Hercynian forest, he has been imported, piece-meal, into England, or whether he has now all arrived, we are not informed. This article is not invoiced in Hamburg, nor in London. Perhaps it was contraband. However, we suspect that this sort of goods cannot be imported in this way. No matter how skillful the stevedore, all things being got into sailing trim, wait for a Sunday, and aft wind, and then weigh anchor, and run up the main-sheet—straightway what of transcendant and permanent value is there resists the aft wind,

and will doggedly stay behind that Sunday—it does not travel Sundays; while biscuit and pork make headway, and sailors cry heave-yo! it must part company, if it open a seam. It is not quite safe to send out a venture in this kind, unless yourself go supercargo. Where a man goes, there he is; but the slightest virtue is immovable—it is real estate, not personal; who would keep it, must consent to be bought and sold with it.

However, we need not dwell on this charge of a German extraction, it being generally admitted, by this time, that Carlyle is English, and an inhabitant of London. He has the English for his mother tongue, though with a Scotch accent, or never so many accents, and thoughts also, which are the legitimate growth of native soil, to utter therewith. His style is eminently colloquial—and no wonder it is strange to meet with in a book. It is not literary or classical; it has not the music of poetry, nor the pomp of philosophy, but the rhythms and cadences of conversation endlessly repeated. It resounds with emphatic, natural, lively, stirring tones, muttering, rattling, exploding, like shells and shot, and with like execution. So far as it is a merit in composition, that the written answer to the spoken word, and the spoken word to a fresh and pertinent thought in the mind, as well as to the half thoughts, the tumultuary misgivings and expectancies, this author is, perhaps, not to be matched in literature. In the streets men laugh and cry, but in books, never; they "whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob" only. One would think that all books of late, had adopted the felling inflexion. "A mother, if she wishes to sing her child to sleep," say the musical men, "will always adopt the falling inflexion." Would they but choose the rising inflexion, and wake the child up for once.

He is no mystic either, more than Newton or Arkwright, or Davy—and tolerates none. Not one obscure line, or half line, did he ever write. His meaning lies plain as the daylight, and he who runs may read; indeed, only he who runs *can* read, and keep up with the meaning. It has the distinctness of picture to his mind, and he tells us only what he sees printed in largest English type upon the face of things. He utters substantial English thoughts in plainest English dialects; for it must be confessed, he speaks more than one of these. All the shires of England, and all the shires of Europe, are laid under contribution to his genius; for to be English does not mean to be exclusive and narrow, and adapt one's self to the apprehension of his nearest neighbor only. And yet no writer is more thoroughly Saxon. In the translation of those fragments of Saxon poetry, we have met with the same rhythm that occurs so often in his poem on the French Revolution. And if you would know where many of those obnoxious Carlyleisms and Germanisms came from, read the best of Milton's prose, read those speeches of Cromwell which he has brought to light, or go and listen once more to your mother's tongue. So much for his German extraction.

Indeed, for fluency and skill in the use of the English tongue, he is a master unrivaled. His felicity and power of expression surpass even any of his special merits as a historian and critic. Therein his experience has not failed him, but furnished him with such a store of winged, aye, and legged words, as only a London

life, perchance, could give account of; we had not understood the wealth of the language before. Nature is ransacked, and all the resorts and purlieus of humanity are taxed, to furnish the fittest symbol for his thought. He does not go to the dictionary, the word-book, but to the word-manufactory itself, and has made endless work for the lexicographers—yes, he has that same English for his mother-tongue, that you have, but with him it is no dumb, muttering, mumbling faculty, concealing the thoughts, but a keen, unwearied, resistless weapon. He has such command of it as neither you nor I have; and it would be well for any who have a lost horse to advertise, or a town-meeting warrant, or a sermon, or a letter to write, to study this universal letter-writer, for he knows more than the grammar or the dictionary.

The style is worth attending to, as one of the most important features of the man which we at this distance can discern. It is for once quite equal to the matter. It can carry all its load, and never breaks down nor staggers. His books are solid and workmanlike, as all that England does; and they are graceful and readable also. They tell of huge labor done, well done, and all the rubbish swept away, like the bright cutlery which glitters in shop-windows, while the coke and ashes, the turnings, filings, dust, and borings, lie far away at Birmingham, unheard of. He is a masterly clerk, scribe, reporter, and writer. He can reduce to writing most things—gestures, winks, nods, significant looks, patois, brogue, accent, pantomime, and how much that had passed for silence before, does he represent by written words. The countryman who puzzled the city lawyer, requiring him to write, among other things, his call to his horses, would hardly have puzzled him; he would have found a word for it, all right and classical, that would have started his team for him. Consider the ceaseless tide of speech forever flowing in countless cellars, garrets, *parlors*; that of the French, says Carlyle, "only ebbs toward the short hours of night," and what a drop in the bucket is the printed word. Feeling, thought, speech, writing, and we might add, poetry, inspiration—for so the circle is completed; how they gradually dwindle at length, passing through successive colanders, into your history and classics, from the roar of the ocean, the murmur of the forest, to the squeak of a mouse; so much only parsed and spelt out, and punctuated, at last. The few who can talk like a book, they only get reported commonly. But this writer reports a new "Lieferung."

One wonders how so much, after all, was expressed in the old way, so much here depends upon the emphasis, tone, pronunciation, style, and spirit of the reading. No writer uses so profusely all the aids to intelligibility which the printer's art affords. You wonder how others had contrived to write so many pages without emphatic or italicised words, they are so expressive, so natural, so indispensable here, as if none had ever used the demonstrative pronouns demonstratively before. In another's sentences the thought, though it may be immortal, is, as it were, embalmed, and does not *strike* you, but here it is so freshly living, even the body of it, not having passed through the ordeal of death, that it stirs in the very extremities, and the smallest particles and pronouns are all alive with it. It is not simple dictionary *it*, yours or mine, but IT. The words did not come at the command of

grammar, but of a tyrannous, inexorable meaning; not like standing soldiers, by vote of parliament, but any able-bodied countryman pressed into the service, for "sire, it is not a revolt, it is a revolution."

We have never heard him speak, but we should say that Carlyle was a rare talker. He has broken the ice, and streams freely forth like a spring torrent. He does not trace back the stream of his thought, silently adventurous, up to its fountain-head, but is borne away with it, as it rushes through his brain like a torrent to overwhelm and fertilize. He holds a talk with you. His audience is such a tumultuous mob of thirty thousand, as assembled at the University of Paris, before printing was invented. Philosophy, on the other hand, does not talk, but write, or, when it comes personally before an audience, lecture or read; and therefore it must be read to-morrow, or a thousand years hence. But the talker must naturally be attended to at once; he does not talk on without an audience; the winds do not long bear the sound of his voice. Think of Carlyle reading his French Revolution to any audience. One might say it was never written, but spoken; and thereafter reported and printed, that those not within sound of his voice might know something about it. Some men read to you something which they have written, in a dead *language*, of course, but it may be in a living *letter*, in a Syriac, or Roman, or Runic character. Men must *speak* English who can *write* Sanscrit; and they must speak a modern language who write, perchance, an ancient and universal one. We do not live in those days when the learned used a learned language. There is no writing of Latin with Carlyle, but as Chaucer, with all reverence to Homer, and Virgil, and Messieurs the Normans, sung his poetry in the homely Saxon tongue; and Locke has at least the merit of having done philosophy into English—so Carlyle has done a different philosophy still further into English, and thrown open the doors of literature and criticism to the populace.

Such a style—so diversified and variegated! It is like the face of a country; it is like a New England landscape, with farm-houses and villages, and cultivated spots, and belts of forests and blueberry-swamps round about it, with the fragrance of shad-blossoms and violets on certain winds. And as for the reading of it, it is novel enough to the reader who has used only the diligence, and old-line mail-coach. It is like traveling, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a gig tandem; sometimes in a full coach, over highways, mended and unmended, for which you will prosecute the town; on level roads, through French departments, by Simplon roads over the Alps, and now and then he hauls up for a relay, and yokes in an unbroken colt of a Pegasus for a leader, driving off by cart-paths, and across lots, by corduroy roads and gridiron bridges; and where the bridges are gone, not even a string-piece left, and the reader has to set his breast and swim. You have got an expert driver this time, who has driven ten thousand miles, and was never known to upset; can drive six in hand on the edge of a precipice, and touch the leaders anywhere with his snapper.

With wonderful art he grinds into paint for his picture all his moods and experiences, so that all his forces may be brought to the encounter. Apparently

writing without a particular design or responsibility, setting down his soliloquies from time to time, taking advantage of all his humors, when at length the hour comes to declare himself, he puts down in plain English, without quotation marks, what he, Thomas Carlyle, is ready to defend in the face of the world, and fathers the rest, often quite as defensible, only more modest, or plain spoken, or insinuating, upon "Sauerteig," or some other gentleman long employed on the subject. Rolling his subject how many ways in his mind, he meets it now face to face, wrestling with it at arm's length, and striving to get it down, or throws it over his head; and if that will not do, or whether it will do or not, tries the back-stitch and side-hug with it, and downs it again—scalps it, draws and quarters it, hangs it in chains, and leaves it to the winds and dogs. With his brows knit, his mind made up, his will resolved and resistless, he advances, crashing his way through the host of weak, half-formed, *dilettante* opinions, honest and dishonest ways of thinking, with their standards raised, sentimentalities and conjectures, and tramples them all into dust. See how he prevails; you don't even hear the groans of the wounded and dying. Certainly it is not so well worth the while to look through any man's eyes at history, for the time, as through his; and his way of looking at things is fastest getting adopted by his generation.

It is not in man to determine what his style shall be. He might as well determine what his thoughts shall be. We would not have had him write always as in the chapter on Burns, and the Life of Schiller, and elsewhere. No; his thoughts were ever irregular and impetuous. Perhaps as he grows older and writes more he acquires a truer expression; it is in some respects manlier, freer, struggling up to a level with its fountain-head. We think it is the richest prose style we know of.

Who cares what a man's style is, so it is intelligible—as intelligible as his thought. Literally and really, the style is no more than the *stylus*, the pen he writes with—and it is not worth scraping and polishing, and gilding, unless it will write his thoughts the better for it. It is something for use, and not to look at. The question for us is not whether Pope had a fine style, wrote with a peacock's feather, but whether he uttered useful thoughts. Translate a book a dozen times from one language to another, and what becomes of its style? Most books would be worn out and disappear in this ordeal. The pen which wrote it is soon destroyed, but the poem survives. We believe that Carlyle has, after all, more readers, and is better known to-day for this very originality of style, and that posterity will have reason to thank him for emancipating the language, in some measure, from the fetters which a merely conservative, aimless, and pedantic literary class had imposed upon it, and setting an example of greater freedom and naturalness. No man's thoughts are new, but the style of their expression is the never failing novelty which cheers and refreshes men. If we were to answer the question, whether the mass of men, as we know them, talk as the standard authors and reviewers write, or rather as this man writes, we should say that he alone begins to write their language at all, and that the former is, for the most part, the mere effigies of a language, not the best method of concealing one's thoughts even, but frequently a method of doing without thoughts at all.

In his graphic description of Richter's style, Carlyle describes his own pretty nearly; and no doubt he first got his own tongue loosened at that fountain, and was inspired by it to equal freedom and originality. "The language," as he says of Richter, "groans with indescribable metaphors and allusions to all things, human and divine, flowing onward, not like a river, but like an inundation; circling in complex eddies, chafing and gurgling, now this way, now that;" but in Carlyle, "the proper current" never "sinks out of sight amid the boundless uproar." Again: "His very language is Titanian—deep, strong, tumultuous, shining with a thousand hues, fused from a thousand elements, and winding in labyrinthic mazes."

In short, if it is desirable that a man be eloquent, that he talk much, and address himself to his own age mainly, then this is not a bad style of doing it. But if it is desired rather that he pioneer into unexplored regions of thought, and speaks to silent centuries to come, then, indeed, we could wish that he had cultivated the style of Goethe more, that of Richter less; not that Goethe's is the kind of utterance most to be prized by mankind, but it will serve for a model of the best that can be successfully cultivated.

But for style, and fine writing, and Augustan ages—that is but a poor style, and vulgar writing, and a degenerate age, which allows us to remember these things. This man has something to communicate. Carlyle's are not, in the common sense, works of art in their origin and aim; and yet, perhaps, no living English writer evinces an equal literary talent. They are such works of art only as the plough, and corn-mill, and steam-engine—not as pictures and statues. Others speak with greater emphasis to scholars, as such, but none so earnestly and effectually to all who can read. Others give their advice, he gives his sympathy also. It is no small praise that he does not take upon himself the airs, has none of the whims, none of the pride, the nice vulgarities, the starched, impoverished isolation, and cold glitter of the spoiled children of genius. He does not need to husband his pearl, but excels by a greater humanity and sincerity.

He is singularly serious and untrivial. We are every where impressed by the rugged, unwearied, and rich sincerity of the man. We are sure that he never sacrificed one jot of his honest thought to art or whim, but to utter himself in the most direct and effectual way, that is the endeavor. These are merits which will wear well. When time has worn deeper into the substance of these books, this grain will appear. No such sermons have come to us here out of England, in late years, as those of this preacher; sermons to kings, and sermons to peasants, and sermons to all intermediate classes. It is in vain that John Bull, or any of his cousins, turns a deaf ear, and pretends not to hear them, nature will not soon be weary of repeating them. There are words less obviously true, more for the ages to hear, perhaps, but none so impossible for this age not to hear. What a cutting cimiter was that "past and present," going through heaps of silken stuffs, and glibly through the necks of men, too, without their knowing it, leaving no trace. He has the earnestness of a prophet.

In an age of pedantry and dilettantism, he has no grain of these in his composition. There is no where else, surely, in recent readable English, or other books, such direct and effectual teaching, reproving, encouraging, stimulating, earnestly, vehemently, almost like Mahomet, like Luther; not looking behind him to see how his *Opera Omnia* will look, but forward to other work to be done. His writings are a gospel to the young of this generation; they will hear his manly, brotherly speech with responsive joy, and press forward to older or newer gospels.

We should omit a main attraction in these books, if we said nothing of their humor. Of this indispensable pledge of sanity, without some leaven, of which the abstruse thinker may justly be suspected of mysticism, fanaticism, or insanity, there is a super-abundance in Carlyle. Especially the transcendental philosophy needs the leaven of humor to render it light and digestible. In his later and longer works it is an unfailing accompaniment, reverberating through pages and chapters, long sustained without effort. The very punctuation, the italics, the quotation marks, the blank spaces and dashes, and the capitals, each and all are pressed into its service.

Every man, of course, has his fane, from which even the most innocent conscious humor is excluded; but in proportion as the writer's position is high above his fellows, the range of his humor is extended. To the thinker, all the institutions of men, as all imperfection, viewed from the point of equanimity, are legitimate subjects of humor. Whatever is not necessary, no matter how sad or personal, or universal a grievance, is, indeed, a jest more or less sublime.

Carlyle's humor is vigorous and Titanic, and has more sense in it than the sober philosophy of many another. It is not to be disposed of by laughter and smiles merely; it gets to be too serious for that—only they may laugh who are not hit by it. For those who love a merry jest, this is a strange kind of fun—rather too practical joking, if they understand it. The pleasant humor which the public loves, is but the innocent pranks of the ball-room, harmless flow of animal spirits, the light plushy pressure of dandy pumps, in comparison. But when an elephant takes to treading on your corns, why then you are lucky if you sit high, or wear cowhide. His humor is always subordinate to a serious purpose, though often the real charm for the reader, is not so much in the essential progress and final upshot of the chapter, as in this indirect side-light illustration of every hue. He sketches first with strong, practical English pencil, the essential features in outline, black on white, more faithfully than Dryasdust would have done, telling us wisely whom and what to mark, to save time, and then with brush of camel's hair, or sometimes with more expeditious swab, he lays on the bright and fast colors of his humor everywhere. One piece of solid work, be it known, we have determined to do, about which let there be no jesting, but all things else under the heavens, to the right and left of that, are for the time fair game. To us this humor is not wearisome, as almost every other is. Rabelais, for instance, is intolerable; one chapter is better than a volume—it may be sport to him, but it is death to us. A mere humorist, indeed, is a most unhappy man; and his readers are

most unhappy also.

Humor is not so distinct a quality as for the purposes of criticism, it is commonly regarded, but allied to every, even the divinest faculty. The familiar and cheerful conversation about every hearth-side, if it be analyzed, will be found to be sweetened by this principle. There is not only a never-failing, pleasant, and earnest humor kept up there, embracing the domestic affairs, the dinner, and the scolding, but there is also a constant run upon the neighbors, and upon church and state, and to cherish and maintain this, in a great measure, the fire is kept burning, and the dinner provided. There will be neighbors, parties to a very genuine, even romantic friendship, whose whole audible salutation and intercourse, abstaining from the usual cordial expressions, grasping of hands, or affectionate farewells, consists in the mutual play and interchange of a genial and healthy humor, which excepts nothing, not even themselves, in its lawless range. The child plays continually, if you will let it, and all its life is a sort of practical humor of a very pure kind, often of so fine and ethereal a nature, that its parents, its uncles and cousins, can in no wise participate in it, but must stand aloof in silent admiration, and reverence even. The more quiet the more profound it is. Even nature is observed to have her playful moods or aspects, of which man seems sometimes to be the sport.

But, after all, we could sometimes dispense with the humor, though unquestionably incorporated in the blood, if it were replaced by this author's gravity. We should not apply to himself, without qualification, his remarks on the humor of Richter. With more repose in his inmost being, his humor would become more thoroughly genial and placid. Humor is apt to imply but a half satisfaction at best. In his pleasantest and most genial hour, man smiles but as the globe smiles, and the works of nature. The fruits *dry* ripe, and much as we relish some of them, in their green and pulpy state, we lay up for our winter store, not out of these, but the rustling autumnal harvests. Though we never weary of this vivacious wit, while we are perusing its work, yet when we remember it from afar, we sometimes feel balked and disappointed, missing the security, the simplicity, and frankness, even the occasional magnanimity of acknowledged dullness and bungling. This never-failing success and brilliant talent become a reproach. To the most practical reader the humor is certainly too obvious and constant a quality. When we are to have dealings with a man, we prize the good faith and valor of soberness and gravity. There is always a more impressive statement than consists with these victorious comparisons. Besides, humor does not wear well. It is commonly enough said, that a joke will not bear repeating. The deepest humor will not keep. Humors do not circulate but stagnate, or circulate partially. In the oldest literature, in the Hebrew, the Hindoo, the Persian, the Chinese, it is rarely humor, even the most divine, which still survives, but the most sober and private, painful or joyous thoughts, maxims of duty, to which the life of all men may be referred. After time has sifted the literature of a people, there is left only their SCRIPTURE, for that is WRITING, *par excellence*. This is as true of the poets, as of the philosophers and moralists by profession; for what subsides in any of these is the moral only, to re-appear as dry land at some

remote epoch.

We confess that Carlyle's humor is rich, deep, and variegated, in direct communication with the back bone and risible muscles of the globe—and there is nothing like it; but much as we relish this jovial, this rapid and detergeous way of conveying one's views and impressions, when we would not converse but meditate, we pray for a man's diamond edition of his thought, without the colored illuminations in the margin—the fishes and dragons, and unicorns, the red or the blue ink, but its initial letter in distinct skeleton type, and the whole so clipped and condensed down to the very essence of it, that time will have little to do. We know not but we shall immigrate soon, and would fain take with us all the treasures of the east, and all kinds of *dry*, portable soups, in small tin canisters, which contain whole herds of English beeves, boiled down, will be acceptable.

The difference between this flashing, fitful writing and pure philosophy, is the difference between flame and light. The flame, indeed, yields light, but when we are so near as to observe the flame, we are apt to be incommoded by the heat and smoke. But the sun, that old Platonist, is set so far off in the heavens, that only a genial summer-heat and ineffable day-light can reach us. But many a time, we confess, in wintery weather, we have been glad to forsake the sun-light, and warm us by these Promethean flames.

Carlyle must undoubtedly plead guilty to the charge of mannerism. He not only has his vein, but his peculiar manner of working it. He has a style which can be imitated, and sometimes is an imitator of himself. Every man, though born and bred in the metropolis of the world, will still have some provincialism adhering to him; but in proportion as his aim is simple and earnest, he approaches at once the most ancient and the most modern men. There is no mannerism in the Scriptures. The style of proverbs, and indeed of all *maxims*, whether measured by sentences or by chapters, if they may be said to have any style, is one, and as the expression of one voice, merely an account of the matter by the latest witness. It is one advantage enjoyed by men of science, that they use only formulas which are universal. The common language and the common sense of mankind, it is most uncommon to meet with in the individual. Yet liberty of thought and speech is only liberty to think the universal thought, and speak the universal language of men, instead of being enslaved to a particular mode. Of this universal speech there is very little. It is equable and sure; from a depth within man which is beyond education and prejudice.

Certainly, no critic has anywhere said what is more to the purpose, than this which Carlyle's own writings furnish, which we quote, as well for its intrinsic merit as for its pertinence here. "It is true," says he, thinking of Richter, "the beaten paths of literature lead the safeliest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most, which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble or peculiar for working by prescribed laws; Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and in Richter's own age, Goethe, how little did they innovate on the given forms of composition, how much in the spirit they

breathed into them! All this is true; and Richter must lose of our esteem in proportion." And again, in the chapter on Goethe, "We read Goethe for years before we come to see wherein the distinguishing peculiarity of his understanding, of his disposition, even of his way of writing, consists! It seems quite a simple style, [that of his?] remarkable chiefly for its calmness, its perspicuity, in short, its commonness; and yet it is the most uncommon of all styles." And this, too, translated for us by the same pen from Schiller, which we will apply not merely to the outward form of his works, but to their inner form and substance. He is speaking of the artist. "Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence, but, dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. The matter of his works he will take from the present, but their form he will derive from a nobler time; nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute unchanging unity of his own nature."

But enough of this. Our complaint is already out of all proportion to our discontent.

Carlyle's works, it is true, have not the stereotyped success which we call classic. They are a rich but inexpensive entertainment, at which we are not concerned lest the host has strained or impoverished himself to feed his guests. It is not the most lasting word, nor the loftiest wisdom, but rather the word which comes last. For his genius it was reserved to give expression to the thoughts which were throbbing in a million breasts. He has plucked the ripest fruit in the public garden; but this fruit already least concerned the tree that bore it, which was rather perfecting the bud at the foot of the leaf stalk. His works are not to be studied, but read with a swift satisfaction. Their flavor and gust is like what poets tell of the froth of wine, which can only be tasted once and hastily. On a review we can never find the pages we had read. The first impression is the truest and the deepest, and there is no reprint, no *double entendre*, so to speak, for the alert reader. Yet they are in some degree true natural products in this respect. All things are but once, and never repeated. The first faint blushes of the morning, gilding the mountain tops, the pale phosphor and saffron-colored clouds do verily transport us to the morning of creation; but what avails it to travel eastward, or look again there an hour hence? We should be as far in the day ourselves, mounting toward our meridian. These works were designed for such complete success that they serve but for a single occasion. It is the luxury of art, when its own instrument is manufactured for each particular and present use. The knife which slices the bread of Jove ceases to be a knife when this service is rendered.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

SONG.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These prairies glow with flowers,
  These groves are tall and fair;
The mocking-bird with music fills
  The fragrant morning air.
And yet I pine to see
  My native hill once more,
And hear the sparrow's friendly chirp
  Beside its cottage door.

And he for whom I left
  My native hill and brook,
Alas! I sometimes think I trace
  A coldness in his look.
If I have lost his love,
  I know my heart will break;
And haply they I left for him
  Will sorrow for my sake.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. CORNELIA DA PONTE.

When slumber seals those heavenly eyes,
And dreams of rapture round thee glow,
When angels watch, for angels love
To guard the pure from ills below,
Mine in that hour must keep the watch
Alone upon the midnight sea,
As winds and waves with hated speed
Bear me away from home and thee.

Yes, mine shall fix their silent gaze,
Nor shrink if danger hover near;
This hand that trembles now in thine,
Must grasp the sword without a fear;
And for the music of thy voice,
The stormy wave with shout of men,
For whispers soft, words stern and cold
Must be the sounds that hail me then.

The hour has come, fresh blows the gale,
Our ship moves down yon tide afar,
Away, away beyond that tide
Thy image follows as a star;
Farewell to thee, farewell to all,
My native land and skies above;
O who will greet the wanderer now
With soothing words or smiles of love?

Remember me, ’tis all I ask,
    When others gaze, when others sigh,
When others plead with bending knee,
    And drink the beauty of thine eye,
Remember then, for e’en in dreams,
    Though bright they come, this heart shall weep,
My thirsting spirit vainly seek
    Thy image on the lonely deep.

LAW AND LOVE.

OR GAINING A CASE.

BY ICHABOD JONES.

"So, Oliver, you have a case with which to commence your career at the bar?"

"Yes, thanks to Uncle Scott, I have."

"And will you allow me to ask what it is?"

"Well, to tell you that, I must first know myself. I believe it to be in relation to a contested will, but as to the particulars you are as wise as I."

"A will case, eh! I have heard old lawyers say they were the best of cases, as far as fee is concerned."

"To-morrow I am to have an interview with my client. My uncle gave such a glowing description of her that he has quite raised my curiosity."

"A lady for a client! why that's better yet. By the bye, Oliver, you seem somewhat indifferent to the divine sex; and yet you have a warm heart."

"For friendship, James, but how can I think of love, the owner of the six chairs, book-case and table you see, and nothing but my profession to rely on for the future. Love never flourishes in so stern a climate."

"We have the best authority for knowing that it lives through the fiercest tempest, as well as under the beautiful skies of Italy. What do you think, Oliver, of a rich wife?"

"I think such advice comes very badly from you. Let me ask in turn why you are about to connect yourself with a penniless girl, when you might win the greatest fortune in town."

This question came to the point, but it received no other answer than a light laugh as the young man turned on his heel to go.

"Well, Oliver, I wish you great success in the cause of this lovely client. Good day," said he, in the gleeful tone of a heart free from care. And, indeed, if this could be the condition of any mortal in this care-worn world, it was that of James Ashly. Thus far in life his path had been strewn with flowers, and in the horizon of the future no clouds were visible. The son of an opulent merchant, endowed by nature with a good mind, and possessing in a rare degree that animation only to be acquired by intercourse with gay society, he was an unusual favorite with those in whose company he mingled, especially the fairer portion, whose gentle hearts are ever gracious, to that easy air and manner, too much neglected by their fancied lords and superiors. But he joined with these superficial graces of address, a cultivated

intellect, stored with much useful information, which are so seldom united as to be deemed inconsistent, if not antagonistical. By the latter he retained all the good will and esteem which by the former he gained.

In his extensive acquaintance no friend was more valued than Oliver Barton, a young lawyer, in whose office the above conversation occurred, and whose fortune consisted of little more than a well-furnished mind and generous heart—a kind of wealth little appreciated in this matter-of-fact world. He had been educated by a maternal uncle, who rejoiced in the name of Scott, and having made choice of the legal profession, was fitted in due course for the bar. In the maiden speech he delivered, shortly after his admission, he gave promise of future eminence and distinction. Unlike his friend, he was reserved and somewhat diffident, but his intrinsic worth and handsome form won favor and respect by less striking, but equally certain means. It was only when well known that those nice shades of merit, which so permanently recommend their possessor, could be discovered in his character. His prominent forehead and rather heavy brow gave a slight shade of melancholy to his countenance, but their intellectual expression, increased by the steady light of a dark eye, commanded admiration. When he smiled a row of glistening teeth revealed themselves, and his features were lit up with a life and joy rendered more striking by their usual thoughtful repose.

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CHAPTER II.

The next day Oliver Barton proceeded to his office at an earlier hour than usual; so early indeed that most of those adjoining were still closed. Being of a meditative turn of mind, and even inclined to castle-building, this era of his life afforded much subject for thought. “If I succeed,” thought he, “it will be the commencement of an extensive practice.” Forthwith, upon this contingency, he proceeded to erect a magnificent superstructure in the air, which was finally blown away by it occurring to him that he might *not* succeed. Unwilling to contemplate this side of the picture, and remembering his client was a lady, he took from the table before him “Chesterfield’s Letters,” in hopes of finding something there both useful and entertaining.

Notwithstanding the agreeable wit and advice of his lordship, the hours passed heavily. At last in came Uncle Scott, a little, genteel-looking person, in tight pantaloons and well-brushed coat, carrying his ivory-headed cane under his arm. He looked the very personification of a precise old bachelor, who had lived in the great world and grown wise by experience.

“Here I am, according to appointment,” said he, pulling a showy watch from its fob, “just half past twelve, and we are to be at Miss Medford’s at one.”

“I’m ready, uncle,” returned Oliver, after having changed his coat and settled his hat before the glass with extra attention. Mr. Scott, like most old bachelors, was very punctual in fulfilling engagements.

"You told me, I believe, that Miss Medford was an orphan?" said Oliver, when they had reached the street.

"Yes, poor thing," answered Mr. Scott, "she lost her mother while still an infant, and it has now been ten years since her father, Charles Medford, died. He was a generous, noble-hearted fellow, but too much given to fine company and expense. I recollect him well, for we were young men together, and dashed about in the same gay society. He married a beautiful woman for love," and Uncle Scott sighed, "with her face for her fortune, and as his own amounted to little more, the match was any thing but happy. To be deprived of the only parent she had ever known nearly broke Clara's heart, and she wept long and bitterly. So touching was her grief it affected the heart of her uncle, John Medford, who, as he was a bachelor, adopted her, and resolved to cherish her as his own. He was one of the most singular men I have ever known. Withered and forbidding in appearance, crabbed in temper, and particular about money matters even to parsimony, he was no attractive object to so tender a flower as Clara. But, by her childish love and attention, she insinuated herself into his unkindly heart, and soothed the many cares of the declining years of his life—so that even he blessed her. At his death the principal amount of his property was bequeathed to her, but with this singular provision, that if she marry within ten years it was to go to some distant relative. Among the many whims of the old man, he particularly hated a branch of his family, the children of a disobedient sister. These are now endeavoring to prove the illegality of the will in question, as they are entirely cut off by it from all share in his estate; but you shall hear more of the circumstances from her own lips."

They were now at their destination, and in a few moments found themselves seated in a spacious and richly furnished parlor, containing many indications of female taste and attention. On the centre-table lay a small boquet of beautiful flowers, blushing with the freshness of the field, but which, on a closer inspection, were found to be artificial, doubtless moulded under the delicate fingers of the presiding fairy. A number of beautifully shaded landscape sketches next attracted Oliver's attention, and as he turned from one to another he would have forgotten the dry subject on which he came, but for the promptings of Mr. Scott.

They had not waited long before Clara Medford entered. If Oliver had been affected by her story he was still more touched with her winning grace and beauty, enhanced rather than obscured by the deep mourning in which she was dressed. She was somewhat pale, but he would have found no difficulty in accounting for this in her late affliction, had not the sweet expression of her hazel eye more than atoned for it. Her mien was so easy and unaffected that Oliver, who had dreaded the awkward formality of so embarrassing an interview, felt at once perfectly self-possessed. There was something serene and even childlike in her countenance, which was extremely interesting, and she seemed polite, rather because it was natural to her, than in obedience to the requirements of custom.

We leave them to converse over the business of the suit, of which the reader already knows sufficient for the purposes of our narrative.

CHAPTER III.

Some weeks after the scene of our last chapter, Clara Medford was sitting where the young attorney had first seen her. Jane Preston, an intimate friend, who had called to pay a morning visit, sat by her side on the sofa with bonnet and shawl still on.

"Well, Clara," said she, changing their conversation, "you are now secured in the possession of this house and all your uncle's property; my, what wealth! I'm sure I wish it may yield you all the happiness you desire."

"Thank you, Jane, for your kind wishes," answered Clara mildly, "but I have thought that wealth seldom confers as much real happiness as it brings additional care and anxiety."

"But your care, unlike that of others, ends for the best."

"True, I have no disappointment to complain of," said Clara, "but my success is only a negative pleasure, after all."

"I am sure I should think it a very positive one," returned Miss Preston, as she rose to go. Clara pressed her to stay longer, but, pleading an engagement, she proceeded to the door.

"But, Clara," said she, continuing their conversation on the steps, "do tell me who young Lawyer Barton is?"

"I know little more of him than that he is very talented in his profession," replied Clara, slightly blushing, more at the manner in which it was asked than at the question itself.

"I have heard he was very retired, and went but little into company," continued Jane, giving information when she found none was to be obtained. "But every one agrees that he has conducted your late suit with great ability, for which, I suppose, you are very grateful," said she, with an arch side glance at her companion.

"I am, sincerely so," returned Clara seriously, but with a rapid change of countenance she added, "Oh! Jane, I almost forgot to ask you whether you have yet appointed a day to gratify your sighing swain?"

"Oh!" exclaimed she, blushing crimson in turn, "I'll tell you when we've more time, for it's a long story. Good-by, Clara, don't be too grateful to the handsome Mr. Barton," and with a ringing, joyous laugh, she tripped lightly down the marble steps.

"Good-by," returned Clara, gazing after her retiring form, and almost envying her the happy spirit with which she was animated.

At the time the above conversation occurred, Oliver Barton was meditating on his encouraging success in the late trial, alone in the office where twice before we have seen him. There was a more than usual melancholy in the expression of his countenance. His head rested on his hand, and at intervals he would heave an involuntary sigh, as though his thoughts were of no agreeable nature. One would

have concluded that some great misfortune, rather than triumphant success, had befallen him. At length he was roused from his reverie by the sound of rapid footsteps in the entry, and in another moment James Ashly had entered.

"Well, Oliver," said he, "so you exerted your eloquence to some purpose. I knew when I saw your eye that you intended carrying all before you. But," continued he, observing the dejected mood of his friend, "what is the matter—have you heard of the death of any near relative?"

"No," answered Oliver, "I ought, I know, to be very happy."

"You have cause to be so, certainly; then what has made you look like a man contemplating suicide."

"Sit down, James," said Oliver, in a calm tone, and composing himself as with an effort, "and I will tell you the cause; I confide in your friendship, because I know its sincerity. The truth is, my sentiments toward Miss Medford are not those of mere admiration, they are warmer; I feel that I love her," and starting from his chair, he strode rapidly across the room.

"And, Oliver," urged James, when the first surprise of so unexpected an announcement was over, "is it cause of grief to love a girl so amiable and beautiful as Miss Medford? You are already esteemed by her, and time may incline her heart to a more tender sentiment. There is but one short step between friendship and love. This suit is now so happily terminated—"

"You have named the most embittering reflection of all," said Oliver, stopping before him and speaking earnestly; "by that decision the validity of a will is established, which deprives her of the right to dispose of her hand. By its mandate she must resign all; and what could I offer to compensate her for the sacrifice? The homage of my heart, and the devotion of my life, are worthless trifles. I knew, while striving to establish her rights, that if successful I sealed my own unhappiness, and forever cut off all hope of calling her mine. I even debated with myself whether I might not lose the case by mismanagement, and then win the heart of the trusting, beautiful Clara. It was a great conflict for a single moment, but the temptation yielded to a sense of honor and justice. Her cause triumphed; and at least I have the melancholy satisfaction left of knowing that I served the one I love."

Oliver spoke with the eloquence of despair, and his friend listened, engrossed in astonishment and admiration.

"I can appreciate the feelings which so trying a situation prompts, but," added he, the naturally sanguine disposition of his mind prevailing over its first gloomy sensations, "trust to time for a happy termination; for although your way is now overhung with clouds, as you advance into the future, it will become brighter, and a glorious store of happiness will be opened to your view."

"Your words bid me hope," answered Oliver, "but I fear while you utter them your heart misgives you. No, no, James—I see no room for hope, nothing to brighten my path with a solitary ray of comfort. I must try to banish her image from my heart, and think of her only in connexion with every thing lovely and perfect, never as my first and only love. I can but make the effort, though I believe it will

fail."

James was sensible of all the deep despair and silently corroding influence of "hope deferred;" its dreams and disappointments; its moments of bright anticipation succeeded by still darker views of the stern reality; its overwhelming anguish, and its rush of mad gayety more dreadful than tears. He knew, too, the depth of passionate feeling of which Oliver's heart was capable, and shuddered as he thought that the soul of one so generous and noble would be made the prey of that slow and deadly poison, hopeless love. But by an effort he suppressed the rising emotions of his breast, and continued to urge the possibility of the future removing the obstacles which now appeared so formidable.

"It is not to be expected," said he, "nay, it is impossible, that one so young and beautiful should remain single, in mere obedience to the foolish whim of an uncle, no longer living. If her heart become engaged, she will soon resign the gold, which is but a useless burthen, and some one less scrupulous will possess the hand that might be your own. Besides, will she not appreciate the struggle you have endured, and the sacrifice of self in your conduct? And these aided by the gratitude she already feels, are sufficient to win the heart of any maiden."

But the view thus presented, skillfully colored by the hand of friendship, could not change the determination he had expressed.

"It was I," said Oliver, "who undertook the case, and succeeded in securing to her the full benefit of her uncle's will; knowing, then, its provisions, would it not be inconsistent, even fraudulent, in me to attempt to defeat it now?"

To this James could oppose nothing, for he felt the delicacy of his friend's situation; he knew how deep was the suffering excited by that absorbing passion of the soul when struggling with adversity or oppression, and his own heart swelled with a generous sympathy, as he grasped the hand of his friend on parting.

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CHAPTER IV.

Again we take a leap over a period of time which, to those in the enjoyment of a life of pleasure and excitement, appears short, but to the sufferer on a bed of sickness, or the condemned felon, is an age. They, in whom we are more immediately interested, thought it either brief or tedious, as it brought good or ill fortune. James Ashly, though deeply concerned in the distress of his friend, was enabled by the elasticity of his spirits to preserve that sprightly air, which had in a manner become habitual. But he had much real cause for joy. The girl who had long reigned mistress of his heart, had consented to become a bride, and appointed a day for the wedding. As for Oliver Barton, a heavy cloud rested on his brow, denoting deep-seated grief. In vain his friend tried to entertain him, and draw his mind from the melancholy subject on which it continually brooded; in vain Oliver himself endeavored to carry out his resolution, and banish all thought of Clara Medford from his mind; the effort only proved the strength of his affection. But it was not

weakness; he could have trusted himself in her society, conversed with, worshiped her, and yet kept the secret buried in his breast.

"Oliver," said uncle Scott one day, bustling into his nephew's office, with a huge book under his arm, which looked as though it might have been bound near the beginning of the seventeenth century, "here is an old relic of your family, which I think you have never seen—no less than the family Bible, containing a record of the births, marriages, and deaths, of the ancestors in whose connexion you have just reason to be proud."

This was delivered with all the importance of one communicating a valuable secret, never doubting that Oliver would feel as lively an interest as himself.

"It is, in fact," continued he, "a complete history of the house for several generations back. The character of the writer is shown in the chirography much better than in many a prosy biography."

Oliver expressed much more interest in the "old relic" than he really felt, from a desire to please an indulgent uncle by humoring his whims.

"Your father," continued Mr. Scott, spreading the old volume before him, and looking intently on it, "you will observe, was an only son, with two sisters, Mary and Catharine Blake. The former died early; here is the record in his own hand." Oliver gazed on with awakened attention. "The latter married Charles Blake."

"Her name, then, was Catharine Blake," said Oliver, earnestly.

"Yes," answered Mr. Scott, "it was; my recollection serves me to recall an incident in relation to her marriage. It was this; John Medford loved her devotedly, but she could never return his affection, and finally bestowed her hand on Charles Blake, who had nothing but spotless worth and intelligence to recommend him. She left no children, and is long since dead; but Medford, who always cherished an affection for her, could never be persuaded of the truth of the report."

This account was heard by Oliver with breathless attention, and as he examined the venerable record, a glow of intense joy lit up his face. Observing this, Mr. Scott proceeded further back into the annals of the Bartons, and expiated on the events and eras with critical exactness. But the mind of his nephew was engrossed by what he had already learned, and he scarcely heard the list of marriages, and intermarriages, deaths, and births, which his uncle recounted with painful minuteness.

At length he was alone.

"A ray of hope," exclaimed he, "has already dawned, destined probably to shed a propitious fight on my path. James was right; the future may yet have a store of happiness provided for me, too great even to contemplate."

A goodly company was assembled in the lofty parlors of Miss Medford's residence. The young, the gay, the serious, the frivolous, were there in indiscriminate profusion; some chatting familiarly on the luxurious sofas and lounges, others walking or standing beneath the chandelier, and not a few engaged

in unseen, as they thought, flirtations in the corners. The young and the old of both sexes seemed to enjoy the scene with a peculiar relish. The flowers sparkled in their vases, under the rich light of the numerous lamps; the jewels glistened, their owners smiled, and all was gay, happy, and inspiring.

Among that numerous and fashionable company, James Ashly was the most joyful of the joyous, the happiest of the happy. His heart had secured the prize for which it had so long contended—its constant love had been crowned with success; and in the sweet being leaning on his arm, he felt he possessed such a treasure as the world could not equal. After a prolonged courtship, Jane Preston became his bride—and they were now the admired of all admirers. The small figure and benevolent countenance of Mr. Scott were not less conspicuous in the crowd of happy faces which thronged the apartments, whose walls had never witnessed so animated a scene.

But there was one individual who seemed to have no connexion with any one present. He sat by himself, and took no part in the conversation of either the young or old. His countenance bore deep traces of habitual care and discontent, which, with the wrinkles of age, gave it a sour and forbidding aspect. Dressed in a blue coat, which might have fitted him when it was made, but now hung loosely about his form; straight-collared vest, too long and too loose; and pantaloons of the greatest redundancy of cloth—he appeared to no advantage, nor did he seem to care. A nervous uneasiness pervaded his frame, as though contemplating something beyond the mere pleasure of being present. Sometimes his attention was attracted by a witty remark, or joyful laugh, but he would turn away his head, and smile dismally, as though he envied the happy heart from which it echoed. The name of this person was Sandford. He had been engaged in business with the deceased Mr. Medford, and was in every respect a congenial spirit. At his death, Sandford was left executor, and entrusted with the administration of the will.

The occasion which brought together this various company, and gave it so lively a tone, was no less than the marriage of the modest and charming Clara Medford to the handsome and talented Oliver Barton.

The hour approached when the knot was to be tied, and the grave minister, in his robes, was already present. A bustle was suddenly perceptible through the rooms as the youthful couple entered, the bride blushing to the borders of her dress, and the groom, it must be confessed, paler than usual. The ceremony began with that embarrassment always attending such occasions; and many a heart palpitated with mingled emotions of joy and terror under the solemn and impressive voice of the clergyman. The earnest appeal was made for those who knew of any impediment “to speak now, or ever after hold their peace.”

“This lady,” said Sandford, in the pause that followed, with the astonished eyes of every one fixed on him, “this lady, by the present act, forfeits, according to her uncle’s will, all title to his wealth, which is to go to one Catharine Blake, or her heirs, if she be not living. I thought it proper to make this declaration, as the legal executor of the deceased Mr. Medford. The ceremony may now proceed.”

“And, sir,” said Oliver Barton, “the only surviving heir of Catharine Blake you will recognize in me.”

A whisper of delight ran through the rooms at this unexpected *dénouement*; the service proceeded, and in a few moments, tears, kisses, and confusion announced the silken bands of matrimony had firmly united two as pure, confiding hearts as ever throbbed in human breast.

And thus the case was doubly gained.

MY AUNT FABBINS'S OLD GARRET.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

I have often wondered whether there ever was in our whole blessed United States, such a queer place as my Aunt Fabbins's garret. In all my migrations from city to city, from house to house, from room to room, where I was the guest of people who were quite differently constituted by nature and education from my good aunt, I have thought to myself as I observed somewhat of the family economy in these various hospitable abodes, that there could not possibly be in a single one of them a room whose internal arrangement or disarrangement bore the faintest resemblance to that queer old garret at my Aunt Fabbins's. Oh, it was the queerest of all queer places that the sun ever peeped into or did not peep into. Language utterly fails to tell how queer it was. I have sometimes thought I would seriously sit down and describe it at length; that I would take an inventory of all the queer things it contained, one by one, with scientific patience and accuracy, and give to the herein unenlightened world the results of my researches and labors, in the shape of an article for some antiquarian society, or, perhaps, some national academy of arts and sciences. Catacombs and tombs, and Egyptian pyramids, have been thrown open to the gaze of mankind, and the dim religious light of old cloisters and cathedrals has been invaded by the prying spirit of utilitarian curiosity and reform; and that which was hidden and mysterious, hath been everywhere brought into the atmosphere of vulgar daylight, and Penny Magazines, and Lyceum Lectures—and science every where is laying his cold clutch upon the shrinking form of poetic truth; then why should not the secrets of my Aunt Fabbins's queer old musty fusty garret be disclosed, and the world be one little wrinkle the wiser?

Now I do not propose to treat this old garret and its contents scientifically or chronologically—perhaps I shall treat it hardly reverentially; and though there was many a monument therein of past years, and many a hieroglyphic of deep significance were the key only known, yet I shall modestly decline entering the lists with Champollion or Mr. Gliddon. Other spirits more peculiarly gifted with powers of investigation than myself, may, at some future time, visit my aunt's house, and if they should be favored by chance, or by friendship, to enter that dim upper receptacle of the shadows of the past, they may more fully explore a field which I have scarcely had the courage or patience to do with completeness and accuracy.

But before I enlighten my readers upon the subject of this old garret and its arcana, it will be necessary for me to give a glance at one feature in the domestic economy of my Aunt and Uncle Fabbins.

A worthier and more warm-hearted old couple never lived. For forty years they had shared the joys and sorrows of life together; they had known many trials, but these had only bound them more closely to each other, and to Heaven. They had married early, and brought up a large family, like good parents and good Christians as they were. In the earlier period of their wedded state, they had both, through habit and necessity, managed all their domestic affairs with the strictest economy. They were perfect patterns of housekeeping and management to their neighbors. With the extravagant Southerners, among whom they lived (for my uncle and aunt emigrated from the land of steady habits, old Massachusetts, soon after their marriage, into a more southern latitude, for the same reasons, I suppose, which carry so many of our young couples, nowadays, off to the west); among these Southerners, I say, my Uncle and Aunt Fabbins were absolute wonders, so different were their habits from those about them. There was no end, no bound to the wonder of these people. They could not comprehend how, with their limited income, they contrived to live so snugly and genteelly. The richest families among them could not keep their household arrangements from going "out in the elbows." In the winter time they never could keep their parlors warm, or their doors shut. Their windows *would* rattle; the wind *would* blow in, bringing influenza and consumption on its wings; they *could* not keep their closets supplied with medicines, or even always with the necessary eatables of life, but were somehow or other obliged to borrow of the Fabbins's. And in summer, they would leave their windows open to every rain, or their chimneys would tumble down, or their garden-tools would get lost or broken, or their children catch the ague and fever, from running about in puddles, or eating green fruit; and then the whole family establishment and family counsel and assistance of the Fabbins's were taxed for the ill-management of these extravagant and improvident neighbors. If a pump-handle were loose, or needed oiling, no one could put it to rights like Uncle Fabbins. If a wheelbarrow or rake were broken, they invariably borrowed of neighbor Fabbins. If a baby had the croup, the whole family came in a committee of the whole to wait on the Fabbins's; Uncle Fabbins must prescribe the physic, and weigh it out, and Aunt Fabbins must leave her sewing, or her pickling, or her ironing, and run in to put the child into a warm bath. If a neighboring housewife wanted a quart of meal, or a loaf of bread, or a pound of butter, she would not scruple to send at all hours of the day, or night to draw upon Mrs. Fabbins's exhaustless store-house. Everybody knew just where to go when any sudden want or emergency overtook them. I remember hearing of a man who sent out his servant to one of his neighbors' houses, when a thunder storm was coming up, to give his master's compliments, and "please wouldn't he lend him his *lightning-rod* for a little while." I have never heard that my uncle's neighbors ever went quite so far in their neighborly feelings as this, but I do remember hearing my aunt relate one circumstance nearly as amusing as this. A storm was coming up, and all the windows and doors were closed—not a sign of any living creature was seen abroad, save a few lazy cows, who began to think it best to retire to their apartments in their respective cow-yards. The sky was growing darker and darker; the wind

swept by over trees and dusty roads in fearful gusts; a few large rain-drops were beginning to fall, and one or two vivid flashes of lightning had cleft the dark clouds, followed by tremendous claps of thunder; when a small boy was seen running violently toward my uncle's house—a loud knocking was heard—the summons was answered—and the embassy was not exactly to borrow a lightning-rod, for there were none in those days, I believe, but, "mother says, please lend her"—"What, child, is anybody dying?" "No, marm, but mother says, please lend her—a *nutmeg*!"

"*Parturiunt Montes!*" I said to myself, when I heard it, (it was in my college days, when I was fond of Latin quotations,) "*et nascitur ridiculus mus*."

This is not altogether a digression from my subject. I will come to the garret presently, after I have patiently conducted my readers up the preliminary steps. We must always begin at the bottom of the stairs before we can get to the top; that old garret may be called the flower, *run to seed*, of all this beautiful economy in the household affairs of the Fabbins's.

It was, indeed, a beautiful system of economy. The Fabbins's homestead was a little world in itself of ways and means—a microcosm, where, for years, every thing that was needed stood at hand ready for use, and every thing had its place. You could not lay your hand upon the merest bit of broken crockery, or rusty nail, or weather-stained shingle, or fragment of tangled twine, but it came into service, sooner or later, in some part of the establishment—at least so my aunt always affirmed. Honor to these good old folks for their principles and their practice. If the world—if society at large—if government could but take a lesson from these humble lights of their little circle, how much poverty, and crime, and misery, would be avoided, which now runs riot over the world.

But, alas! there is an old adage which will come sneaking into the corner of my brain, as I continue to trace my way up toward the old garret—some cynic philosopher must have given it birth; "too much of a good thing is good for nothing." Rather harsh, friend philosopher, but the rough shell may be found to contain a kernel of truth.

And here I am much disposed to fall into some deep reflections, and give utterance to some very profound remarks, and even go into some winding digressions about the philosophy of ultraism, and show how there is no one truth, or good principle, which, if emphasized too strongly and exclusively, may not result in a falsity and an evil. Virtue may become vice, truth error, if we persist in riding our favorite hobby forever in the same way, and on the same road. Let us not dwell forever in the parts and particles of good, but in the whole. Let us not breathe the gasses, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, or carbonic acid, but *air*.

Having taken my patient reader this long step upward, we come to a landing and a breathing place on the stairs. Let us have a little more patience yet, and we shall finally come to the garret. I already, in fancy, begin to inhale its musty fragrance.

Acting uniformly on this principle of throwing away or destroying nothing that might, at some future time, be turned to account in some of the departments of the household economy, my good uncle and aunt had gradually accumulated around

them a little of every thing that was ever known or thought of in the memorandum-book of a housekeeper. It so happened that they had gone through several removals from one house to another, in their forty years of housekeeping, (they always had an aversion to boarding,) and all their effects from the greatest to the least, from looking-glasses and bedsteads down to broken saucers and barrel-hoops, were always taken along with them. Not a scrap of any kind, were it nothing more than an old newspaper, or a dozen of old broken corks, was ever suffered to be thrown away.

"Mother," said my aunt's youngest daughter, Jemima, once, on the eve of one of their removals, "I shall throw away these old bits of rusty iron—they cannot possibly be of any use to us; they have been lying in this corner for years, and the spiders have made a grand nest among them."

"You shan't throw them away, child!" said my aunt, "they'll all come into use. Waste not, want not, my dear. When you live to be as old as I am, you will be cured of these extravagant whims."

"But, mother, what use can possibly be made of them?" said Jemima.

"Use enough, my dear," said my aunt. "Stop up rat holes, made into hinges—plenty of use for them; at any rate the blacksmith will buy them—any thing rather than throw them away."

"But, mother, these bits of broken window-glass, and these old cracked cups, and that worn-out old coffee-mill, without a tooth in its head, and—"

"You *shan't* throw them away, child, I tell you—I shall find some use for them if you don't."

"But, mother, those old boots of Frank's, that are all out at the toes, and down at the heels, and no soles to them, and all mouldy and green—"

"I tell you, child, you shan't." Just then in bustled Uncle Fabbins, with three barrel-staves under one arm, on which hung a basket of old, dry blacking bottles, and extending the other at full length, at the extremity of which appeared four worn-out, dirty tooth-brushes, of various patterns and ages.

"See here," he exclaimed, "I guess this is some of your doings, Jemima—when will you learn to be economical. Here I found all these lying on the ground, where, to all appearance, they had been thrown from the windows. Waste not, want not, my child. Why can't you take a lesson of good housekeeping from your mother."

"But, father," said Jemima, hardly restraining her mirth, "what on earth can you do with those old tooth-brushes?"

"Do with them?—clean your lamps with them—rub your brasses—keep a great many of your things bright and clean. Do with them? I think *I* could find use enough for them."

And with that he carefully wrapped up the much abused instruments of cleanliness in a piece of brown paper, which he carefully drew from his pocket, and as carefully unfolded, and placed them in a corner of his basket, along with the quondam receptacles of Day and Martin.

And thus it went on for years—this gradual accumulation; and as the sons and

daughters grew up into more independence of thought and habit, it became not unfrequently, especially at the spring or fall house-cleaning, a bone—no, not exactly a bone, but a sort of *ossification* of contention between parents and offspring. But the old folks had their way, and by following out steadfastly their principles of economy, even inoculated the younger branches of the family tree to some extent with their peculiarities in this respect.

As long ago as my first acquaintance in my Aunt Fabbins's family, I remember these heaps and accretions of useless rubbish. I remember how they excited my boyish curiosity and imagination. Visions of dark closets piled to the very ceiling with all the nameless odds and ends in the annals of housekeeping, are even now hovering before me. There were strata and substrata—primary, secondary, and tertiary formations. There were shelves, and boxes, and old chests, and barrels of things which seemed as if they never had a name, much less a use—things that seemed as if they must have dropped out of the moon, or might have once belonged to some inhabitant of the planet Saturn, who had come to take lodgings on our earth, and had forgotten to take away all his old traps. Every closet, nook and corner of the house was filled with these antique remnants. For years the process of accumulation had gone on, silently, and almost invisibly, like the formation of stalactites in a cave. And whenever it became absolutely necessary that a portion of the rubbish should be removed—do not for a moment suppose that it was thrown into the street, or sold at auction, or even given to the poor, (although my Aunt Fabbins was charity herself to all who were in want,) but every thing was taken from below stairs, and transferred to the garret. This was the great receptacle of all fragments—this was the final resting-place—the charnel-house, or say rather kingdom of the dead, where the ghosts of the departed dumb servants of the household at last congregated in peaceful and undisturbed repose. And now we have reached this dim land of shadows at length, not as the ancients did, by descending, but by ascending—to the very top of the house, we may draw forth our key and unlock the sacred door, and enter, reverently if we can—we have reached

MY AUNT FABBINS'S GARRET.

But, ah! how can I describe it, when I have no other light but memory to enable me to grope through it? Yet will I endeavor, as well as I can, to throw a little light upon this dark, silent abode of mysteries.

We open the door, then. A strong odor,—compounded of various ingredients, the chief of which seem to be salt fish, bacon, grease, dried herbs and old leather,—assails our olfactories;—"A most ancient and fish-like smell, a sort of, not the newest, poorjohn." We enter a dark apartment, with a low ceiling, the greater part of it sloping with the roof, and very much stained by the rains which have leaked through. A dim light beams through a single window, the panes of which are very dusty and cracked. We will seat ourselves on a couple of old candle-boxes, and commence our inventory of the contents in all due form, as well as the light of memory and the dim window-glass will permit.

Item. A pair of old buckskin breeches hanging on the wall, which once adorned the legs of my Uncle Fabbins himself, some forty-five years ago. Alas! where are the buff waistcoat, the sky-blue coat, the buckled-shoes, the three-cornered hat, and the long cane that used to accompany this affecting relic of the past? And could Echo speak, in an apartment so crowded as this, she would answer, as she does to the poets—where?

Item, secondly. An old sword—also hanging against the wall. We will take it down—we will draw it from its rusty scabbard. What! can that be blood upon its blade? Ah, no! nothing but spots of rust—and the blade is duller than my uncle's dullest hoe. It was never sharpened for the battle—it is guiltless of ever shedding a drop of blood—it never was used but in piping times of peace, by my uncle's eldest son Ebenezer, when he belonged to a company of cavalry. It will never again see a training day—it will remain in its corner till my uncle and aunt's effects descend to their children.

Item, thirdly. A barrel of old business letters, receipted bills, leaves torn out of Latin grammars and books of arithmetic; old newspapers, that were fresh once—in the days of the Revolution—but are now so stale and fusty that the very rats turn from them with disgust. "All this old paper will come into use, yet," says my Aunt Fabbins.

Item, fourthly. But I see plainly that at this rate we shall never get through—we must take the garret *en masse*, and present a rough sketch of the whole.

Picture, then, to yourself a medley somewhat like what follows; to wit: old broken bedsteads, and worn-out sacking; a battered warming-pan; a copper kettle, with a great hole in the bottom; a quantity of old bottles and phials, pots of paint dried up as hard as granite, old stumps of paint brushes, shreds of canvas, broken casts and an easel, once the property of a poor painter who once was a boarder in my uncle's house; pine-boards and scraps of mahogany furniture, of every shape and size—old rags—old mouldy boots and shoes—old picture-frames; bits of window-glass and looking-glass; old rusty keys, old coffee-mills—and great iron wheels that seem as incomprehensible as those of Ezekiel; old greasy boxes, with something old and mysterious in every one of them—battered old trunks, without tops to them; quantities of empty bottles, and one or two forsaken demijohns, (my uncle and aunt have joined the Temperance Society;) great heaps of rusty iron—saws without handles or teeth; locks without keys or springs; scraps of bell-wire; bells without tongues; doll-babies without heads or legs; broken-down chairs and tables; knives and forks without handles, broken pitchers, bags of dried sage, antiquated andirons, fire-shovels, tongs, fenders and battered fire-boards, and—but I can remember no more—the rest the reader may fill out *ad libitum*. My recording muse halts, and hastens out to take a whiff of fresh air, and refresh her soul with something green and living—something that belongs to the present rather than to the past. We will leave this museum of antiquities, though we have not half described it, and transport ourselves to my aunt's snug little breakfast parlor, on the first floor. Time—about a year ago, one fine spring morning, after breakfast. Present—Aunt

Fabbins, Uncle Fabbins, the five Miss Fabbinses, and the three Mr. Fabbinses, my cousins, myself and the cat. The ladies were washing up the breakfast things and putting the room in order, my uncle was reading the paper, and the three sons and myself—contemplating the rest of the party; when the following conversation arose.

"I wish," said Jemima, partly to herself, and partly that her father and mother might hear—"I wish, upon my soul, that something would happen which would clear this house of some of its rubbish. I can't find room for these books on the shelf, for the old newspapers have taken complete possession. I am obliged to convert the top of my piano into a book-shelf—and I don't think I shall submit to it. There is no room for half the things that are in the house. I have half a mind, I declare, to turn some of these piles of trash into the street."

"Those are just my sentiments, Jemima," said doctor Peter, the youngest son—"I'll help you, Jemima—just go ahead, and I'll second you. The fact is, I've long been of the opinion that the whole house, from top to bottom, needs a thorough treatment. It is as full as a boa constrictor that has swallowed a calf—it will tumble down with its own weight, one of these days, and die of repletion. It needs blood-letting. Confound me, if I can find an inch of room for my chemical experiments."

"Yes," said Susan, "and all my beautiful plants I am obliged to keep out of doors, exposed to the night frosts, to make room for that old desk of father's, which is filled with empty ink-bottles and pamphlets and sermons half a century old, that nobody, not even he, ever thinks of reading. It would be such a nice little corner for my flowers."

"In my opinion," said Frank, "I really think a fire would do the house good."

"What!" said my aunt, in a tone of horror.

"I mean," said Frank, "if the old house caught fire, and burned—a little—I don't mean much—but just a little, it would greatly purify us. We should have room to breathe—and I should have room for my gun and dogs and fishing-tackle. I really should laugh to see the old garret go."

"My child," said my aunt, solemnly, "you speak like a fool. When you get to be as old as your father and mother, you will alter your tone. Will my children *ever* learn economy?"

My uncle here looked up over his spectacles, solemnly at Frank, and approvingly at his wife, but said nothing, and went on reading the paper.

The rest of my cousins said little, and rather took sides with their parents. The fact was, they were growing old and conservative.

Ebenezer thought the house was very well as it was; and he for one did not wish to see any thing cleared out—unless, indeed, it were in some places, where he needed a closet or two for his bugs and butterflies and geological specimens.

But my good aunt still persisted in maintaining that there was nothing in the whole house that could be spared, and that sooner or later every thing would come into use.

Such little altercations as this not unfrequently arose in the Fabbins family circle; but I have not yet heard that they have resulted in any change or reform in the

administration of the internal affairs.

O, Spirit of Conservatism! I have seen thee in the first green buds of thy spring time and thy youth, when thou wast a necessary and wholesome plant, in commonwealths as in families;—I have beheld thee again bursting into bloom, when thou wast still a beautiful and fragrant flower, smiling serenely and lovingly in thy green shady nooks, a blessing and a protecting angel, when the weeds of fanaticism and anarchy would spread a poisonous blight over the fairest and most venerable things of life;—but again, and too often, have I seen thee, when thy blossoms have shriveled up and fallen to the earth, and thy stalk was flowerless and leafless, and covered with nothing but dry seed-dust, with bugs and with cobwebs—keeping thy place in the garden merely because thou wast *once* beautiful, but now an unsightly cumberer of the ground, a brother to the meanest weeds and stubble of the field!

But such high-flown conceits as this I have just uttered, never entered the brains of my Uncle and Aunt Fabbins, and least of all would they see that it had any thing whatever to do with their house and its arrangements. But, good reader, if thou wilt look into it, thou mayest find a deeper significance in this family picture than at first meets the eye. The most homely and common things often cover a moral which is grounded in the very heart of universal and primal truth. If thou readest not merely to laugh, but to think, this little sketch may guide thee into the light of spiritual facts of infinite value; may teach thee the great lesson which in our age all must learn—to separate the spirit from the letter, the substance from the form—and to see that the best principle, carried to extremes and pursued with exclusive rigor, will, in its latter end, so differ from its beginning, that men will say, “I know it not; this is not the friend of my youth.” And if a straw like this I throw into the stream, may show thee how the current sets, I shall have done something more beside the attempt to amuse thee.

A PRAYER.

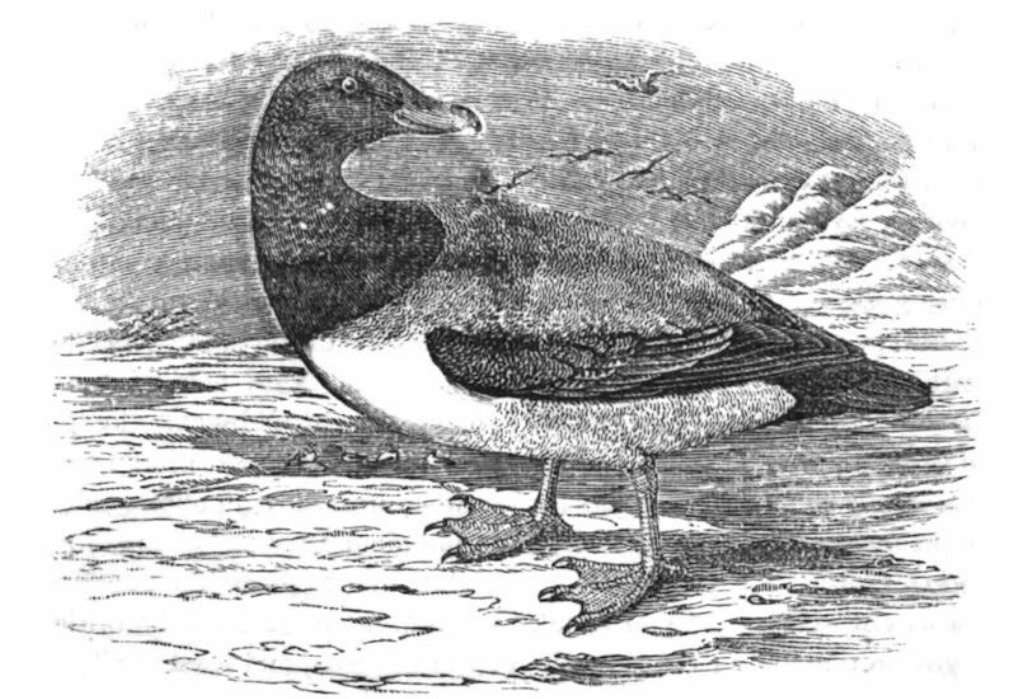
BY J. B.

Thou source of wisdom and of power,
Thou God supreme, who from thy throne,
On mankind dost thy blessings shower,
Knowing all things, thyself unknown;
Content to show thy heavenly care,
(Oh bold presumption let me shun,)
And be this still my only prayer,
Thy will be done.

I feel I'm weak, I know I'm blind,
And evil prone to ask for good,
Enlighten thou my darkened mind,
My faith in thee be still renewed;
Teach me, just God, to trust in thee,
(Oh bold presumption let me shun,)
A mortal's prayer should only be
Thy will be done.

Thou wilt not change thy just decrees,
Always, eternal God, the same,
If with thy will my prayer agrees,
I need not then implore thy name;
But should my heart with folly pray,
(O bold presumption let me shun,)
Kind Father teach my soul to say
Thy will be done.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. V.



CANVAS-BACKED DUCK. (*Anas Valisineria.*)

According to Richardson, this bird breeds in all parts of the remote fur countries, from the 50th parallel to their most northern limits, associating much at this time with the ordinary tribe of ducks. It arrives in the United States, from the north, about the middle of October. The greater number of them congregate about the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, and the Susquehanna, Patapsco, Potomac, and James rivers. Some of them descend only to the Hudson and the Delaware, while others are found in the sounds and bays of North Carolina, and in most of the southern waters to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. They feed upon a plant said to be a species of *valisineria*, which grows on fresh-water shoals of from seven to nine feet, in long, narrow, grass-like blades, four or five feet in length; the root white, somewhat resembling small celery. Wherever there is an abundance of this plant the Canvas-backs resort, either to make an occasional visit, or to take up their regular residence for the winter. The great abundance of this food in the waters of the Chesapeake, make those killed in that region to be most esteemed by epicures, possessing as they

do, in a super-eminent degree, the rich, juicy tenderness of flesh, and delicacy of flavor which places the Canvas-back at the head of the whole family of ducks.

Wilson, who is quite enthusiastic in his account of this species of duck, describes its size and plumage as follows: The Canvas-back is two feet long, and three feet in extent, and when in good order, weighs three pounds; the bill is large, rising high in the head, three inches in length, and one inch and three-eighths thick at the base, of a glossy-black; eye very small; irides, dark-red; cheeks, and forepart of the head, blackish-brown; rest of the head, and greater part of the neck, bright, glossy, reddish-chestnut, ending in a broad space of black, that covers the upper part of the breast, and spreads around to the back; back, scapulars, and tertials, white, faintly marked with an infinite number of transversely waving lines or points, as if done with a pencil; whole lower parts of the breast, also the belly, white, slightly penciled in the same manner, scarcely perceptible on the breast, pretty thick toward the vent; wing coverts, grey, with numerous specks of blackish; primaries and secondaries, pale slate, two or three of the latter of which, nearest the body, are finally edged with a deep, velvety-black, the former dusky at the tips; tail very short, pointed, consisting of fourteen feathers, of a hoary-brown; vent and tail coverts, black; lining of the wing, white; legs and feet, very pale ash, the latter three inches in width, a circumstance which partly accounts for its great powers of swimming. The female is somewhat less than the male, and weighs two pounds and three-quarters; the crown is blackish-brown; cheeks and throat of a pale drab; neck, dull brown; breast, as far as the black extends in the male, dull brown, skirted in places with pale drab; beak, dusky white, crossed with fine waving lines; belly, of the same dull white, penciled like the back; wings, feet, and bill, as in the male; tail coverts, dusky; vent, white, waved with brown. The windpipe of the male has a large, flattish, concave labyrinth, the ridge of which is covered with a thin transparent membrane, where the trachea enters this it is very narrow, but immediately above swells to three times that diameter.

Considerable skill is required to enable the sportsman to get within gun-shot of his favorite game. Not only are they extremely shy, but they possess such speed and agility in swimming and diving, as to render pursuit hopeless, when they are only wing-tipped by a shot. One of the most common ways of bringing them to within the range of a gun is by *tolling*. The gunner having affixed a red handkerchief, or other attractive object, to the back of a well trained dog, secrets himself on the bank, and the dog plays backward and forward on the margin of the stream. Impelled by curiosity, the ducks approach the shore, and the gunner shoots at them on the water, and as they rise. In very cold weather it is customary to make holes in the ice, directly above their favorite grass, and within gunshot of a hut, or place of concealment for the hunter, on the bank. Distressed by want of food, the game congregates about these openings, and falls a prey to its enemy.

The most effectual way of bagging the Canvas-back, however, is by shooting it at night. The position of a flock having been previously marked, the sportsman takes to his skiff by moonlight, and by taking advantage of the shadow of the woody bank

or cliff, paddles silently to within fifteen or twenty yards of a flock of a thousand, among whom he makes great slaughter. Killing them by night, however, soon causes them to abandon the place where they have been thus shot at. By continuing the bait for several days in succession, they may be decoyed to particular places, by seeds and grain, especially wheat.

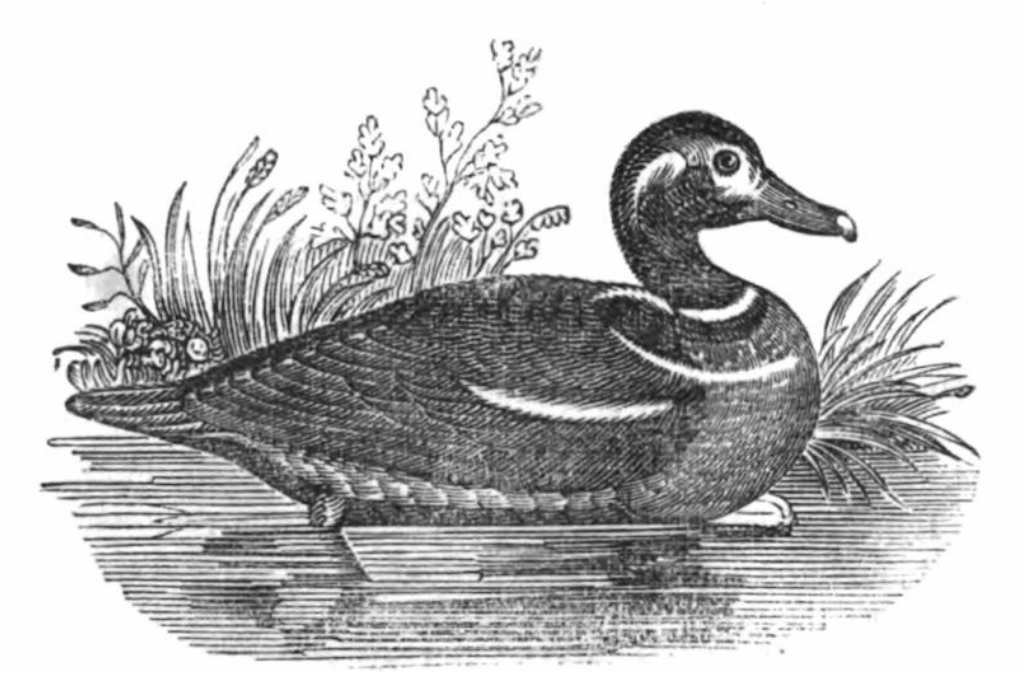
In connection with the Canvas-back, we may notice the Pochard, or Red-Headed Duck, his near relative, and constant associate. Feeding upon the same kind of food, they become almost equal in size and flavor to the Canvas-back, and are, in fact, very frequently sold and eaten for the same. The sportsman, of course, cannot be deceived as to the real Canvas-back, yet it may not be superfluous to describe the plumage of the Pochard, that others may be enabled to detect this imposition.

The Red-head is twenty inches in length, and two feet six inches in extent; bill, dark slate, sometimes black, two inches long, and seven-eighths of an inch thick at the base, furnished with a large, broad nail at the extremity; irides, flame coloured; plumage of the head, long, velvety, and inflated, running high above the base of the bill; head, and about two inches of the neck, deep, glossy, reddish-chestnut; rest of the neck, and upper part of the breast, black, spreading round to the back; belly, white, becoming dusky toward the vent by closely marked, undulating lines of black; back and scapulars, bluish-white, rendered gray by numerous transverse, waving lines of black; lesser wing-coverts, brownish-ash; wing quills, very pale slate, dusky at the tips; lower part of the back and sides, under the wings, brownish black, crossed with regular zigzag lines of whitish; vent, rump, tail, and tail-coverts, black; legs and feet, dark ash.

Among epicures, the Pochard is ranked next to the Canvas-back. It is sometimes met with in the waters of North and South Carolina, and also in Jersey and New York, but always in fresh water, near the sea; in the waters of the Chesapeake it is most numerous. It is abundant in Russia, in Denmark, in the north of Germany, in England, Holland, France, and Italy. Their walk is awkward and difficult; their cry resembles the hollow hiss of a serpent; and their flight different, and more rapid, than that of the common wild duck; and the noise of their wings is different. In the London markets these ducks are sold under the name of Dun birds, and are deservedly esteemed. In England they are principally taken in decoys after the following manner. A pond is prepared for the Pochards, as well as for the others, and a situation is chosen which shall possess, in the most eminent degree, the three attractions of cover, quietness, and proximity to the feeding-ground. It is technically called a flight-pond, because the birds are captured when they are first on the wing; and the nets by which this is effected, are so placed as that they may act to windward of the birds—as ducks always fly to windward when they take the wing. The net is kept ready extended on the tops of the reeds, or other cover, upon poles, which, by means of a counterpoise at the bottom, can be easily erected, upon withdrawing the pins by which they are held down; when this is done, the poles rise and elevate the net to the height of about thirty feet; and this takes place just as the birds are alarmed and made to take the wing. They strike against the net, are thrown

off their balance, and are thrown on the ground, which, all under the net, is formed into little pens or traps, into which the birds fall, and are unable again to take the wing. The numbers caught in this way, at one skillful application of the net, are often perfectly astonishing; and they tumble into the pens, one over the other, till the lower ones are killed, and sometimes pressed nearly flat with the burden of their companions. It is mentioned that, on some parts of the Essex coast, a wagon load of Pochards has been taken at one drop of the net.

The market of Philadelphia is very plentifully supplied both with Canvas-backs and Red-heads during the latter part of autumn and the winter. The price of the former varies from a dollar and a quarter per brace to three dollars. The latter seldom bring more than one dollar. All the hotels of note treat their guests frequently to Canvas-backs during the season; and private parties, where luxury is specially consulted, generally have the entertainment graced by a course of this highly valued game. European epicures have long envied the Americans the possession of this splendid bird; but lately the rapid intercourse by steamers between this country has enabled the *bon vivant* of London and Paris to enjoy the envied American luxury at home. Queen Victoria, we are informed, has tasted Canvas-backs at her own board.



HARLEQUIN DUCK. (*Clangula Histrionica.*)

The sub-genus, Clangula, embraces several species of ducks, small in size, but

very active. They are found most abundantly in the northern parts of our continent, only appearing in the Middle States of the Union when they are driven from their habitations by the ice. The general characters of the sub-genus present a short and narrow bill; the feathers on the scapulars produced, pointed and apart from each other; the third quills passing over the primaries in the closed wing.

The first species which presents itself to our notice is the common Golden Eye, known to many of our gunners by the name of the Brass-Eyed Whistlers. The latter name it derives from the noisy whistling of its short wings, as it rises when flushed. It does not appear to possess any audible voice, and never utters a cry, or a quack, when disturbed. Easy of approach, they are nevertheless exceedingly difficult to kill, as they dive with such dexterity at the flash of a gun, or the twang of a bow, as to set at defiance the Aborigines, who have ascribed to them supernatural powers, and named them the Conjuring, or Spirit Duck. The Golden Eye has been the subject of much diversity of opinion among naturalists, and we therefore the more readily give place to Wilson's accurate description of his plumage. The Golden Eye is nineteen inches long, and twenty-nine inches in extent, and weighs, on an average, about two pounds; the bill is black, short, rising considerably up in the forehead; the plumage of the head, and part of the neck, is somewhat humid, and of a dark green, with violet reflections, marked near the corner of the mouth with an oval spot of white; the irides are golden-yellow; rest of the neck, breast, and whole lower parts, white, except the flanks, which are dusky; back and wings, black; over the latter, a broad bed of white extends from the middle of the lesser coverts to the extremity of the secondaries; the exterior scapulars are also white; tail, hoary brown; tail-coverts, black; legs and toes, reddish-orange, webs very large, and of a dark purplish-brown; hind toe, and exterior edge of the inner one, broadly finned; sides of the bill, obliquely dentated; tongue covered above with a fine, thick, velvety down, of a whitish color. The full plumaged female is seventeen inches in length, and twenty seven inches in extent; bill, brown, orange near the tip; head, and part of the neck, brown, or very dark drab, bounded below by a ring of white, below that the neck is ash, tipped with white; rest of the lower part, white; wings dusky, six of the secondaries and their greater coverts, pure white, except the tips of the last, which are touched with dusky spots; rest of the wing coverts sinereous, mixed with whitish; back and scapulars, dusky, tipped with brown; feet, dull orange; across the vent a band of sinereous; tongue, covered with the same velvety down as the male. The young birds of the first season very much resemble the females, but may generally be distinguished by the white spot, or at least its rudiments, which marks the corner of the mouth, yet in some cases even this is variable, both old and young male birds occasionally wanting the spot.

Its flesh is well flavored, and it is equally common, in the winter season, in all the coasts of the United States. It is essentially a water bird, and walks with extreme difficulty. The birds known in the Carolinas by the name of Dippers, and in Pennsylvania and New Jersey by the appellation of Butter Box, belong to the Clangula, and are known by the specific name of Spirit Ducks, which they have

acquired by successful evasions of the bullet and the arrow. They are even more difficult to bag than the Golden Eye, for when wounded with shot, they conceal themselves with great art beneath the water, remaining submerged to the bill until they fall into the jaws of a hungry pike, or are abandoned by the disappointed sportsman.

Of all the Clangulas, however, the most rare and most valued is the beautiful species whose representation we have given above. It is not unfrequently found off the coasts of New England, where the elegant crescents and circles of white which ornament its neck and breast have gained for it the proud title of The Lord, and, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, the Painted Duck. It swims and dives well, has a whistling note, flies swift and to a great height, but always takes to the water on the report of a gun, as its most secure and natural element. Its flesh is extremely good, far superior, as game, to the Wild Duck.

SINGLETON SNIPPE.

WHO MARRIED FOR A LIVING.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"Used to be—"

We have, as a general rule, an aversion to this species of qualifying phraseology, in which so many are prone to indulge. It seems to argue a disposition like to that of Iago, who "was nothing if not critical;" and it indicates a tendency to spy out flaws and to look after defect—a disposition and a tendency at war, we think, with that rational scheme of happiness which derives its comfort from the reflection of the sunny side of things. "It was"—"she has been"—"he used to be"—and so forth, as if all merit were a reminiscence—if not past, at least passing away. Is that a pleasure? Would it not be quite as well to applaud the present aspect, and to be satisfied with

the existing circumstance, instead of murmuring over the fact that once it was brighter?

But yet there is a difference—

Yes—decidedly—the matter here is beyond the possibility of a dispute.

There is a difference—lamentable enough you may term it, between the Singleton Snippe that was, and the Singleton Snippe that is.

The Singleton Snippe that was, is not now an existence; and the probabilities are that he never will be again. Nothing is stable in this world but instability; and the livery-stable of to-day is converted into something else on the morrow, never more to be a stable, unstable stable. And so with men as well as with horses—for this perpetual revolution of human affairs goeth not backwards, except when the rope breaks on an inclined plane, making it a down-hill sort of a business. Snippe is on the down-hill—rather.

The Singleton Snippe that is, stands picturesquely and pictorially before you—patiently, as it were, and on a monument.

And now, was there ever—we ask the question of those who remember Snippe in his primitive and natural state—was there ever a merrier fellow than the said Singleton Snippe, in the original, if we may term it so—before the said Singleton was translated into his present condition, and became tamed down from his erratic, independent eccentricities to the patient tolerance of the band-box and the bundle? Who, thus remembering and thus contrasting Singleton Snippe as he was, with the Singleton Snippe as he is now portrayed, could possibly believe that there are processes in life—chemistries and alchemies—which could bring the man of to-day so diametrically opposite to the same man of yesterday; and cause the Singleton Snippe of the past to differ with such strangeness from the Singleton Snippe of the current era? Two Snippes, as plain as may be; but legally and responsibly the same Snippe. There was Snippe the bold—Snippe the reckless—Snippe the gay and hilarious—scoffing, joking, jeering Snippe—Snippe that was always on hand for mischief or for fun—Snippe, with the cigar in his mouth, or the champagne glass in his grasp—yes, that very Snippe whom you have so often heard in the street, disturbing slumber by the loud and musical avowal of his deliberate determination not to "go home till morning," as if it would, barring the advantage of the daylight, be any easier to him then, and whose existence was ever a scene of uproar and jollity, except in the repentant intervals of headache and exhaustion. And then, besides his ornamental purposes, he was such a useful member of society, this Singleton Snippe, in the consumption of the good things of this life at the restaurants and in the oyster saloons.

Was not that a Snippe—something like a Snippe?

But, alas for Snippe, the last representative of the illustrious firm of "Tom & Jerry." Who is there now—now that Snippe is withdrawn as a partner from the establishment—to maintain the credit of the house? Snippe is snubbed—snubbed is Snippe. Well, well, well—let the watchmen—sweet voices of the night—rejoice in their boxes, if they will, over their pine kindlings, and their hot sheet-iron stoves—

rejoice in their cosy slumbers, that the original Snippe no longer molests their ancient, solitary reign, by uncouth noises, preliminary, symphonious, and symptomatic to a row. And let the cabmen—want a cab, sir?—be merry, too, with rein in hand, or reclining against the friendly wall, that they are no more to be victimized by the practical jocularities of the school of Singleton Snippe. What relish have they for the gracefulnesses of existence—its little playful embellishments, that bead and dimple the dull surface of the pond into the varieties of playful fantasy.

Such as these would describe a boy of the superlative order of merit, as "one that goes straight home and never stops to play on the road;" and we all know that Singleton Snippe never went straight home in the whole course of his experience.

Home!

Home, it should be understood, so much vaunted by the poets, and so greatly delighted in by the antipodes to Snippe, is regarded in quite a different light—humdrummish—by the disciples of Snippeism. Home, according to them, is not so much a spot to retire to, as a place to escape from—a centre of rendezvous, no doubt, with the washerwoman, the bootblack, and other indispensable people of that sort. Snippe's new clothes were always sent home; and long bills, provocative of long faces, were apt to follow them with the certainty of cause and effect. But to stay at home himself—what—Snippe?—He stay at home? He was called for occasionally at that point—his breakfast was taken there, when any degree of appetite remained from the preceding night; and a note would eventually reach its destination if left for him there. But it required a very unusual conjunction of circumstances to find Singleton Snippe at home more frequently than could be helped. Home, in Snippe's estimation, was the embodiment of a yawn—he never heard of it without the most extended of gapes. He could not speak of it without opening his mouth to the extent of its volume; and Snippe's mouth is not a diamond edition, but rather an octavo, if not rising to the dignity of a quarto, at least when he is drinking. "Home!" said he; "home's a bore. What fun is there at home, except dozing over the fire, or snoring on a sofa?"

Home, indeed!—Talk to Snippe about staying at home, if you would risk a home-icide. To be sure, when too ill to run about, Singleton Snippe remained unwillingly at home, as if it were a hospital; and he staid at home once for the space of an evening, merely to try the experiment, when he was in health; but before he went to bed, Snippe had thoughts of sending for the Coroner, to sit upon his body, but changed his mind and brewed a jorum of punch, which, after he had shod the cat with walnut shells, somewhat reconciled him to the monotone of domestic enjoyment. But Snippe never stayed at home again, not he. Home is where the heart is; and Snippe's heart was a traveler—a locomotive heart, perambulating; and it had no tendencies toward circumscription and confine. That put him out of heart altogether.

Wherever any thing was going on—"a fight or a foot-race," according to popular phraseology, which thus distinguishes the desirable in the shape of

spectacular entertainment—there was Snippe, with his hat set knowingly on one side, to indicate that if others felt out of their element on the occasion, he, Snippe, was perfectly at home under all circumstances—the more at home, the more singular the occasion, and the more strange the circumstance; and his hat was the more knowingly set on to indicate the extent of his superiority to vulgar prejudices. It was the hat of a practical philosopher—of a thorough bred man of the world, who could extract sport from any thing, and who did not care, so that the occurrence afforded excitement, whether other people thought it reprehensible or not. Yes, yes—there is much in a hat—talk of your physiognomy and your phrenology—what are they as indications of character, feeling, and disposition, compared to the "set" of one's beaver? Look at courage, will you, with its hat drawn resolutely down upon its determined brow. Dare you dispute the way with such a hat as that? The meek one and the lowly, with his hat placed timidly on the back of his head, does not every bully practice imposition there? Hats turned up behind, indicate a scornful indifference to public opinion in all its phases—say what you will, who cares? While the hat turned up before, has in it a generous confidence, free from suspicion of contempt. Nay, more—when science has made a further progress, why should not the expression of the hat afford knowledge of the passing mood of mind in its wearer, the hat shifting and changing in position as the brain beneath forms new combinations of thought? Let the shop-boy answer; does he not discover at a glance, from the style in which his master wears his hat at the moment, whether he, the subordinate, is to be greeted with scoldings and reproaches, or with commendations and applause? Does not the hat paternal forbode the sunshine or the storm; and as the pedagogue approaches school, where is the trembling truant who does not discern "the morn's disaster" from the cocking of that awful hat? There cannot be a doubt of it. The science of the hat yet remains to be developed; and deep down in the realms of ignorance are they who have not reflected yet upon the clue afforded by the hat to what is passing in the soul of him who wears it.

Thus, you could distinguish Singleton Snippe's hat at a horse-race, at a riot, or at a fire—equally delighted was that hat at every species of uproar—in the street—the lobby—the bar-room, or wherever else that hat could spy out "fun," the great staple of its existence, with this advantage, that it had an instinct of peril, and could extricate itself from danger without the slightest ruffling of its fur. Snippe was wise—Snippe preferred that all detriments should fall to the share of others, while the joke remained with him.

But at last, a change reached even unto the hat of Snippe—change comes to all; a change, singularly enough, that took all other change from the pockets of Snippe. He was obliged to discover that the mere entertainments of life are not a commodity to live upon, and that however pleasant it may be to amuse one's self, the profits therefrom accruing, do not furnish continued means of delectation and delight. Snippe neglected his business, and consequently, his business, with a perversity peculiar to business, neglected Snippe—so that Snippe and Snippe's business had a falling out.

“This will never do,” declared Snippe, after deep reflection on the subject of ways and means—“never do in the world.”

But yet it did do—did do for Singleton Snippe, and effectually broke him up in the mercantile way, which involved all other ways; and so Mr. Snippe resolved to make the most available market that presented itself for the retrieval of past error. Snippe resolved to marry—advantageously, of course. Snippe was not poetical—he had no vein of romance in his constitution; he could live very well by himself, if he only had the means for that purpose; but not having the means, unfortunate Snippe, he determined to live by somebody else, living of some sort being a matter of necessity in Snippe’s estimation, though no other person could discover what necessity there was for the living of Snippe. The world might revolve without a Snippe; and affairs generally would work smoothly enough, even if he were not present. Snippe labored under a delusion.

But still—not having much of philosophy in his composition to enable him to discover that, so for as the general economy of the universe is concerned, it was no matter whether Singleton Snippe obtained a living or not; and lacking the desire, if not also the ability, to work out that living by his own energies of head and hands, Snippe, according to his own theory, having too much of proper pride and of commendable self-respect to engage in toil, though some of the unenlightened gave it the less respectful designation of laziness, which, perhaps, is a nearer relative to the pride of the Snippes than is generally supposed—Snippe, as already intimated, made up his mind to marry as aforesaid—upon the mercantile principle—bartering Snippe as a valuable commodity, (without regard to the penal enactments against obtaining goods on false pretences) for a certain share of boarding and lodging, and of the other appliances required for the outfit and the sustenance of a gentleman of wit and leisure about town—Snippe offered to the highest bidder—Snippe put up, and Snippe knocked down—going—gone!

Now although there are many who would not have had Singleton Snippe about the premises, even as a gift, and would have rejected him had he been offered as a Christmas-box, yet there was a rich widow, having the experience of three or four husbands, who did not hesitate on the experiment of endeavoring to fashion our Snippe into the shape and form of a good and an available husband. Mrs. Dawkins was fully aware of the nature of his past life, and of the peculiarities of his present position. She likewise formed a shrewd guess as to the reasons which impelled him to seek her well-filled hand, and to sigh after her plethoric purse—Snippe in search of a living; but confident in her own skill—justly confident, as was proved by the result—to reduce the most rebellious into a proper state of submissiveness and docility, she yielded her blushing assent to become the blooming bride of Singleton Snippe, and to undertake the government of that insubordinate province, the state of man.

“I shall marry Mrs. Dawkins,” thought Snippe; but, alas! how mistakenly; “I shall marry her,” repeated he, “and, for a week or two, I’ll be as quiet as a lamb, sitting there by the fire a twiddling of my thumbs, and saying all sorts of sweet

things about ‘lovey,’ and ‘ducky,’ and so forth. But as soon after that as possible, when I’ve found out how to get at the cash, then Mrs. Dawkins may make up her mind to be astonished a little. That dining-room of hers will do nice for suppers and card parties, and punch and cigars—we’ll have roaring times in that room, mind I tell you we will. I’ll have four dogs in the yard—two pinters, a poodle, and a setter; and they shall come into the parlor to sleep on the rug, and to hunt the cat whenever they want to. A couple of horses besides—I can’t do without horses—a fast trotter, for fun, and a pacer, for exercise; and a great many more things, which I can’t remember now. But Mrs. Dawkins has a deal to learn, I can tell her. There’s nothing humdrum about Singleton Snippe; and if she did henpeck my illustrious predecessors, she has got to find the difference in my case.”

So Snippe emphasized his hat plump upon his brow, and looked like the individual, not Franklin, that defied the lightning.

“And I shall marry Singleton Snippe,” also soliloquized Mrs. Dawkins, “who is described to me as one of the wildest of colts, and as being only in pursuit of my money. Well, I’m not afraid. A husband is a very convenient article to have about the house—to run errands, to call the coach, to quarrel with work-people, and to accompany me on my visits. Everybody ought to have a husband to complete the furniture; and as for his being a wild colt, as Mrs. Brummagem says, I should like to see the husband of mine who will venture to be disobedient to my will when he has to come to me for every thing he wants. I’ll teach Mr. Singleton Snippe to know his place in less than a week, or else Mr. Singleton Snippe is a very different person from the generality of men.”

Thus Singleton Snippe and Mrs. Dorothea Dawkins became one, on the programme above specified; and thus Mr. Singleton Snippe, whose last dollar was exhausted in the marriage fee, was enabled to obtain a living. Poor Snippe!

Glance, with tear in eye, if tears you have, at the portrait of the parties now first laid before the public—note it in your books, how sadly Singleton Snippe is metamorphosed from the untamed aspect that formerly distinguished him in the walks of men, and tell us whether Driesbach, Van Amburg, or Carter, ever effected a revolution so great as we find here presented. Observe the bandbox, and regard the umbrell’—see—above all—see how curiously and how securely Singleton Snippe’s hand is enfolded in that of Mrs. Singleton Snippe, that she may be sure of him, and that he may not slip from her side, and relapse into former habits—“safe bind, safe find,” is the matrimonial motto of Mrs. Singleton Snippe. Moreover, in vindication of our favorite theory of the expression of the beaver, mark ye the drooping aspect of Snippe’s chapeau, as if it had been placed there by Mrs. Snippe herself, to suit her own fancy, and to avoid the daring look of bachelor, which is her especial detestation.

Snippe is subdued—a child might safely play with him.

And now, curious psychologist and careful commentator on the world, would ye learn how results apparently so miraculous, were effected and brought about? Read, then, and be wiser.

Snippe has his living, for he is living yet, though he scarcely calls it living—but Mrs. Snippe firmly holds the key of the strong-box, and thus grasps the reins of authority. The Snippes are tamed as lions are—by the mollifying and reducing result of the system of short allowances. Wonderful are the effects thereof, triumphant over Snippes—no suppers, no cards, no punches, and no cigars. The dogs retreated before judicious applications of the broom-handle; and it was found a matter of impossibility to trot those horses up—the arm of cavalry formed no branch in the services of Singleton Snippe.

Foiled at other points, Mr. Snippe thought that he might at least be able to disport himself in the old routine, and to roam abroad with full pockets in the vivacious field of former exploit; and he endeavored one evening silently to reach his hat and coat, and to glide away.

"Hey, hey!—what's that?—where, allow me to ask, are you going at this time of night, Mr. Snippe?" cried his lady in notes of ominous sharpness.

"Out," responded Snippe, with a heart-broken expression, like an afflicted mouse.

"Out, indeed!—where's out, I'd like to know?—where's out, that you prefer it to the comfortable pleasures of your own fireside?"

"Out is nowhere's in particular, but everywhere's in general, to see what's going on. Everybody goes out, Mrs. Snippe, after tea, they do."

"No, Mr. Snippe, everybody don't—do I go out, Mr. Snippe, without being able to say where I am going to? No, Mr. Snippe, you are not going out to frolic, and smoke, and drink, and riot round, upon my money. If you go out, I'll go out too. But you're not going out. Give me that hat, Mr. Snippe, and do you sit down there, quietly, like a sober, respectable man."

And so, Mr. Snippe's hat—wonder not at its dejection—was securely placed every evening under Mrs. Snippe's most watchful eye; and Mr. Snippe, after a few unavailing efforts to the contrary, was compelled to yield the point, to stay quietly at home, his peculiar detestation, and to nurse the lap-dog, and to cherish the cat, instead of bringing poodle and setter into the drawing-room to discontent the feline favorite.

"I want a little money, Mrs. Snippe, if you please—some change."

"And, pray, allow me to ask what you want it for, Mr. Snippe?"

"To pay for things, my dear."

"Mr. Snippe, I tell you once for all, I'm not going to nurture you in your extravagance, I'm not. Money, indeed!—don't I give you all you wish to eat, and all you want to wear? Let your bills be sent to me, Mr. Snippe, and I'll save you all trouble on that score. What use have you for money? No, no—husbands are always extravagant, and should never be trusted with money. My money, Mr. Snippe—mine—jingling in your pockets, would only tempt you to your old follies, and lead you again to your worthless companions. I know well that husbands with money are never to be trusted out of one's sight—never. I'll take better care of you than that, Mr. Snippe, I will."

If Singleton Snippe ever did escape, he was forthwith brought to the confessional, to give a full and faithful account of all that had occurred during his absence—where he had been—whom he had seen—what he had done, and every thing that had been said, eliciting remarks thereon, critical and hypercritical, from his careful guardian; and so also, when a little cash did come into his possession, he was compelled to produce it, and to account for every deficient cent.

No wonder, then, that Singleton Snippe underwent

> "A sea change,
> Into something quaint and strange."

He married for a living, but while he lives, he is never sure whether it is himself or not, so different is the Singleton Snippe that is, from the Singleton Snippe that was.

If you would see and appreciate differences in this respect, it would not be amiss to call upon the Snippes, and to observe with what a subdued tranquilized expression, the once dashing, daring Snippe now sits with his feet tucked under his chair, to occupy as little room as possible, speaking only when he is spoken to, and confining his remarks to "Yes, Ma'm," and "No, Ma'm." Mrs. Snippe has "conquered a peace."

THE OATH OF MARION.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

(*Concluded from page 99.*)

CHAPTER VII.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.
Song of Marion's Men.

It was several days after the events of the last chapter, and the scene was one of wild and woodland beauty. Huge cypresses rose on every hand, festooned with parasite plants; broad glades opened here and there in all directions; and vast arcades stretched off in the distance, groined and vaulted like a Gothic minster. It was just such a spot as Robin Hood might have chosen in old Sherwood. Here were gnarled monarchs of the forest which had braved the lightnings and the storms of a thousand years: here were natural bowers, formed by the interlacing branches of the trees, such as fair Rosamond might have been sheltered in: here were vines, drooping from the huge branches, like curtains, or hanging in festoons across the way, like the draped banners of a mighty host. The whole scene was full of picturesque beauty. And the effect was heightened by fires, which, glimmering here and there between the trees, cast wild and flickering shades along the sward, and gave the prospect the air of an enchanted forest. Fragrant plants filled the evening atmosphere with delicious perfume—the laurel, the shrub, and, more exquisite than all, the sweet-scented jessamine.

This, as the reader may have imagined, was Marion's celebrated camp at Snow Island. It was a piece of high river swamp, nearly altogether enclosed by water, and defended by its natural position from surprise and siege alike. Here, after his famous expeditions, he was accustomed to retire and recruit his men, exhausted by the long and rapid marches, often sixty miles a day, which they had been called on to endure. Perhaps the great secret of this renowned partisan's success, next to his indomitable

courage, which reminds us of that of a knight of chivalry, was the care which he took to give his followers sufficient rest between his enterprises. His maxim was to lie low and feed high until the hour came to strike; but then his motions were as rapid, and the blow he struck as decisive as the thunderbolt.

The present occasion was one of those on which his men, having returned from a successful expedition, were resigning themselves, like true soldiers, to the pleasure of the moment. The sentinels were indeed posted at the outskirts: but inside the camp itself was universal wassail and song. The reins of discipline seemed, for the time, to have been relaxed. The different messes were gathered together over their meals: the cheerful cup circulated from hand to hand: and many a merry jest was told, or lyric of war or love was sung by those jovial boon companions.

One of these groups seemed even more merry than the rest. It was composed of about a dozen men, prominent among whom was Preston's serjeant, Macdonald, who acted as the director of ceremonies for the time being, and saw especially to the circulation of the cup.

"Keep it up, boys." he said, handing around the bottle, "it isn't often we get such real old stuff as this, for it's not every day we have the rifling of a rich Tory's cellars, as we had last week. A short life and a merry one, is my motto. Hillo! my excellent friend, Jacob, why don't you drink? You needn't sit showing us your teeth all the time, though they are so handsome. Comrades, here's the health of Jacob Snow—that's you, my old chap, I suppose—he serves as pretty a mistress as there is in the thirteen colonies, and boasts a shin-bone that curves like a reaping-hook. Jacob Snow, standing, egad!"

"Lor, Massa Macdonald, I'm deeply obligated for dis honor," said the old butler, for it was indeed he. "I am discumfounded for words to distress my feelings." Here he laid his hand on his heart.

"That's it—blaze away, old fellow," said the serjeant, slapping him on the back, "I knew you could talk as glib as a parson. So you were at Mrs. Blakeley's when we were before that place, were you? You remember my sending in for my baggage!"

"Gor Amighty, yes!" said old Jacob, full of reverential admiration. "And you'se de gentleman too dat shot Lieut. Torriano at three hundred yards. Yaw! yaw! yaw! dat made 'em furious. Major Lindsay said you were an Injun, and no better dan a cannon-ball—he, yaw!"

"Ha! ha! A cannibal, you mean, my old brave, I suppose. But that hitting of the lieutenant was a trifle to the way I served Major Gainey. Wasn't it, lads?"

"Ay, was it!" echoed half a dozen voices, "Tell it to him—tell it."

"Shall I?" said the serjeant, addressing Jacob with something of drunken gravity; for the whole party, by this time, had done ample justice to their flagons.

Old Jacob nodded, and Macdonald begun.

"Well, then, you must know, my jolly old blade—but fill your cup again, and drink perdition to the Englishmen—that a party of us had a brush down by Georgetown, not long ago, with some of the British regulars, who were killing beeves at White's Bridge. We soon whipped the red-coats, and then chased them

toward the town. But their friends there, hearing the firing, came swarming out like bees, and so we went at it again, hip and thigh as the good book says, and for a while it was the toss of a sixpence which should win. We fought a pretty smart bit of the day: but at last the red-coats gave ground again. I had noticed among them an officer whom I took for Major Gainey, a fellow that had the impudence to boast he'd carry Marion a prisoner on his saddle into Georgetown: and so I singled him out, resolving to try his pluck, and comb him down a spell. But no sooner did he see me, coming down on Black Bess, than he clapped spurs to his horse—and a cursedly good one it was—and made straight for the town, like an old woman who sees a mad-dog. Down the road we went, clattering and thundering; but devil a bit for a long while could I gain on the major. I might have cut down half a dozen strapping fellows as I dashed along, but I had made up my mind to have nothing short of the leader himself. Old Black Bess did wonders that day! The trees and fences shot past, as if running a race. The major's blooded horse went as I never saw a beast go before, but I was close behind, and beginning to gain on him. We were now almost at the entrance of Georgetown. Still I held on, whooping to old Bess like a mad devil, as I was. Just as I reached Richmond fence, I lapped the quarter of the major's horse, and with a lunge ran my bayonet into his back. The major had turned around, frightened half to death, lifting up his hands beseechingly; and I thought I had him sure, till the cursed bayonet came off, and left me only the gun. I was mad enough at having lost him, yet I could not help laughing as I saw him go down the streets of Georgetown, the bayonet still sticking in him, like a skewer into a trussed fowl. I hauled up, and came off safe; and that's the last we've heard of Major Gainey."

With narratives like these the night passed; the old butler listening with open mouth and ears. At length, toward midnight, the tread of a horse's feet was heard, and directly a clear, commanding voice called Macdonald by name.

"The captain, by the Lord!" exclaimed the serjeant, jumping up as if struck by an electric shock. "Here he is at last, alive and sound, which I began to fear for—Huzza! But stop. Now, Jacob Snow, Esq., deliver your mission. Stand up like a man, as I do, and don't sway about like a pine tree in a hurricane. Captain, this gentleman," continued the speaker, his voice getting thicker and thicker, "has a message for you from Miss Mowbray, but he's too cursedly drunk to know it."

At these words our hero, who was regarding the group with a look of silent rebuke, turned suddenly on the old butler, who was, if truth must be told, the only sober one of the party. A flash of joy lit up Capt. Preston's face as he extended his hand for the supposed letter. Old Jacob, who had no missive of that character to deliver, but who had come wholly on his own responsibility, hesitated what to say. While the two parties are thus regarding each other, we will explain the incidents which had brought them thus unexpectedly together.

Capt. Preston had found great difficulty in regaining the camp, in consequence of Major Lindsay having left word of the place, where he had sought refuge, with some Tories in the neighborhood. These men, anxious to secure so redoubtable a

leader, had immediately stationed patrols at all the usual outlets of the swamp, and thus twice had our hero been driven back into its recesses, once narrowly escaping death. At length, however, in the dead of night, he had succeeded in eluding his enemies, and gained the high-road. His flight, however, had led him into a district full of Tories, and he was forced to travel with great caution, and make a long circuit, in order to return to the camp. Meantime his absence there had occasioned much alarm, especially among his troop; and Macdonald had intended, if he did not appear by the ensuing morning, setting forth to make inquiries respecting him, fearing he was dead.

The old butler had been in the camp two days. He had attended his mistress to Georgetown, and was the only one who suspected the true state of Kate's heart. He loved that fair creature with the blind devotion a dog shows to its master; and he had long been fully satisfied that her affections were given to Preston. Of our hero he had some such idea as the old romancers had of a Paladin of former days, looking on him as capable of doing any deed, no matter how impossible. To old Jacob it seemed only necessary that Preston should know of Kate's danger, in order to rescue her. Accordingly, when he found the marriage actually resolved on, and the day fixed, he stole out of Georgetown, and made the best of his way to Marion's camp.

Here the news of Preston's absence fell on him like a thunderbolt. But he knew that no one else could assist him; and moreover he held Kate's secret too sacred to be imparted to others. Meantime, he found amusement in listening to the tales of the soldiers, and he was never happier than when, with mouth wide open, he sat devouring some story of the war. He implicitly believed every thing he heard, and thought with humble vanity what a sensation he would create in the kitchen at Blakeley Hall, when he rehearsed there those tales; for Jacob, in his lowly way, was a sort of Froissart, and, with the unctuous old canon, thought nothing so "honorable and glorious as gallant feats of arms."

Preston now drew the butler aside, and said,

"Have you the letter here?"

"Please, massa," said the old fellow, determined to blurt through the business with a round falsehood, since he could think of nothing else just then that would serve his turn, "Please, massa, dat was a cursed lie in Sarjeant Macdonald—I nebber had a letter from Miss Kate, but I hab one lily message from her. She is in Georgetown, in a polemic—either she must marry Major Lindsay, or Mr. Mowbray be hung."

"Good God!" exclaimed Preston, "What is it you say? Trifle not with me," he said sternly, seizing the slave by the collar.

"As true as dare is a heaven above," said the old butler trembling, and half frightened out of his wits; "what I say is de Gospel truth."

He then proceeded to give Preston a more detailed account of affairs, so far as they were known to him, adhering generally to the truth, except in roundly asserting that Kate had sent him.

Preston's heart throbbed when he heard this. Kate loved him, then, after all. Hope whispered to him a bewildering dream; for if she could be rescued, what happiness might be his. But then came the thought—how was this to be effected? Kate was at Georgetown, a post of considerable strength, and no succor could reach her, unless by stratagem; yet with time this might be effected. But in what manner could the vigilance of guards be surmounted, and the prizes carried off—for it was necessary to rescue her father as well as herself? Suddenly the voice of old Jacob aroused him from the train of thought into which he was plunged.

"Dere is lily time left, sar," he said, "for I hab waited here two days. To-morrow night it will be too late, for den de wedding is to take place."

"To-morrow night!" said Preston aghast—for now he heard, for the first time, of the period fixed for the marriage. "God of heaven! it is already too late—she is lost for ever."

He turned his face, tortured with anguish, up to the moon, which was sailing, full and bright, through the blue depths of air. How calm and unruffled was that silvery planet? Ages ago it had shown thus, equally cold and unsympathizing. It had seen the sacrifice of Jeptha's daughter; it had beheld the fugitive Pompey; it had gazed on Zenobia, when a crownless queen; it had looked down on pestilence, and war, and human misery in every shape—and still it held on its course, the same cold, unfeeling orb, mocking at man and his agony. Preston turned away and groaned. Heaven as well as earth seemed without hope.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words."—OTHELLO.

We left Preston tortured with the reflection that the news of Kate's peril had come too late. Half insane with the thought, he strode to and fro in his marquee. Suddenly an orderly appeared at the door and requested our hero's presence at headquarters, where a council of officers was to be immediately held.

Wondering what enterprise called them together, and fearful lest duty should prevent his obtaining the furlough which he intended to ask, in order that he might save Kate, or at least die in the attempt, he walked moodily to the tent of Marion. Here he found the leading captains of the brigade already assembled, late as was the hour; and beside them, Col. Lee, who had just joined Marion with his legion, subsequently so celebrated in that partisan war.

"I believe Capt. Preston is the last one expected—I am glad to see him safely returned," said Marion, when our hero, having bowed to his brother officers, had assumed a seat, "and, as the affair on which we have met is urgent, we will proceed at once to business. Capt. Horry, will you state the purpose of this assembly; after

that we will listen to you all, beginning with Capt. Preston, who is the youngest."

Every eye, as he spoke, had been turned on Marion; and as hitherto we have given no description of this celebrated personage, we will employ the interval in drawing his picture. Marion, at that time, was about forty-eight years old; small of stature, swarthy in visage, and having a face crossed by many lines of thought. Without being positively stern in aspect, there was a hard expression in his countenance, which at first might seem to augur a bosom equally hard; but Marion was, in reality, a man of a singularly mild temperament; and the usually passionless expression of his face arose rather from the firmness of his character, and the responsibilities of his station, than from any lack of human sympathy. His eyes were dark, small, and piercing; but at times they kindled with enthusiasm. This, indeed, was the only evidence that a physiognomist could have found of genius in Marion; but when those eyes flashed indignantly at wrong, blind, indeed, must he have been, who did not see the master-spirit within. In attire, this great partisan leader was simple and modest. His words generally were few; and, after the exertion he made in welcoming Preston, he sank back into a silence which he maintained until the conference was breaking up, only, as each officer delivered his opinion, Marion would cast on him a momentary glance, as if to read his soul, and then sink his head on his breast, thoughtful and abstracted.

In a few words Capt. Horry explained the purpose for which the council had been convened. A spy had just come in with the intelligence that the garrison of Georgetown had been considerably reduced; on which Col. Lee had proposed that an attack should be made upon the place, since the country expected some bold and decisive stroke, now that his forces and Marion's were united. The plan he suggested was, that a portion of the brigade should drop down the Pedee by night, and lie in ambush below the town; that, on the succeeding night, this party should enter the town on that defenceless side, and taking it by surprise, open an entrance for their comrades, who, led by Lee and Marion in person, would be ready, at the signal, to assail the entrenchments on the landward side.

The heart of Preston leaped into his throat as he heard this proposal "Perhaps Kate may yet be saved," he said to himself.

Accordingly, when Horry ceased, and Marion, by a nod, signified his desire for our hero to speak, Preston's eyes kindled, and he answered,

"My voice is for the attack, whatever be the odds. The opportunity for a bold, a resolute assault, is all I ask for. We will die to a man, or succeed. I will undertake, if necessary, to charge with my company up to the very muzzles of the battery which defends the town."

Lee turned to Horry and nodded approvingly at these words. "A lad of spirit," he whispered apart. "I have heard of his daring at Blakeley's. Had there been more such at Camden, we never would have lost that day." Marion, however, took no further notice of Preston's fiery speech than to turn to the next officer at the table; but a very close observer might have detected a sudden gleam of the general's eye, like a flash, gone in a moment.

The opinions of the other officers were in the main less favorable to the enterprise than Preston's; and so many obstacles were mentioned as necessary to overcome, that he was in torture lest the undertaking should be abandoned. Even Lee seemed to hesitate, startled at the difficulties brought forward. Had military discipline permitted it, Preston would have broken in on the conference; but he was forced to sit silent, hearing obstacle after obstacle canvassed as unconquerable; yet his flashing eye, and the agitation of his countenance, told how difficult it was to restrain himself.

At length all had delivered their opinions except Marion. He glanced around the board before he spoke, and his words fell on a breathless auditory. With Preston the excitement was intense to hear the general's decision.

"I find," said Marion, "that I am in the minority here; and that, except Col. Lee, and Captains Horry and Preston, I am almost alone. I do not go quite so far as these two latter, however, in considering the enterprise as certain of success, but I think it affords a fair chance—and bravery can do the rest. Besides, gentlemen," said he solemnly, "you know it was in an attempt on Georgetown that my nephew lost his life; and you all know, too, that I have sworn to avenge him. I have not forgotten my vow. Before God, he shall be avenged before to-morrow night is past. This very night a part of the troops shall set forth." With these words he rose and dismissed the council.

Every heart was now alive for the enterprise. The memory of the outrage alluded to strung all to a pitch of indignation little short of frenzy. The watchword, "The Oath of Marion!" was adopted by general consent, and passed from lip to lip.

Preston, it may well be supposed, was even more excited than his commander. His only fear now was that his succor would arrive too late. Agitated by this thought, he tossed to and fro on his couch, vainly seeking slumber. Many a muttered imprecation left his lips on the villain who had destroyed his happiness and that of Kate. Frequently he half breathed aloud the wish that his enemy was before him, man to man, with none to interfere between him and his revenge.

These thoughts mingled with his dreams, when, exhausted by his agitation, he sunk finally into a troubled and feverish slumber. Strange figures hovered around his bed, and haunted his morbid fancies. He imagined himself bound hand and foot, while his enemy came to exult over him, leading Kate by the hand, now a dejected, broken-hearted creature, whom to look at made tears start to the eyes. Then again she was seen, clothed in bridal white, extended, like a human sacrifice, upon an altar; while Major Lindsay, converted into a hideous priest of Moloch, stood ready to plunge the knife into her bosom. A third time he saw her, standing before a clergyman, while the marriage ceremony was performed between her and Major Lindsay; he thrilled with ecstasy to find he was not too late, and rushing forward to save her, the bridegroom was suddenly transformed into a grinning fiend, and she into a pale, cold corpse. Shivering with horror he awoke, and started from his bed; nor was it until he had passed his hand across his brow that the ghastly vision faded entirely.

But his waking thoughts were scarcely less harrowing than his dreams. Slowly the recollection of Kate's sacrifice, and his own unhappiness came back to him.

"To learn that I am loved, yet perhaps too late," he murmured. "Why was I so proud when we last met?"

The sound of the reveille, however, summoned him to his duty. On emerging from his marquee he saw that the camp was already in motion. The dragoons were rubbing their horses; the legion were polishing their arms; officers were superintending the mustering their several corps; and the whole scene was alive with bustle and noise—the neighing of steeds, and the voices of men mingling indiscriminately. Almost the first person Preston met was Serjeant Macdonald, dragging along the old butler.

"Are you quite fit for duty, serjeant?" said Preston. "That was a bad example you set the men last night."

The serjeant looked somewhat abashed, and he stammered out his apology.

"Why, you see, captain, we had no work on our hands, and the Jamaica was uncommon good. Besides, we wished to do honor to this gentleman, Mr. Snow, I believe."

"Not Mr. Snow," said old Jacob, drawing himself up with dignity, "but Jacob Bakely, sar—massa gib me his own name. Massa Cap'n Preston know dat well enough," and he bowed, but with a familiar smile, to our hero.

"I remember you well, Jacob," said he, "but I fear you do not find our quarters as comfortable as those at Mrs. Blakeley's. We set out, in less than an hour, on a secret expedition, and perhaps you had better return home."

"Please God, no, massa!" interrupted the old man emphatically. "I volunteer sooner. Dis affair, I inspect, hab someting to do wid sweet missus Kate; and old Jacob will nebber desert her while he can fight."

"But he does not even know how to wield a sabre," said Preston, turning to his serjeant.

"Lord! I've had him at the broadsword exercise these two hours," replied Macdonald, aside to Preston. "He's wonderfully quick, considerin' he's a nigger; and he strikes, too, like a sledge-hammer. Besides, he's red hot with courage just now—a reg'lar black lobster boiled."

Preston smiled. He saw that the whole matter had been arranged between the two confederates.

"Well, since you are bent on trying a short campaign with us," he said, "I shall make no objection. Only, if you are killed, what am I to say to your mistress?"

Old Jacob looked aghast at the bare supposition, but he quickly rallied.

"Nebber fear dat," he replied grinning.

"No, indeed," replied Macdonald, "it would take a saw-mill to cut through your skull."

"My skull is not so tick as you tink, Massa Macdonald," replied old Jacob, tartly, turning on the serjeant, "I hab you know dat, sar."

"Well," said Preston, laughing, "no time is to be lost. Get ready at once to start."

The serjeant accordingly dragged off the volunteer, saying, good humoredly,

"Keep close to me when we charge, and put all your muscle into every blow you make. You've one excellent quality, let me tell you, without flattery—you hate those English damnably."

"Sartain, sar," said old Jacob, making a full stop until he delivered himself of his speech. "Dey are good looking offisur enough; but, sar, dey tink Jacob Bakely no more dan a hoss. It's Jacob here, and Jacob dare—and de best of missus wine at dat. Dey tink nobody gemman but darselves. I'se show 'em dare mistake. Lor' A'mighty, sar, I extinguish dem."

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CHAPTER IX.

"Wo the British soldiery,
That little dread us near;
On them shall light at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear.
. . . . . .
A moment in the British camp—
A moment and away,—
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day."

—BRYANT.

It was evening. In a large and spacious apartment, elegantly wainscoted, and filled with rich furniture, an innumerable number of lights were blazing, as if the room was shortly to witness a festival. Disposed about, on little exquisitely lacquered Chinese stands, were vases filled with flowers, most of them white. A rich Prayer-book lay open on a table at the head of the room. At the side a place had been fitted up for an orchestra. These were the preparations for the bridal of our heroine—strange mockery!

At length the company began to gather. Among numerous officers and other guests came Col. Campbell, the commander of the post, little dreaming of the tragedy in which unwittingly he was playing so very prominent a part. He was followed by Mr. Mowbray, accompanied by the groom. Major Lindsay was dressed in uniform, but he wore a white favor on his breast, and his sword-knot was of snowy ribbon. He walked with a firm, proud step, and looked around smiling. He knew that there was scarcely a brother officer that did not envy him the possession of his bride, and the consciousness of this increased the exuberance of his spirits. The prize he had so long struggled for was now about to be won; and all regret at his conduct had long since vanished. Gratified triumph was written on every feature of his face.

Mr. Mowbray was attired with becoming elegance, though the guests remarked that his dress was almost too sad for a wedding. It might, indeed, with almost equal propriety have been worn at a funeral. The dress, in fact, was no bad type of Mr.

Mowbray's feelings, and, perhaps, had been chosen on that account. The truth was, that in secret he could not reconcile himself to this union. Though Kate herself, weeping on his bosom, had declared she was ready to marry Major Lindsay, and though Mrs. Blakeley, herself deceived, had assured him that Kate's agitation arose only from the usual coyness of a maid, he could not expel from his heart an uneasy fear lest Kate had consented to this marriage only to save his life. Why else was she so pale? Why were her spirits so high in company, while she bore traces, as he thought, of tears in secret? Only that morning he had caught her weeping; and when he pressed to know the cause, she declared she was merely nervous—an assertion which Mrs. Blakeley corroborated. To purchase life with her unhappiness, was what he could not consent to; and but for her, the aged patriot, perhaps, would have scorned to purchase it on any terms.

As we have said, therefore, a secret presentiment filled Mr. Mowbray's heart with sadness. Something seemed to whisper to him that it was not yet too late to draw back. He seemed, indeed, like one going to a scaffold, rather than like the parent of a bride.

Directly the bride entered, attended by her aunt, and the daughter of one of the officers. Kate was dressed in simple white, without a single ornament, and every vestige of color had fled from her face, which looked almost like snowy wax. Still, she was wondrously beautiful. Even her deathly pallor, so like that of a corpse, that some of the females present actually shuddered and drew back as she approached, could not entirely destroy the effect of her surpassing figure, and the grace of every movement. Yet she looked rather like a nun about to take the veil than like a bride. Her smiles were no longer at her command—for the near approach of her doom had completely prostrated her. She seemed now what she was—a victim wreathed for the sacrifice.

She had sat in her room all that afternoon, in a sort of stupor, her fingers convulsively clasping and unclasping each other, and her eyes bent on the floor listlessly. The going out and coming in of her attendants attracted no attention. But she had not shed a tear. The fountains of her eyes seemed scorched up. When the time came to attire her for the ceremony, they had to rouse her; and the vacant gaze of inquiry she turned on the servant, made the slave, for a moment, think her insane. But when her aunt came in to superintend her toilet, she seemed to revive, and with an effort rose from her chair, and welcomed her with a smile—but one like a sunbeam on a wintry day, cold, and shuddering to look upon. From this moment, however, she was more like herself, though at times the muscles of her mouth would twitch convulsively. At other times she would turn away her head, and an expression of heart-breaking wo would then shoot across her countenance; but, on meeting her aunt's eye once more, she would essay again to smile.

A few moments before the ceremony was to begin, they left her alone for a moment. She was standing before the mirror, and her eyes fell on the reflection of her form.

"The sacrifice will soon be complete," she said bitterly. "God forgive me—yet

surely I am doing right. Oh! that I could weep, but there is a load here," and she pressed both hands on her breast, "that keeps back the tears. It is like burning fire."

Who would have believed that this ghastly face was the once radiant one of Kate Mowbray?

Her father stood near the door as she entered. He was struck with the dry, stony expression of her face, and started forward to her side. He spoke in a whisper, but with startling earnestness.

"I adjure you, my daughter," he said, "tell me—are you willing to go on with this matter? Say but a word, and it shall be broken off."

Kate lifted her eyes to his with a sudden movement, and the glance they gave was full of unutterable love. It was such, if we may say so without presumption, as a martyred spirit might have turned to heaven from the stake. It thrilled every nerve in that father's frame. That same sad, sweet smile, too, was on her face, as she placed her hand in his, and said,

"Let it go on, dear father. I am only faint and nervous. I shall soon be better." Ay! better in the grave.

His doubts were only half resolved, but he could say no more, and together they advanced to the temporary altar, where the bridegroom and priest stood awaiting them.

Kate felt a choking in the throat, as her eyes first fell on Major Lindsay, and it seemed to her, for an instant, as if her knees were failing her. But she remembered that her father's eyes were bent anxiously on her, and from that moment there was no longer any faltering on her part.

The buzz which attended her entrance had now subsided, and a deep hush fell on the room. Every ear was strained to catch the first sound of the minister's voice. A watch might have been heard to tick.

"Dearly beloved," began the minister, in the time-hallowed form of the Episcopal church, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

He had proceeded thus far, when such a sudden and startling burst of tumult arose from the distant street, that he raised his eyes, with a look of alarm, from his book. It was like the confused ringing of bells, half-drowned in the shouts of people. All at once the town-bell itself, close at hand, took up the uproar, and its iron tongue was heard clanging hurriedly and fiercely on the night.

The male part of the company sprang to their feet.

"Hark!" said Col. Campbell, "can it be the town on fire?"

"There it goes, louder and louder," exclaimed a second; "it must be an insurrection."

The women now lent their shrieks to the tumult. The officers, with their hands on their swords, rushed toward the door. The divine had dropped his Prayer-book, and his looks were full of inquiry and astonishment. Kate, with a quick look of alarm, shrank back to her father's side. All was wonder, terror, and dismay.

The uproar without increased. Louder and fiercer the alarm-bell rang; steps were heard hurrying to and fro; and at length distant shouts, mingled with the report of

fire-arms, came to the ear. Then drums were heard beating hastily to arms, and at this signal every military man present rushed out into the air.

"Be not alarmed," said the bridegroom, turning to Kate, "it is only a false alarm, or a drunken mutiny. I will soon be back!" and with these words he sprang after his companions.

The females were now left alone, excepting the minister and Mr. Mowbray. But the tumult was obviously no trifling one. The shouts seemed to approach, and grew louder; a rushing sound, as of an advancing crowd, was heard; the rattle of fire-arms was almost continual, and seemed closer at hand each moment; and still louder, and more hurriedly, the call to arms was beaten, while fiercer and fiercer the alarm-bell, in its neighboring cupola, clamored over the din. A broad light now gleamed across the windows from the darkness outside, and cries of terror were heard increasing every moment.

Mr. Mowbray handed Kate to her aunt, and hurrying to the casement flung it up. At this the confused sounds without assumed more distinctness, and grew louder. He looked out.

"It is Marion and his men," he cried exultingly. "Hark! here they come."

With a wild cry at these words of promised deliverance, Kate sprung to her father's side and looked out. At the lower end of the village one or two houses were in flames, and their bright glare lit up the otherwise black prospect. Close at hand, and retreating toward her in disorder, was a company of the royal soldiers, among whom she saw the largest portion of the officers lately assembled in that apartment. She could distinguish Colonel Campbell and Major Lindsay among others, sword in hand, endeavoring to rally the men.

But further down the street was a spectacle that filled her bosom with the wildest and most tumultuous joy. Here the way was blocked up, from side to side, by a press of assailants, who wore the uniform of Marion's brigade, and who were advancing with loud shouts, charging continually on the retreating foe, whom they drove before them as wolves drive frightened sheep. As the battle drew nearer, she could distinguish the several war cries.

"Huzza for Marion—Remember his oath—Drive on the dogs!"

These were the shouts of the assailants, to which the royal officers replied,

"Stand fast for old England. Down with the rebels. Stand fast!"

For a moment the retreating fugitives rallied, and made a stand. This was almost opposite the window where Kate remained with her father, in spite of the danger, chained, as if by fascination, to the spot. A reinforcement of soldiers, at the same instant, came running down the street, and their companions parting right and left to make way for them, they gained the front and threw in a withering volley on the foe. These, not expecting such a sudden check, fell into some disorder.

"Now charge on the rascals," cried a voice, and Col. Campbell sprung to the van, waving his sword. "Give them the bayonet, lads, and the field is ours."

The issue of the combat hung trembling in the balance. The assailants showed signs of falling back, and Kate's tumultuous hopes died within her, when suddenly

the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and a body of cavalry came thundering up the street. At their head, on a powerful charger, rode a form that Kate instantly recognized, as the lurid light of the distant fire played redly on it. Need we say it was that of Preston? His uplifted sabre flashed in the wild glare like a blood-red meteor.

"The oath of Marion," he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Strike home for revenge."

This sudden apparition, and more than all that stirring shout, seemed to infuse a strange and wild frenzy into the assailants, so lately about to turn.

"The oath of Marion!" exclaimed a stalwart figure at Preston's side, as he smote a royal grenadier to the earth with a single stroke.

The cry was caught up by the crowd. "The oath of Marion—the oath of Marion!" rung from a hundred voices: and the assailants, with that cry, rushed on the royal troops like an avalanche rushes from the sky. But foremost of all rode Preston and his serjeant, while their terror-struck enemies around them went down, with every sweep of their good swords, like grain on a harvest-field.

The royal troops broke in every direction. The officers, seeing resistance was vain before so headlong a charge, turned also to seek safety in flight. Col. Campbell, however, seemed disposed to stand his ground, but Macdonald riding his powerful steed against him bore him down, and the next instant the commandant, to save his life, yielded himself a prisoner. It was at this moment that Major Lindsay saw, for the first time, the face of Preston. With an oath, hissed between his teeth, he snatched a fire-lock from a dead soldier beside him, and pointed it at our hero, who, not perceiving him, would infallibly have fallen, but that his name uttered in a shriek by Kate arrested his ear, and turning he beheld his enemy, who was almost in a line with the window whence the warning had been heard. The lightning that rives the oak is not quicker than was the blow from Preston's sabre. Down, right on the head of his adversary, descended the heavy steel, crashing through the skull as if it had been only so much paper: and with that blow, the soul of the villain and assassin went to his long account.

Kate saw no more. She scarcely indeed saw that. She only knew that her lover had been warned in time, and had escaped; for her father now drew her forcibly in, and shut the perilous casement, around which the pistol balls were rattling like hail. Then she swooned away.

The rest of that night is matter of history. The town was, for a while, wholly in the hands of the assailants, and the victory would have been complete but for some misapprehension in the hour at which the different detachments were to attack, which enabled a part of the enemy to gain their garrison, where they were too strongly entrenched to be taken without artillery. The assailants accordingly retired after having captured the town and made Col. Campbell prisoner.

Preston had heard Kate's voice, and, leaving his lieutenant to pursue the fugitives, sought her out immediately. His were the eyes she first looked on when she recovered from her swoon. Her glad surprise, or his own joy to find her still his

own when he had feared their arrival was too late, we must leave to the imagination of the reader. It was one of those scenes human language is too feeble to portray.

When, toward daybreak, Marion gave orders for the town to be evacuated, Kate, so late fainting and heart-broken, took her place on horse-back between her father and Preston, almost as rosy-looking and happy as ever. A spectator could scarcely have recognized in her the pale and drooping lily of the evening before.

Mr. Mowbray, on hearing the sacrifice which his daughter would have made for his life, betrayed the deepest emotion. He pressed her to his bosom, but could not speak. There was a gentle reproach in his eyes, however, which Kate answered by a glance of unalterable love.

Though Preston learned that old Jacob had claimed his assistance without the authority of Kate, he was consoled by her assurance that she loved him as well as if she had herself despatched the messenger. In a few weeks she became the wife of our hero. She would have pleaded for delay, but her father said he was uncertain how long his life might be continued, and that he wished to see her have a protector before he died, so Kate yielded to his wishes.

Macdonald did not, like his master, live to see the war concluded. He fell shortly after the attack on Georgetown, leaving behind him the reputation of one of the most gallant soldiers of the time.

As for old Jacob, he survived to dandle the children of Kate and Preston on his knee. He had not only taken part in the fight at Georgetown, but quite distinguished himself, having slain an English soldier in single combat. On this feat he was accustomed to dilate with much self-complacency. He always wound up the story with these words.

“He tried now to run me through with his bayonet, but it was no use, you see. De sarjeant had larned me his back-handed stroke, and I brought it around jist so,” suiting the action to the word. “Wid dat he fell dead and suspendered his breath.”

———

NOTE.

The leading incidents of this tale are historical, though slight anachronisms have been purposely committed in order to condense it in point of time.

HEART STRUGGLES.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

It was a foolish thought, beloved,
'Gainst which I vainly strove—
That after years of joy might see
Another win thy love.

It well nigh broke my saddened heart
To think the time might be,
When thou wouldst give another bride
The vows once given to me.

But I have calmer grown since then,
And though 'tis fearful still,
To think a stranger may be here
My place at home to fill—

To think that on her lip and brow
Thy kiss will be imprest,
Her cherished form be warmly clasped
When I am cold at rest—

'Tis fearful—yet 'twere selfish, love,
To bid thee live alone,
And let none other share thy heart
When I from thee am gone.

I know thou never wilt forget
My simple morning flower,
Nor how I nestled to thy side
At twilight's holy hour.

I know a thousand memories
Within thy soul will rise,
Our happy past be with thee still,
Though bound by other ties.

I know it would be selfish, love,
To bid thee live alone,
And let none other share thy heart
When I from thee am gone.

And yet, to know that heart a shrine
By one dear image filled,
With all the holy warmth of love,
Of *early* love unchilled—

To know no other head but mine
Should on thy breast be laid,
None other hear the tender words
Which thou to me hast said—

No other name be on thy lips
When life's last hour drew nigh,
No wish but for *our* meeting, love,
How blesséd thus to die!

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

A SKETCH OF A LITERARY SOIREE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

My own blue-belle!
My pretty blue-belle!
Don't fear that your secrets I'm going to tell;
My wings you view,
Of your own bright hue,
And oh! never doubt that my heart's "true blue!"
THE BUTTERFLY'S SONG.

Somebody once said of our fair hostess, that she reminded him of a cathedral with a simple, unpretending portal, which gives you no idea of the rare revelations within, and through which you pass to wonders that you did not dream of before. Once within, you are overwhelmed with the grandeur, the beauty, the mystery, the majesty around you—the lofty and magnificent arches, the dim, far-reaching aisles, the clustered columns, the vaulted roof, lost to the eye from its wondrous height—the glorious pictures by the master-hand—the iris-colored light from the painted windows poured softly over all—the silence, the religious calm pervading the place—all combine to awe and elevate the stranger, who has perhaps rashly and unthinkingly entered that sanctuary of the soul.

He was an enthusiast, a noble one, who said this, and I cannot tell if it be true. I only know that she exerts over my individual self a magnetic attraction and influence, which I do not care to analyze or to resist, because it soothes and satisfies me whenever I am with her, however restless and unhappy I may have been the moment before.

A pleasant party were assembled in her drawing-room. There was the statuesque Georgine—

——"with stately mien
And glance of calm hauteur,
Who moves—a grace—and looks a queen,
All passionless and pure."

A creature of faultless harmony and grace; but whose perfect repose of manner, attitude, look and language, exquisite as it is, almost frightens you away from her at first. So still, so fair, so pure—like a snow-cloud moving serenely through the silent air. There she sits; with her graceful Greek head bent slightly forward, its luxuriant,

light brown hair wound carelessly and wavily around it; her chiseled features serenely beautiful, and her hands, white as Pentelican marble, resting half-clasped upon her knee.

If I mistake not, beneath that snowy crest, there are flowers of fancy and fountains of feeling—all the lovelier and purer for being so guarded, by the vestal, from the world.

Her cheek is almost always pale
And marble cold it seems;
But a soft color trembles there,
At times, in rosy gleams!

Some sudden throb of love, or grief,
Or pity, or delight,
And lo! a flush of beauty—brief,
But passionately bright!

She 'minds me of a rose I found,
In a far, Southern land—
A robe of ice its blushes bound,
By winter breezes fanned.

But softly through the crystal veil,
That gleamed about its form,
There came a fitful glow to tell
The flower beneath was warm!

Oh! that all women could thus proudly wear the veil! It is a protection we need so much—that mantle of snow! But there are those (and they most want it) in whose hearts the waves of feeling never rest long enough for the winter crust to form—who never stop to think, to look back, lo reflect, to prepare; but dash on to the ocean "over bank, brake and scaur," giving back only half-formed or broken images of the beautiful visions that beam above their way—the bird—the cloud—the flower—the star—now humming a careless carol to the breeze, now murmuring a plaintive chant, now thundering in torrent tones, as they madly leap adown the rocks that would oppose them, and now dancing out of sight into the dim, untrodden forest-depths, where none will dare to follow.

We have seen the statuesque—there were not wanting the "grotesque and arabesque," as well to our literary *soirée*.

There was one unique, whom I hardly dare attempt to describe. In speaking he deals principally in antithesis, and he himself is an antithesis personified. The wildest conceits—the sharpest satire—the bitterest, maddest vituperation—the most exquisite taste—the most subtil appreciation of the delicate and beautiful in his subject—the most radiant wit—the most dainty and Ariel-like fancy—with a manner and a mien the most quaint, abrupt and uncouth imaginable—it is like nothing in nature, or rather it is so exceedingly natural that it seems almost supernatural. His discourse is all thunder and lightning—every play of his impish eye-brows is an epigram, every smile a jeu d'esprit. At one time affectionate,

confiding, careless, buoyant, almost boyish in his mood; at another, irritable, ferocious, seemingly ready for a tiger-spring upon any foe, and again calm, cold, haughty, and uncomeatable as an Indian of the olden time. Here is a stranger original than any his favorite author ever drew. He is the ideal Yankee of the nineteenth century.

There, too, nestled demurely in a corner of the sofa was that little "will-o'-the-wisp," V—, whom nobody knows what to make of—wild, wayward, capricious as an April day—changeable as the light spring-cloud, and restless as the wave—the spoiled child of Fancy,

> "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love!"

To those who care for her, all trust and truth, and poetry and sportive fondness, and deep impassioned feeling—to all the rest of the world proud, still, reserved, dull, apathetic, reckless of opinion and of consequences: a tame Canary-bird to kindness, a lioness to injustice and oppression. Nature, with her sympathetic ink, has drawn pictures in her soul, which seem to the cold and careless only pale, frost-work, wintry views; but which, in the warmth of affection, change to glowing summer scenes, with flowers and foliage, and gleaming springs, shifting clouds, and singing birds and butterflies, all of which were always there, and needed only the summer of sympathy and love to draw them out.

By her side sat the man of exhaustless and most whimsical wit, whom *she* calls the "laughing philosopher," and whom *I* strongly suspect of having found, and selfishly concealed the "philosopher's stone." He is the most refreshing, contented, and sunshiny-looking mortal that ever smiled in this cold world of ours. Ever ready and brilliant, he whispers his irresistable bon-mots and his charming jeux d'esprit, as if he were ashamed of them, and calls it a breach of confidence if they are repeated aloud.

Next to him sat the stately, intellectual, and warm-hearted Mrs. ——, who, according to her witty neighbour, always looks "up to an epic." I suppose he will call *this* a betrayal of confidence; but when these pages meet his eyes, I shall fortunately be far beyond the reach of his cutlass-irony; so spare yourself, till I come back, "most potent, grave, and reverend seignor," and don't "waste your *satire* on the desert air."

In earnest conversation with the lovely and loveable Mrs. S——, was young ——. His rare and pure intellect; his "Doric delicacy" of taste; his gentle and winning manners; his sensitive, generous, and trustful nature, are best appreciated by those who know him best.

Well—first we played the game of "What is my thought like." Smile not, sagacious reader—Canning did the same. Several good answers were elicited in the course of the game, among which were the following:—

"Why is a dew-drop like Miss R's sash?"

"Because it trembles on a flower."

“Why is fame like a clasp?”
“Because it is all a catch.”
“Why is Mrs. —— like an omnibus?”
“Because we are all carried away by her.”
“Why is my heart like a mirror?”
“Because you can see *yourself* in it.”

When the game was over, one of the gentlemen took from his pocket a volume of poems, by that Proteus author, “Anon,” of which he happened to have the only copy in the country, and read aloud the following verses, in a voice tremulous with the weight of its own melody and feeling:—

TO ——.

You would make hearts your stepping stones to power.
And trample on them in your triumph-hour;
But mine was formed for nobler fate than this,
It knows the treachery of your Judas-kiss.

You talk of “lofty feelings pure and high,
Too pure, alas!” and then you gently sigh;
You mourn the trials, which a soul like yours,
So true—amid the meaner herd endures.

You say ’tis sad, but yet you would not part,
For worlds, with that proud dignity of heart!
Now never breathed in woman’s breast, I ween.
So poor a spirit, ’neath so bold a mien.

I’ve learned you well—too well—your serpent-smile
Is fond and fair; but cannot “me beguile.”
I’ve seen it called, and on your soft lip worn,
To win a heart those lips had laughed to scorn.

I’ve heard that voice—’tis very sweet, I own,
Almost *too much* of softness in its tone;
I’ve heard its tender modulations tried,
On one you’d just been slandering—aside.

I’ve seen you welcome, with that fond embrace,
A friend who trusted in your frank, bright face;
And while her parting steps the threshold pressed,
Her love, her looks, her manners turned to jest.

You triumph in the noble trick you've found,
Of winning love and trust from all around;
While cold and reckless, with a sneer at heart,
You plead, manœuvre, bind with Circe art.

But day by day, the flimsy veil grows thin,
And clearer shows the worthless waste within;
And one by one, th' idolators resign
The wavering flame of their Parhelion's shrine.

The mysterious book was then handed to Georgine, who took it tranquilly, and read in a most musically modulated voice, while a faint rose-color warmed her usually hueless cheek.

TO ——.

Ah! do not let us worse than waste,
In idle dalliance, hours so dear;
At best, the light-winged moments haste
Too quickly by with hope and fear.

Be ours to wreath, (as swift in flight
They pass—those 'children of the sun,')
With Fancy's flowers, each wing of light,
And gems from Reason's casket won.

The Passion-flower has no perfume,—
No soul to linger when it dies;
For lighter hearts such buds may bloom,
But, oh! be ours more proudly wise.

And wouldst thou bind my soul to thine,
Bid Truth and Wisdom forge the chain;
Nor o'er its links, as bright they twine,
Let Folly breathe one burning stain.

Thy mind—so rich in classic lore,—
Thy heart, from worldly taint so free;
Ah! let me not the hours *deplore*,
Which might be all *embalmed* by thee.

At last the "will-o'-the-wisp" was called upon for a recitation, and after laughing, and blushing, and scolding, and making as "much ado about nothing" as the Lady Heron did about singing "Young Lochinvar," she gave, in her own peculiar way, the following song:—

They call me a careless coquette;
That often, too often, I *change*; they chide
Because every being on earth I've met,
Of the glorious mark in my hope falls wide.

It is only a yearning of soul,
For the lovely—the noble—the true and pure;
A fond aspiration beyond my control,
That was born with my being, and must endure.

But I know that shadow and shine
Must over this world, float side by side;
That Reason and Folly still entwine
Their flowers of light and bells of pride.

And I, in whose heart so wild,
Too often Love's music in Discord dies;
Oh! should I not—idle and dreaming child—
Shrink back from a being all pure and wise?

I will hush in my heart that trust,
I will hide from the world that daring dream,
And seek in the sand for the golden dust,
Since ever they mingle in Life's deep stream.

The gay party separated about 12 o'clock, apparently highly satished with each other and themselves. It is to be hoped, they will meet again as "beautifully blue" as ever. And in the meantime, forgive me for having converted "*pro bono publico*," their classic saloon, into a modern "Ear of Dyonisius."

FANNY.

BY MRS. MARY SUMNER.

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
WORDSWORTH.

I revel in my right divine—
I glory in Caprice.
MRS. OSGOOD.

Have you seen the summer clouds
Troop along in rapid crowds,
Throwing shadows soft and warm,
Flitting ere you mark their form,
O'er some landscape still and sweet,
Where the wild and lovely meet,
Ravishing by turns the eye
With beauty and with mystery?
Dusky wood and rolling meadow
Bask in light or sleep in shadow,
And the river's rippling wave,
Flashing smiles or chill and grave,
Fascinates the dazzled sight—
In the flitting shade and light
All, howe'er familiar, seems
Magical as fairy dreams.

So do swift emotions chase
Over Fanny's radiant face;
Such a fascination lies
In each change that o'er it flies,
Light and shadow, varying still,
Set at nought the painter's skill,
And so beautiful their play,
That you would not bid to stay
E'en the grace that charms you most,
Lest a sweeter should be lost.
Vain to question what may be

The secret of her witchery;
Still her speaking face enchants us,
And her dancing figure haunts us,
And those dark Italian eyes
Like a thralling vision rise,
And we could not if we would
Break the spell her sunny mood
Flings upon the heart and brain;
With a triple-woven chain
Bindeth she our hearts to hers,
Turning friends to worshipers.
Her high soul, her feelings warm,
Even her gay caprices charm,
Startling you with fresh surprises,
As each impulse that arises
From her being's depth displays
Yet another brilliant phase;
Crystal-like at every turn,
Rainbow glories flash and burn,
Till you see revealed her whole
Beautiful and gifted soul—
Mirrored forth without disguise
From her large, impassioned eyes,
Full of warm and lustrous light,
That would witch an anchorite.

That mood passes, and no trace
Lingers on her chiseled face,
Only from that scaled book
Speaks the lofty lady's look;
Dignity and quiet grace
Sit enthroned in form and face,
And a grave, commanding air
Bids the thoughtless one beware
How he scorn the high decree
Of her maiden sovereignty.
Then there comes a sudden thought,
With some merry meaning fraught,
Like a flash of meteor light,
As quick-glancing and as bright,
And her laugh, as sweet and free
As a child's unthoughtful glee,
From her buoyant heart upswells,

Like clear-ringing fairy bells;
And the awe in which you stood
Of her stately womanhood,
Flies before that silvery laughter,
As if banished ever after.

Have you angered her quick spirit?
Touched her haughty sense of merit?
All on you will rest the shame,
All on you the heavy blame.
Nothing daunted, wait in hope
The turn of the kaleidoscope.
Like the bright blue after rain,
Comes her gladness back again;
Kindling eye and lip and cheek
All the same sweet language speak—
Welcome as the sunshine warm
Following a summer storm,
Welcome as the song of birds,
Her clear voice and friendly words!

Firm of purpose, proud and high,
With a flashing, dauntless eye,
Yet impulsive, gay and wild,
Now a queen and now a child,
Now a woman, mild and wise,
Strong to counsel and advise,
Full of nobleness and truth,
Of the generous zeal of youth,
So enchanting, so divine,
That of all who please and shine,
None can match her own sweet self;
Now a sportive, wilful elf,
Whose least word and will and way,
Strongest reasons oversway—
Who can count on each vagary
Of the charming, changeful fairy?
Who can tell, when brightest beams
Her warm love upon your dreams,
At what moment words unmeant
May disturb the gracious bent
Of her fickle fantasy,
And chill shadows flitting by

All its splendor overcloud?
At what moment a quick crowd
Of unbidden, fitful feelings
May seal up the high revealings
That her soul's deep voice had been,
And your spirit reveled in?

Yet you cannot choose but love her.
With a love that passes over
Whatsoe'er it cannot praise,
For the sake of her sweet ways.
Vow that you will never more
Such inconstant charms adore,
Never more your joy and peace
Rest upon her light caprice,
All your wise resolves are vain,
She will lure you back again;
With a single winning smile,
Trusting word and childlike wile,
Make you feel that love cannot
For such trifles be forgot—
Looks so bright and tones so sweet,
Mortal could not coldly meet;
Wild as ever your love burns,
And your heart as fondly turns
To the wayward, witching creature,
As if every changing feature
Her impulsive being owned,
Howsoe'er it vex and wound,
In her gracious mood became
One to praise instead of blame.

LINES.

BY L. J. CIST.

They may talk as they will of "omnipotent love,"
And of lone disappointment's sad lot—
That the image once shrined we can never remove,
That the once loved may ne'er be forgot:
'Tis the talk of the silly, the childish, the weak,
For a man (though a lover) may still
The idol he worships, if faithless, forsake,
And the false one forget—*if he will*!

They say that the heart which once truly shall love,
With love must continue to burn,
Though the idol unworthy devotion shall prove,
And away from the altar we turn;
But 'tis false!—for in man there's a spirit of hate,
When he wills it that spirit to move,
And 'twere then all as easy to hate and forget
As it were to remember and love!

What! think you forever to fetter the mind
In the meshes of love's silken snare,
When the strong man awakes from his slumber, to find
His enchantments all vanish in air!
Ah no! he may mourn that his slumber is o'er,
He may weep that the dream was but vain,
But he starts up, resolved he will yield him no more
To that vision deceitful again.

There are monarch's despotic, throned tyrants, by Fate,
And serfs there are millions, by birth;
But the slave of the cold and the heartless *coquette*
Is the veriest slave upon earth:
And for me, I were sooner the Autocrat's thrall,
Or the lowliest slave in our land,
Than the tool of the flirt, at her feet still to fall,
And abjectly sue for her hand!

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

(*Continued from page 132.*)

PART V.

He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretched his hands
He hears a voice—"Ill man withhold!"
A pale one near him stands.
DANA.

It was near night-fall when the Swash anchored among the low and small islets mentioned. Rose had been on deck, as the vessel approached this singular and solitary haven, watching the movements of those on board, as well as the appearance of objects on the land, with the interest her situation would be likely to awaken. She saw the light and manageable craft glide through the narrow and crooked passages that led into the port, the process of anchoring, and the scene of tranquil solitude that succeeded; each following the other as by a law of nature. The light-house next attracted her attention, and, as soon as the sun disappeared, her eyes were fastened on the lantern, in expectation of beholding the watchful and warning fires gleaming there, to give the mariner notice of the position of the dangers that surrounded the place. Minute went by after minute, however, and the customary illumination seemed to be forgotten.

"Why is not the light shining?" Rose asked of Mulford, as the young man came near her, after having discharged his duty in helping to moor the vessel, and in clearing the decks. "All the light-houses we have passed, and they have been fifty, have shown bright lights at this hour, but this."

“I cannot explain it; nor have I the smallest notion where we are. I have been aloft, and there was nothing in sight but this cluster of low islets, far or near. I did fancy, for a moment, I saw a speck like a distant sail, off here to the northward and eastward, but I rather think it was a gull, or some other sea-bird glancing upward on the wing. I mentioned it to the captain when I came down, and he appeared to believe it a mistake. I have watched that light-house closely, too, ever since we came in, and I have not seen the smallest sign of life about it. It is altogether an extraordinary place!”

“One suited to acts of villany, I fear, Harry!”

“Of that we shall be better judges to-morrow. You, at least, have one vigilant friend, who will die sooner than harm shall come to you. I believe Spike to be thoroughly unprincipled; still he knows he can go so far and no further, and has a wholesome dread of the law. But the circumstance that there should be such a port as this, with a regular light-house, and no person near the last, is so much out of the common way, that I do not know what to make of it.”

“Perhaps the light-house keeper is afraid to show himself, in the presence of the Swash?”

“That can hardly be, for vessels must often enter the port, if port it can be called. But Spike is as much concerned at the circumstance that the lamps are not lighted, as any of us can be. Look, he is about to visit the building in the boat, accompanied by two of his oldest sea-dogs.”

“Why might we not raise the anchor, and sail out of this place, leaving Spike ashore?” suggested Rose, with more decision and spirit than discretion.

“For the simple reason that the act would be piracy, even if I could get the rest of the people to obey my orders, as certainly I could not. No, Rose, you, and your aunt, and Biddy, however, might land at these buildings, and refuse to return, Spike having no authority over his passengers.”

“Still he would have the *power* to make us come back to his brig. Look, he has left the vessel’s side, and is going directly toward the light-house.”

Mulford made no immediate answer, but remained at Rose’s side, watching the movements of the captain. The last pulled directly to the islet with the buildings, a distance of only a few hundred feet, the light-house being constructed on a rocky island that was nearly in the centre of the cluster, most probably with a view to protect it from the ravages of the waves. The fact, however, proved, as Mulford did not fail to suggest to his companion, that the beacon had been erected less to guide vessels *into* the haven, than to warn mariners at a distance, of the position of the whole group.

In less than five minutes after he had landed, Spike himself was seen in the lantern, in the act of lighting its lamps. In a very short time the place was in a brilliant blaze, reflectors and all the other parts of the machinery of the place performing their duties as regularly as if tended by the usual keeper. Soon after Spike returned on board, and the anchor-watch was set. Then everybody sought the rest that it was customary to take at that hour.

Mulford was on deck with the appearance of the sun; but he found that Spike had preceded him, had gone ashore again, had extinguished the lamps, and was coming alongside of the brig on his return. A minute later the captain came over the side.

"You were right about your sail, last night, a'ter all, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, on coming aft. "There she is, sure enough; and we shall have her alongside to strike cargo out and in, by the time the people have got their breakfasts."

As Spike pointed toward the light-house while speaking, the mate changed his position a little, and saw that a schooner was coming down toward the islets before the wind. Mulford now began to understand the motives of the captain's proceedings, though a good deal yet remained veiled in mystery. He could not tell where the brig was, nor did he know precisely why so many expedients were adopted to conceal the transfer of a cargo as simple as that of flour. But he who was in the secret left but little time for reflection; for swallowing a hasty breakfast on deck, he issued orders enough to his mate to give him quite as much duty as he could perform, when he again entered the yawl, and pulled toward the stranger.

Rose soon appeared on deck, and she naturally began to question Harry concerning their position and prospects. He was confessing his ignorance as well as lamenting it, when his companion's sweet face suddenly flushed. She advanced a step eagerly toward the open window of Spike's state-room, then compressed her full, rich, under-lip with the ivory of her upper teeth, and stood a single instant, a beautiful statue of irresolution instigated by spirit. The last quality prevailed; and Mulford was really startled when he saw Rose advance quite to the window, thrust in an arm, and turn toward him with his own sextant in her hand. During the course of the passage out, the young man had taught Rose to assist him in observing the longitude; and she was now ready to repeat the practice. Not a moment was lost in executing her intention. Sights were had, and the instrument was returned to its place without attracting the attention of the men, who were all busy in getting up purchases, and in making the other necessary dispositions for discharging the flour. The observations answered the purpose, though somewhat imperfectly made. Mulford had a tolerable notion of their latitude, having kept the brig's run in his head since quitting Yucatan; and he now found that their longitude was about 83° west from Greenwich. After ascertaining this fact, a glance at the open chart, which lay on Spike's desk, satisfied him that the vessel was anchored within the group of the Dry Tortugas, or at the western termination of the well-known, formidable, and extensive Florida Reef. He had never been in that part of the world before, but had heard enough in sea-gossip, and had read enough in books, to be at once apprised of the true character of their situation. The islets were American; the light-house was American; and the haven in which the Swash lay was the very spot in the contemplation of government for an outer man-of-war harbor, where fleets might rendezvous in the future wars of that portion of the world. He now saw plainly enough the signs of the existence of a vast reef, a short distance to the southward of the vessel, that formed a species of sea-wall, or mole, to protect the port against the

waves of the gulf, in that direction. This reef he knew to be miles in width.

There was little time for speculation, Spike soon bringing the strange schooner directly alongside of the brig. The two vessels immediately became a scene of activity, one discharging, and the other receiving the flour as fast as it could be struck out of the hold of the Swash and lowered upon the deck of the schooner. Mulford, however, had practiced a little artifice, as the stranger entered the haven, which drew down upon him an anathema or two from Spike, as soon as they were alone. The mate had set the brig's ensign, and this compelled the stranger to be markedly rude, or to answer the compliment. Accordingly he had shown the ancient flag of Spain. For thus extorting a national symbol from the schooner, the mate was sharply rebuked at a suitable moment, though nothing could have been more forbearing than the deportment of his commander when they first met.

When Spike returned to his own vessel, he was accompanied by a dark-looking, well-dressed, and decidedly gentleman-like personage, whom he addressed indifferently, in his very imperfect Spanish, as Don Wan, (Don Juan, or John,) or Señor Montefalderon. By the latter appellation he even saw fit to introduce the very respectable-looking stranger to his mate. This stranger spoke English well, though with an accent.

"Don Wan has taken all the flour, Mr. Mulford, and intends shoving it over into Cuba, without troubling the custom-house, I believe; but that is not a matter to give *us* any concern, you know."

The wink, and the knowing look by which this speech was accompanied, seemed particularly disagreeable to Don Juan, who now paid his compliments to Rose, with no little surprise betrayed in his countenance, but with the ease and reserve of a gentleman. Mulford thought it strange that a smuggler of flour should be so polished a personage, though his duty did not admit of his bestowing much attention to the little trifling of the interview that succeeded.

For about an hour the work went steadily and rapidly on. During that time Mulford was several times on board the schooner, as, indeed, was Josh, Jack Tier, and others belonging to the Swash. The Spanish vessel was Baltimore, or clipper built, with a trunk-cabin, and had every appearance of sailing fast. Mulford was struck with her model, and, while on board of her, he passed both forward and aft to examine it. This was so natural in a seaman, that Spike, while he noted the proceeding, took it in good part. He even called out to his mate, from his own quarter-deck, to admire this or that point in the schooner's construction. As is customary with the vessels of southern nations, this stranger was full of men, but they continued at their work, some half dozen of brawny negroes among them, shouting their songs as they swayed at the falls, no one appearing to manifest jealousy or concern. At length Tier came near the mate, and said,

"Uncle Sam will not be pleased when he hears the reason that the keeper is not in his light-house."

"And what is that reason, Jack? If you know it, tell it to me."

"Go aft and look down the companion way, maty, and see it for yourself."

Mulford did go aft, and he made an occasion to look down into the schooner's cabin, where he caught a glimpse of the persons of a man and a boy, whom he at once supposed had been taken from the light-house. This one fact of itself doubled his distrust of the character of Spike's proceedings. There was no sufficient apparent reason why a mere smuggler should care about the presence of an individual more or less in a foreign port. Every thing that had occurred looked like pre-concert between the brig and the schooner; and the mate was just beginning to entertain the strongest distrust that their vessel was holding treasonable communication with the enemy, when an accident removed all doubt on the subject, from his own mind at least. Spike had, once or twice, given his opinion that the weather was treacherous, and urged the people of both crafts to extraordinary exertions, in order that the vessels might get clear of each other as soon as possible. This appeal had set various expedients in motion to second the more regular work of the purchases. Among other things, planks had been laid from one vessel to the other, and barrels were rolled along them with very little attention to the speed or the direction. Several had fallen on the schooner's deck with rude shocks, but no damage was done, until one, of which the hoops had not been properly secured, met with a fall, and burst nearly at Mulford's feet. It was at the precise moment when the mate was returning, from taking his glance into the cabin, toward the side of the Swash. A white cloud arose, and half a dozen of the schooner's people sprang for buckets, kids, or dishes in order to secure enough of the contents of the broken barrel to furnish them with a meal. At first nothing was visible but the white cloud that succeeded the fall, and the scrambling sailors in its midst. No sooner, however, had the air got to be a little clear, than Mulford saw an object lying in the centre of the wreck, that he at once recognized for a keg of gunpowder! The captain of the schooner seized this keg, gave a knowing look at Mulford, and disappeared in the hold of his own vessel, carrying with him, what was out of all question, a most material part of the true cargo of the Swash.

At the moment when the flour-barrel burst, Spike was below, in close conference with his Spanish, or Mexican guest; and the wreck being so soon cleared away, it is probable that he never heard of the accident. As for the two crews, they laughed a little among themselves at the revelation which had been made, as well as at the manner; but to old sea-dogs like them, it was a matter of very little moment, whether the cargo was, in reality, flour or gunpowder. In a few minutes the affair seemed to be forgotten. In the course of another hour the Swash was light, having nothing in her but some pig lead, which she used for ballast, while the schooner was loaded to her hatches, and full. Spike now sent a boat, with orders to drop a kedge about a hundred yards from the place where his own brig lay. The schooner warped up to this kedge, and dropped an anchor of her own, leaving a very short range of cable out, it being a flat calm. Ordinarily, the trades prevail at the Dry Tortugas, and all along the Florida Reef. Sometimes, indeed, this breeze sweeps across the whole width of the Gulf of Mexico, blowing home, as it is called—reaching even to the coast of Texas. It is subject, however, to occasional interruptions everywhere,

varying many points in its direction, and occasionally ceasing entirely. The latter was the condition of the weather about noon on this day, or when the schooner hauled off from the brig, and was secured at her own anchor.

"Mr. Mulford," said Spike, "I do not like the state of the atmosphere. D'ye see that fiery streak along the western horizon—well, sir, as the sun gets nearer to that streak, there'll be trouble, or I'm no judge of weather."

"You surely do not imagine, Capt. Spike, that the sun will be any nearer to that fiery streak, as you call it, when he is about to set, than he is at this moment?" answered the mate, smiling.

"I'm sure of one thing, young man, and that is, that old heads are better than young ones. What a man has once seen, he may expect to see again, if the same leading signs offer. Man the boat, sir, and carry out the kedge, which is still in it, and lay it off here, about three p'ints on our larboard bow."

Mulford had a profound respect for Spike's seamanship, whatever he might think of his principles. The order was consequently obeyed. The mate was then directed to send down various articles out of the top, and to get the top-gallant and royal yards on deck. Spike carried his precautions so far, as to have the mainsail lowered, it ordinarily brailing at that season of the year, with a standing gaff. With this disposition completed, the captain seemed more at his ease, and went below to join Señor Montefalderon in a *siesta*. The Mexican, for such, in truth, was the national character of the owner of the schooner, had preceded him in this indulgence: and most of the people of the brig having laid themselves down to sleep under the heat of the hour, Mulford soon enjoyed another favorable opportunity for a private conference with Rose.

"Harry," commenced the latter, as soon as they were alone; "I have much to tell you. While you have been absent I have overheard a conversation between this Spanish gentleman and Spike, that shows the last is in treaty with the other for the sale of the brig. Spike extolled his vessel to the skies, while Don Wan, as he calls him, complains that the brig is old, and cannot last long; to which Spike answered 'to be sure she is old, Señor Montefalderon, but she will last as long as *your war*, and under a bold captain might be made to return her cost, a hundred fold!' What war can he mean, and to what does such a discourse tend?"

"The war alludes to the war now existing between America and Mexico, and the money to be made is to be plundered at sea, from our own merchant vessels. If Don Juan Montefalderon is really in treaty for the purchase of the brig, it is to convert her into a Mexican cruiser, either public or private."

"But this would be treason on the part of Spike!"

"Not more so than supplying the enemy with gunpowder, as he has just been doing. I have ascertained the reason he was so unwilling to be overhauled by the revenue steamer, as well as the reason why the revenue steamer wished so earnestly to overhaul us. Each barrel of flour contains another of gunpowder, and that has been sold to this Señor Montefalderon, who is doubtless an officer of the Mexican government, and no smuggler."

“He has been at New York, this very summer, I know,” continued Rose, “for he spoke of his visit, and made such other remarks, as leaves no doubt that Spike expected to find him here, on this very day of the month. He also paid Spike a large sum of money in doubloons, and took back the bag to his schooner, when he had done so, after showing the captain enough was left to pay for the brig, could they only agree on the terms of their bargain.”

“Ay, ay; it is all plain enough now, Spike has determined on a desperate push for fortune, and foreseeing it might not soon be in his power to return to New York, in safety, he has included his designs on you and your fortune, in the plot.”

“My fortune! the trifle I possess can scarcely be called a fortune, Harry!”

“It would be a fortune to Spike, Rose, and I shall be honest enough to own it would be a fortune to me. I say this frankly, for I do believe you think too well of me to suppose that I seek you for any other reason than the ardent love I bear your person and character; but a fact is not to be denied because it may lead certain persons to distrust our motives. Spike is poor, like myself; and the brig is not only getting to be very old, but she has been losing money for the last twelve months.”

Mulford and Rose now conversed long and confidentially, on their situation and prospects. The mate neither magnified nor concealed the dangers of both; but freely pointed out the risk to himself, in being on board a vessel that was aiding and comforting the enemy. It was determined between them that both would quit the brig the moment an opportunity offered, and the mate even went so far as to propose an attempt to escape in one of the boats, although he might incur the hazards of a double accusation, those of mutiny and larceny, for making the experiment. Unfortunately, neither Rose, nor her aunt, nor Biddy, nor Jack Tier had seen the barrel of powder, and neither could testify as to the true character of Spike’s connection with the schooner. It was manifestly necessary, therefore, independently of the risks that might be run by “bearding the lion in his den,” to proceed with great intelligence and caution.

This dialogue between Harry and Rose, occurred just after the turn in the day, and it lasted fully an hour. Each had been too much interested to observe the heavens, but, as they were on the point of separating, Rose pointed out to her companion the unusual and most menacing aspect of the sky in the western horizon. It appeared as if a fiery heat was glowing there, behind a curtain of black vapor; and what rendered it more remarkable, was the circumstance that an extraordinary degree of placidity prevailed in all other parts of the heavens. Mulford scarce knew what to make of it; his experience not going so far as to enable him to explain the novel and alarming appearance. He stepped on a gun, and gazed around him for a moment. There lay the schooner, without a being visible on board of her, and there stood the light-house, gloomy in its desertion and solitude. The birds alone seemed to be alive and conscious of what was approaching. They were all on the wing, wheeling wildly in the air, and screaming discordantly, as belonged to their habits. The young man leaped off the gun, gave a loud call to Spike, at the companion-way, and sprang forward to call all hands.

One minute only was lost, when every seaman on board the Swash, from the captain to Jack Tier, was on deck. Mulford met Spike at the cabin door, and pointed toward the fiery column that was booming down upon the anchorage, with a velocity and direction that would now admit of no misinterpretation. For one instant that sturdy old seaman stood aghast; gazing at the enemy as one conscious of his impotency might have been supposed to quail before an assault that he foresaw must prove irresistable. Then his native spirit, and most of all the effects of training, began to show themselves in him, and he became at once, not only the man again, but the resolute, practiced and ready commander.

"Come aft to the spring, men—" he shouted—"clap on the spring, Mr. Mulford, and bring the brig head to wind."

This order was obeyed as seamen best obey, in cases of sudden and extreme emergency; or with intelligence, aptitude and power. The brig had swung nearly round, in the desired direction, when the tornado struck her. It will be difficult, we do not know but it is impossible, to give a clear and accurate account of what followed. As most of our readers have doubtless felt how great is the power of the wind, whiffling and pressing different ways, in sudden and passing gusts, they have only to imagine this power increased many, many fold, and the baffling of the currents made furious, as it might be, by meeting with resistance, to form some notion of the appalling strength and frightful inconstancy with which it blew for about a minute.

Notwithstanding the circumstance of Spike's precaution had greatly lessened the danger, every man on the deck of the Swash believed the brig was gone when the gust struck her. Over she went, in fact, until the water came pouring in above her half-ports, like so many little cascades, and spouting up through her scupper-holes, resembling the blowing of young whales. It was the whiffling energy of the tornado, that alone saved her. As if disappointed in not destroying its intended victim at one swoop, the tornado "let up" in its pressure, like a dexterous wrestler, making a fresh and desperate effort to overturn the vessel, by a slight variation in its course. That change saved the Swash. She righted, and even rolled in the other direction, or what might be called to windward, with her decks full of water. For a minute longer, these baffling, changing gusts continued, each causing the brig to bow like a reed to their power, one lifting as another pressed her down, and then the weight, or the more dangerous part of the tornado was passed, though it continued to blow heavily, always in whiffling blasts, several minutes longer.

During the weight of the gust, no one had leisure, or indeed inclination to look to aught beyond its effect on the brig. Had one been otherwise disposed, the attempt would have been useless, for the wind had filled the air with spray, and near the islets even with sand. The lurid but fiery tinge, too, interposed a veil that no human eye could penetrate. As the tornado passed onward, however, and the winds lulled, the air again became clear, and in five minutes after the moment when the Swash lay nearly on her side, with her lower yard-arm actually within a few feet of the water, all was still and placid around her, as one is accustomed to see the ocean in a

calm, of a summer's afternoon. Then it was that those who had been in such extreme jeopardy could breathe freely and look about them. On board the Swash, all was well—not a rope-yarn had parted, or an eye-bolt drawn. The timely precautions of Spike had saved his brig, and great was his joy thereat.

In the midst of the infernal din of the tornado, screams had ascended from the cabin, and the instant he could quit the deck with propriety, Mulford sprang below, in order to ascertain their cause. He apprehended that some of the females had been driven to leeward when the brig went over, and that some of the luggage or furniture had fallen on them. In the main cabin, the mate found Señor Montefalderon just quitting his berth, composed, gentleman-like, and collected. Josh was braced in a corner nearly gray with fear, while Jack Tier still lay on the cabin floor, at the last point to which he had rolled. One word sufficed to let Don Juan know that the gust had passed, and the brig was safe, when Mulford tapped at the door of the inner cabin. Rose appeared, pale, but calm and unhurt.

"Is any one injured?" asked the young man, his mind relieved at once, as soon as he saw that she who most occupied his thoughts was safe; "we heard screams from this cabin."

"My aunt and Biddy have been frightened," answered Rose, "but neither has been hurt. Oh, Harry, what terrible thing has happened to us? I heard the roaring of —"

"'Twas a tornado," interrupted Mulford eagerly—"but 'tis over. 'Twas one of those sudden and tremendous gusts that sometimes occur within the tropics, in which the danger is usually in the first shock. If no one is injured in this cabin, no one is injured at all."

"Oh, Mr. Mulford—dear Mr. Mulford!" exclaimed the relict from the corner into which she had been followed and jammed by Biddy, "Oh, Mr. Mulford, are we foundered, or not?"

"Heaven be praised, not, my dear ma'am, though we came nearer to it than I ever was before."

"Are we cap-asided?"

"Nor that, Mrs. Budd; the brig is as upright as a church."

"Upright!" repeated Biddy, in her customary accent—"is it as a church? Sure, then, Mr. Mate, 'tis a Presbyterian church that you mane, and that is always totterin'."

"Catholic, or Dutch—no church in York is more completely up and down, than the brig at this moment."

"Get off of me—get off of me, Biddy, and let me rise," said the widow, with dignity. "The danger is over I see, and, as we return our thanks for it, we have the consolation of knowing that we have done our duty. It is incumbent on all, at such moments, to be at their posts, and to set examples of decision and prudence."

As Mulford saw all was well in the cabin, he hastened on deck, followed by Señor Montefalderon. Just as they emerged from the companion-way, Spike was hailing the forecastle.

"Forecastle, there," he cried, standing on the trunk himself as he did so, and moving from side to side, as if to catch a glimpse of some object ahead.

"Sir," came back from an old salt, who was coiling up rigging in that seat of seamanship.

"Where away is the schooner? She ought to be dead ahead of us, as we tend now —but blast me if I can see as much as her mast-heads."

At this suggestion, a dozen men sprang upon guns or other objects, to look for the vessel in question. The old salt forward, however, had much the best chance, for he stepped on the heel of the bowsprit, and walked as far out as the knight-heads, to command the whole view ahead of the brig. There he stood half a minute, looking first on one side of the head-gear, then the other, when he gave his trousers a hitch, put a fresh quid in his mouth, and called out in a voice almost as hoarse as the tempest, that had just gone by,

"The schooner has gone down at her anchor, sir. There's her buoy watching still, as if nothing had happened; but as for the craft itself, there's not so much as a bloody yard-arm, or mast-head of her to be seen!"

This news produced a sensation in the brig at once, as may be supposed. Even Señor Montefalderon, a quiet, gentleman-like person, altogether superior in deportment to the bustle and fuss that usually marks the manners of persons in trade, was disturbed; for to him the blow was heavy indeed. Whether he were acting for himself, or was an agent of the Mexican government, the loss was much the same.

"Tom is right enough," put in Spike, rather coolly for the circumstances—"that there schooner of yourn has foundered, Don Wan, as any one can see. She must have capsized and filled, for I obsarved they had left the hatches off, meaning, no doubt, to make an end of the storage as soon as they had done sleeping."

"And what has become of all her men, Don Esteban?" for so the Mexican politely called his companion. "Have all my poor countrymen perished in this disaster?"

"I fear they have, Don Wan; for I see no head, as of any one swimming. The vessel lay so near that island next to it, that a poor swimmer would have no difficulty in reaching the place; but there is no living thing to be seen. But man the boat, men; we will go to the spot, Señor, and examine for ourselves."

There were two boats in the water, and alongside of the brig. One was the Swash's yawl, a small but convenient craft, while the other was much larger, fitted with a sail, and had all the appearance of having been built to withstand breezes and seas. Mulford felt perfectly satisfied, the moment he saw this boat, which had come into the haven in tow of the schooner, that it had been originally in the service of the light-house keeper. As there was a very general desire among those on the quarterdeck to go to the assistance of the schooner, Spike ordered both boats manned, jumping into the yawl himself, accompanied by Don Juan Montefalderon, and telling Mulford to follow with the larger craft, bringing with him as many of the females as might choose to accompany him. As Mrs. Budd thought it incumbent on her to be active in such a scene, all did go, including Biddy, though with great

reluctance on the part of Rose.

With the buoy for a guide, Spike had no difficulty in finding the spot where the schooner lay. She had scarcely shifted her berth in the least, there having been no time for her even to swing to the gust, but she had probably capsized at the first blast, filled, and gone down instantly. The water was nearly as clear as the calm, mild atmosphere of the tropics; and it was almost as easy to discern the vessel, and all her hamper, as if she lay on a beach. She had gone down as she filled, or on her side, and still continued in that position. As the water was little more than three fathoms deep, the upper side was submerged but a few inches, and her yard-arms would have been out of the water, but for the circumstance that the yards had canted under the pressure.

At first, no sign was seen of any of those who had been on board this ill-fated schooner when she went down. It was known that twenty-one souls were in her, including the man and the boy who had belonged to the light-house. As the boat moved slowly over this sad ruin, however, a horrible and startling spectacle came in view. Two bodies were seen, within a few feet of the surface of the water, one grasped in the arms of the other, in the gripe of despair. The man held in the grasp, was kept beneath the water solely by the death-lock of his companion, who was himself held where he floated, by the circumstance that one of his feet was entangled in a rope. The struggle could not have been long over, for the two bodies were slowly settling toward the bottom when first seen. It is probable that both these men had more than once risen to the surface in their dreadful struggle. Spike seized a boat-hook, and made an effort to catch the clothes of the nearest body, but ineffectually, both sinking to the sands beneath, lifeless, and without motion. There being no sharks in sight, Mulford volunteered to dive and fasten a line to one of these unfortunate men, whom Don Juan declared at once was the schooner's captain. Some little time was lost in procuring a lead-line from the brig, when the lead was dropped alongside of the drowned. Provided with another piece of the same sort of line, which had a small running bowline around that which was fastened to the lead, the mate made his plunge, and went down with great vigor of arm. It required resolution and steadiness to descend so far into salt water; but Harry succeeded, and rose with the bodies, which came up with the slightest impulse. All were immediately got into the boat, and away the latter went toward the light-house, which was nearer and more easy of access than the brig.

It is probable that one of these unfortunate men might have been revived under judicious treatment; but he was not fated to receive it. Spike, who knew nothing of such matters, undertook to direct every thing, and, instead of having recourse to warmth and gentle treatment, he ordered the bodies to be rolled on a cask, suspended them by the heels, and resorted to a sort of practice that might have destroyed well men, instead of resuscitating those in whom the vital spark was dormant, if not actually extinct.

Two hours later, Rose, seated in her own cabin, unavoidably overheard the following dialogue, which passed in English, a language that Señor Montefalderon

spoke perfectly well, as has been said.

"Well Señor," said Spike, "I hope this little accident will not prevent our final trade. You will want the brig now, to take the schooner's place."

"And how am I to pay you for the brig, Señor Spike, even if I buy her?"

"I'll ventur' to guess there is plenty of money in Mexico. Though they do say the government is so backward about paying, I have always found you punctual, and am not afraid to put faith in you ag'in."

"But I have no longer any money to pay you half in hand, as I did for the powder, when last in New York."

"The bag was pretty well lined with doubloons when I saw it last, Señor."

"And do you know where that bag is; and where there is another that holds the same sum?"

Spike started, and he mused in silence some little time, ere he again spoke.

"I had forgotten," he at length answered. "The gold must have all gone down in the schooner, along with the powder!"

"And the poor men!"

"Why, as for the men, Señor, more may be had for the asking; but powder and doubloons will be hard to find, when most wanted. Then the men were *poor* men, accordin' to my idees of what an able seaman should be, or they never would have let their schooner turn turtle with them as she did."

"We will talk of the money, Don Esteban, if you please," said the Mexican, with reserve.

"With all my heart, Don Wan—nothing is more agreeable to me than money. How many of them doubloons shall fall to my share if I raise the schooner, and put you in possession of your craft again?"

"Can that be done, Señor?" demanded Don Juan earnestly.

"A seaman can do almost any thing, in that way, Don Wan, if you will give him time and means. For one half the doubloons I can find in the wrack, the job shall be done."

"You can have them," answered Don Juan, quietly, a good deal surprised that Spike should deem it necessary to offer him any part of the sum he might find. "As for the powder, I suppose that is lost to my country."

"Not at all, Don Wan. The flour is well packed around it, and I don't expect it would take any harm in a month. I shall not only turn over the flour to you, just as if nothing had happened, but I shall put four first rate hands aboard your schooner, who will take her into port for you, with a good deal more sartainty than forty of the men you had. My mate is a prime navigator."

This concluded the bargain, every word of which was heard by Rose, and every word of which she did not fail to communicate to Mulford, the moment there was an opportunity. The young man heard it with great interest, telling Rose that he should do all he could to assist in raising the schooner, in the hope that something might turn up to enable him to escape in her, taking off Rose and her aunt. As for his carrying her into a Mexican port, let them trust him for that! Agreeably to the

arrangement, orders were given that afternoon to commence the necessary preparations for the work, and considerable progress was made in them by the time the Swash's people were ordered to knock off work for the night.

After the sun had set the reaction in the currents again commenced, and it blew for a few hours heavily, during the night. Toward morning, however, it moderated, and when the sun re-appeared it scarcely ever diffused its rays over a more peaceful or quiet day. Spike caused all hands to be called, and immediately set about the important business he had before him.

In order that the vessel might be as free as possible, Jack Tier was directed to skull the females ashore, in the brig's yawl; Señor Montefalderon, a man of polished manners, as we maintain is very apt to be the case with Mexican gentlemen, whatever may be the opinion of this good republic on the subject, just at this moment, asked permission to be of the party. Mulford found an opportunity to beg Rose, if they landed at the light, to reconnoitre the place well, with a view to ascertain what facilities it could afford in an attempt to escape. They did land at the light, and glad enough were Mrs. Budd, Rose and Biddy to place their feet on *terrâ firmâ* after so long a confinement to the narrow limits of a vessel.

"Well," said Jack Tier, as they walked up to the spot where the buildings stood, "this is a rum place for a light'us, Miss Rose, and I don't wonder the keeper and his messmates has cleared out."

"I am very sorry to say," observed Señor Montefalderon, whose countenance expressed the concern he really felt, "that the keeper and his only companion, a boy, were on board the schooner, and have perished in her, in common with so many of my poor countrymen. There are the graves of two whom we buried here last evening, after vain efforts to restore them to life!"

"What a dreadful catastrophe it has been, Señor," said Rose, whose sweet countenance eloquently expressed the horror and regret she so naturally felt —"Twenty fellow beings hurried into eternity without even an instant for prayer!"

"You feel for them, Señorita—it is natural *you* should, and it is natural that I, their countryman and leader, should feel for them, also. I do not know what God has in reserve for my unfortunate country! We may have cruel and unscrupulous men among us, Señorita, but we have thousands who are just, and brave, and honorable."

"So Mr. Mulford tells me, Señor, and he has been much in your ports, on the west coast."

"I like that young man, and wonder not a little at his and your situation in this brig—" rejoined the Mexican, dropping his voice so as not to be heard by their companions, as they walked a little ahead of Mrs. Budd and Biddy. "The Señor Spike is scarcely worthy to be *his* commander or *your* guardian."

"Yet you find him worthy of your intercourse and trust, Don Juan?"

The Mexican shrugged his shoulders, and smiled equivocally; still, in a melancholy manner. It would seem he did not deem it wise to push this branch of the subject further, since he turned to another.

"I like the Señor Mulford," he resumed, "for his general deportment and

principles, so far as I can judge of him on so short an acquaintance."

"Excuse me, Señor," interrupted Rose, hurriedly "—but you never saw *him* until you met him here."

"Never—I understand you, Señorita, and can do full justice to the young man's character. I am willing to think he did not know the errand of his vessel, or I should not have seen him now. But what I most like him for, is this: Last night, during the gale, he and I walked the deck together, for an hour. We talked of Mexico, and of this war, so unfortunate for my country already, and which may become still more so, when he uttered this noble sentiment—'My country is more powerful than yours, Señor Montefalderon,' he said, 'and in this it has been more favored by God. You have suffered from ambitious rulers, and from military rule, while we have been advancing under the arts of peace, favored by a most beneficent Providence. As for this war, I know but little about it, though I dare say the Mexican government may have been wrong in some things that it might have controlled and some that it might not—but let right be where it will, I am sorry to see a nation that has taken so firm a stand in favor of popular government, pressed upon so hard by another that is supposed to be the great support of such principles. America and Mexico are neighbors, and ought to be friends, and while I do not, cannot blame my own country for pursuing the war with vigor, nothing would please me more than to hear peace proclaimed.' "

"That is just like Harry Mulford," said Rose, thoughtfully, as soon as her companion ceased to speak. "I do wish, Señor, that there could be no use for this powder, that is now buried in the sea."

Don Juan Montefalderon smiled, and seemed a little surprised that the fair, young thing at his side should have known of the treacherous contents of the flour-barrels. No doubt he found it inexplicable, that persons like Rose and Mulford should, seemingly, be united with one like Spike; but he was too well bred, and, indeed, too effectually mystified, to push the subject further than might be discreet.

By this time they were near the entrance of the light-house, into which the whole party entered, in a sort of mute awe at its silence and solitude. At Señor Montefalderon's invitation, they ascended to the lantern, whence they could command a wide and fair view of the surrounding waters. The reef was much more apparent from that elevation than from below; and Rose could see that numbers of its rocks were bare, while on other parts of it there was the appearance of many feet of water. Rose gazed at it, with longing eyes, for, from a few remarks that had fallen from Mulford, she suspected he had hopes of escaping among its channels and coral.

As they descended and walked through the buildings, Rose also took good heed of the supplies the place afforded. There were flour, and beef, and pork; and many other of the common articles of food, as well as water in a cistern, that caught it as it flowed from the roof of the dwelling. Water was also to be found in casks—nothing like a spring or a well existing among those islets. All these things Rose noted, putting them aside in her memory for ready reference hereafter.

In the meantime the mariners were not idle. Spike moved his brig, and moored her, head and stern, alongside of the wreck, before the people got their breakfasts. As soon as that meal was ended, both captain and mate set about their duty in earnest. Mulford carried out an anchor on the off side of the Swash, and dropped it, at a distance of about eighty fathoms from the vessel's beam. Purchases were brought from both mast-heads of the brig to the chain of this anchor, and were hove upon until the vessel was given a heel of more than a streak, and the cable was tolerably taut. Other purchases were got up opposite, and overhauled down, in readiness to take hold of the schooner's masts. The anchor of the schooner was weighed by its buoy-rope, and the chain, after being rove through the upper or opposite hawse-hole, brought in on board the Swash. Another chain was dropped astern, in such a way, that when the schooner came upright, it would be sure to pass beneath her keel, some six or eight feet from the rudder. Slings were then sunk over the mast-heads, and the purchases were hooked on. Hours were consumed in these preliminary labors, and the people went to dinner as soon as they were completed.

When the men had dined, Spike brought one of his purchases to the windlass, and the other to the capstan, though not until each was bowsed taut by hand; a few minutes having brought the strain so far on every thing, as to enable a seaman, like Spike, to form some judgment of the likelihood that his preventers and purchases would stand. Some changes were found necessary to equalize the strain, but, on the whole, the captain was satisfied with his work, and the crew were soon ordered to "heave-away; the windlass best."

In the course of half an hour the hull of the vessel, which lay on its bilge, began to turn on its keel, and the heads of the spars to rise above the water. This was the easiest part of the process, all that was required of the purchases being to turn over a mass which rested on the sands of the bay. Aided by the long levers afforded by the spars, the work advanced so rapidly that, in just one hour's time after his people had begun to heave, Spike had the pleasure to see the schooner standing upright, alongside of his own brig, though still sunk to the bottom. The wreck was secured in this position, by means of guys and preventers, in order that it might not again cant, when the order was issued to hook on the slings that were to raise it to the surface. These slings were the chains of the schooner, one of which went under her keel, while for the other the captain trusted to the strength of the two hawse-holes, having passed the cable out of one and in at the other, in a way to serve his purposes, as has just been stated.

When all was ready, Spike mustered his crew, and made a speech. He told the men that he was about a job that was out of the usual line of their duty, and that he knew they had a right to expect extra pay for such extra work. The schooner contained money, and his object was to get at it. If he succeeded, their reward would be a doubloon a man, which would be earning more than a month's wages by twenty-four hours' work. This was enough. The men wanted to hear no more; but they cheered their commander, and set about their task in the happiest disposition possible.

The reader will understand that the object to be first achieved, was to raise a vessel, with a hold filled with flour and gunpowder, from off the bottom of the bay to its surface. As she stood, the deck of this vessel was about six feet under water, and every one will understand that her weight, so long as it was submerged in a fluid as dense as that of the sea, would be much more manageable than if suspended in air. The barrels, for instance, were not much heavier than the water they displaced, and the wood work of the vessel itself, was, on the whole, positively lighter than the element in which it had sunk. As for the water in the hold, that was of the same weight as the water on the outside of the craft, and there had not been much to carry the schooner down, beside her iron, the spars that were out of water, and her ballast. This last, some ten or twelve tons in weight, was in fact the principal difficulty, and alone induced Spike to have any doubts about his eventual success. There was no foreseeing the result until he had made a trial, however, and the order was again given to "heave away."

To the infinite satisfaction of the Swash's crew, the weight was found quite manageable, so long as the hull remained beneath the water. Mulford, with three or four assistants, was kept on board the schooner lightening her, by getting the other anchor off her bows, and throwing the different objects overboard, or on the decks of the brig. By the time the bulwarks reached the surface, as much was gained in this way, as was lost by having so much of the lighter wood-work rise above the water. As a matter of course, however, the weight increased as the vessel rose, and more especially as the lower portion of the spars, the bowsprit, boom, &c., from being buoyant assistants, became so much dead weight to be lifted.

Spike kept a watchful eye on his spars, and the extra supports he had given them. He was moving, the whole time, from point to point, feeling shrouds and back-stays, and preventers, in order to ascertain the degree of strain on each, or examining how the purchases stood. As for the crew, they cheered at their toil, incessantly, passing from capstan bars to the handspikes, and *vice versa*. They, too, felt that their task was increasing in resistance as it advanced, and now found it more difficult to gain an inch, than it had been at first to gain a foot. They seemed, indeed, to be heaving their own vessel out, instead of heaving the other craft up, and it was not long before they had the Swash heeling over toward the wreck several streaks. The strain, moreover, on every thing, became not only severe, but somewhat menacing. Every shroud, back-stay and preventer was as taut as a bar of iron, and the chain-cable that led to the anchor planted off abeam, was as straight as if the brig were riding by it in a gale of wind. One or two ominous surges aloft, too, had been heard, and, though no more than straps and slings settling into their places under hard strains, they served to remind the crew that danger might come from that quarter. Such was the state of things, when Spike called out to "heave and pall," that he might take a look at the condition of the wreck.

Although a great deal remained to be done, in order to get the schooner to float, a great deal had already been done. Her precise condition was as follows: Having no cabin widows, the water had entered her, when she capsized, by the only four

apertures her construction possessed. These were the companion-way, or cabin-doors; the sky-light; the main-hatch, or the large inlet amid-ships, by which cargo went up and down; and the booby-hatch, which was the counterpart of the companion-way, forward; being intended to admit of ingress to the forecastle, the apartment of the crew. Each of these hatch-ways, or orifices, had the usual defences of "coamings," strong frame-work around their margins. These coamings rose six or eight inches above the deck, and answered the double purpose of strengthening the vessel, in a part, that without them would be weaker than common, and of preventing any water that might be washing about the decks from running below. As soon, therefore, as these three apertures, or their coamings, could be raised above the level of the water of the basin, all danger of the vessel's receiving any further tribute of that sort from the ocean would be over. It was to this end, consequently, that Spike's efforts had been latterly directed, though they had only in part succeeded. The schooner possessed a good deal of sheer, as it is termed; or, her two extremities rose nearly a foot above her centre, when on an even keel. This had brought her extremities first to the surface, and it was the additional weight which had consequently been brought into the air, that had so much increased the strain, and induced Spike to pause. The deck forward, as far aft as the foremast, and aft as far forward as the centre of the trunk, or to the sky-light, was above the water, or at least awash; while all the rest of it was covered. In the vicinity of the main-hatch there were several inches of water; enough indeed to leave the upper edge of the coamings submerged by about an inch. To raise the keel that inch by means of the purchases, Spike well knew would cost him more labor, and would incur more risk than all that had been done previously, and he paused before he would attempt it.

The men were now called from the brig and ordered to come on board the schooner. Spike ascertained by actual measurement how much was wanted to bring the coamings of the main-hatch above the water, until which was done, pumping and bailing would be useless. He found it was quite an inch, and was at a great loss to know how that inch should be obtained. Mulford advised another trial with the handspikes and bars, but to this Spike would not consent. He believed that the masts of the brig had already as much pressure on them as they would bear. The mate next proposed getting the main boom off the vessel, and to lighten the craft by cutting away her bowsprit and masts. The captain was well enough disposed to do this, but he doubted whether it would meet with the approbation of "Don Wan," who was still ashore with Rose and her aunt, and who probably looked forward to recovering his gunpowder by means of those very spars. At length the carpenter hit upon a plan that was adopted.

This plan was very simple, though it had its own ingenuity. It will be remembered that water could now only enter the vessel's hold at the main-hatch, all the other hatchways having their coamings above the element. The carpenter proposed, therefore, that the main-hatches, which had been off when the tornado occurred, but which had been found on deck when the vessel righted, should now be put on, oakum being first laid along in their rabbetings, and that the cracks should

be stuffed with additional oakum, to exclude as much water as possible. He thought that two or three men, by using caulking irons for ten minutes, would make the hatch-way so tight that very little water would penetrate. While this was doing, he himself would bore as many holes forward and aft, as he could, with a two inch augur, out of which the water then in the vessel would be certain to run. Spike was delighted with this project, and gave the necessary orders on the spot.

This much must be said of the crew of the Molly Swash—whatever they did in their own profession, they did intelligently and well. On the present occasion they maintained their claim to this character, and were both active and expert. The hatches were soon on, and, in an imperfect manner, caulked. While this was doing, the carpenter got into a boat, and going under the schooner's bows, where a whole plank was out of water, he chose a spot between two of the timbers, and bored a hole as near the surface of the water as he dared to do. Not satisfied with one hole, however, he bored many—choosing both sides of the vessel to make them, and putting some aft as well as forward. In a word, in the course of twenty minutes the schooner was tapped in at least a dozen places, and jets of water, two inches in diameter, were spouting from her on each bow, and under each quarter.

Spike and Mulford noted the effect. Some water, doubtless, still worked itself into the vessel about the main-hatch, but that more flowed from her by means of the outlets just named, was quite apparent. After close watching at the outlets for some time, Spike was convinced that the schooner was slowly rising, the intense strain that still came from the brig producing that effect as the vessel gradually became lighter. By the end of half an hour, there could be no longer any doubt, the holes, which had been bored within an inch of the water, being now fully two inches above it. The augur was applied anew, still nearer to the surface of the sea, and as fresh outlets were made, those that began to manifest a dulness in their streams were carefully plugged.

Spike now thought it was time to take a look at the state of things on deck. Here, to his joy, he ascertained that the coamings had actually risen a little above the water. The reader is not to suppose by this rising of the vessel, that she had become sufficiently buoyant, in consequence of the water that had run out of her, to float of herself! This was far from being the case; but the constant upward pressure from the brig, which, on mechanical principles tended constantly to bring that craft upright, had the effect to lift the schooner as the latter was gradually relieved from the weight that pressed her toward the bottom.

The hatches were next removed, when it was found that the water in the schooner's hold had so far lowered, as to leave a vacant space of quite a foot between the lowest part of the deck and its surface. Toward the two extremities of the vessel this space necessarily was much increased, in consequence of the sheer. Men were now sent into the hatchway with orders to hook on to the flour-barrels—a whip having been rigged in readiness to hoist them on deck. At the same time gangs were sent to the pumps, though Spike still depended for getting rid of the water somewhat on the augur—the carpenter continuing to bore and plug his holes as new

opportunities offered, and the old outlets became useless. It was true this expedient would soon cease, for the water having found its level in the vessel's hold, was very nearly on a level also with that on the outside. Bailing also was commenced, both forward and aft.

Spike's next material advantage was obtained by means of the cargo. By the time the sun had set, fully two hundred barrels had been rolled into the hatchway, and passed on deck, whence, about half of them, were sent in the light-house boat to the nearest islet, and the remainder were transferred to the deck of the brig. These last were placed on the off side of the Swash, and aided in bringing her nearer upright. A great deal was gained in getting rid of these barrels. The water in the schooner lowered just as much as the space they had occupied, and the vessel was relieved at once of twenty tons in weight.

Just after the sun had set, Señor Don Juan Montefalderon and his party returned on board. They had staid on the island to the last moment, at Rose's request, for she had taken as close an observation of every thing, as possible, in order to ascertain if any means of concealment existed, in the event of her aunt, Biddy, and herself quitting the brig. The islets were all too naked and too small, however; and she was compelled to return to the Swash, without any hopes derived from this quarter.

Spike had just directed the people to get their suppers as the Mexican came on board. Together they descended to the schooner's deck, where they had a long but secret conference. Señor Montefalderon was a calm, quiet and reasonable man, and while he felt as one would be apt to feel, who had recently seen so many associates swept suddenly out of existence, the late catastrophe did not in the least unman him. It is too much the habit of the American people to receive their impressions from newspapers, which throw off their articles unreflectingly, and often ignorantly, as crones in petticoats utter their gossip. In a word, the opinions thus obtained are very much on a level, in value, with the thoughts of those who are said to think aloud, and who give utterance to all the crudities and trivial rumors that may happen to reach their ears. In this manner, we apprehend, very false notions of our neighbors of Mexico have become circulated among us. That nation is a mixed race, and has necessarily the various characteristics of such an origin, and it is unfortunately little influenced by the diffusion of intelligence which certainly exists here. Although an enemy, it ought to be acknowledged, however, that even Mexico has her redeeming points. Anglo-Saxons as we are, we have no desire to unnecessarily illustrate that very marked feature in the Anglo-Saxon character, which prompts the mother stock to calumniate all who oppose it, but would rather adopt some of that chivalrous courtesy of which so much that is lofty and commendable is to be found among the descendants of Old Spain.

The Señor Montefalderon was earnestly engaged in what he conceived to be the cause of his country. It was scarcely possible to bring together two men impelled by motives more distinct than Spike and this gentleman. The first was acting under impulses of the lowest and most groveling nature; while the last was influenced by motives of the highest. However much Mexico may, and has, weakened her cause

by her own punic faith, instability, military oppression, and political revolutions, giving to the Texans in particular, ample justification for their revolt, it was not probable that Don Juan Montefalderon saw the force of all the arguments that a casuist of ordinary ingenuity could certainly adduce against his country; for it is a most unusual thing to find a man any where, who is willing to admit that the positions of an opponent are good. He saw in the events of the day, a province wrested from his nation; and, in his reasoning on the subject, entirely overlooking the numerous occasions on which his own fluctuating government had given sufficient justification, not to say motives, to their powerful neighbors, to take the law into their own hands, and redress themselves; he fancied all that has occurred was previously planned, instead of regarding it, as it truly is, as merely the result of political events, that no man could have foreseen, that no man had originally imagined, or that any man could control.

Don Juan understood Spike completely, and quite justly appreciated not only his character, but his capabilities. Their acquaintance was not of a day, though it had ever been marked by that singular combination of caution and reliance that is apt to characterize the intercourse between the knave and the honest man, when circumstances compel not only communication, but, to a certain extent, confidence. They now paced the deck of the schooner, side by side, for fully an hour, during which time the price of the vessel, the means, and the mode of payment and transfer, were fully settled between them.

"But what will you do with your passengers, Don Esteban?" asked the Mexican pleasantly, when the more material points were adjusted. "I feel a great interest in the young lady in particular, who is a charming señorita, and who tells me that her aunt brought her this voyage on account of her health. She looks much too blooming to be out of health, and if she were, this is a singular voyage for an invalid to make!"

"You don't understand human natur' yet, altogether, I see, Don Wan," answered Spike, chuckling and winking. "As you and I are not only good friends, but what a body may call *old* friends, I'll let you into a secret in this affair, well knowing that you'll not betray it. It's quite true that the old woman thinks her niece is a pulmonory, as they call it, and that this v'y'ge is recommended for her, but the gal is as healthy as she's handsom'."

"Her constitution, then, must be very excellent, for it is seldom I have seen so charming a young woman. But if the aunt is misled in this matter, how has it been with the niece?"

Spike did not answer in words, but he leered upon his companion, and he winked.

"You mean to be understood that you are in intelligence with each other, I suppose, Don Esteban," returned the Señor Montefalderon, who did not like the captain's manner, and was willing to drop the discourse.

Spike then informed his companion, in confidence, that he and Rose were affianced, though without the aunt's knowledge. That he intended to marry the niece the moment he reached a Mexican port with the brig, and that it was their joint

intention to settle in the country. He added that the affair required management, as his intended had property, and expected more, and he begged Don Juan to aid him, as things drew near to a crisis. The Mexican evaded an answer, and the discourse dropped.

The moon was now shining, and would continue to throw its pale light over the scene for two or three hours longer. Spike profited by the circumstance to continue the work of lightening the schooner. One of the first things done next was to get up the dead, and to remove them to the boat. This melancholy office occupied an hour, the bodies being landed on the islet, near the powder, and there interred in the sands. Don Juan Montefalderon attended on this occasion, and repeated some prayers over the graves, as he had done in the morning, in the cases of the two who had been buried near the light-house.

While this melancholy duty was in the course of performance, that of pumping and bailing was continued, under the immediate personal superintendance of Mulford. It would not be easy to define, with perfect clearness, the conflicting feelings by which the mate of the Swash was now impelled. He had no longer any doubt on the subject of Spike's treason, and had it not been for Rose, he would not have hesitated a moment about making off in the light-house boat for Key West, in order to report all that had passed to the authorities. But not only Rose *was* there, and to be cared for, but what was far more difficult to get along with, her aunt was with her. It is true Mrs. Budd was no longer Spike's dupe; but under any circumstances she was a difficult subject to manage, and most especially so in all matters that related to the sea. Then the young man submitted, more or less, to the strange influence which a fine craft almost invariably obtains over those that belong to her. He did not like the idea of deserting the Swash, at the very moment he would not have hesitated about punishing her owner for his many misdeeds. In a word, Harry was too much of a tar not to feel a deep reluctance to turn against his cruise, or his voyage, however much either might be condemned by his judgment, or even by his principles.

It was quite nine o'clock when the Señor Montefalderon and Spike returned from burying the dead. No sooner did the last put his foot on the deck of his own vessel, than he felt the fall of one of the purchases which had been employed in raising the schooner. It was so far slack as to satisfy him that the latter now floated by her own buoyancy, though it might be well to let all stand until morning, for the purposes of security. Thus apprised of the condition of the two vessels, he gave the welcome order to "knock-off for the night."

THE LOVE DIAL.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTON.

A dial in the twilight lay,
Reflecting back pale evening's ray,
When stealthily two lovers came
And leaned beside its silent frame:
"Mute marker of the moments' flight,
Oh! dial, tell us of the night!"
—But who might trace time's tangled way
On dials dim with twilight gray?

As brightly now the midnight moon
Rode o'er the starry arch of noon,
To learn the hour of eventide
Again the youth and maiden sighed:
"Mute marker of the moments' flight,
Oh! dial, tell us of the night!"
—But 'neath the moon's uncertain ray
The shadow pointed still astray.

Unconscious how the moments flew,
(Bound by the spell which passion drew,)
Unto the dial's line of shade
Once more approached the youth and maid:
"Mute marker of the moments' flight,
Oh! dial, tell us of the night!"
When (how could night so fast have worn?)
The tell-tale shadow marked the morn.

And as they watched the silv'ry face
Where day his hours began to trace,
In morning's light, now stronger grown,
This motto o'er the circle shown:
"*When lovers meet at eventide,*
Time marks not how the moments glide:
When lovers part at rosy light
Time counts the ling'ring hours till night."

OLD MAIDS.

OR KATE WILSON'S MORNING VISIT.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

> And now I see with eye serene,
> The very pulse of the machine;
> A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveler between life and death;
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
> A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel-light.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

"I have just been visiting Miss Agnes Lincoln," said my young friend Kate Wilson to me one morning. "Truly, Miss Enna, she is the most charming woman I have ever known—always excepting, of course, your own dear self. Though no longer young, she is still beautiful—intelligent, clever, without the slightest tinge of pedantry; gentle and loveable. Why is it that she has never married? She has been a devoted daughter and sister; I have always felt surprise and regret that she should not have been a wife."

The tone of voice told the regret which those words expressed, and caused me to smile as I looked at my bright-eyed friend, who, being on the eve of marriage herself with one she loved very dearly, thought, of course, the married state the only true vocation for a woman.

"But, Kate," I replied, "Agnes Lincoln has always had duties sufficient to employ her in her home circle—her heart has been too much occupied with providing for the comfort of her brothers and sisters, and nursing a poor invalid mother, to go out on voyages, in order to seek a fellow heart, or to attend to the said fellow heart, should it come wooing. Only unoccupied, free-from-care bodies, like your sweet self, can find time to fall in love and marry—"

"Nonsense!" said the blushing Kate, "do not tease me with such *badinage*. I wish you would tell me Miss Lincoln's history—romantic I have already determined it is—for those deep, dark eyes of hers give evidences, by their bright flashings at times, of the existence of a fount of passion, which, I am sure, must have welled up and bubbled over at some period of her life. You have known her intimately from girlhood, Miss Duval, come, tell me the tale. See, it is the very time

for a long story, we are certain of being alone, no stupid visiters will interrupt us, for those threatening, overhanging clouds are already beginning to let down their watery contents—the fire snaps and sparkles in a most sociable manner, and I will spend the whole day with you in this cheery little room of yours."

Accordingly she threw aside her bonnet and shawl—pushed what she called "the troublesome desk, and still more wearying work-basket," away from me, then throwing herself on a low ottoman beside me, looked most persuasively into my face for the web of romance she was determined I should weave, and with the air of one determined not to be denied.

"Do you deserve, Kate," I said, "that I should entertain you, when you seem to think so slightingly of the mission of my sisterhood? Saucy girl! are old maids always to be regarded by such sparkling, merry witches like yourself, as leading lives useless to both man and womankind?"

"No, no, dear Miss Enna," exclaimed the lovely girl, as she gathered her graceful limbs on her favorite seat beside me, in order to make her dear little luxurious form still more comfortable, gazing into my face with her bright dancing eyes, and holding my hands caressingly, "Heaven knows, I have had need to bless the sisterhood, for what would I have been without such a dear, good, kind—" I stopped her rosy flattering lips with my hand, and yielded to her request. Kate Wilson promised to be lenient should my story have less of interest and romance in it than she expected—will you, my dear reader, be as merciful and indulgent?

As Kate said, I had known Agnes Lincoln from girlhood—yes, babyhood—for we had been introduced by our proud, happy mothers to each other, in our first long dresses, and had taken infinite delight, so our nurses had said, in tearing the blue and pink cockades off of each other's caps. We were always warm friends; went to the same schools, and, as our parents were intimate, when we grew up visited in the same circles. Agnes' father was the senior member of one of the most opulent firms in the city—his wealth was said to be immense, and truly they lived in a style of princely magnificence. She was the eldest of several children. The three next to her died in infancy, which made quite a difference between her and the other children in point of age. Her mother was a woman of exceedingly delicate frame, and sickness and the distress she had suffered on losing her children, weakened still more a mind never very strong. I always remember her as an invalid—surrounded by every luxury wealth could purchase; possessing a doting husband and a family of noble children; yet always repining and melancholy.

Agnes had been educated by her father with exceeding great care; and as she grew up was a most agreeable companion for him. He accompanied her into society; they studied, rode, drove and walked together; indeed one could rarely see them apart. How proud was he of her; and he lavished every costly gift upon her with an unsparing hand. She was beautiful—a tall, splendid looking creature—a fine erect figure, with the bearing of a queen, and a head fitted for a Zenobia—but the classic severity of her features was softened by the most melting, lovely eyes, and the gentle melodious tones of her voice were bewitching. Beautiful, rich and young, of

course Agnes Lincoln was a belle. She had been full two years in society, and to the surprise of her friends she was still disengaged. “I shall never marry, Enna,” she would say to me, in answer to my playful reproaches upon her want of susceptibility —“how could my poor mother or lonely father spare me?” and at last I began to think, as many others did, that Agnes was one of those born to a life of “single blessedness,” when

> “Lo! the troubled joy of life,
> Love’s lightening happiness,”

became known to her. Agnes’ choice surprised us all. Evart Berkely was a young merchant reputed wealthy, but not at all agreeable or pleasing to my fancy. He was handsome and tolerably intelligent—had been well educated and had traveled abroad, bringing with him from his travels various “foreign airs and graces,” which did not improve his agreeability to my taste. He was certainly much inferior to Agnes in point of intellect; but she loved him nevertheless. I always thought him a cold, calculating man, and the passionate love he expressed for my beautiful friend seemed so unnatural, falling from his cold unexpressive lips. Mr. Lincoln was at first as much dissatisfied and surprised at Agnes’ choice as the rest of her friends; but when he discovered how completely her whole heart was given up to this infatuation, as he could make no serious objection to the gentleman, he quickly quieted all expressions of disapprobation, and only stipulated that their engagement should be a long one, pleading his wife’s health and his own lonely state as excuses. The lover, of course, was impatient at these obstacles, but Agnes, always alive to her father’s happiness, steadily refused to shorten the period of two years, decided upon by her father. Evart was a devoted lover, and seemed to exist only in the presence of his mistress; and dear Agnes was so supremely happy—I fancifully imagined her beauty increased under this new influence of love.

She had been engaged to Evart Berkely about a year, when one evening we all met at Mr. Lincoln’s, on our way to a gay private ball. I had always gone into society with Agnes and Mr. Lincoln; for my mother dying while I was quite a young girl, my father had been so deeply affected by her death—as she had been to him companion, guide, and comforter—that he avoided all society, and sought consolation in close application to his profession. He had been from boyhood on the closest terms of intimacy with Mr. Lincoln, and willingly consented that I should accompany Agnes on her entrance into society, under Mr. Lincoln’s care. Accordingly, on the night I allude to, I had been driven to Mr. Lincoln’s, that I might be one of their party. I particularize this one evening, for it was the most eventful night of Agnes’ life—the turning point in her existence. Events occurred on that night which gave the stamp and impress to her future. I remember thinking, as I looked upon her, after the completion of her toilette, that I had never seen her so magnificently beautiful. Her father and lover were rather gorgeous in their tastes, and to please them Agnes always dressed with more splendor than accorded with her own fancy; but the peculiar style of her beauty was well suited to this manner of

dressing. Her tall, full form could well bear the heavy folds of rich drapery that always swept around her, and the brilliant jewels that gleamed and flashed in her dark hair, and on her snowy throat and arms, were admitted by even the most fastidious to be in good taste. She was the daughter of a reputed *millionaire*, beautiful and noble-looking—costly garments and rich gems seemed well fitted for her. It was a grand ball we were going to, and after spending the accustomed half hour in Mr. Lincoln's library, he gave us into Evart Berkely's charge. Agnes entreated her father to accompany her with more than her customary earnestness; but he pleaded indolence, and laughingly reminded her that her lover's presence should be sufficient. I could not account for the tinge of sadness that gloomed over her features; and when Evart and I rallied her on her absence of mind, during our drive to the ball, she frankly confessed her feelings were unaccountable, and said she had been suffering all day from a vague, indefinable sense of approaching evil. We cheered her, and attributed her feelings to nervousness; what evil could one so prosperous and happy have to fear?

As usual, she was the centre of attraction, and crowds followed her. Evart hovered around her incessantly, and her quiet, happy looks, as she received his attentions, so openly offered, were to me most fascinating. Her sadness and home yearnings seemed to melt before the bright light of the ball-room, and the merry laughter and gay looks of her friends, put to flight all gloomy thoughts. I thought I had never heard her voice so melodious, her laugh more buoyant, nor her dancing so graceful; she appeared as the embodiment of happiness. During the course of the evening, I was standing alone by a window, in a recess, that opened into a conservatory, almost, if not quite, hidden by the folds of the drapery, enjoying, in a sort of dreamy state, the rich odors of the flowers, and the bewitching strains of the music. The movements of the crowd brought two old gentlemen directly in front of me, in such a manner that I could not have moved if I had wished from my hiding-place.

"Hugh Lincoln's daughter is a beautiful creature," said one to the other.

"She is, indeed," replied the friend, "and she dresses like a sultana—look at her magnificent gems and gorgeous clothing. Hugh Lincoln has been a fortunate man, and his daughter will be a rich wife for the one that marries her."

"May be so, and may be not," said the first speaker; "one cannot tell how a man's estate may turn out while still engaged in business. Hugh Lincoln has been a bold, daring merchant; he always incurs fearful risks, and although he has hitherto been fortunate, one turning of luck may sweep all his grandeur from him—for he perils all on every great speculation."

"She is engaged," said the friend, "to young Berkely, who is so constantly with her. He is a shrewd, calculating fellow; one might feel certain of Hugh Lincoln's wealth by the mere knowledge of that engagement."

A movement of the crowd took place, and the two worldly old croakers, as I deemed them, passed away. I kept my place, and my thoughts were filled with Agnes and her future. Vague forebodings pressed upon me, and all my old dislike

and distrust of Evart returned to me. Low passionate murmurings of love came next upon my ear. Evart and Agnes stood beside me with the heavy folds of the curtain between us, and I became again an unintentional listener. Evart poured out the most fervent expressions of love—he besought my friend to delay their wedding no longer.

"Think, my idolized one," he murmured, "how long has been my probation already."

"No, no, Evart," replied Agnes, steadily, "do not urge me. My father, who, from my earliest recollection has been devoted to my happiness, asks me to delay my marriage. I will not act against his wishes. It would be but a poor promise for our future happiness were I to be thus regardless of my father's comfort. Adel is too young to supply my place to him for a year or two yet. We are together constantly, and a year will soon pass around."

"And the coming year may see you wedded to another," exclaimed her lover passionately.

"Evart," said Agnes, reproachfully, "have I not promised to be your wife?"

"But, Agnes," replied Evart, in hurried words, "suppose sorrow were to overtake me—men in business are daily exposed to ruin—what then could I depend on? Your father would never consent to your marriage with a bankrupt; and to my troubles would be added the fearful necessity of yielding you up forever."

"Say not so, dear Evart," replied Agnes, in earnest, loving tones; "in the hour of trouble you would be dearer to me, if possible, than now. I have promised to be your wife—I hold that promise sacred, believe me; and, moreover, I know my father's generous nature too well to think as you do—in misfortune he would be kinder to you than in prosperity. But why talk of misfortune—are there any clouds on your business horizon? Come, tell me your troubles, and if you are, indeed, on the eve of bankruptcy, which Heaven avert, seek advice from my father; never fear, Evart, he will willingly assist you; and if it would lighten your heart in the midst of such affliction, I would be your wife instantly; in such a case my father would no longer object—you would need the consoling society of a wife more than he would need his daughter;" and Agnes' face wore a look of mingled affection and anxiety as she took his hand.

"Truly," exclaimed Evart, laughing, "I have half a mind to declare myself a bankrupt, if it would have that effect. But do not look so anxiously, my blessed one—my affairs are in a most prosperous condition. I was wrong to alarm you, yet it proved to me your love, dearest, which, indeed, I sometimes am weak enough to doubt. I torment myself with a thousand fancies. You are so beautiful, Agnes, so superior—I so unworthy of you, that I am always fearing a change in your feelings."

"Now that is really unkind, Evart," was Agnes' reproachful answer; "am I prone to changing—who have I ever loved but you? You should not be thus suspicious, or you will make me fearful of change, not in myself but in you."

Then followed from Evart the most fervent, passionate declarations, which were interrupted by the approach of some friends, who came to seek their assistance in

forming a favorite dance; and I escaped from my hiding-place. I was so intimate with Agnes—her second self, as she playfully called me—that I felt no annoyance at having been forced to play the listener to her love scene; on the contrary, congratulated myself that no stranger, or mere acquaintance, had been in my place. I descended from the steps of the window into the conservatory, and spent a full hour in examining the beautiful plants—imagining myself in fairy land. The pure, beautiful light shed from the alabaster vases, which, containing lamps, were placed in different parts of the conservatory; the bewitching tones of music that came sweeping from the ball-room, and the soft night air that poured in from the open, outer windows, all heightened the illusion, and I fancied I was listening to the divine spirit-melody of the flower-sylphs, and inhaling their balmy atmosphere. How every moment of that night is impressed upon my memory; every word, every change of feeling—all were treasured up.

I was roused from my delicious reveries by Agnes and Evart, who came to announce to me it was time to retire. “As usual,” said Agnes, tenderly putting her arm around me, “I find you dreaming waking visions among the flowers. I fear my sad thoughts, dear Enna, have flown to you. I was so full of vague forebodings, when I left home, and now they have all vanished. I am as happy and light-hearted as I have ever been in my life; every thing around me seems to wear a fairy, heavenly hue.”

Thus she chatted away during our drive home. We bade her good night at Mr. Lincoln’s door, and the carriage drove away, bearing us to our own homes—one short half-hour after, and the same carriage bore me back again to that house in deep affliction. Agnes, after bidding us good night, entered the hall, and was proceeding up the stair-case to her own room, when, as she passed the library, she saw the library light still burning, which was to her a notice of her father’s waiting up for her return. She entered with a light heart and a merry song. Her father was seated in his chair, leaning his head forward on his reading-desk, apparently asleep. She bent over him to awaken him by gentle caresses, but ere her lips touched his brow, the expression of his face startled her. She gave one long, searching look, then uttered a piercing shriek of agony, which startled the whole house. He was dead. There, in that solitary room, his spirit had taken flight, alone, without daughter or friend beside him to receive his parting words of love. Poor Agnes! with what agony she leaned over him—vainly calling on him to speak to her—to look, if only once more, upon his own Agnes. It was a sad sight—this beautiful girl bending over her dead father—her rich drapery falling heavily around her, and her magnificent hair, which had escaped from the circlet of gems which bound it, swept the ground, making her pale face appear still more pallid, as its heavy, dark masses hung over her fair shoulders. Her earnest, heart-rending appeals were terrifying; not a tear flowed from her dark eyes—they seemed distended with agony; and the physicians who had been hastily summoned feared that the shock would deprive her of reason, if not of life. I at last succeeded in leading her away from her father, and, exhausted by her intense grief, she lay for hours in a heavy stupor.

Every means were resorted to, to restore Mr. Lincoln—but all in vain. The physicians, after an examination, decided that he had labored under an affection of the heart, unconsciously, for some time; that he had been on the brink of the grave for many months, undoubtedly—he, who had seemed so healthy; and this it was which had caused his death, which they thought had taken place some time before Agnes' return, and with little or no suffering, possibly without a consciousness of the approaching fearful change. Poor Agnes! her sufferings were intense, but her naturally strong mind, and strict sense of duty, aided her, when in the morning, after the heavy stupor of exhaustion had passed away, the fearful consciousness of her great sorrow arose vividly before her. She recollected there were others to suffer, who were weaker to bear—her poor invalid mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. She wept long and bitterly, when her eyes opened upon my tearful, anxious face, as I bent over her. I blessed those tears, for I knew they would relieve her. She at last, however, bowed meekly to the burden imposed upon her, and hastened to soothe and comfort her almost heart-broken mother, and the poor startled, weeping children.

Everybody grieved for Mr. Lincoln, for he was much beloved; "but," said the out-of-doors world, "how fortunate are his family, possessing wealth in the midst of their sorrow. Mr. Lincoln has left them an immense fortune to comfort them in their affliction;" as if money could compensate for the loss of loved ones. Agnes would have gladly toiled for their daily bread to have purchased one look from those eyes closed in death, one accent of love from those cold, livid lips. After the funeral, Mr. Lincoln's will was opened. It was one made three or four years previous to his death; and my father was one of the executors, and sole guardian to the children. This will had been made previous to Agnes' engagement; but in it Mr. Lincoln expressed a wish, almost a command, that if ever Agnes married, my father should insist upon having the greater part of her immense fortune settled upon her.

A week or two passed by, when one evening my father returned home from his office, later than usual, and his face wore an anxious, troubled expression. Some case of more than ordinary misery and sadness, I thought, has come before him, in which fate has woven a darker weft of trouble. I hastened to procure for him the soothing cup of tea, which he so much loved, and sat beside his chair, as he silently despatched his light meal, expecting every moment to hear the new tale of human suffering—but I was disappointed; my father drank his tea quietly, and it was not until the tea-service was removed, and I seated at my sewing-table beside his large arm-chair, that the good, kind old man broke the silence.

"Enna, my child," he said, in gloomy tones, "poor Agnes Lincoln, her mother and those fatherless children are penniless."

"Penniless—impossible!" I exclaimed. "I thought Mr. Hugh Lincoln was admitted to be immensely wealthy."

"His immense wealth," said my father, "proves to be a magnificent dream—a shining bubble. He must have been lamentably ignorant of his own affairs, for things have evidently been going wrong for some months past. Such wild, mad-cap

speculations as the house have engaged in, I am sure my sensible, prudent friend would never have countenanced."

I now understood the allusions of the old gentleman, in the first conversation which I had overheard in the ball-room, the night of Mr. Lincoln's fearful death, and I repeated them to my father.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "daring indeed have been their operations, and not only that, but reckless and wild in the extreme. I remember now, although I gave but little heed at the time, noticing in Hugh Lincoln, for some months past, a heavy, growing indolence, as I deemed it. It must have proceeded from his fatal disease, and he has left the affairs of the concern in the hands of the junior partners, who have mismanaged not only wildly but wickedly. Poor fellow! he has been spared the sorrow, but what is to become of the poor invalid widow and orphans? Six little helpless creatures beside Agnes—Adel is not more than fourteen?"

"Scarcely thirteen," I replied.

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed my father, brushing a tear aside. "But we must do all that we can for them. I am a poor man, but what little I have shall be freely shared with Hugh Lincoln's children."

"You forget, my dear father," I said, "that Agnes is engaged to Evart Berkely."

"True," replied my father. "But, Enna, I have very little confidence in him; I only hope Agnes may not love him too dearly, for I very much fear that Evart's love is rather too weak to bear the present news."

"Does he know of the insolvency of the firm?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," said my father, "the mere suspicion of the insolvency of such a firm as Lincoln, Murray & Co., would of course spread like wild-fire. I never dreamed of such a thing myself, however, and heard this morning with great surprise, on going to my office, from an old merchant, that it had been rumored for several days. You must break it to Agnes, poor girl."

"You think Evart Berkely knows of it?" I said, after a long silence.

"Oh, yes," replied my father, "I met him in company with some other merchants this afternoon, and he spoke of Mr. Lincoln only as he would of any other well-known merchant, and united in self congratulations with some others as to being unaffected, fortunately, by the failure—not at all in the tone of one interested in his family."

The conversation between Agnes and Evart returned to my memory, and I contrasted his feelings with hers—how differently would she have acted had he been overtaken by poverty. "But," said I to myself in the morning, when preparing for my customary visit to Agnes, "it may be but fancy after all—we may be wronging Evart; he did not choose to exhibit his feelings before a crowd of men," and with this consolatory conclusion, I set out on my walk.

I ascended the broad steps of Agnes' noble residence, and passed through the wide hall and up the spacious stair-case, noting the magnificence of the furniture with a sigh. I entered the library, where I was told I would find Agnes. It was a grand, noble room, and in its adornments proved that immense wealth had been

guided by the subduing hand of taste. It was lighted from above; the brick-and-mortar world without was completely unknown in that stately room; only the blue sky by day, and the bright stars by night, could be seen. The soft, unworldly light gleamed down on beautiful works of art, rare and costly pieces of sculpture, medals, gems, and here and there alcoves filled with the productions of those whom the intellectual world call Masters.

I paused at the threshold unheard by Agnes, who was writing at an escritoir—my eyes wandered over this intellectual Paradise and then rested upon the Eve. I was struck with the impression of her face; it bore a more beaming, hopeful look than I had seen on it since the night of her father's death. "Poor girl!" I sighed to myself, "how soon is that brilliant expression to be dimmed by the care-clouds of life—not only heart trials, but poverty, privation, and, worse than all to your noble spirit—dependence."

I moved forward, but the luxurious carpet told no tales of my foot-falls, and my hand rested on her shoulder ere she was aware of my entrance. She looked up, and her eyes were gleaming with tears—not tears of sadness—and a bright flush rested on her hitherto pale cheeks; I looked surprised, and she noting it said in trembling tones,

"Ah! dear Enna, I never valued the possession of wealth before. Read this letter, dearest, while I finish the answer."

I took from her hands an open letter—it was from Evart, written the previous night, announcing anticipated severe and heavy losses, and freeing her from her engagement—he could not, he said, ask her to wed a penniless man—and after lamenting in a fine round period his unworthiness of her, his misery and wretchedness, concluded with a farewell forever. After I concluded the note, I felt that my father was right, my hands dropped before me, and for a few moments I felt as in a dream—a spell was over me—I could not tell my poor wronged friend the real truth—at last she broke the silence.

"Ah! Enna," were her words, "I bless Heaven I have enough for both. My share of my poor father's princely fortune will fully cover his losses, and again establish him in life. How unkind and yet how natural is his note—poor Evart! I can fancy his wretchedness when releasing me from my engagement—and he must have known it was useless—but I cannot censure him—even thus would I have acted had the loss of fortune happened to me."

"Would you, dear Agnes?" said I, throwing my arms over her beautiful neck caressingly.

"Indeed would I, Enna," she replied sadly. "It would have been a hard duty, but steadily would I have performed it."

"Agnes," I said, in low, earnest tones, inwardly imploring for assistance and strength in my painful task, "that duty is required of you. You are the penniless one instead of Evart. He is as prosperous as ever, but you, my poor friend, are bereft of all—but friends."

She gazed wildly at me, then with one low wailing cry of deep agony became

insensible. She was laid on her couch, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth so soon to be taken from her, and the heavy stupor that hung over her spirit the bitter hours after her father's death ensued. But I knew her inward strength, and although I could scarcely pray for her recovery to such misery as would be hers, I felt that the helpless ones dependent on her for consolation would, as in the former dark hours, sustain her. The heavy clouds passed over, and she at last aroused her suffering broken spirit.

"Where are the letters?" she murmured in low tones.

"One I destroyed, dearest," I replied—"the other—"

"Destroy it likewise, Enna, and help me to forget. I have others to think of now," and with a quiet look of repressed agony she hastily employed herself in preparing for their future change of circumstances. Evart was never alluded to by any one; and day after day she engaged herself in entering into the investigation of her father's affairs, with the firm, quiet air of a woman of business. The investigation proved only the painful truth—ruin, hopeless ruin stared them in the face—every thing was swept from them. Poor Mrs. Lincoln had seemed overwhelmed with sorrow at her husband's death, but this new grief appeared to her weak, indolent nature still harder to bear, and she helplessly implored to be taken from life.

"For myself, dear Mr. Duval," said my friend, in a calm voice, but the tones of which showed repressed suffering, "I care not—I can endure hardships—but my poor mother, how can she bear the change?"

"You will all come to us, dear Agnes, and we will be as one family," said my kind father, as they at last ended the careful examination of the affairs. "You and Enna have always been as sisters, my poor dead wife loved your mother as a sister. The income my profession yields you and Enna can manage so as to supply us all. We will live plainly but happily, I know. You are both sufficiently well informed to educate the girls, and Adel will soon be old enough to assist you. Horace and Frank will in a few years be able to help themselves, and supply my place when I grow too old to fill the purse."

Agnes sat by the table quietly gazing as upon vacancy, when my dear, good father commenced his kind plan, and as he proceeded her dark eyes beamed with childlike fondness on the good old man.

"Surely Heaven will bless you and yours, dear Mr. Duval, for being thus kind to the widowed and fatherless," she exclaimed, as he concluded. "But I must not accept your kind offer. Your plan, however, has confirmed me in the scheme I have been forming for some days past. If I am sufficiently well fitted to take charge of my sisters' education, why not of others? If you will aid me I will open a school."

The thought was a good one, and my father, finding Agnes steady in her determination yielded, and used every endeavor to forward her in her project. The creditors had refused to accept the costly wardrobe and magnificent jewels belonging to Mrs. Lincoln and Agnes. These were disposed of, and the money arising from their sale was appropriated by Agnes to the furnishing of her new establishment.

"I take this money only as a loan," said Agnes to my father. "If I am spared, and have health and strength, at some future time it shall be returned. I never shall feel light-hearted until my father's liabilities are all satisfied."

A house was procured, every thing arranged for the opening of the school; and it was announced in society, that the Miss Lincoln who had been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," a few short months before, was about to enter the work-day world as a teacher. Much is said and much written about summer-friends—those who hover around the favorites of fortune, then flee from them in the dark hour of sorrow—but truly I have seen but little of such heartlessness, long as I have lived in the world. People do not wish to desert those who are in trouble. There is more of kindness of heart and sympathy in the world than we are willing to give credit for. Circumstances and events press so quickly in this life of change, that when one amongst us is stricken down, although we grieve, we are urged on in the stream, and though we would gladly aid our sinking companion, we are hurried on unconsciously. But let the stricken one give signs of life—evidences of aiding itself, then all are ready to give a helping hand. The race must be completed—life's journey accomplished—but any one exhibiting a desire to unite in the struggle is willingly assisted. So was it with the friends of Agnes Lincoln. Had she weakly yielded to her troubles, and shown no disposition to aid herself, the world would have felt sorry for her, but they would have had no time to tarry by the way-side—but when she appeared amongst them prepared to take her part in life's great contest, they willingly united to help her forward.

Agnes Lincoln's accomplishments, her elegant manners—her strong mind, all her good qualities, were remembered; and mothers and fathers, who had admired the beautiful girl in society, hastened to place under her care their own daughters, asking that she might make them like her own lovely self, and they would be satisfied. She entered heart and soul into her new vocation; and hers became the most popular establishment in the city. In the course of two or three years the small house had to be changed, and a residence as large as her father's princely mansion taken, in order to accommodate her large school. The luxurious comforts, necessary to her mother's happiness, were gratified; her brothers and sisters carefully attended to; but her own wants were few, indeed. She was most carefully and studiously economical. Every year she deposited in my father's hands, a sum of money, small at first, but gradually increasing, which she, with a sad smile, called her father's fund; this was devoted to the settling off the remaining accounts against her father.

Noble creature! how every one revered her as she moved steadily on in the path of her duty. Hers was not an easy life; hard mental labor, from morning till night, she endured for many years. At day-dawn she was up, superintending her household, and directing the studies of those pupils who resided with her. The influence she exercised over those entrusted to her care, was a subject of remark. Her commands were insisted upon with words of love, but looks of firmness. Her girls hovered around her, quietly watching every glance; and in that whole troop of young, thoughtless creatures, the most of them the indulged, spoiled children of

fortune, not one but would have dreaded to disobey the simplest request of their gentle teacher.

We met daily, as formerly, and I still was to her the confidante and bosom friend I had been in the days of her wealth. She never spoke of Evart—we both avoided all allusion to him; and when, a few years after their separation, he married a wealthy woman from a neighboring city, and his marriage was mentioned before her, by those who knew not of her former connection with him, or else had forgotten it, a mere acquaintance could not have detected any trace or evidence of feeling. The marble paleness of her cheek, the firm closed mouth, and quiet, but sad look, which told of inward suffering, betrayed to me, however, that her thoughts were with the past, and I noticed in her, for some time after, a closer attendance to her duties—not one moment, night or day, left unoccupied; and her brow bore a more serious expression, that told of self-combatings and heart-struggles.

Year after year passed, and Agnes had the satisfaction of seeing her sisters growing up charming women, admired in society, and her two brothers displaying the good qualities, and honorable, high spirits of their father. By her exertions they were educated; and ten years after her father's death she paid off his last debt, and had the pleasure of seeing her eldest brother, Horace, who had just completed his studies, enter his profession as a partner with my father. The little Frank, her father's darling, would be nothing but a merchant, as his father had been, and was dreaming seventeen-year-old visions of future grandeur, such as his father had probably dreamed at his age, and realized. He would wreath his mother's fretful, complaining countenance with smiles, as he would describe the wealth he intended to accumulate, and the splendid things that should once more be hers. Two weddings were celebrated by Agnes—her two sisters, Adel and Mary, who married upright and warm-hearted men, prosperous in business; and Agnes felt almost a maternal pride as she furnished their houses, and provided the wedding wardrobes. The world wondered she did not marry, for her beauty never left her, nor were opportunities wanting. Many a fond, widowed father would have gladly persuaded the idolized teacher of their daughters to share their fortunes; but she calmly and quietly refused all offers, and seemed at last to find real happiness in her business.

Fifteen years passed by, and found Agnes still at her post. One only of those little ones, bequeathed by a loving father to her care, remained under her roof—and she was soon to leave Agnes to become a wife. All were married, happy, and well. The poor old mother had at last ceased all wailings, and had laid down to her long rest, when a new care devolved upon Agnes. Evart Berkely, who had appeared for years to be a prosperous man, and thought by many to possess great wealth, suddenly failed, and in a moment of despair put a violent end to his existence. His wife had died some five or six years before, many said of a broken-heart; and his three children were left upon the world homeless orphans. Evart left a letter, commending his children to Agnes, who, he said, had promised to be a mother to his children, should they ever need her care. Then was disclosed what Agnes had kept a secret. A year after his wife's death, he had again sought Agnes; but his overtures

were indignantly rejected by her; he continued his addresses by letters for some time, until Agnes refused to receive them, returning them unopened, saying, however, in her final note, that, should his children ever be left alone in life, she would be a mother to them; and to her home did she take those helpless ones, and devoted herself to her business with renewed energy to provide for their support and future establishment in life. People shrugged their shoulders, and called her conduct Quixotic and absurd, but the good and kind-hearted applauded her.

When my young friend, Kate Wilson, requested me to relate the history of Agnes, forty-five years had stealthily crept over her, but even the bitter, bleak winters of her adversity had failed to whiten her dark locks, or dim those beaming eyes—time had dealt gently with her beauty. Evart's children have proved as blessings to her, and by them, and by her brothers and sisters, and by their children, Agnes is revered almost as a saint.

"Ah, Kate, Kate," I said, as I arrived at this part of my "*ower true tale*," "has not Agnes Lincoln's lot, as an old maid, been quite as useful, and still more happy, than she would have been as Evart Berkely's broken-hearted wife?"

THE BRICKMAKER.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded.

In no stately structures skilled,
What's the temple we would build?
When its massive walls are risen
Call it palace—call it prison;
View it well from end to end,
See its arching courts extend!
'Tis a prison, not a palace!
Hear the culprit vent his malice!
Hear the mad and fettered fire
Pour the torrent of his ire!
Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Hear him tell his loud alarms,
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells!

But his chains at last shall sever,
Slavery lives not forever;
And the thickest prison wall
Into ruin yet must fall!
Whatsoever falls away
Springeth up again, they say;
Then when this shall fall asunder,
And the fire be freed from under,
Tell us then what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a stately building,

Airy dome and columned walls;
Mottoes writ in richest gilding
Shall be blazing through its halls.

In those chambers, stern and dreaded
They, the mighty ones, shall stand;
There shall be hoary-headed
Old defenders of the land.

There shall wondrous words be spoken,
Which shall thrill a list'ning world;
Then shall ancient bonds be broken
And new banners be unfurled!

But anon these glorious uses
In those chambers shall lie dead,
And the world's antique abuses,
Hydra-headed, rise instead.

But this wrong not long shall linger—
The old capitol must fall;
For behold the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall!

II.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded;
Till the heavy walls be risen
And the fire is in his prison:
Then when break the walls asunder
And the fire is freed from under,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a church whose steeple
To the heavens shall aspire,
There shall come the mighty people
To the music of the choir.

O'er the infant, robed in whiteness,
There shall sacred waters fall,
While the child's own angel-brightness
Sheds a halo over all.

There shall stand enwreathed in marriage
Forms that tremble—hearts that thrill;
To the door Death's sable carriage
Shall bring forms and hearts grown still!

To the sound of pipes that glisten
Rustling wealth shall tread the aisle;
And the poor, without, shall listen,
Praying in their hearts the while.

There the veteran shall come weekly
With his cane, and bending o'er
'Mid the horses stand, how meekly,
Gazing at the open door.

But these wrongs not long shall linger—
The presumptuous pile must fall,
For behold the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall!

III.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

Not the dome and columned chambers,
Starred with words of liberty,
Where the Freedom-canting members
Feel no impulse of the free.

Nor the pile where souls in error
Hear the words, “Go, sin no more!”
But a dusky thing of terror
With its cells and grated door!

To its inmates each to-morrow
Shall bring in no tide of joy.
Born in darkness and in sorrow
There shall stand the fated boy.

With a grief too loud to smother,
With a throbbing, burning head—
There shall groan some desperate mother,
Nor deny the stolen bread!

There the veteran, a poor debtor,
Marked with honorable scars,
List’ning to some clanking fetter,
Shall gaze idly through the bars:—

Shall gaze idly, not demurring,
Though with thick oppressions bowed;
While the thousands doubly erring
Shall go honored through the crowd!

Yet these wrongs not long shall linger—
The benighted pile must fall,
For behold the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall!

IV.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded;
Till the heavy walls be risen

And the fire is in his prison!
Every dome and church and jail,
Like this structure, soon must fail;
Every shape of earth shall fade!
But the temple God hath made,
For the sorely tried and pure,
With its Builder shall endure!

TO MRS. A. T.

BY DR. JNO. C. M'CABE.

I would, oh! gentle lady, that the minstrel's art were mine,
I'd weave a wreath of poesy as an off'ring at thy shrine;
But my wild and tuneless harp in vain essays its meed to bring,
And the brooding spirit of despair has hushed each trembling string.

In vain, in vain I've tried to wake some gentle lay for thee,
But the chords refuse the melody they once gave out for me;
And when I fain a few wild notes from memory's lyre would sweep,
Sad spirits of the past appear and mournful vigils keep.

There was a time when borne along on wild ambition's wing,
I sought to place my name above—where storied minstrels sing;
Nor dreamed the crown, so bright and green, by laureate genius worn,
Though gorgeous to the eye, each leaf concealed a cruel thorn.

But when I saw that those who gazed above with eagle eye,
And dared the tempest and the storm of fate's malignant sky,
With folded wing, and wearied foot sat down at evening's gloom,
And sought beneath the withered flowers a rest within the tomb;

'Twas then I bade the spell dissolve that chained my soul so long,
And sighed a trembling, sad farewell to all entrancing song;
And though I may not weep that I forsook sweet poesy's train,
A foolish boy—I sometimes wish I was her child again!

When gentle ones like thee invoke, then, then I feel how dear
The boon I madly forfeited, nor gave one farewell tear;
The gift of song, oh! hallowed gift! Song, bright, entrancing, sweet!
Had I again its rosy wreath I'd fling it at thy feet!

’Tis gone, ’tis gone! I may no more its thrilling impulse feel,
Yet I can pray for thee and thine, when to my God I kneel;
And, gentle lady, well I know thou wilt not, wouldst not, blame,
Instead of song that I should blend God’s blessings with thy name.

May every joy that life can give, around thy path be strewn,
May its young morn to thee foreshow a bright and happy noon;
And when thy last sweet song on earth in lapses faint is given,
Oh may it be a prelude soft to deathless strains in Heaven!

AMERICAN INDIANS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

We have thought proper, in conducting a magazine of higher reputation and aim than the usual run of the light periodicals of the day, to devote a part of the pictorial department to pictures of American Scenery and Indian Portraiture, as better fitted to give the work a permanent value in libraries and on centre-tables, than the ordinary catch-penny pictures which disgrace a number of the magazines. Our illustrations of Southern and Western Scenery have commanded the respect and support of a very large class of readers; and the constantly growing celebrity and profit of Graham's Magazine, indicate that we have judged wisely and well.

We have engaged the services of Mr. Bird, the author of "Nick of the Woods," "Calavar," etc., to furnish us a series of articles upon the Indians of America; a writer whose intimate acquaintance with the subject promises articles of great interest to our readers. We present our subscribers this month with an admirably drawn and engraved plate of Saukie and Fox Indians "on the look out." Also, a beautiful view of a Waterfall in Georgia.

Ch. Bodmer pinx. ad. nat. Eng^{d} by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch

Saukie and Fox Indians

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We cannot do justice either to the faults or merits of this singular volume, in a brief notice. The author has one of the most peculiar and original minds of which we have any record in literature, and a thorough analysis of his powers, even if successful, would occupy a large space. No reader of Mr. Emerson's works need be informed that the poems are full of imagination, fancy, and feeling, and display a great command of expression. For our own part we prefer those poems in the volume which are least connected with the author's system of ethics and metaphysics, such as "Each and All," "The Forerunners," "The Humble Bee," and "The Problem." In many of the others there is an evident attempt at versifying opinions; and the opinions are generally of that kind which readers will either pronounce unintelligible, or false and pernicious. "The Sphinx," "Woodnotes," "Merlin," "Initial, Demoniac, and Celestial Love," "Blight," "Threnody," and many other pieces, though containing many deep and delicate imaginations, are chiefly remarkable as embodying a theory of life, and system of religion, whose peculiarity consists in inverting the common beliefs and feelings of mankind. Here and there we perceive traces of the leading idea contained in that aggregation of fancy, sensibility, blasphemy, licentiousness, plagiarism, and noble sentiments, going under the name of "Vestus,"—we mean the idea that there is no essential difference between evil and good. Thus, in the "pure realm" to which celestial love mounts, in Mr. Emerson's theory of love,

> "Good and ill,
> And joy and moan,
> Melt into one."

Perhaps this opinion is a necessary result of the principles of pantheism, but it makes as bad poetry as false philosophy. Indeed, Mr. Emerson's poems expressive of opinions, are the harshest in metre, and least poetical in feeling, which the volume contains; and cannot be compared, in respect to artistical merit, with the prose statements of the same, or similar doctrines, in his "Essays."

Chaucer and Spenser. Selections from the Writings of Geoffrey Chaucer, by Charles D. Deshler. Spenser and the Fairy Queen. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts. 12mo.

Such a work as this deserves an extensive circulation, and we wish that any advice of ours could impel our readers to procure it. Here, in a compact and available form, are some of the finest passages in English poetry. The selections from Chaucer were evidently a labor of love to Mr. Deshler, and he has hit upon those portions most likely to entertain the reader, and awake an affection for the poet. The life of Chaucer, and the criticism of his mind and works, is exceedingly genial and truthful.

Mrs. Kirkland has done equal justice to Spenser. Taken together, these volumes cannot be praised too highly, and their circulation through the country would do much to raise the taste of the community. Although these poets occupy the first rank among English authors, they are known but imperfectly to the large majority of readers. The publishers deserve the thanks of the public for issuing them in a form, at once cheap and elegant, so that the treasures of thought and imagination they contain can be placed within the reach of the humblest lovers of poetry.

The Modern Standard Drama: A Collection of the most Popular Acting Plays, with Critical Remarks, &c. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: Wm. Taylor & Co. 4 Vols. 12mo.

This publication has now run to forty numbers, and promises to be the best of all the various collections of acting plays. It is edited by Epes Sargent, Esq., a gentleman whose knowledge of the stage and of English dramatic literature is very extensive, and who is himself well known as a fine poet and successful dramatist. To members of the profession the collection is invaluable, as it contains directions regarding stage business, costumes, and other information of much importance. As a work, also, for the general reader, it has great merits. It is to contain all the standard plays produced within the last two centuries, and also the popular dramas of the present day, including those of Knowles, Bulwer, and Talfourd. Mr. Sargent introduces each play with a biographical and critical notice, referring to the great actors who have won renown in its principal character, and discussing also its intrinsic merits. The field of selection is very rich and extensive, and includes much, in tragedy and in comedy, of which no one can be ignorant, who pretends to have on acquaintance with the masterpieces of English genius. Down to the middle of the last century, a large proportion of the best English poets were dramatic writers. The theatre was the place where, in fact, the poet was published. Thousands heard and saw, who never read. A body of dramatic literature, therefore, on the comprehensive plan adopted by Mr. Sargeant, will contain a large number of plays which are part

and parcel of English literature.

Letters on Astronomy, Addressed to a Lady, in which the Elements of the Science are Familiarly Explained in Connection with its Literary History. With numerous Engravings. By Denison Olmstead, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 Vol. 12mo.

This is one of the best popular works on astronomical science which we have seen. It is clear in exposition, familiar in style, and orderly in arrangement. There is, of course, nothing of the quackery which disgraces many works of popularized science. The author is Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College.

Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. Including those sung in his Irish Evenings, and hitherto unpublished. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 Vol. 12mo.

Sam Lover is a name which would sell this book even if its merits were below mediocrity. Personally, and as a writer, he has wrinkled with happy smiles the faces of thousands. The volume, as might be expected, is brimful of sentiment and fun, gushing out of a true Irish heart and brain, and instinct with animation and good feeling. Many of the songs have been sung by himself, at his "Irish Evenings," in the principal cities of the Union. The book could have no better advertisement than the recollection of the entertainment they occasioned.

The Poems of Thomas Campbell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is the best and most complete edition of Campbell yet issued in the United States. It contains a handsome portrait, six fine steel engravings, a racy life of the author from Frazer's Magazine, the brilliant essay on his genius and writings contained in Gilfillan's "Literary Portraits," and all of Campbell's later productions, including the melancholy rhymes entitled "The Pilgrim of Glencoe." In this volume we see Campbell in the dawn, progress, and sottish decline of his powers—as the author at once of the most spirit-stirring lyrics and most beautiful romantic poems, and as the feeble poetaster, mumbling in his old age a few verses of polished imbecility, hateful to gods and men. The greater part of the volume, however, is, in its kind, of first rate excellence, and will live with the language. We have only to regret that Campbell did not write more poetry while his genius was in its prime.

What he has written has passed into the hearts and memories of his countrymen, to a greater extent, perhaps, than the poetry of any of his contemporaries, even of those who were his superiors in the range of their genius. Byron, Scott, and Moore, are the only modern poets who approach him in popularity. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, are still the poets of a few, in spite of the endeavors of publishers and critics to make them poets of the million. We think each of them superior to Campbell in genius, but we should despair of ever seeing them his equals in popularity. One element of his success is the moral character of his writings, and his sweetness and purity of sentiment; yet all accounts seem to concur in representing him, personally, as sottish in his habits, coarse in his conversation, and not without malice and envy in his disposition. Perhaps his intemperance was the source of many of his errors; and his intemperance had its source in laziness. Judging from the records of his conversation, it is fortunate that the vices of Campbell's tongue were not the vices of his pen.

English Synonymes Classified and Explained. By G. F. Graham. Edited by Henry Reed, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

To the student of verbal distinctions this volume will be an important aid. The author points out the shades of distinction between apparently synonymous words with an admirable nicety of criticism. The study of the book will tend to sharpen the intellect. It is very much better than the *chatty* work of Mrs. Piozzi, and the heavy quarto of Dr. Crabbe, on the same subject. We note some occasional blunders, such as the distinction drawn between genius and talent, and understanding and intellect; but these are but exceptions to the general rule of correctness. Prof. Reed has furnished on introduction, and apt illustrative quotations from Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

History of the Netherlands; Trial and Execution of Count Egmont and Thorn; and the Siege of Antwerp. Translated from the German of Frederic Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 Vol. 12mo.

This volume is a fit companion to the "History of the Thirty Years War," issued by the same publishers. Both works are admirable, and place Schiller in a prominent rank among philosophical historians; but of the two, we prefer the present. The subject is a noble one, and gives full exercise to Schiller's large intellect, and heroic and humane spirit. The plan of the history is especially excellent, and we have only to regret that it was never completed.

Hudibras. By Samuel Butler. With Notes and a Literary Memoir, by the Rev. Treadway Russell Nash, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 Vol. 12mo.

The publishers have issued this masterpiece of wit in a form similar to their editions of Dante, Tasso, and Campbell. The edition is enriched with curious and copious notes, illustrative of Butler's time, and contains a well written biography. It is the only good edition of Hudibras ever published in the United States, and we hope that thousands who have never enjoyed its perusal, will be enabled to do it now. The original work contained so many allusions to the author's recondite knowledge, and to the factions and fanaticisms of his day, that it cannot be read understandingly without some such commentary as Dr. Nash has supplied. Butler is the wittiest of the English poets.

The Book of Anecdotes, or the Moral of History; Taught by Real Examples. By John Frost, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an entertaining volume, and will be especially acceptable to the young. It is hardly worthy, however, of being called "the moral of history," even that moral which history should teach the boys and girls. The "do-me-good" air of the narratives, is strangely at variance with the essential character of some of the events and actors. The most superficial student will notice in the volume many incorrect impressions conveyed of historical personages. The "moral" of the book is about on a level with the moral of Weems's lives of Washington and Marion.

Eclectic Moral Philosophy. Prepared for Literary Institutions and General Use. By Rev. J. R. Boyd. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is principally made up of classified selections from standard writers on ethics. It, of course, lacks unity, and therefore can hardly be called a system of philosophy; but it very well answers the purpose for which it was compiled. Its merit, as a book for schools and general use, consists in the stringent application of moral principles to individual conduct. All those actions and states of mind which clash with morality, are analyzed with much acuteness, and set forth with great directness.

Ghost Stones: Collected with a View to Counteract the Vulgar Belief in Ghosts and Apparations. With Ten Engravings from Designs by Darley. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

The object of this little volume is clearly enough set forth in the title. It contains twenty stories. The illustrations are graphic, and add to the interest of the wonders described. We notice, however, one omission—the Cock Lane Ghost, in which Dr. Johnson believed. So celebrated a ghost as that should have had a prominent place among the other spectral worthies of the volume.

A Progressive German Reader, Adapted to the American Edition of Ollendorff's German Grammar: with Copious Notes, and a Vocabulary. By G. J. Adler, A. B. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an excellent supplement to the German Grammar issued by the same publishers. It is edited by the Professor of the German Language and Literature, in the University of New York. The selections are from some fifty German writers, and are admirably adapted for their purpose. The Vocabulary of German words is an important addition.

Views A-Foot: or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff. By J. Bayard Taylor. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts. 12mo.

All things considered, we deem this work one of the most deserving which "Young America" has yet produced. It is written by a young man just of age, who started for Europe before he was nineteen, with not more than a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, and for two years literally walked about Europe. He supported himself by literature, and at the end of his journey had not expended more than four hundred dollars. The excellence of the work comes from its exceeding freshness and spirit. For every great object of nature and art which the author saw, he had to suffer some privations; and he accordingly describes them much better than he would have done had he possessed the "advantages" of common tourists. Besides, his mode of traveling made him familiar with the people of the countries he visited; and he gives many curious anecdotes of their manners and condition. It is honorable to human nature, that his impressions of the common people in England, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, were of a pleasing character, as he was often placed in relations to them calculated to draw out their true nature, whether it were kind or kindless. He was almost uniformly treated with hospitality, and sometimes even with affection. He discovered, however, that they were singularly and ridiculously ignorant of

every thing regarding America—its geography, its government, and its people.

There is one quality in this book which every reader must feel to be fascinating—we mean the beautiful sweetness and healthiness of the author's mind and disposition. He never brags of the obstacles he surmounted, nor whines at the privations he endured, but tells the story of his journeyings with a most bewitching simplicity and modesty. Youth, and the bright thoughts and sweet feelings of youth, are on every page, infusing life into the narrative, and giving picturesque vigor to the descriptions. The author must bear a brave, serene, and modest heart under his jacket; and we cordially wish him and his delightful book all the success which both so richly merit.

Alderbrook: a Collection of Fanny Forrester's Village Sketches, Poems, &c. By Miss Emily Chubbuck. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

No reader of "Graham" will need any advice from us to procure these elegant volumes, as a large portion of their contents was originally contributed to this Magazine, and obtained a wide and deserved popularity. We are glad to see the admirable stories of the authoress thus collected. They will take an honorable position in the department of literature to which they belong. Fanny Forrester, indeed, is one of the most charming of story-tellers. She has ease, grace, invention, vivacity, a quick eye for character and manners, and a fine flexible style. The interest of the book is enhanced by the present position of the gifted authoress. As Mrs. Judson, she will devote her fine talents and beautiful enthusiasm of character to a new object. The present book, therefore, has almost the look of a posthumous work. We need not ask for it what it will be sure to obtain—the attention and the good-will of the reading public.

Literary Studies, a Collection of Miscellaneous Essays. By W. A. Jones. New York: Edward Walker. 1 Vol. 12mo.

This elegant volume contains thirty-two essays on a wide variety of subjects connected with literature and life. They are the production of a gentleman who has made literature a study, and who always gives in his essays the results of his own investigations and reflections. The style is very condensed; the fault of the diction, perhaps, arises from the too great desire of the author to cram the largest amount of thought and observation into the smallest possible space. This unusual peculiarity of style is the ideal of style when it is combined with mellowness and vitality; but the sentences of Mr. Jones are often dry and brittle, as well as condensed. Bating this defect, the volume is deserving of great praise. In short essays it takes comprehensive views of wide domains of letters, and is a good guide to the student of elegant literature. The literary information which it contains is very large. We will venture to say that no man in the country can read it without learning something which he did not know before.

Amy Herbert: a Tale. By Miss Sewell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work has essentially the same characteristics as the novel of "Gertrude," by the same authoress. Miss Sewell is the daughter, we believe, of an English Episcopal clergyman of the Oxford school. Her tales inculcate the piety and morality of practical life; deal with ordinary cares and temptations, expose the moral dangers which beset every relation of existence, and evince a clear insight into the heart's workings, under the pressure of every day enticements. The thoughtful cheerfulness of her religious faith diffuses through her stories a certain beautiful repose which sometimes almost suggests genius. Her books are of that kind which are calculated to benefit even more than to please.

Lucretia, or the Children of the Night. By Sir Bulwer Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this strange mass of "crimson crimes," the author of "Pelham" has fairly rivaled the French school of novelists. It displays more morbid strength of mind than any thing which Bulwer has previously written. Though exceedingly interesting, and evincing much power in the analysis of the darker passions, it leaves a disagreeable impression. The tone of the sentiment is not English. The novel, indeed, exhibits the characteristic qualities of the author in a form exaggerated

almost to caricature. It reads like a melo-drama. We may refer to it more at large in our next number.

The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 Vol. 12mo.

One of the most important subjects which can engage human attention is in this work, so treated, that its great leading facts and principles can be understood by the common reader. The author has evidently given to each topic he discusses the most profound attention, and has produced a work which, if diligently studied by the mass of people, is calculated to remove a vast sum of that misery which springs from ignorance.

Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome. By Various Translators. Edited by William Peter, A. M., of Christ Church, Oxford. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 Vol. 8vo.

A work like the present has long been wanted, and we are glad that an American house has had the enterprise to undertake it. In no other volume, with which we are acquainted, can the reader obtain so comprehensive a view of the poetry of the Ancients. Mr. Peter's biographical notices are excellent. He has made selections from nearly two hundred authors—a work of vast labor performed with great skill and taste.

LE FOLLET

61, Boulevart S^{t}. Martin, **PARIS**

Toilettes de M^{me}. Mercier, *r. N^{ve}. des Petits Champs, 82.—Coiffures de* Normandin, *passage Choiseul, 19.*

Dentelles de Violard, *r. de Choiseul, 2 bis.—Fleurs de M^{me}.* Tilman, *r. de Menars, 2.*

Mouchoir de L. Chapron & Dubois, *r. de la Paix, 7.—Eventail de* Vagneur-Dupré, *r. de la Paix, 19.*

Graham's Magazine.

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals available for preparation of the eBook.

page 145, of the Solway Frith, ==> of the Solway Firth,
page 145, the spacious workship of ==> the spacious workshop of
page 146, and critical eyes, ==> and critical eye,
page 156, yet keep the secret ==> yet kept the secret
page 156, with a pecular relish ==> with a peculiar relish
page 157, person was Sanford. ==> person was Sandford.
page 172, The watchward, "The Oath ==> The watchword, "The Oath
page 172, was suddedly transformed ==> was suddenly transformed
page 175, minister and Mr. Mowbry. ==> minister and Mr. Mowbray.
page 177, the statesque Georgine ==> the statuesque Georgine
page 177, seen the statesque— ==> seen the statuesque—
page 180, of the kaliedoscope. ==> of the kaleidoscope.
page 183, to be forgotton. In ==> to be forgotten. In
page 183, he might thing of ==> he might think of
page 185, "Is an any one ==> "Is any one
page 197, misery and wretchednes, ==> misery and wretchedness,
page 200, ruin shall upsring? ==> ruin shall upspring?
page 203, Coleridge, and Shelly, are ==> Coleridge, and Shelley, are
page 204, obstacles he surmuounted ==> obstacles he surmounted
page 204, the two great desire of ==> the too great desire of

[The end of *Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXX, No. 3 (March 1847)* by edited by George R. Graham]